



The household. Vol. 9, No. 10 October 1876

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, October 1876

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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1876.

No. 10.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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



A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and the din of the town,
Where to live is to bawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away to the bonnie green hills

Where the sunshine sleeps on the crae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The veil of the dun and the brown,
The push and theplash and the pothe,
The wear and waste of the town!

Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine wood nods near
To the light plumed birch on the hill,

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling
And the thought has no quiet to grow,

Away where the clear brook purrs,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage so sweetly

Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,

Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me

With thoughts ever kindly and good;

More dear than the wealth of the world,

Fond mother with bairnies three,

And the plump-armed babe that has curled

Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle,

The dust and the din of the town,

Where to live is to bawl and to battle

Till the strong treads the weak man down.

Away where the green twigs nod

In the fragrant breath of May,

And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,

And the blithe birds sing on the spray.

—Sunday Magazine.

LAWNS FOR FARMERS.

THE cheapest of all ornamentations to the farm-house, and one of the best, is green grass. Flowers and trees are beautiful in their place, and we thank the Creator for them; but a velvety green turf is one of the most satisfying things to the eye, and sets off a home—we will not say better than anything else—but as nothing else does. Wherever we see a well-kept lawn we know there is culture in

the house. Trees do not always indicate this. A lawn also can be had at short notice, but trees require time for growth. A well-shaven green turf is a cheap beautifier which we commend to every farmer.

There is nothing so expensive about lawns as to prohibit our farmers from having them, and enjoying the green carpet where the children can frolic in sportive glee, and the eye can rest relieved from the general glare of desert brown of the hills and stubble fields at this season. Every household can have its oasis to give life and cheerfulness to its surroundings. Quite as much as they need money to supply necessities, do our farmers and the people generally need to cultivate the aesthetic tastes, and to gain the serene enjoyments of tasteful homes and places which a little time pleasantly gives can as well procure as money can. The enjoyment of self-satisfaction arising from such effort is something that money cannot purchase.

One of the main necessities for a lawn is plenty of water, for grass cannot make a thick sward and keep a fresh growth of living green, in our climate, without abundant irrigation. Irrigation may be applied by flooding over the surface, or by showering. Practically it makes but little difference which. A soil properly prepared will hold water sufficient to make the grass grow beautifully, if watered thoroughly only once in two weeks. If showered only lightly, once in three days will answer. For economy, the flooding is preferable.

Once prepared, a lawn is no trouble, but a continual pleasure. The grass you will clip from it will more than pay for the trouble. Indeed, as an investment, on every farm, a liberal sized lawn can be made to pay by supplying soiling for the cows and horses. A half acre will supply many tons of sweet green feed, if richly dressed with manure occasionally, and well watered through the dry season.

As the present is a good season to prepare the ground for this purpose, we give a few hints and directions which may aid the inexperienced:

The soil should be deeply and thoroughly pulverized—making it rich with well-rotted cow (the best) or horse manure. If the soil is naturally rich, a good quality of manure will still improve it.

Care should be taken to have a smooth surface—permitting no depressions anywhere, where water might stand. If the lawn is intended to be flat, it should be made as smooth as possible before sown.

Lawns can be made at any time when the ground is free from frost, upon it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

though the spring or early fall are the best times. If made during warm, dry weather, after the seed has been sown and raked in it should have a generous top dressing of well-rotted, finely-pulverized manure, which serves to protect the seed during germination and making its first roots. This dressing will stimulate growth of grass at any time, and might be advantageously used no matter at what period seed is sown.

The quantity of seed sown, which should be of mixed lawn grass, should be in the proportion of at least fifty pounds to the acre. The seed cannot be sown too thick, but if sown too light the work must be done over again. The point is to get a thick stand to withstand our dry summers, and keep the lawn close and preserved from bunching.

To make a fine, thick, velvety lawn, the grass should be cut once a week, or oftener, according to the season.

THE BACK SIDES OF HOUSES.

Take the prettiest and best kept villages of New England, and we doubt if a tenth part of even the most pretentious mansions and the most ornate cottages will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their domestic details and conveniences, and kept snug and trig, with trim grass plot, with all the avenues and garden approaches well gravelled, clean swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if all the rubbish of years had been dumped therein.

Not unfrequently a railroad runs its tracks in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler whose sense of neatness is offended by the sight of the back years lumbered up with every conceivable variety of second-hand, damaged and invalidated article known to domestic use, from a horse cart disabled by broken thills and wrecked wheels, to the ghost of the baby carriage which survives two generations of children; interspersed with smashed crockery, rusty and condemned tin-ware, old boots, sardine boxes, disabled junk bottles, hoop skirts which have outlived all usefulness if they had any, chips, burdock, mullein, ashes, half-burned lumps of wasted coal, and all imaginable litter, trash, debris and dirt. On the other hand, nothing is prettier than a cottage, which is thoroughly well kept in rear as well as its more public portion. It seems inevitably redolent of a purer, sweeter, happier domestic life than one with heaps of festering rubbish crowding hard



HOW WE PUT UP OUR LACE CURTAINS.

HOW much is your moulding for windows?

"We have different prices, madam. The heaviest we have is a dollar a foot; we have another kind at seventy-five cents, and another at fifty."

"Is fifty cents a foot the cheapest you have?"

"The very cheapest we have, madam, and it's very cheap indeed. All our moulding is cheap for the quality, madam. Here is a first-rate article for fifty cents, and this for a dollar is really elegant. It will pay you to get the best, madam; it's the cheapest in the end, and it's just what you want."

Thus he rattled on, as salesmen will. Materfamilias was silent in thought.

"We can't get it, not even the cheapest," she said, aside, to Janet and me. "It will take as much as four feet to a window, and that will be two dollars, and there are four of them, (you see we believed in windows,) which would make eight dollars in all, and I have but three dollars left, and you see that would not much more than pay for one window."

"Get trusted for it," said Janet, who was particularly anxious.

"No," said Mater, decidedly. "It's a good deal harder to pay when you get trusted than when you pay down. I've tried it, and I know. We will have to wait till I get the money." Then to the man in waiting: "I think I won't take any to-day, sir." And we passed out.

"How foolish I was to get them curtains. I might have bought a cheaper set, and had enough left to get the moulding. But that's just the way; ladies see something they think they want, and they'll up and buy it, without stopping to think whether they'll have money enough to get anything to go with it or not. You don't catch me a-doing it again; but they did look so neat and pretty, I thought they'd be just the thing to set out our sitting-room, and now we can't have them up, after all."

Thus discoursed Mater on our way home.

"Oh dear! those old muslin curtains do look so shabby," said Janet, as we went up to our room to put away our "things." "I surely thought we'd have some new ones put up when we cleaned house this fall."

"We will," I said, hopefully.

"I don't see how, if we wait for mother to pay for that moulding."

"We won't wait," and I told her my plan.

"Do you suppose they'll look any how?"

"I guess so; we will try it and see."

We made a confidant of Harry, who has nearly a full set of carpenter tools (as every farmer boy should have), and he agreed to take some boards, about as thick as those commonly used for moulding, make them straight on one side, so as to fit on the window casings, and rounding on the other, projecting about two inches at the ends, and rounding out to four in the middle. By improving odd bits of time, he soon had them finished and safely stowed away on an upper beam in the wood-house.

Janet and I measured off the curtains, turned them down about two inches at the top, and ran tidy yarn through the meshes of the lace, just above the edge turned down, for a gathering-string. One sunshiny day, after we had got the house all rejuvenated excepting the sitting room windows, and mother had wondered "why we didn't do up the curtains," she went over to Mrs. Brady's to spend the afternoon, and I said to Janet, "Now is our time."

We each took a market-basket, and started for the woods. We gathered a good supply of an evergreen vine that runs on the ground, and is common to most northern states (if we couldn't have found anything of the kind, we should have taken myrtle or branches of an evergreen tree). Then we selected some bright-colored autumn leaves of smallish size, and as we knew mother would be home early, hurried to the house, though we were loath to go. While we were gone, Harry had nailed the boards on the window casings, and with carpet tacks we fastened the curtains on the projecting edges, where they were gathered, so as to leave the part doubled down for a "heading" above the board, taking care to keep them gathered evenly, excepting we had them a little the fullest where they came together in the middle.

We sorted out some of our brightest and freshest evergreens, and fastened them around where the curtains were tacked, put clusters of autumn leaves, arranged with reference to their different shades and colors, at the corners and in the middle, then twisted together some of the vine, and with a bunch of leaves at the end looped them back.

"How pretty they do look! I didn't think they would begin to look so well," said Janet, whose faith, I knew, was much smaller than a grain of mustard-seed.

We had got the last one finished, and Harry was taking a double shuffle in the middle of the room, by way of expressing his delight, when we heard the click of the gate-latch, and with "Mother's coming!" we all rushed from the room. When she came in we girls were in the kitchen hurrying about supper, and Harry, with the milk-pails on his arm, was leaning against the corner of the house, "just to see what she'd say."

After she had rested a bit and given us some account of her visit, she took a lighted lamp and started to put her

bonnet and shawl away in the spare closet. She soon came back with a look of astonishment. "What have you girls been up to, I'd like to know?"

"Been up with the curtains, mother." We could hear Harry chuckling around the corner.

"Why how in the world did you fix them? I never saw anything look so neat and pretty in my life."

They were charming by lamplight. We told her all about it.

"Well, I declare! and so cheap, too!"

Yes, it was cheap—only a little willing aid from Harry, that made him still dearer to us, and a delightful ramble in the woods, that otherwise we should not have had, and while our lace curtains are a "joy forever," not the least of our enjoyment is the thought that we are in debt to no man for their beauty.

Oh, ye who wish for means whereby to adorn your houses, there is not a hillside forest, not a bank of a singing brooklet, not a fern or moss-covered rock, not an old rail fence, but what will give you that which will make your home bright and beautiful, and so cheap!—Exchange.

DIVERSE ETIQUETTE.

A number of years ago, two Scotch ladies paid a visit to Paris, accompanied by their brother, whose business led him to go thither every year. He was slightly acquainted with several Parisian families, but, not speaking French fluently, he had little domestic intercourse with them. The two Misses D—, on their arrival, expected that their brother's acquaintances would call on them, as they had been made aware of their arrival; but not a soul came near them. They did not know that in France the etiquette is for the stranger to call first—precisely the reverse of what is the practice in England; besides which, they were ignorant of the fact that the French generally do not cultivate the acquaintance of foreigners, rarely giving them invitations to their houses.

Receiving no attentions, the ladies found Paris to be rather dull, their only amusement being sight-seeing.

One day, walking with their brother in the Champs-Elysees, he introduced them to a lady whom they chanced to meet. Taking pity on their isolation, she invited them to dine with her on the following day. Here was something good at last. The invitation was accepted. Next day, they took care to be in good time, equipped in their best, in low, pink silk dresses, short sleeves, and white satin shoes, to the great astonishment of their hostess, who took it for granted that they were going to a ball afterward. They were equally surprised to find her in the same high dark silk which she had worn when out walking.

Dinner was served, and commenced with the national *pot au feu*, (soup,) and *bouilli*, (the beef from which the soup is made,) and which the lady carved in shapeless lumps, not in thin slices, as in England; stewed beef with macaroni, and roast turkey, followed in quick succession. The lady

carved small pieces of each dish, and put them on a plate, with a fork, which

help themselves. The Scotch ladies, accustomed to eat potatoes with every dish, were puzzled to find none forthcoming. After the meat came a dish of green peas and the salad. The French use the same knife and fork for every dish, and keep them when the plates are changed; and the Misses D— were horrified to see that the servant who took their plates coolly put their knife and fork on to the cloth beside them, and did not give them a clean one until the dessert was served. They were greatly perplexed by the variety of dishes served, the absence of potatoes, and the arrival of green peas after the meat had been taken away. The dinner was good, but the oddity of the arrangement was incomprehensible. It was a violation of all ordinary conceptions. After dinner, the gentlemen led the ladies back to the drawing-room, and coffee was served, which being strong and black, without milk or cream, was not very palatable to the Scotch ladies.

After sitting and chatting for about half an hour, the hostess astonished the Misses D— by announcing her intention of going for a walk, it being summer and the days long; and, said she, looking hesitatingly at the evening costumes of her visitors, "As I presume you are going to a party, I am sorry I shall not have the pleasure of your company." The Scotch ladies were too shy and too little accustomed to converse in French to ask for explanations, but they thought the lady very rude to turn them out of the house in this cool way; they had not ordered their carriage until half past ten, so they begged her to allow her servant to order one for them; and returned to their hotel marvelling at the unmannerly impudence of French ladies. They did not know that a casual invitation to dinner does not necessarily imply spending the evening; and no French lady would wear a low dress for even a very ceremonious dinner party. Full dress is only in style for a ball or for a large party, and then only for young girls. Ladies dress more according to their age in France than with us; and you never see old, or even middle-aged ladies dress like young ones; or, if you do, you may be sure they are not French.

SHUN AFFECTION.

There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank, and attractive. How different is affectation? The simple minded are always natural. They are at the same time original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend! To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try! But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as a shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin!

Dr. Johnson aptly compared the heartless imitator—for such is he who curiosities nature's fields and forests

affects the character of another—to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humble stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmarred! Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great. Build up your own. Be what God intended you to be—yourself, and not somebody else.



PRESERVING AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY MRS. M. A. MARVIN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In looking over the columns of Recipes, Questions and Answers, and "information wanted," etc., of this month's HOUSEHOLD, I notice one sister desires to know how to wax pressed autumn leaves. Having had experience in that art, I cheerfully contribute the simple process for her benefit, if you choose to give it a place in your paper. I would say in the beginning, to the sister, that she does not want to press her leaves to wax them; the process of waxing and pressing is comprehended under one head, as I will show her.

Procure a smallish cake of sperm wax at the drug store, (they have them here;) gather your leaves singly or in sprays; have several flat-irons tolerably hot, on the stove; spread your table as for ironing, or have something underneath, and then spread over all two or three thicknesses of thick brown paper, place your wax on something substantial before you, your leaves beside you, and flat-iron in hand, and you are ready for the operation.

Firstly touch your wax with your iron carefully, and then your leaf quickly, and iron briskly, till the wax is spread over the leaf and is dry and smooth, when you can lay it aside and take another, or a whole spray, and go on in the same way. When all are completed, I usually lay them out on a flat surface, and place upon them some light weight or covering, or several papers, that they may be sure not to curl, though if they are properly ironed there is not much danger.

I have prepared autumn leaves in every way that I know of, and I think this method of waxing is quite as satisfactory as any. The only process that gives me perfect satisfaction is tinting them with water colors and then varnishing them, but that is attended with too much labor and expense, if you desire to adorn your house extensively. And what is more cheerful in winter, when you are shut in and bound around by snow and ice outside, than to have these beautiful bright adornments within, leaves, ferns, grasses, mosses, and the many

afford the true seeker, all about your house?

It does not take much to make our homes beautiful, in the proper sense, if we possess the taste and art to plan and arrange, place and group simple things and adornments of nature's providing. We do not need so much wealth, as the proper appropriation and use of what is at hand. Neatness, light, sunshine, and the tasteful arrangement of plain and common things with these little delicate fixings and additions spoken of, accompanied by a genial, cordial, cheerful spirit, will make almost any place a paradise, where kindred hearts may love to dwell.

And in these days of wicked extravagance, when our whole nation is threatened with ruin, it is the duty of people of common sense and common means to set examples worthy of our boasted Christian civilization. Instead of struggling to ape and imitate false, foolish devotees of fashion, let us exercise our own independence and walk worthy our Christian professions, living naturally, simply and sensibly, making the best of what we have to do with, husbanding our resources, and turning to the best account the smallest means at hand, praising God continually for all the bounties, beauties and blessings with which He crowns us day unto day.

WINDOW PLANTS.

Professor Maynard says, in the *Scientific Farmer*: Comparatively few persons who cultivate window plants are more than partially successful in their efforts. Among the reasons for this want of success may be given, first, a want of knowledge of the conditions of plant growth; second a want of time to care for them properly; third, lack of the proper temperature and a pure moist atmosphere. First, very few persons realize that plants may be injured by too much or too little water, and fail to understand when the soil is too wet or too dry. Plants, as well as animals must have pure air for a healthy growth. Those persons who are successful in growing plants have an intense love for their pets, and soon learn to detect anything wrong in their condition, and apply the remedy.

Second, plants require constant care. Their condition must be watched closely and the soil not be allowed to get too dry, nor to be watered too much. Their condition must be known at all times; and if a green fly appears it must be destroyed at once by crushing or by dipping in tobacco water about the color of strong tea, or in strong soapsuds, rinsing the plant carefully fifteen or twenty minutes after dipping. If the red spiders are found, destroy them by sponging the under side of the leaves with cold soapsuds. Their presence is an indication that the atmosphere is too dry. If mealy bugs appear, they should be destroyed by touching with alcohol, or by brushing off with a dry, soft brush.

If mildew attacks the roses or verbenas, it must be destroyed by washing or dipping in a solution of lime and sulphur, made by boiling one pound of caustic lime with one pound of sulphur in two gallons of water.

This should be allowed to settle, and then kept in bottles ready for use. In using it, take one teaspoonful to one quart of water. One treatment in any of these cases may not be sufficient, and must be repeated as often as necessary. Eternal vigilance is the only price of success.

Third, plants grow much better where the temperature runs lower at night than during the day. If plants stand near a window a screen should be made by pasting papers to a frame, similar to that used for mosquito screens, placing it between the plants and the window every night. A screen made in this way can be inserted in a moment, and may consist of several thicknesses of paper. A moist atmosphere is indispensable to the healthy growth of plants, and is obtained by keeping the pan in the furnace filled with water, or an urn or some other vessel upon the stove. The atmosphere must be free from sulphurous gases, and to accomplish this end the back damper in the stove must be kept open enough to allow its escape and the windows raised a little every day for a short time when the temperature outside will allow.

If small plants taken from the greenhouse, be carefully potted in suitable soil, placed in a room with a somewhat moist atmosphere, free from poisonous gases, carefully watered, exposed to the sunlight a part of the day, no insects allowed upon them, and the temperature kept as directed, they will repay the labor of caring for them, and homes be made brighter and happier by the presence of an abundance of flowers.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

The following instructions are from the pen of Rev. G. Henslow, one of the best practical botanists in England:

The materials required are common cartridge paper, thick white blotting paper, cotton wadding, and millboard, all cut to the same size. The plants should be gathered in dry weather, and soon after the flowers open, when their colors are brightest. Succulent plants, (such as daffodil, orchis, or stone crop) should be put into sealing water, with the exception of the flowers, for a minute or two then laid on a cloth to dry.

Arrange the specimens and papers in the following order; Millboard, cartridge paper, wadding (split open, and the glazed side placed next to the cartridge paper), blotting paper, the specimens, having small pieces of wadding placed within and around the flowers to draw off all the moisture as quickly as possible, blotting paper, wadding as before, cartridge paper, millboard. When the specimens, etc., are thus arranged heavy weights should be put on them; about thirty lbs. the first day, sixty lbs. afterwards. Remove them from under pressure, in a day or two; carefully take away all the papers, etc., except the blotting papers between which the specimens are placed; put these in a warm air to dry, while the removed papers, etc., are dried in the sun or by the fire. When dry (but not warm) place them in the same order as before; put all under the heavier pressure for a few days,

when (if not succulent) they will be dry.

Flowers of different colors require different treatment to preserve their colors. Blue flowers must be dried with heat, either under a case of hot sand before a fire, with a hot iron, or in a cool oven. Red flowers are injured by heat; they require to be washed with muriatic acid, diluted in spirits of wine, to fix the color. One part of acid to three parts of spirit is about the proportion. The best brush with which to apply this mixture is the head of a thistle when in seed, as the acid destroys a hair pencil, and injures whatever it touches (except glass or china); therefore it should be used with great care.

Many yellow flowers turn green even after they have remained yellow some weeks; they must therefore be dried repeatedly before the fire, and again after they are mounted on paper and kept in a dry place. Purple flowers require as much care, or they soon turn a light brown. White flowers turn brown if handled or brushed before they are dried. Daisies, pansies, and some other flowers must not be removed from under pressure for two or three days, or the petals will curl up. As all dried plants (ferns excepted) are liable to be infested by minute insects, a small quantity of the poison corrosive sublimate, dissolved in spirits of wine, should be added to the paste, which it will also preserve from mold. The best cement for fixing the specimens on the paper or cardboard is gum paste. It is composed of thick gum water and flour mixed in warm water, by adding the two together, warm and of a consistency that will run off the hair pencil.

AN AGRICULTURAL WREATH.

I must tell the sisters how I made my agricultural wreath; it is very pretty indeed and not much trouble to make.

I gathered grass of all kinds before the seed ripened; most of the grass in mine resembles cheat, but is not so large and coarse. I gathered it by catching the stem and slipping it out at the upper joint, thus getting the stems and heads, without being troubled with the blades. I tied in bunches as I gathered it and hung it up until I got enough for the wreath, gathered a little wheat, oats and rye, and some of nearly everything on the farm, and mixed in with the grass. I picked out some of the nicest heads of grass of different kinds and painted them, some green and some white. I then took a hoop from an old barrel and tied the grass, wheat, oats, etc., on it, a handful at a time, until it was all around the hoop, and no part of it shows. It took me about twenty minutes to tie it on. I thought it was beautiful then, but have been adding to it ever since. The grass holds everything I wish to stick into it, such as balls of raw cotton, heads of wild cotton, tips of feathers, an everlasting flower, and a small Indian turnip top, and numerous other things.

Hope some of the Band will try it, I know they would be pleased with it. The wreath hangs on the wall by putting the hoop over a nail or hook.

LOTTIE.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To Mrs. H. S. The scale-like particles on your English Ivy are what is called the scale bug, and will destroy it unless removed. The only way I know is to wash thoroughly and scrape every one off. To increase the growth re-pot in soil, one part leaf mould, one part well decomposed manure, one part finely pulverized charcoal from wood ashes; water with quite warm water and I think you will soon see it begin to grow.

RIVERSIDE.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to tell the sisters how much comfort I had with five plants last winter. Three of them were roses of the ever-blooming varieties, one a white, and two bright red ones, all large and very fine; they bloomed the whole winter through from October till March; they were small twenty-cent plants, taken from the nursery in June. The other two, a fuchsia and single geranium, were a year old; they bloomed all the time and are still in bloom. I used Ward's fertilizer, and it works like a charm, keeping off all those little pests that make such havoc with our plants, or have with mine, heretofore. I think if H. C. C. will try it she will find it just what she wants. It is perfectly odorless and very cheap, ten cents' worth being enough for one hundred plants. If any one wishes I will tell them how I treated my plants and where I get them, as we think them so much finer than any we ever had before.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

BINA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Tell Jessie that I had two south windows full of plants last winter, and not a day passed but what some of them were in bloom. My calla bloomed three times, each blossom lasting from two weeks and a half to three weeks. I take slips from my old plants while they are in full bloom, and keep them in small pots, and thus secure flowers while the plants are very small. I usually start them in August and they are well rooted by fall. I would advise H. C. C. to try liquid manure, made by pouring boiling water on hen droppings and letting it stand until it is cool enough to use. Do not use it too strong, or it will burn the plants.

Can some one tell me from experience how to test the *hoya comosa*, or wax plant?

MRS. D. B. S.

La Fayette, Ind.

MR. CROWELL:—If the lady whose canary is troubled with mites will keep it in a room that is not too warm, and in summer time keep it in the air, she will not be so much troubled. When the bird has his bath tub to wash, set the cage on the table without the bottom; if that cannot be done, be sure to clean the cage every day. I have had birds twenty years, and have never been troubled in that way. Mine are perfectly free from mites.

Andover, Mass.

L. M. N.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire how hyacinths are propagated? What shall I do with the little young bulbs to make blooming bulbs of them? I, so far, have had no success with them whatever.

A NEBRASKA SUBSCRIBER.



FALL BONNETS.

THE fall bonnets, says Harper's Bazaar, have close-fitting capote fronts, with high, pointed crowns. The front or brim is so close that only a slight pleating of lace or silk, or else a small twist, is allowed for face trimming, with perhaps a little cluster of flowers stuck on the edge of the brim. Many of the high-peaked crowns are too *prononce* to please ladies of taste, but a happy medium is found in lower tapering crowns that preserve enough of the sharp outline to be stylish. Velvet re-asserts itself as the handsomest material for dress bonnets. Indications are that felt has had its day of popularity, except for second-best bonnets; the coarseness of American felts has brought it into disfavor. There is an effort to revive plush as a fabric for bonnets, but it has not been largely bought by American buyers. Long and ample strings to be tied under the chin will be found on most imported bonnets. These strings are of the ribbons known to milliners as Numbers 16 and 22. The handsomest ribbons are gros-grain on one side and satin on the other.

The new shade that is to brighten up all dark hues is cream-color that is tinged with green like that of young and tender salad leaves. This greenish cream-color is to be combined with the dark myrtle green (which is now called Russian green), with very dark green bronze, and with brown bronze. Cream-color is also seen without the new green hue, but is much darker than that now worn. Navy blue is shown again, but is almost black, and is most fashionable when associated with cardinal red. The dark, rich cardinal will not only be worn again, but in greater profusion than ever. It is not only the small accessories of the costume that display the cardinal shade, but larger and more conspicuous ones; thus there are cardinal red grenadine veils, cardinal parasols, and, finally, cardinal demit-trained skirts are worn beneath cream-colored polonaises. The colors, however, which the best houses expect to use most are Russian greens and the new bronze shades.

Fancy feathers fancifully arranged will be more used than ostrich plumes. Thus there are whole crowns of capotes and of turbans made of feathers, and the front or brim is bordered with a band of feathers to correspond. The breasts of birds are on the crowns, cocks' plumes curl low at the back in two clusters *a la Mercure*; and sometimes the head and wings—indeed, the entire bird is placed sitting on the crown. The merle, so popularly worn last winter, is seen again; peacock bands and crowns, also guinea-hen feathers, ducks, gulls, and the Russian green cocks' plumes, are largely imported. Cream-colored breasts for crowns, with bottle green cocks' plumes in Mercury fashion on each side, are among the most expensive feather trimmings. Black cocks'

plumes are mounted to form long bandaux and crown trimmings, and the ends of each plume are tipped with jet. The turban, entirely of blue lophophore feathers, is fashionable in France, where it is worn with a cardinal red veil. Bands of cocks' feathers with wings to match are of the quaintest red-brown shades; similar sets are made up of the yellow and green "eyes" of peacocks' feathers; fanchon fronts entirely of feathers have silk or velvet crowns, while in other bonnets this is reversed—the soft round capote crown being feathers, and the close front of velvet.

Though feathers abound, flowers will be used in even greater profusion. French milliners place what they call a bosquet, thicket of flowers or foliage, around the crown of the bonnet, and the name is well applied to the large monture of burs, seeds, grasses and foliage that they have sent over for this purpose. These are thickly-set branches, clumps, or masses of flowers, three or four inches broad, and long enough to encircle the crown and hang down on one side or both. They have natural woody stems, with natural foliage, burs and grasses preserved by art in a way that will make them last at least a season.

The caprice of the summer in Paris has been wearing natural flowers; now their foliage at least has been preserved for winter use. There are long branches of real sage leaves of their natural grayish-green hue, plucked from the bush, stiffened by glue interspersed with cardinal red berries, and twisted around the crown of elegant velvet capotes of green or bronze shades. Real field grass is colored dark purplish tufts, and combined with pale blue myositis for other hats. Foliage is preferred to flowers, especially dark mottled autumn leaves of quaint colors, and spotted as if by decay. Other dark green and brown montures have myrtle green leaves or else they are of bronze shades, with many burs and seeds. Velvet, satin and chenille are also used to make shaded leaves and branches, but do not promise to be as popular as the natural foliage. Green wheat is made of velvet, and in moss and olive shades is prettily combined with roses and with wall flowers to form small bouquets for the front of the bonnet.

Silk-petaled roses are the perfection of artificial flowers in fitness and in durability also. They come in rich damask red and cardinal shades, are half-blown, and copy nature admirably. The dark foliage already described has usually one or two of these dark red or else cream-colored roses in the middle of the branch.

Few ornaments are shown. The handsomest are of steel or of jet, or else jet and steel are combined. Colored beads are also shown in thick cable cords for the crown of hats, and there are bandeaux of bead work in Grecian patterns for the fronts of bonnets. Navy blue and bronze are the colors most seen in these showy trimmings.

THE SECRET OF IT.

"Dear me. I wish I knew how Miss So-and-So makes such a splendid appearance on so little," says a young

lady who spends hundreds of dollars on her toilet, yet never looks well dressed.

Miss So-and-So is always well dressed, and the secret of it is this, she understands the combining of color and material, and the general effect is always admirable.

"I am sure she was well dressed for I could not tell what she had on," said Dr. Johnson, when asked for his opinion on a lady's dress.

Now, if there was anything peculiar about the lady's dress, any extravagance of fashion, Dr. Johnson would, most likely, have noticed it, as he was of an observant turn of mind, but no, all he could tell about it was, that the general effect pleased the eye. And, as it was with Dr. Johnson, so it is with men in general. They are only pleased with the effect of a lady's toilet, while they are ignorant of what it is composed.

"A girl does not usually heap on jewels, laces, silks, etc., without any regard to artistic combination because she wishes to please the opposite sex. No, no, let not the lords of creation puff themselves up with any such false ideas. Their taste or opinion is of no consequence in the matter; and, indeed, why should it be so? How many men can tell a real camel's hair shawl from an imitation—take ninety-nine men out of every hundred, and what do they know about a girl's dress? Nothing at all, and none know it better than a girl.

They may be all Dr. Johnsons in the matter. They may all know a girl is well dressed, but who cares for that when they cannot tell what she has got on?

A young man comes home and tells his mother and sisters that he met a lady friend, and how charmingly she was dressed.

"What did she have on?" is the question asked in a breath, by both mother and sisters.

"Oh, something grayish. I don't remember exactly. All I know is, that she looked charming," is the edifying answer.

How provokingly stupid to be sure! Now, if it was mother or one of the sisters, that had set eyes on that girl, she could tell you in a twinkle every detail of her toilet. She could even tell you what that material in her dress cost per yard, and how that point lace, mixed with ribbon to form a jacket, had served the wearer a long time as a collar.

We do not think it the most pleasant thing in the world, to undergo this critical examination, and to stand up under it we must dress in a manner that will defy the closest scrutiny.

"I will not go to Mrs. Brown's, unless I have everything just so," says Arabella. "They dress so magnificently, and unless I'm able to bear inspection, I will stay at home."

But Arabella will not stay at home if she can help it. She will indulge in every extravagance, and make sacrifice after sacrifice until she can dress as well as the Browns.

Girls dress to please men indeed! They dress not to please, but rather displease their own sex. To outshine each other, to create envious feelings in each others' hearts seems to be the sole object. And it is for this that

fathers and husbands' incomes are so heavily taxed that they are often brought down from affluence to beggary.

It requires no great outlay of money to please a man in dress. The thousand and one details that make the dress-makers and milliners' bills enormous, might be easily dispensed with, for it is a well-known fact that the elegance of simplicity is preferred by most men, to the grand display of finery.

ETHICS OF DRESS.

Madame Girardin used to say that she could read a woman through her dress, and even tell her character, taste, and thoughts by a single glance at her toilet. "Nor have I been once deceived," she states. "Every article of dress reveals a thought and the most trivial detail has its language, which all who study women may understand if they like." Another equally celebrated modern French author says that we may know women from the hem of their skirts to the flower in their hair—in fact, there is not a stitch in their dress that does not tell its tale. If a woman is careless of her appearance, be sure she is unhappy and unloved; for she never neglects her person whilst there are fond eyes to look upon her. It is only when these have ceased to smile for her that she grows heedless of her looks, and too often sinks into a dowdy.

No woman, however, with any sense of self-respect should allow herself to sink into a dowdy; but whatever be her trials, vexations and disappointments, she should strive to dress as well as her position will allow.

Do not imagine that we are advocating extravagance; on the contrary, simplicity is our motto, which if united to good taste, will be found more effective in the eyes of husband, father, brother, friend, than the most costly attire which the milliner's art can invent. A simple bow in the hair may look quite as coquettish and fascinating as a diamond aigrette; and a cotton dress, if fresh and prettily made, may be as becoming as a silk at three dollars a yard—indeed, we have often seen a cotton eclipse a silk. We mention this to illustrate the fact that rickles are little compared to taste, and that every woman may dress well if she chooses—that, in fact it is her duty to herself and those around her to dress as well as her position will allow.

Those who accuse us who write of the fashions, and you who read, of frivolity and triviality, forget that it is just as easy to dress well as it is to dress badly, and that to dress out of the fashion requires as much expenditure of thought and care as to dress in it. To dress well and fitly is an accomplishment requiring good sense and good taste, with an eye for color. To dress richly requires money, which all do not possess. But in these times of inexpensive but elegant fabrics, and cheap fashion literature, every lady may dress well; that is tastily. Indeed she is not excusable in appearing publicly otherwise.

It is true that some ladies are always prettily dressed, though the warp and woof be not fine, nor the colors new.

and brilliant; while others may be gorgeous in their Lyons silk, point lace, and plumes, yet not look well. This latter class are they who do not read, who are unlettered, uncultured, and superficial; the others, those of refinement, natural and acquired. It don't require great depth of intellect, or vast knowledge of human nature, to distinguish between the two at sight, for they are very different in all respects, mentally as well as physically.—*Ex.*

LONG WRAPS AND POLONAISES.

Hints of fall styles come early this year. Buyers who have been allowed a glimpse of the fall and winter garments in preparation at the leading Parisian houses say the new wraps will be very long, in many instances covering the dress as effectually as water-proof cloaks do. The long silk and cloth fur-lined cloaks of last year will be worn again. The shapes will be circular, the Ulster, and the sleeved cloak that reaches almost to the bottom of the dress. Sacques will be long and straight around instead of drooping in front. Mantles, dolmans and scarfs will be made of soft cloth, cashmere, Sicilienne and velvet. The trimmings will be fur bands, feathers, wide galloon and braids.

A new fur is announced for trimming rich cloaks. The long shapes are being made not only of rich and expensive materials, but of such low-priced fabrics that these large wraps can be sold for twelve or fifteen dollars. Opera and evening wraps are sleeved dolmans of cream white Sicilienne or camel's hair, trimmed with velvet, heavily embroidered and edged with feather bands. The long fur-lined cloaks will also be worn in the evening, and to brighten them up, as well as to cover the head, is a new opera shawl of India cashmere, made square with one corner rounded and thrown over the head. Cardinal, pale blue and cream-color are the favorite shades for these shawls.

At the first displays of fall costumes polonaises have apparently superseded basques and overskirts; but the latter will not be entirely abandoned, though without doubt the polonaise is to have another season of popularity. These polonaises are princesse over-dresses made so long that the skirt beneath is only visible on the sides; to make it evident somewhere the sides of the polonaise are sometimes left open almost to the waist.

A conspicuous feature of these garments is an immense bow placed behind, half-way down the skirt, and which in many cases takes the place of all drapery. The front is the princesse shape, with one or with two darts, and sometimes with a long side form. The back may be the French shape without side bodies, and without any added fullness, merely ornamented by the great bow and the long pocket, which is placed very far back, or else it may be caught in soft irregular drapery, which is arranged differently on each side. The trimming is fringe, piping, and frill of narrow gros-grain raveled on the edges. The sleeves are coat shape, with quaint narrow cuffs, or else slashed from the elbow down and filled in with puffs.

Damassee silk is the material that will be worn for the earliest fall over-dresses. The trimming and lower skirt are of velvet or plain silk; the sleeves match the polonaise.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOW SHALL WE DRESS?

In making purchases it is economy to select as good articles as one's income will warrant; for there is no saving in buying anything simply because it is cheap, unless it is also good and serviceable. To buy a needless and flimsy article because the price is unusually low is waste, not economy.

For daily use the dress should be chosen with reference to the work that must be done while wearing it. Make it neat and comfortable for such work without regard to style unless, by some unusual freak, fashion may have adopted something simple and convenient. To see girls sail through a kitchen or bend over the wash tub in a trailing wrapper, sweeping the dirt from the floor or soaking in the suds, should prevent more sensible women from giving the warrant of their example to those under their influence.

None should marry who cannot begin life with enough to enable them to dress with neatness, modesty, comfort and good taste without unduly encroaching on their income. No article is cheaper for being ugly. First be sure of the price, then examine the quality of the goods to be purchased.

Gingham and calicos are the most serviceable for working or morning dress, because they can be washed. The less cotton there is in woolen fabrics, the longer they will last without looking shabby.

If a person must be much in the kitchen, or finds it necessary to attend closely to the cooking, woolen dresses are so difficult to clean that if they are used it is prudent to have a long sacque apron, made with sleeves, reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt.

It is commonly held that one silk dress at least is indispensable. We see no pressing necessity for it; one can be truly respectable without even one silk dress.

Our American silks are the most enduring and economical of any kind of silk, and one dress will outlast two or three of other materials, unless it may be those very heavy silks beyond the reach of persons in moderate circumstances, costing from six to eight dollars a yard.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.*

PRICES OF LADIES' DRESSES.

It seems an absurdity for a woman to sit down and make a dress nowadays, for in every large establishment dresses are to be obtained in apparently limitless profusion, and in styles as diversified as need be to suit many different tastes. Beginning at morning wrappers, there are dresses of print completely made for \$1.10, and these rise in style and price until in cambric they reach \$3.50, and are really nice for any lady to wear upon a Sunday morning. There are elaborate suits of cambric and French percale, \$5.50 and \$6.50, made in different styles, with overskirts and jackets, or

new princes polonaises, with side pockets, flounces upon the lower skirts, and in the favorite chocolate or dark blue.

There are linens—linens in suits and linens in costumes, linens embroidered, and linens trimmed with laces, linens ecru and linens brown or dark blue, and linens which are only of the simple, unbleached material for traveling or country riding wear. There are suits of "wash" poplin, composed of three pieces, trimmed with plaitings, for \$5; of mohair, from \$10 to \$15; and of fine mohair poplin, in a fashionable combination and fashionably made for \$22. There are combinations of silk and mohair or silk and cashmere from \$25 to \$35; summer silks from \$35 to \$75, and black silks and grenadines from \$45 to \$150. This list is not taken from common factory-made goods, but from the stock of a large and reputable establishment.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

WASHING SILK.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes: "I send you directions for cleaning a silk garment. First, rip and dust it. Have a large flat board; over it spread an old sheet. Take one-half a cup of ox gall, one-half cup (or less) of ammonia, and one-half pint of tepid, soft water. Sponge the silk with this on both sides, especially the soiled spots. Having finished sponging, roll it on a round stick like a broom handle, being careful not to have any wrinkles. Silk thus washed and thoroughly dried, needs no ironing, and has a luster like new silk. I treat not only silk but merino, barege, or any woolen goods, with the best results."

TO REMOVE MILDEW.

The following, from an English journal, though not claimed to be infallible, will often prove effectual; Make a very weak solution of chloride of lime in water (about a heaped-up teaspoonful to a quart of water), strain it carefully, and dip the spot on the garment into it; and if the mildew does not disappear immediately, lay it in the sun for a few minutes, or dip it again into the limewater. The work is effectually and speedily done, and the chloride of lime neither rots the clothes nor removes delicate colors, when sufficiently diluted, and the article rinsed afterwards in clear water.

THE WORK TABLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been quite interested in reading about rag carpets in the late numbers of this paper, and would like to ask if any one has a receipt for coloring a good durable shade of brown, as I have no black rags, but a variety of shades of mixed goods, drabs and browns; some are all wool others part or wholly cotton, I would like to have them as near alike as possible. Now can some experienced person inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD, and oblige

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

MR. EDITOR:—Please tell Mrs. J. B. that she can make very pretty mats for

the floor, by cutting rags a little finer than for carpet rags, and knit them in stripes and then sew them together. When knitting them take off the first stitch as you would the heel of a stocking and that will make them gather in on one side so they will come in better shape when they are sewed together. For the needle to knit them on we take an old pail handle and straighten it out, break it in two and then file the ends down to a point.

Will some one please tell me how to color rose colored merino scarlet.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I see by one number of our paper that one of you wanted to know what to do with flannel pieces. I use them to make soles to my hose. I buy the woven ones, and by the time I wear them one winter the feet have been darned so much that they feel unpleasant, then before I put them away for the next winter I cut them down and put in canton flannel soles.

CRUSADER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I write to tell my method of making receptacles for holding scraps of paper, cloth, etc. I take the baskets, which we get in the markets filled with peaches, grapes, etc., and paste a cloth or paper all around the outside and a circular piece on the bottom also the same on the inside if I want it very strong. Then if I wish to hang it up I tie a ribbon or strong twine through opposite holes at the top and it is done. Although not as ornamental as some others I find them very useful indeed.

Mrs. R. P. E.

Jacksonville. Ill.

Will some one of your many readers please tell me how to knit a round rug? Also, how to color orange? and oblige,

DORA.

What colors are most becoming to auburn hair and florid complexion?

M. I. O.

Will some one please give us a recipe for making chemical bluing for clothes? and oblige many.

E. E. SWEENEY.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—Mrs. W. Oliver, in your May number, wishes to know what a charm quilt is. It is a quilt that is composed of small pieces of which no two are to be alike. I suppose that in the looking over some eight or nine hundred pieces, some light and some dark, to see if there are no two alike, consists the charm.

So. Stafford, Vt.

L. J.

MR. EDITOR:—L. W. wished to know how to curl hair that has been cut off. My way, I think, is very good. Have as many round, smooth sticks as you have curls, wind the hair smoothly round the sticks, tie them up firmly with twine, put them in a kettle, cover with water, boil three hours, and let them dry in a warm oven two or three hours, then draw the sticks out and you will have some curls that will wear a month without coming down. Care should be taken that the oven is not hot enough to burn.

E. L. G.

Woodville, Mass.



LONNY'S HOLIDAY.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

THE slanting beams of a bright June sun were streaming in through his eastern window as, rubbing his eyes and yawning a sleepy "Ho, hum!" Lonny turned on his little bed and stretched out to the full extent of his ten-years-old capacity.

A dreamy, delicious sense of some unwonted pleasure gave emphasis to the gap and made him rub his drowsy eyes harder, as by degrees he came to realize the blissful reality.

A very efficient little working-boy Lonny had been all the spring, performing with helpful hands the various duties that come in the way of a farmers boy; till by-and-by he had grown dissatisfied with his daily tasks, complaining that his life was all made up of drudgery, and quite destitute of the freedom belonging as an undoubted right to a boy in his circumstances. So fully did he give himself up to this idea that he became very miserable himself, and made every body about him unhappy by his sour spirit and constant murmurings.

He used too little reason to take into the account that the season brought added labors and a pressure that would soon be over; he was sure he had never seen such a spring before, and it seemed to him as if it never would be over.

He was unmindful, too, of the frequent half-hours of leisure that came to him, they all seemed only as minutes; the merry romps with his little playmates were of no value in his eyes when they were passed, and he had quite forgotten the trip to a neighboring city which seemed to him such a treat only a few weeks before.

No, his lot was very hard, his father and mother were very cruel to him and nobody cared whether he ever had any liberty or not, so he said to himself over and over so many times that he had grown quite wretched. At the suggestion of a boy older than himself he had even thought of running away, and had shed bitter tears over his pet dog and tame squirrel, as well as at thought of leaving his little brothers and his pleasant room, "But I may as well be without them as not to be allowed to take any comfort with them," he added bitterly.

To be sure his parents had warned him against Tom Sargent as a bad boy, and he had at first been a little shocked by his roughness; but he soon learned that Tom was only using his liberty when he seemed rude, and as for the warnings of his careful parents, they never liked to have him enjoy himself lately, anyway.

And so he went on whining over his hard lot, going with a heavy step and a clumsy hand to every task, till one day his papa looked at him gravely while he reproved the murmuring spirit which he had not failed to notice, and told him that, since he

had left to himself, with liberty to do just as he pleased, he should have one whole day in which he would not be called upon to do the least thing for anybody but himself, that all day long he should really have the freedom that he so much coveted.

No wonder that Lonny stretched himself leisurely that morning, that, as he came to realize the delightful prospect before him, he turned on his bed dreamily, rejoicing that his liberty had already begun, that he was not even expected to rise until it suited him to do so.

The sun was well up before he made his appearance in the breakfast-room, and when he sat down alone to his meal, the listless expression in his sleepy eyes illy became a boy in his favored condition. Somehow his breakfast was not quite as appetizing as when eaten with the family, nor did the sunshine seem quite as bright and enlivening as usual, but Lonny scarcely noticed this, and wondered that he did not feel happier now that his holiday had really and truly come.

"I'll go a-fishing," he said to himself, as he sauntered out to the wood-shed, "I've been wanting to this good while; perhaps I can get enough for dinner." Then checking himself he added, a little bitterly, "But there don't anybody want anything of me to-day;" and he did not seem at all happy as he went to looking up his fishing-rods and straightening out his lines.

He was stretched on the bank lazily putting his tackle in order, saying to himself, "There's time enough," when a loud "Hulloa!" roused him, and looking up he saw his friend Tom Sargent standing before him. His hands were thrust into his pockets in true Yankee style, drawing his ragged pants up till they displayed a long stretch of dirty bare ankles, his dilapidated straw hat was cocked on one side of his unkempt head, while a coarse grin made his freckled red face look uglier than ever.

"Hulloa! come it over the old man at last, did ye? he! he!"

Now Lonny did not like to hear his dear father alluded to in that rude way, and he was not yet so much under the control of this wicked Tom that he did not at first feel like resenting it; but noticing Lonny's flushed face, Tom was quick to perceive his disadvantage, and sitting down beside him, entered with so much interest into his plans that Lonny's anger was quickly forgotten and they were soon ready to set out on their fishing excursion.

A noisy brook ran under the hill behind the house, and a little further on, in a shady nook, it spread itself out into a placid sheet, where the bottom lay way down out of sight in the deep shadows.

Here the two boys sat down with rods in hand to wait for a bite, but no fish came to reward their patience, and it was getting to be rather tedious business when Tom suggested, "I say, now, let's put off this fishing till afternoon, and go down to the brick schoolhouse and see Hal Jones and all the boys over there. Their school began two weeks ago."

"It is too far," remonstrated Lonny; "besides, going to school wouldn't seem much like a holiday."

"Nonsense," retorted Tom; "it is just far enough to make a tip-top walk. We should get there at the forenoon recess, have a jolly time with the boys, stay in school long enough to see what's going on, and then get home to dinner. I say let's go. Come on," he added, with an air of authority, and the two boys started.

"I guess I ought to speak to mother," said Lonny, hesitatingly.

"Pshaw!" sneered Tom. "Isn't this your day? as if a fellow must run to his ma every time he stirs."

Now Lonny was keenly sensitive to ridicule, and the subject was dropped at once.

Ah, had he listened to the promptings of his better nature he might have been spared much trouble.

The two sauntered leisurely along, talking pleasantly enough about the various objects of interest by the way, after the manner of boys, but somehow the day had lost its relish for Lonny. Alas, he had not begun it right.

Arriving at school, they found the boys in the midst of a game of ball, and when they had paused long enough to bid the new arrivals welcome, Tom joined them in their play; but Lonny sat down on a stone to rest, feeling a little homesick, and wondering if the folks had missed him at home.

When the recess-bell rang and the boys went into the house, they found a pleasant-faced lady there and Lonny felt happier than he had before since leaving the shelter of his father's house.

"It is all right," he assured himself, "it was only because I was such a baby, as Tom would say, that I felt uneasy," and he folded his hands complaisantly down under the desk.

Tom and Hal Jones visited awhile in subdued whispers by his side, then they became so much interested in their books that Lonny made up his mind they were model boys after all, and reproached himself for ever suspecting that they could be otherwise.

But presently, when the teacher was standing near them, he was roused from his meditations by a little click and then a snap at his side so loud that it made him jump, and sent the blood to his face in a vivid blush.

She turned quickly, as did every one in school, and Lonny felt the guilty flush rise higher, while the real culprits gazed at him in feigned astonishment.

Lonny's peace of mind was gone now, and dropping his head on the bench before him he burst into tears and then sobbed himself to sleep.

The shrill voices of the little spellers in front woke him at length, and he straightened up so suddenly that the big boys snickered and the little ones giggled, making him feel very uncomfortable.

Lonny knew it must be nearly noon by this time, his empty stomach reminded him that dinner-time could not be far off; so motioning to Tom they took their departure — not however until the teacher, pausing in the routine, had administered a sharp reproof to whoever had been guilty of the gross offence that had interrupted them an hour before.

Lonny could hardly refrain from declaring his innocence, but a glance at

Tom's darkened brow warned him that it would be much the safest to hold his peace.

He expected Tom would confide to him the secret of the whole affair, but as he did not seem inclined to talk about it, Lonny did not venture to mention the subject to him. They both felt a little constrained at first, and walked some distance in silence: but when a bird fluttered up from a clump of bushes by the roadside, they each set out to seek for its hiding-place, and having a common interest again, they were soon as sociable as if there had never been any trouble between them.

No bird's nest was to be found, but a gay little squirrel presently ran across their track, and they went after him in such hot pursuit that Lonny caught his jacket on the rugged limb of a tree and tore it so fearfully that he looked much more like a ragged street-urchin than the child of careful parents that he really was.

To complete his appearance, the wind had taken from his head the new hat which his father brought home to him a few days before, and hurled it into the brook, where it laid till the water had washed the stiffening all out from its rim, so when he put it on his head again it lopped down this way and that, as if its courage and ambition were all gone — poor, crest-fallen hat.

Tom laughed at him a little at first, but Lonny was too gay to mind it much and his mishaps were speedily forgotten.

A gaudy butterfly flashed past them, and with exclamations of delight they rushed after it, but Tom's ardor soon cooled and he leaned against the fence to watch his more enthusiastic companion.

"It's the handsomest butterfly I've seen this year, and I'm bound to have him," he exclaimed, springing over the wall.

And in his eager haste he did not notice that he was tramping recklessly over Deacon Tyler's carefully sown wheat-field. In mad haste, like a frightened steed, he plunged along, then slowly and carefully, as if about to grasp his prize, while Tom watched him at a safe distance, softly urging him on and secretly chuckling at prospect of a scene with the old Deacon; for experience had taught him the consequences of trespassing on his grounds.

Presently a ferocious-looking mastiff, obedient to a voice which called out from some unknown quarter, came bounding toward him at a furious rate and with a threatening yelp. Terrified beyond measure, poor Lonny made for the nearest wall with the speed of a frightened deer; and it was not till he had reached it and stood panting on the further side, that he realized he was in presence of the grim old Deacon himself.

Several rough-looking men were laughing at his discomfiture, as if it were a good joke, but Deacon Tyler frowned on him threateningly as, in a voice that made Lonny quail, he hissed out,

"A fine set of ragamuffins ye are, every one of ye! But I'll teach ye to keep off from a decent man's premises."

Take yourself off, quick, and keep off!" raising his heavy cane.

This was a new experience for Lonn, for he had always been above suspicion till now; but raising his hand to his forlorn looking hat and glancing down on his ragged jacket, he felt the full force of the name by which Deacon Tyler had called him, and burst into tears.

"Lonny Deane a ragamuffin!" he sobbed bitterly; and when he was well out of sight of the scene of his humiliation and beyond the reach of his make-believe friend, who had now become so hateful in his eyes, he threw himself on the ground and cried as if his heart was broken.

The sun was dropping westward when at last he got up and started slowly toward home. There was no elasticity or joy in his step, for he was ashamed to show himself there and he felt most miserable, reluctantly admitting that his holiday had been a failure, after all.

Meanwhile, there was great commotion at John Deane's farm-house.

As the forenoon wore away there were many inquiries concerning Lonn, but nobody thought much about it, for they remembered it was his holiday, until noon came and he was missed from the dinner-table.

He had not been to the house since his late breakfast, and neither his father, his big brother, nor the hired man, had seen him that day. Everybody had conjectures to offer as to his whereabouts, but none of them were in any wise satisfactory, and his mother's face took on a very anxious expression, an expression that was not in the least relieved by the suggestion which her husband ventured at length, that he had probably gone off to celebrate the day with some of his favorite companions.

The dinner was set in the oven to keep warm and the afternoon wore slowly away, till at length poor Mrs. Deane could bear the suspense no longer and went out to carry to her husband the sad tidings that no little boy had yet appeared.

Leaning on his hoe-handle he wiped the perspiration from his face in an impatient way, then straightening up, he asked, as if speaking to himself.

"What's to be done, I wonder?" In fact his thoughts had been all the afternoon just where the thoughts of Lonn's mother had been.

Dropping his hoe he left his work with a reluctant step, saying something about the ungrateful boy Lonn had been lately, and affirming that "some course must be taken to ward off the evil spirit which seemed to be getting possession of him."

A hasty survey was taken of the barns and sheds, "to see if he hadn't crawled away and was taking a nap," though Mrs. Deane assured him she had already looked several times, and both knew how little chance there could be of finding him in this way. But an important discovery was made, and that was the fact that none of the fishing tackle was in place. He had gone to the water somewhere, then, and a deathly pallor came over Mrs. Deane's face.

"Perhaps he is only down under the hill, after all," as if to reassure her; but he very well knew the boy would

not stay there till that time of day without his dinner.

However, the two turned their steps thither and soon found the rods lying on the bank, where they had been dropped, but there was no other trace of Lonn.

"He could not have fallen in here," his father said in reply to their unspoken thoughts, "his hat at least would rise and float on the surface." Yet he scanned the water closely, while Mrs. Deane walked up and down the brookside clasping her hands in mute terror.

Just then, like a guilty boy, as indeed he was, ragged and dejected, the truant made his appearance, sneaking along toward his terrified parents with the air of one who knew he deserved, yet who greatly feared, some dreadful retribution.

"O, Lonny, my boy!" was his mother's exclamation of joy, embracing him as tenderly as if he had never grieved her.

His father did not utter a word as he turned toward him, but there came into his eyes an expression of pain that seemed to the penitent boy harder to bear than any reproof, however sharp, could possibly have been.

When Lonn heard from his father that night how much anxiety he had caused them, he was filled with contrition; and he did not need the long talk which followed, to show him how foolish and wicked he had been, nor any greater humiliation than he had already experienced, to prevent any repetition of the past.

Lonny was forgiven, but his heart ached that night as he reviewed his holiday; and before he closed his eyes in sleep he resolved he would never forget that his kind parents knew what was best for him at all times, as well as what would make him really happiest.

DRESSING OF INFANTS.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Many thanks to my friend, "Earnest Seeker," for her words of cheer and encouragement. I was delighted to know that I had given her any aid. And now M. W. asks me some questions with regard to infants' bands, which I will answer with pleasure. I fear I may have unintentionally conveyed the impression that infants should never wear bands, even at the first, but I have only objected to the tight bandages so often used.

The band that it is necessary for the infant to wear at first should be simply a strip of very soft thin flannel about four or five inches wide and long enough to go once loosely around the child's body. It should be pinned over the child's bowels, with small safety pins, just snug enough to keep the compress from falling out or slipping out of place. If any mother wishes further information with regard to this compress, the way it is to be worn, and its use, let her read Dr. Tracy's excellent work, "The Mother and her Offspring," pages 163, 164 and 165. I had thought at first of quoting his directions, but on the whole prefer to refer the reader to them.

With regard to the band, Dr. Tracy says, "It should be fastened just tight enough to keep its place and afford a

slight support to the belly, particularly to the part which is covered by the compress. Care must be taken that it be not drawn so tight as to be uncomfortable. This band should be worn for four or five months; and when the parts about the navel seem weak, and ready to yield and protrude from the pressure of the abdominal viscera, it will be proper to continue its use a much longer period." So says Dr. Tracy, but my experience has been that it may be left off at the end of six weeks.

One reason why flannel is preferable to linen or cotton for this band, is because it is more elastic. Some authorities object to flannel as being too irritating to the tender skin, but a soft, smooth and thin flannel will not be uncomfortable, and besides being elastic it is a good non-conductor of heat, and promotes health by keeping the digestive organs at an even temperature. Some mothers, for this reason, prefer to let their children wear a piece of flannel loosely over the bowels until all the first teeth are cut. Many mothers can testify that this is not only a safeguard, but an actual cure for some of those forms of diarrhea and inflammation of the bowels so common and so apt to prove fatal during the dreaded "second summer." Only very hardy children can with safety dispense with flannel altogether, even in the hottest weather.

The purposes for which this "band" (so called) is used are sufficiently apparent to every sensible woman. And it is also obvious that it is not worn, as some silly nurses seem to suppose, for the purpose of improving the shape of the child, or making its waist smaller. Yet I am sorry to say it is frequently found bound so tightly around the poor child's body as to cause not only constant uneasiness and suffering, (not to say torture) but permanent injury. This is barbarous and cruel in the extreme! Since writing the article on this subject which appeared in the January HOUSEHOLD another case of this sort has come to my notice where the only wonder is how the child could breathe at all.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the evils arising from wearing a tight bandage, showing that it interferes with digestion, respiration, circulation and almost every function necessary to a healthy development, but "a word to the wise is sufficient." It may, however, be well to mention for the benefit of inexperienced mothers that the popular notion that they also must be subjected to the torture of a tight bandage "to bring them back to shape" after the birth of the child, is all nonsense. The mother should wear a bandage for several weeks after the birth of her child, but it is not necessary to have it pinned tighter than she can wear it with comfort.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Massachusetts. 2. John B. Gough. 3. Use, sue. 4. Mar, arm. 5. Guns, sung. 6. Kate, take. 7. Nap, pan. 8. Seat, east. 9. Race, acre. 10. Takes, skate. 11. Verse, sever. 12. Mite, time.

13. Kind words revive the weary soul
And cheer its saddest hours,
As dew refreshes drooping leaves
And brightens fading flowers.

14. We live in hope, though clouds appear

They linger but a day,
The sun, to us a gift so dear,
Will scatter them away.
Thus life is but an April shower,
And troubles are but rain,
And hope the sun that in an hour
Will bring us joy again.

15. Breast-plate. 16. Pur-chase.

17. A U L I C 18. B A R G E
U D I N E A P A R T
L I B E L R A M A H
I N E R T G R A C E
C E L T S E T H E R

19. Parliament. 20. Unfathomable.
21. Perseverance. 22. Scintillation.
23. Mad-a-gas-car.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 1, 4, 8, 14, 2 is part of a stove.
My 3, 4, 8, 12, 5, 6 is a tropical fruit.
My 7, 8, 14, 6, 4 is drink.
My 9, 7, 8, 16 is a large bird.
My 10, 15, 4, 9, 6 is a very useful animal.

My 11, 12, 14, 15 is a preposition.
My 13, 3, 8, 14 is an animal often domesticated.

My whole indicates one whose memory will live long in the hearts of the people.

C. D.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in play but not in glee,
And if you will believe it,
My second is in you but not in me,
My third is always in trumpet,
My fourth is in province, also in empire,
But never, never in nation,
My fifth is in remark but not in satire,
My sixth is in every station,
My seventh and last is always in sunshine
And in the darkness as well,
My whole is a vegetable large and fine,
Although its name I'll not tell.

HANNAH W.

CHARADE WITH SIX CONCEALED TREES.

3. I am a pleasant sight,
Peep in each one and see,
First left and then to right,
And my forms do ne'er agree.

They consist of colors as bright
As heaven's rainbow span,
But from that I differ quite,
For I'm made by the hand of man.

Aye! when you've guessed this riddle,
I think that you will own,
Although I've told you little
The truth is plainly shown.

HANNAH W.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

4. A woman of ancient bible days;
A hero noted in Shakespeare's plays;
A part of the empire of Japan;
A tool oft used by the working man;
A tree of very ancient date;
A county in the Empire State;
A plant that by the roadside often springs;

The name of a line of English kings.
My initials and final spell, you'll see,
The names of two battles where victory
Was won for the right by bravery and
might,
And gained for America laurels bright.

M. D. H.

JUMBLES.

Names of Towns.—5. Aster pot. 6.
Laicas. 7. Mi chasa. 8. Ockadnrl. 9.
Rob nag. 10. Fibesta.

A Proverb.—11. Aaadddeehhhimm-nnooosssstt.



GOOD CHEER, THROUGH ALL THE YEAR.

BY BARRY GRAY.

BY far the most important room in a house is the dining-room. It should be a bright, cheerful apartment, not located in the basement, as it too often is, and where it can only be reached by groping down a dark and narrow stairway; but on the first floor, where plenty of sunlight enters and an air of comfort prevails. Its appointments should partake of the substantial rather than the showy. The table itself should have the appearance of great respectability, and a seeming consciousness of having sustained loads of good cheer for generations past. The chairs, too, should look invitingly hospitable, not stiff, straight-backed affairs which are found in so many of the dining-rooms of to-day. Appropriate pictures—fruit, flower and game pieces—should decorate its walls, which should be stained in a quiet, neutral tint.

A cheerful dining-room, a table covered with spotless damask, bright silver and gleaming china and glass, add greatly to one's enjoyment of a dinner, and give a zest to the appetite; whereas a gloomy apartment, soiled table linen and greasy, half-washed goblets and plates, are abominable and destructive to anything like an appreciation of the meal itself.

Then, again, the most elegant and artistically arranged table is sometimes—not often, fortunately—the only redeeming merit in a dinner, owing to the inexperience of the cook. Many a fine fish and joint have been spoiled by stupidity in cooking.

I recall, with a good deal of amusement, the remark made, several years ago, by a friend of mine, who sat next to me at a small dinner-party, where a magnificent sirloin of beef, fat, rare and juicy, was served. "Ah!" he said, with a sigh that seemed to come from the pit of his stomach, "what a pity that such a fine piece of beef should have been spoiled in the cooking." Puzzled, for to my eye and taste it was all that could be desired, I inquired what he meant. "Why," he exclaimed, "it isn't half cooked—don't you see how the blood follows the knife?" I did see, and I rejoiced thereat, but my friend, I found, wanted his meat thoroughly done, dry as sole leather, and without a bit of color left in it. Tastes differ, but I fear my friend had none at all, and, more than this, I do not think the roast had been spoiled in the cooking.

Another anecdote of my friend and I will leave him. He is a Southerner, and during our late little family feud, he remained, as all warm Southerners did, in the South. It had been my belief that, during the latter years of the feud, the inhabitants of his part of the country had suffered from a lack of the necessities of life, that good cheer had not been abundant with them through all the years; so, when my

friend came North, after General Lee had shaken hands with General Grant, under an apple tree, I invited him to dinner. During the course of it the subject of the scarcity of food in the South, which the blockade of its ports had engendered, arose, and I said: "I presume you were oftentimes hard up for a good square meal, and, of course, missed most of the luxuries in the way of food to which you had been accustomed." "Well, no," he replied, "I took my three meals a day regularly; and there was only one thing, I must confess, I missed, and that was Malaga grapes." After that I spoke no more to him on the food question.

A good dinner is a good thing, aside from the mere fact that one enjoys partaking of it. It improves our health and temper, enables us to accomplish more business than we otherwise could, and, in fact, is necessary to the "proper performance," as Sydney Smith said, "of our most serious duties and functions." And he was right. Any one who has given the matter thought will be able to recall, in his own experience, how much better he has been able to converse, argue and even sing, how much happier, jovial and satisfied with himself and those around him, after a good dinner, than when his meal has been a cold, ill-cooked, unsatisfactory one.

Nor is it the largest and most pretentious dinners that are the most satisfactory. As a rule, indeed, the little social dinner, prepared for six or eight personal friends, bears off the palm.

Many persons—very estimable people, too, in other respects—really do not know how to order the simplest dinner. They scarcely know whether the soup comes first or last, whether the game should appear before or after the roast, and as to the place in the courses for introducing the proper drinks they are all at sea. In cases where such an one is giving a little lunch to a party of friends at a restaurant, it is advisable to refer the matter to the head-waiter, telling him about what sum *per capitum* you desire to pay, and leaving to him the ordering and getting up of the whole thing. You will be sure, then, of having it served correctly and will get the credit from your friends—if you have taken the precaution to speak to the head-waiter aside—of knowing how to order a little dinner.—*Home Journal*.

HOW TO POUR TEA.

The Housekeeper says: There is more to be learned about pouring out tea and coffee than most ladies are willing to believe. If those decoctions are made at the table, which is by far the best way, they require experience, judgment, and exactness; if they are brought to the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family party, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups. Often persons pour out tea who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger and give the strongest to a very young member of the family, who would have been better without any. Where several cups

of equal strength are wanted you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them up, and then the strength will be apportioned properly.

This is so well understood in England that an experienced pouer of tea waits till all the cups are returned to her before she fills any a second time, that all may share alike. You should learn every one's taste in the matter of sugar and cream too, in order to suit them in that respect. Delicacy and neatness may be shown in the manner of handling and rinsing the cups, of helping persons to sugar, and using the cream without letting it run down the lip.

There are a thousand little niceties which will occur to you, if you give due attention to the business, and resolve to do it with the thrift of a good housekeeper, and the ease and dignity of a refined lady. When you have once acquired good habits in this department, it will require less attention, and you will always do it in the best way without thinking much about it. A very happy match once grew out of the admiration felt by a gentleman on seeing a young lady preside well at a tea table. Her graceful and dexterous movements there first fixed his attention upon her and led to a further acquaintance.

SERVING BREAD AT TABLE.

In the first place, tins in which bread is baked should not be more than four inches wide, two or three inches deep, and about twelve or fourteen inches long. A large bake tin may be divided into compartments by strips of tin running across. But do not mold bread into large, broad loaves that are very awkward to cut, and when cut yield ungainly looking slices.

First, the bread plate should be of wood, perfectly round, and with a flat surface. They cost at the shops from seventy-five cents to six dollars, or more. The high priced ones are beautifully carved. Next, a bread knife, which has a wooden handle to match the plate. The blade should be thin and long, and the edge kept well sharpened. Bread dulls a knife very much.

Place on the table the bread plate with a loaf on it—two loaves are better, one of white bread, the other of brown—and the knife. When it is time to serve the bread, the one nearest the bread plate asks each one what kind is preferred, and if thick or thin slices. Where the table is large, a small plate is used to pass it on. In this way every one at the table has the bread cut to his or her liking. The bread is cut only as wanted, and no more cut than is used. The outside piece of either bread or meat should not be served, unless some one manifests a preference for it. Not much strength is required to cut meat and bread. The muscles of the wrist and hand should do the work, and not those of the arm, elbow or shoulder.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

An unhappy individual has discovered there is nothing in the food or drink line actually healthful. He says potatoes produce flatulency, water distends the bowels, fruit relaxes them,

bread sours the stomach, cake destroys its tone, rice depletes the blood, fish shrinks the muscles, fresh meats produce biliousness, and salt meats skin diseases. And so you can go through the entire list without finding, according to the medical authorities, a single article but what is in some degree hurtful. It is dreadful to think of; and yet, somehow, there are a great many people who manage to exist seventy years or more, and the average longevity of the human race is increasing in all civilized countries.

THE DESSERT.

—A printer invariably gets out of sorts when he reaches the bottom of his case.

—“Don’t let’s have any words about it,” as the man said when he dodged the dictionary his wife threw at him.

—No young man should think of sending poetry to a publisher without sending the names of a few subscribers as an atonement.

—Nature needs a large quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself in five minutes with one quill.

—An exchange remarks that as the average age of a farmer is sixty-five years and a printer only thirty-three, the former should pay the latter promptly.

—“George, dear, don’t you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?” “No, love—economical! Same piece of bread does for both!”

—Dr. Cuyler recently recommended everybody to lie in bed until a cup of coffee had been prepared. There is, consequently, a very serious discussion going on to who shall prepare the coffee.

—“I’d like you to help me a little,” said a tramp, poking his head into a country store. “Why don’t you help yourself,” said the proprietor, angrily. “Thank you, I will,” said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of whisky and two loaves of bread, and disappeared.

—A young boy who had been fishing in Jordan all day was slowly wending his way through the city when he was heard to complain: “If I was a horse now, I’d be rubbed down and well fed; but I’m a boy, and I’ve got to go home, milk the cows, bring in wood, tote water, and rock the baby for an hour and a half.”

—A young lady, when invited to partake of the pudding, replied, “No, many thanks, my dear madam. By no manner of means. I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until the manifest sense of an internal fullness admonishes my stay; my deficiency is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied.”

—On a street car, the other day, a boy made a sudden grab among the straw, caught something, and as he straightened up he inquired, “Who’s lost a fifty cent piece?” Seven men held out their hands to him, and four more wanted to but felt afraid. There was a painful pause, and then the boy unclasped his hand and exhibited a pant’s button. Seven men suddenly sank back to meditate, and the other four indulged in winks.



MORE ABOUT THE CROUP.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD have asked for a remedy for the croup, and thinking I might bring happiness to some anxious mother, I send mine. After searching medical works for a year or more, for advice upon this subject, and after dosing my little ones with blood-root, horehound syrup, (all of which help in time of need,) and many more things too numerous to mention, I was told of something by a gentleman who said he had always used it upon the first signs of croup.

It is simply salt pork placed upon the chest and bottoms of the feet.

I will give you my method of proceeding. On the first signs, I warm a plate, then take a piece of pork out of the brine, place it upon the plate and let it remain long enough to remove the cold from it, then place it upon the child's chest, having the pieces large enough to reach to the throat: then cut two smaller pieces and place upon the soles of the feet. This done, I drop twelve drops of copaiva (after being prepared in alcohol) in half a tumbler of water, and twelve drops (after being prepared in the same way) of gelsemium in the same amount of water. Give a teaspoonful of each: copaiva every fifteen minutes, gelsemium every half hour. These are homeopathic remedies. I keep a good supply on hand; what every mother should do.

Dear sisters, study more the laws of health, find out the different medicines. Never dress your little ones in low neck dresses, and especially keep their limbs warm. And may God's blessing rest upon you, giving your little ones health and long lives.

MAGGIE.

MR. EDITOR, — Dear Sir: — Some time ago in looking over one of your papers I chanced to notice, among various health items, a remedy for croup. I cannot now remember either the month on which it appeared or the year, but the remedy was powdered alum and sugar.

Croup is a disease that every mother may well dread, so rapidly does it run its course, and so frequently does it end fatally. A little sister of mine who was put to bed with only a slight cold, apparently, died before morning with croup, and many a mother could tell a similar story.

Night before last my little son, two years old, who had been well and happy all through the day, soon after being put to sleep, began to breath with that peculiar harsh discordant sound that shows something is wrong, and now and then he coughed with a barking sound without waking. Remembering your article we prepared the alum and sugar, putting a flannel over his chest and throat also wet with Pond's Extract. However the heavy breathing continued, and after midnight he suddenly gave one of

those sharp barking coughs so alarming to the mother. We immediately began to give him the alum and sugar, saying at the same time that if he was not better in the course of an hour we would send for a physician. For the next hour my mother's heart was very anxious. The child was kept in a moderately warm and well ventilated room, kept at an even temperature, and as he always wears a flannel night-dress I simply took him into bed by my side without further wrapping, and administered the alum and sugar (which he relished), every now and then with a teaspoon, giving a part of a teaspoonful each time. In the course of an hour he began to breath easily and naturally, and in the morning woke early looking fresh and bright as usual, and now he seems perfectly well.

For this next to my thanks to God, I must give thanks to THE HOUSEHOLD. There are many things during these "hard times" that a young mother and housekeeper can learn to do without. But she cannot afford to do without a paper that teaches her how to save her strength, save doctor's bills, and to save the lives of her children.

Brooklyn N. Y. SANA.

HINTS TO DYSPEPTICS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Feeling morally certain that among the numerous readers of THE HOUSEHOLD there are very many suffering from that prevalent disease called dyspepsia, the writer will endeavor to give a few practical hints from personal experience;

being aware, however, how widely this disease varies in its symptoms and effects on different individuals, and how difficult it is to give general rules that would apply in every case; yet if only the minority are benefited from these hints, the writer will rejoice to know that she has been able (in an imperfect way) to give as well as to receive through the columns of the dear HOUSEHOLD.

Among the many diseases incident to adults, perhaps none is so common or so productive of suffering as this fearful disease; prostrating both body and mind and wholly unfitting one for the duties of life. One fruitful source of this disease is abuse of the stomach, for do we not force work upon it indiscreetly, and then deny it needed rest? Too much cannot be said in regard to healthful living, cleanliness, fresh air, regular meals and regular hours for sleep.

In the good old days of our grandmothers, when plain living and early hours for sleep were practiced, but little was known of dyspepsia, but since the days of fashionable intemperance both in eating and drinking such as wine, all strong tea and coffee, hot biscuit and highly seasoned food, it has fearfully increased. All these articles have a tendency to debilitate the stomach and thus produce dyspepsia and chronic dyspepsia may be relieved by closely following the laws of health, using only such food as is known to agree with us, especially that which is easily digested. One should eat at regular intervals, using as great a variety of food as is consistent, avoiding all hard, rich and

old maxim which says, "No one ever regretted having eaten too little." The wisdom and truthfulness of this saying may possibly apply to the strong and robust; but not to the debilitated dyspeptic, who as a class of invalids eat far too little, many times taking far too little food to keep up a proper degree of strength, thereby causing the stomach and bowels to collapse, and thus creating more real distress than a full meal. Avoiding extremes, all dyspeptics should eat enough to satisfy the cravings of a natural appetite, even though it creates some uneasy sensations at the time. Very little, however, should be drunk at meal time. Warm drinks are preferable to cold water. Let the dyspeptic beware of an excess of fluids, as they serve to dilute the gastric juices of the stomach and thus retard digestion.

A cheerful, hopeful frame of mind should be cultivated, and recreation found out of doors in God's free sun-shine, not forgetting that years have been spent in violation of nature's laws and in self-indulgences, ignorantly perhaps; one should not therefore expect a speedy restoration to health. It may require months of watchfulness, care and self-denial to regain our wasted energies. Let patience have her perfect work, remembering that "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

A. B.

FOOT COMFORTS.

Never go to bed with cold feet. Never try to sleep without being perfectly certain that you will be able to keep them warm. To lie one night with cold feet gives such a strain to the system as will be felt seriously, perhaps ending in a fit of sickness.

Cold feet show an unbalanced circulation. The very best thing to do is to warm them by exercise, if that be practicable. If not, try dipping them in hot and cold water, alternately, two or three times and then using vigorous friction. If that does not warm them and keep them warm heat them before the fire, drying them thoroughly, and then correct your habits or improve your health, for be sure that one or the other is wrong, perhaps both.

With all the rest, if you sleep on a hard bed, with cotton sheets, in a cold room, put on an extra covering over the feet. It is very convenient to have a "foot comfort," just wide enough to cover the top of the bed and about a yard deep. This may be made of some light material (perhaps the remains of a pretty dress), filled with cotton, like a "comfortable," and tacked with some harmonious color. During the day this may be thrown over the foot-board, and spread on the bed at night. The advantage of this is to secure sufficient light covering for the feet without overburdening the remainder of the body.

If you use a hot brick or an iron, put it in bed a little beforehand, and then when retiring remove it. To sleep with the feet in contact with it has a tendency to make the feet tender, if convenient.

But better than both these, and to be used with or without them, is the foot-blanket. This may be a square yard of domestic flannel, or two yards, folded, of Swiss flannel, or anything else you like that is warm enough, only have it nice and clean. Fold this around your feet and ankles before you put them down into the bed. If not very cold, this will often warm them, especially if you have used friction; and if warm it will prevent their becoming cold by contact with the cold sheets. It keeps the warm air around them. It does not make the feet tender, and it is far more convenient than the hot brick or soap-stone. Try it, and if you are troubled with cold feet you will be likely to keep it by you hereafter. Whatever you use, always lie at full length. To "curl up" hinders free circulation. — *Herald of Health.*

DANDRUFF CURED.

The belief that dandruff arises from a disease of the skin, although physicians do not seem to agree on this point, and the knowledge that the use of sulphur is frequently attended with very happy results in such diseases, induced me to try it in my own case. A preparation of one ounce flowers of sulphur and one quart of water was made. The clear liquid was poured off, after the mixture had been repeatedly agitated during the intervals of a few hours, and the head saturated with this every morning. In a few weeks every trace of dandruff had disappeared, the hair became soft and glossy, and now, after a discontinuance of the treatment for eighteen months, there is no indication of a return of the disease.

I do not pretend to explain the *modus operandi* of the treatment, for it is well known that sublimed sulphur is almost or wholly insoluble, and the liquid used was destitute of taste, color or smell. The effects speaks for itself. Other persons to whom it has been recommended have had the same results, and I communicate the result of my experiments in the belief that it may be valuable and acceptable to many who have suffered in the same manner as myself. — *American Journal of Pharmacy.*

FRECKLES.

Freckles, says the *Herald of Health*, are not easily washed out of those who have a florid complexion and are much in the sunshine, but the following washes are not only harmless, but very much the best of anything we know: Grate horseradish fine; let it stand a few hours in buttermilk, then strain and use the wash night and morning. Or squeeze the juice of a lemon into half a goblet of water and use the same way. Most of the remedies for freckles are poisonous, and can not be used with safety. Freckles indicate a defect in digestion, and consist in deposits of some carbonaceous or fatty matter beneath the scarf skin. The diet should be of a nature that bowels and kidneys will do their duty. Daily bathing, with much friction, should not be neglected, and the Turkish bath taken occasionally, if convenient.



ILLUSION.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Under loud billows the waters are rolling
Calmly and silently on to their end;
While the deep roar of the crest-waves is sounding,
Faintly the voices of under-waves blend.

Racket and roar, and the foam of their fury—
These are the elements wild billows show;
Empty! so empty! beneath lies the ocean,
The ocean, whose waters so silently flow!

Take the still waters, where then are the billows?
Take the mad billows, yet ocean is there!
Crest-waves are reckless and full of deception;
The ill they have wrought they may never repair.

Be not deceived when thou lookest at ocean;
Be not deceived when thou judgest mankind;
Though below noisy crest-waves at times may be
running
As steady a sea as thou ever shalt find;

Yet under the many there's naught to discover
That sheweth the flow of the life that is best;
And the false from the true may be quickly distin-
guished,
If eyes that see clearly apply but this test.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

THE love of children is still another necessary natural qualification of the teacher. Some possess it, and some do not; and when a candidate for the high office of primary teacher especially presents herself, who has not this fondness for children in some degree at least, she should be at once rejected on that account.

This love of children qualifies the teacher to be happy in their presence, to be patient with their childishness, and to sympathize with them in all their enjoyments and trials.

It is interesting to see how children are drawn, as by magnetism, to the teacher who loves them. They form her acquaintance at sight; believe in her, and cling to her as to their own mother (whose place she occupies and whose responsibilities she has assumed); and of course they are ready to obey her, and profit by her example, precept, and instruction. This love of the teacher for her pupils always inspires their love for her in a corresponding degree. They seek her society, and enjoy her presence; they follow her and cling to her as she winds her way over the hill and through the valley to and from the school; they welcome her to their homes, and entertain her by their childish prattle; they invite her to mingle in their sports; and she becomes a child again while with children. It is not strange, therefore, that mutual sympathy is awakened, and mutual friendship created, such as will give the teacher unbounded control over her pupils in the management and discipline of her school.

Nearly allied to the love of children, as a natural and necessary qualification of the true teacher, is a love for the work. Fondness for the society of the young tend to make the business of teaching agreeable; but this is not all that is necessary. Such other qualifications are implied as create a taste for the details of a teachers' work, and prepare him to endure patiently the burdens and vexations of school-life.

He is patient and persevering, industrious and faithful, because he finds a positive pleasure in the performance of each required duty. He estimates the dignity and responsibility of the teacher's profession from a higher standpoint, and cherishes a proud satisfaction in the nobility of his position and the important results of his labors.

EXPERIENCE.

SCRAP-BOOKS.

Some one spoke of making scrap-books a short time ago. Will she allow me to give my plan? I have had much experience in this direction, and should dislike to have another fail in their first efforts, as I did; until I learned by experience, which they say is a bitter teacher.

Take a strongly bound book, a ledger is best, (perhaps like myself you can procure one from some male friend who had done using it,) and find by examining the back how the leaves are grouped, (I know not how to express myself better,) then from the middle of each group cut half the number of leaves in it, being careful to take only those leaves which join each other at the back; this will prevent the leaves coming loose as they are so apt to do if taken out otherwise. The leaves should be cut off about a quarter of an inch from the back, which will leave the book full and strong at the back, and not loose and seemingly poorly bound as it will be if the leaves are torn or pulled out.

For pasting in the articles use a moderately thin paste made of flour and water, well cooked, and free from lumps. Apply it when cold with a brush. I have used an old shaving brush, but find a flat paint brush much better.

The articles should be cut short enough to allow a neat margin on the page and cut before pasting, being particular to allow for any stretch of the paper; and the paste must be applied to your pieces, and not the leaves of the book. After placing the articles in proper position, smooth them out with a cloth, and when partly dry, say the next day, lay a cloth over the pages and iron them smoothly. This ironing adds much to the looks of the work, which if well done can hardly be told from one printed so.

MRS. W. C.

HOW STATUARY IS MADE.

But little is known of the art of sculpture by the masses in this or indeed any country. The first thing the sculptor does is to model or fashion the figure in clay. He first builds a skeleton of iron, and then puts the clay upon it, and adds or takes off until the work is completed. He then transfers the model, or rather reproduces it in plaster of Paris. This is done by covering the clay with liquid plaster to the depth of about one and one-half inches, more or less, according to the size of the model—a life-sized picture would require the plaster to be laid on at least three inches in depth. The plaster is then allowed to become perfectly hard, or to set, as it is called. The clay is then taken out, and the plaster will be found to be a mould in which to cast the fac simile

of the original model. An additional quantity of plaster is then mixed with water and poured into the new made mould; in thirty or forty minutes it will become set and hard. The mould is then taken or cut off by means of knives or chisels.

The next thing is the process of cutting the head or figure in marble. This is entirely mechanical, and is accomplished by measuring instruments, called pointed machines. They are so arranged as to give the exact distances, points, depths, widths and lengths of every part of a head or figure; these are pointed to or measured on the marble block, and the workman cuts to a hair, according to the measure, and mathematically certain. Doing a bust in marble is simply mechanical; originating in the clay model is the work of the artist. The process of reproducing works in plaster is carried on in New York very extensively.

BOOK CASES.

The old book cases, running eight feet high, the upper shelves of which could not be reached without a step-ladder, have mostly gone out of date, and are substituted by those of a more convenient height. It is obvious that this, at least, is a favorable change, by which we are enabled to use the top for bronzes and other ornaments, leaving the wall space above free for pictures. Some even go so far as to keep the top of uniform height with the mantel. There is a certain advantage in this, as it seems to carry out the wainscoting, and, indeed, may be made a part of it. The objection that I find to this, however, is that such an alignment seems to give an appearance of stiffness to the room, which is much relieved by some of the furniture running a foot or two higher.

If glass doors are used, we think the squares had better be small, and when made of thick glass, they are greatly improved by beveling. Much expense may be spared, however, and an agreeable effect produced, by curtains. In fact, a compromise might be made between the glass and the curtains by which means the more valuable books may be locked up, while the plainer kind, or works of reference, are protected behind the drapery.—*Harper's Magazine.*

STORY-READING CHILDREN.

The Evangelist, treating of the disposition of children to feed on stories, expresses the opinion that parents ought to regulate the matter. It says:

It is a great relief, doubtless, if that bright little girl of ten is curled up on the library sofa all by herself, still as a mouse for hours, and no trouble to anybody. But where is she meanwhile? Is that silent voyage in dreamland, that fever-heat of excitement and emotion, safe and salubrious to either mind or body? If, in later years, your child becomes a lackadaisical novel-reader, with pale cheeks and melancholy eye, caring for nothing but novels, extravagant in sentiment, and unhappy without excitement, regarding all common things as "stupid," and common people as "bores," ignorant of all best truths,

and having no aims in life but romantic and impracticable ones—be not surprised. The reaping is like the sowing.

THE REVIEWER.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The September number of Lippincott's Magazine opens with the ninth article of the illustrated series entitled "The Century; its Fruits and its Festival," treating ably of the exhibits at Machinery Hall. It will be found one of the most instructive and interesting of the series. In the illustrated sketch of "Lapland," the writer presents a realistic picture of the Lapps, their industries and modes of trading, with some notes on the phenomena of the seasons in their wild region. "On a House-top in Capri," by Robert McLeod, is a graphic description of the many picturesque and beautiful points of interest that can be seen in and from that romantic island. "The Queen of Spades," from the Russian Pushkin, is a story of deep interest, founded on an episode in connection with the gaming tables of St. Petersburg. The second installment of "Love in Idleness," by Ellen W. Oiney, more than fulfills the promise of the commencement. It is a charming serial, with strongly-drawn characters and clever situations. The third paper of Robert Wilson's "Eastern Shore of Maryland" is chiefly devoted to an account of the land industries of that peninsula. Poetry is well represented by "The Cricket's Mission," a poem of seven smoothly-written and musical verses, by Mary B. Dodge, and "To —, with a Rose," a composition of considerable merit, by Sidney Lanier. The continuation of Lady Barker's interesting Letters, and the concluding chapters on "George Sand," by R. Davey, with the usual "Monthly Gossip," and "Literature of the Day," make up a very bright number of Lippincott's Magazine.

THE ATLANTIC for September brings out some interesting recollections of the French painter, Millet, by Edward Wheelwright. After this there is one of Sarah Jewett's agreeable sketches of New England country-scenes, called "Deephaven Excursions." Charles Dudley Warner contributes a fresh and humorous chapter about Jerusalem, entitled "Holy Places of the Holy City," and Mr. W. D. Howell's comedietta, "The Parlor Car," makes its appearance in this number. "Old Woman's Gossip," by Fanny Kemble, goes on discursively but also entertainingly. "A Fair Compensation," by Albert F. Webster, and an installment of Henry James, Jr.'s, "The American," afford an agreeable proportion of Fiction; while the Philadelphia correspondent of the magazine describes and discusses the various points of the Centennial world's fair. Among the poems there is a quaint one entitled, "Why?" by Mary Keeley Bouteille; and H. H. and Mr. Aldrich appear in sonnets. The notices of Recent Literature, Art, and Music, are full and attractive, and in the department of Education there is an instructive synopsis of the present state of "higher education" for women.

WIDE AWAKE. This popular juvenile comes to us for September, freighted with good things, prominent among which are the chapters of the two serials "Good-for-Nothing Polly," and "Nan, the New Fashioned Girl." In addition to these is the first part of a new story by Miss S. J. Prichard entitled "David Bushnell and his American Turtle," "A Day on Lake Cupuptic," by Mrs. Nason, a Centennial story by the Editor, and other stories and delightful articles. There are poems by Mary Clemmer, Clara Doty Bates, who versifies Little Red Riding Hood, Ella Farman the Editor, and others. These with the various well filled departments will delight every juvenile heart. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE. The last quarterly number for 1876 of this useful publication has been issued, and is devoted mainly to instructions for the culture of the Holland Bulbs—embracing the hyacinth, tulip, crocus, narcissus, etc.—which furnish the brightest and most reliable flowers for house culture, and the only early spring flowers in the garden. It also contains useful suggestions relative to garden work in the fall. The publisher, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., offers to furnish this number of the Guide free to those wishing to select bulbs for planting; or to any person sending twenty-five cents, he will send this and the four numbers for next year.

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KITCHEN CONSOLATION.

BY ELEANOR EGGLESTON.

Oh! this baking and brewing,
This boiling and stewing,
And washing of dishes three times in a day!
The griddle cakes turning,
The skimming for churning,
The setting of tables and clearing away!
What is it but weariness,
Work without cheerfulness,
The same round of labor day after day?
I'd rather be painting,
Or sewing, or braiding,
Or spending my time in a pleasanter way!
Thus my fancy kept dreaming
O'er the hot dishes steaming,
And wondering why I must a kitchen fire tend—
Till an angel's low whispering
Compelled me to listening,
And taught me these household discomforts to mend.

Is your work not the oldest,
The usefulest, noblest—
In ministering daily to the life God has given?
If the work is unceasing
Of washing and sweeping,
Remember that order is the first law of Heaven.
Pray! what gives more pleasure
Than a well seasoned dinner
When tastefully served on the family board?
Thank God you can labor—
Can knead, mix and flavor,
And draw pleasant meals from the farmers' rich hoard.
What heartsome delight
At morn or at night,
When the family gathers for chat and good cheer!
Then should you be complaining
Of work unavailing,
That brings joy to the loved ones each day in the year?

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

FEW will deny the melancholy fact, says Harper's Bazar, that the servant question is growing more difficult year by year. Perhaps naturally so, since every class is rising and trying to force itself into the class above it—a not ignoble aim, if it at the same time educates and fits itself to enter that class; but it mostly does not do this. Therefore a continual struggle goes on, a continual pushing up of heterogeneous elements into the already wildly seething mass, and the result is—chaos? Let us hope not. Let us trust that all will settle in time. Providence knows its own business much better than we do.

Those who remember the servants of even twenty-five years ago can not fail to discover a great change in the whole class as a class; for less work is done by each individual, and far more wages expected. The most faithful, intelligent, and clever servant I ever knew began life at thirteen years old as maid-of-all-work in the family of a gentleman—a poor one certainly, still it was a "gentleman's family"—consisting of himself, his wife, and three children. Her wages the first year were three pounds per annum. What would be thought of such a "place" nowadays? Yet it turned out not a bad one. The girl was taken literally as "one of the family." The mistress trained her; the little ones loved her; the eldest daughter educated her—ay, up to a point that even the most exacting would approve, for

she could read and understand Shakespeare, and write as good a letter as most young ladies when they leave school and marry. She never married, but she remained faithful to the family in weal and woe—far more woe than weal, alas!—until she died, but not until she had served two generations. Her grave has been green now for many a year, yet the last remnant of that family never hears the sound of her name—a very common one, "Bessy"—without a throb of remembrance too sweet for tears.

This is what servants used to be, as many an old family tradition will prove. What are they now?

As an answer I could put forward two illustrative anecdotes—of the butler who threw up his place because he had "always been accustomed to have a sofa in his pantry," and the parlor-maid who, having accepted a situation, declined to go because she and her luggage were to be fetched from the station in a spring-cart, whereas in her last place they had sent the carriage and a footman to meet her. These are, I hope, exceptional instances, but we all know what our own and our friends' servants are in the main.

As to dress, for instance. If extravagant folly of toilette were not becoming so common in all ranks, we should be absolutely startled by the attire of our cooks and parlor-maids, on Sundays especially. And it is so utterly out of proportion to their means! Fancy our grandmothers giving Jenny the house-maid to Thomas the gardener to settle down in holy matrimony upon, say a pound a week; and they are seen walking to church, he in a fine black suit, and she in a light silk gown, tulle bonnet and veil, and a wreath of orange blossom! Yes such has been the costume at more than one wedding which has lately come under my notice, and I believe it is the usual style of such, in that class.

Then, as to eating and drinking—the extent to which this goes on in large and wealthy families is something incredible. Stout footmen, dainty ladies' maids, and under servants of all kinds expect to be fed with the fat of the land, and to drink in proportion. It is not enough to say that they live as well as their masters and mistresses—they often live much better; the kind of fare that satisfied twenty or forty years ago would be intolerable now. Expense and waste they never think of; they are only comers and goers according to their own convenience, and the more they get out of their "places" during their temporary stay, the better.

This, too, is another sad change. A house where the servants remain is becoming such an exception as to be quite notable in the neighborhood.

"Why did I come after your place, ma'am?" answered a decent elderly man, applying for a situation as gardener. "To tell you the truth, I heard yours was a place where the servants staid; so I thought it would suit me, and my wife too, and I came after it." Of course he was taken, and will probably end his days there.

But most servants are rolling stones which gather no moss. Nor wish it even; they prefer moving about.

They change their mistresses as easily as their caps. The idea of considering themselves as members of the family—to stick to it, as it to them, through all difficulties not absolutely overwhelming—would be held as simply ridiculous. To them "master" is merely the man who pays, and "missis" the woman who "worrits." That between these and themselves there could be any common interest or deep sympathy of any kind never enters their imagination. Nor, alas! does it into that of the upper half of the household. If the mistress, with a child dangerously ill up stairs, is shocked to hear the unchecked merriment in the servants' hall, why does she forget that not long ago she refused to let her cook away to see a dying sister because of that day's dinner party? "It would have been very inconvenient you know. Afterward I let her go immediately." Yes but—the sister was dead.

This may be a sharply drawn picture, but, I ask, is it overdrawn? Is it not the average state of the relation nowadays between master and servants? There may be strict uprightness, liberality, even kindness, on the one side, and duty satisfactorily done on the other; but of sympathy—the common human bond between man and man, or woman and woman—there is almost none. Nobody gives it and nobody expects to find it.

Why is this? Or can it be the reason—there must be a reason—that everybody declares it is almost impossible to get good servants?

May I suggest that perhaps this may arise from the fact of servants finding it so exceedingly difficult to get good masters and mistresses?

By good I mean not merely good natured, well-meaning people, but those who have a deeply rooted conscientious sense of responsibility, who believe themselves to be, as superiors constituted by God, not merely the rulers, but the guide and guard, of their inferiors, and whose life is spent in finding out the best way in which that solemn duty can be fulfilled.

In every age evil as well as good takes root downward and bears fruit upward. All reformations, as well as all corruptions, begin with the upper class and descend to the lower. Even as there is seldom an irredeemably naughty child without the parents being in some way to blame, so we rarely hear of a household tormented by a long succession of bad servants without suspecting that possibly the master and mistress may not be altogether such innocent victims as they imagine themselves.

For it is from them, the heads of the house, that the house necessarily takes its tone. If a lady spends a large proportion of her income on milliners and dress-makers, how can she issue sumptuary laws to her cook and housemaid? If a gentleman habitually consumes as much wine as he can safely drink (perhaps a little more though he is never so ungentle as actually to get "drunk"), how can he blame John the coachman or William the gardener that do get drunk—they who have nothing else to amuse themselves with? For their master takes no care to supply anything that they rationally can amuse themselves with, being as in-

different to their minds as he is to their bodies. So that both are kept going like machinery, ready to do their necessary work, nothing else is needed, and nothing ever inquired into. They, the master and mistress, are not their "brother's" keepers; they are only his employers. They use him, criticise him, control him, are even kind to him in a sort of way, but they have no sympathy with him whatever.

This is apparently the weak point—the small wheel broken—which produces most of the jarring in the present machinery of society. The tie between upper and lower classes has become loosened, has sunk into a mere matter of convenience. Not that the superior is intentionally unkind; in fact, he bestows on his inferiors many a benefit; but he does not give it or exchange it; he throws it at him much as you would throw a bone at a dog, with the quiet conviction, "Take it; it is for your good; but you are the dog and I am the man for all that."

Is this right—or necessary? That there should be distinctions of classes is necessary. Rich and poor, masters and servants, must always exist; but need they be pitted against each other, one ruling, the other resisting, the one exacting, the other denying, to the utmost of their mutual power? That mysterious link which can bind together the most opposite elements, and which, in default of a better term, I have called sympathy—though using it more in French than English meaning of the word—is altogether wanting.

The modern definition of a servant is a person who will do the prescribed work in the most satisfactory manner for reasonable wages, and, beyond that, give as little trouble as possible—somebody who comes when convenient is treated as convenient, and is got rid of also when convenient to the establishment. If servants "suit" the place, or the place suits them, they stay; if not, they go, and there is an end of it. The idea that they "enter a family," as the phrase is, to become from that day an integral portion of it, to share its joys and sorrows, labors and cares, and to receive from it a corresponding amount of interest and sympathy, thereby commencing and cementing a permanent tie not to be broken except by serious misconduct or misfortune, or any of those inevitables which no one can guard against—this old fashioned notion never occurs to anybody.

Hence the rashness with which such engagements are formed. The carelessness manifested by most people in engaging their servants is almost inconceivable. The "place" is applied for, or the mistress applies at a register office. Out of numerous candidates she selects those she thinks most likely; the "character" is sought and supplied; if that is satisfactory, all is settled; and a man or woman whom nobody knows anything of is thereupon brought into the family, to hold in it the most intimate relation possible. Of course such an arrangement may succeed, but the chances that it will not succeed are enormous.

This formality of "getting a character" has oftentimes seemed to me one of the most curious delusions that sensible people labor under. When written it

is almost valueless; anybody can forge it, or, even giving it *bona fide*, may express it in such a way as to convey anything but the real truth. Besides, is that truth the real truth? When we consider the prejudices, the vexations, on both sides, which often arise in parting with a servant, can we always depend upon a faithful statement, or upon those who make it? I have often thought that instead of inquiring any servant's character, we ought rather to inquire the character of the late mistress.

Besides, as a rule, a really efficient servant needs no character at all. Such a one on leaving a situation is sure to have half a dozen families eager to secure so rare and valuable a possession. A good servant never lacks a place; a good master or mistress rarely finds any want of good servants. Temporary difficulties may befall both; but in the long run it is thus. Even as—if one carefully notices the course of the world—every man, be he religious or irreligious, will come, at the middle or end of life, to the same conclusions as David: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Not that all is smooth, or easy, or fortunate; on the contrary, "Many are the troubles of the righteous;" but "the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS:—It is with some timidity that I venture to speak, being a stranger to you all, but I have at times such a longing to make your acquaintance and become one of your number, that I have at last determined to ask if you have room for one more sister, and if I may from this time consider myself a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band? My stock of knowledge is but small and I must be content to sit as a silent listener most of the time; but I feel sure that, if I give good attention, I cannot fail of being benefited by the counsels of the older and more experienced sisters, and possibly I may find now and then a chance to speak a kind word or impart a bit of helpful information.

I live among the dear green hills of Vermont, and love them almost as I do my life, and, looking from my paper to the pleasant view from the window, I think how would it seem if we could all meet this afternoon somewhere under the shadow of the waving tree tops, and chat together, or ramble, or rest, at will, enjoying the beauties of nature and the summertime.

Sisters, I have a favor to ask, even at this my first meeting with you. I observe so much of the spirit of kindness and helpfulness in THE HOUSEHOLD letters that I am encouraged to ask if you can help me. Do any of you know what it is to be thrown, by ill health, entirely upon others for support? If so you can give me sympathy. But do you think such to be a desirable position? Wouldn't you prefer, by far, to earn something, even though a small mite, toward your own maintenance?

Are there not firms where stock is furnished for knitting or crochet, and fair wages paid for the work? I think

there are, but do not know where. Or are there not worsted stores where a person could agree to furnish an amount of articles, either fancy or useful, such as tidies, mats, children's hoods, sacks, mittens and the like?

Having done considerable crochet and knitting, I could hope to give satisfaction, if I could find a chance to dispose of all the work which I could do. Can any reader of our paper give through its columns any information on the subject and greatly oblige,

LIRA.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—Isn't there just the least bit of danger that your numerous family, the young, the fresh, the sweet, the fair, will range themselves into a society of "Mutual Admiration!"

This is my fourth year of ownership in your HOUSEHOLD, and it may with truth be called a valuable possession in any household, as each year it pays its own expense in giving us new thoughts and new ways of having and doing things; yet I quietly laugh all by myself when reading some of its articles. Young wives mourning over lost attentions, which had been given them, and belong only to the early wooing days; young mothers borrowing trouble about their little ones, burdening themselves with care that may never come; young housekeepers telling of their agony in learning to cook so as to please their husbands, etc., etc., for as each recital is read up jumps a skeleton so wonderfully familiar that time is annihilated and once more is lived over again all the inexperience of the agonizing trials so vividly portrayed, and really I feel for them all, as, when looking upon a new born infant, inwardly thinking "what a blessing they know not what is before them." And it is well for us that, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate All but the page prescribed, the present state."

But then in the following number come such loving letters of sympathy encouragement praise and advice that I fear some of the circle of sisters may be spoiled. But, dear me! dear me! let those young people wait a little until they can look back upon a married life of over thirty years; years of labor, anxiety, sickness and sorrow, sorrow that can come with a weight too crushing almost to be borne, sorrow without death and with it, and they will remember their early life of beginnings as one of pleasure in the comparison.

Now do tell them not to borrow trouble. "Onward in faith and leave the rest to Heaven," is a good motto to cling to. Married at eighteen, a mother at twenty, life with me has been far from monotonous. Could I have had such words of experience, wisdom and comfort in those early days to have leaned upon as abounds in your paper how they would have been treasured.

Let me beg you to say to your young people, that if they do not vastly improve upon the ways and doings of those who come before them in house furnishing, housekeeping, making home happy, cooking, economy, and the training and culture of their children, they will be grossly negligent of their glorious privileges. Having passed along a rugged way into the quiet of

middle life with loving ones all about, there is plenty of time to ponder upon how things "might have been," by

A WATCHING SISTER.

Lawrence, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I find so much that is valuable in the July number that I cannot refrain from saying a word. I want to call the sisters' attention to some of the articles again. I believe they are good seeds and I hope are sown in good ground, but Alice Cary tells us that

"When the young blade pushes through we must know, there is nothing will strengthen its growth like the hoe."

So will the California sister write again on Tonics for Women? Hoe round this young blade, for I do believe it will take root. This "I've no time for rest and improvement," has two sides to it. How much fruit is being canned and how much jelly is being made these hot days by tired mothers?

Read the two last paragraphs of her article again, ponder them, go and do likewise, and see if those bright-eyed little boys and girls will not in years to come "rise up and call you blessed." And these last words lead me to the best thing yet: Study Clubs for ladies. Socials, tea drinkings, dinner parties, carpet tackings, quiltings, in fact many are the names and kinds of gatherings held in every town, little and large. But alas! how few do we find whose aim is to elevate. Not that socials may not elevate. If socials were conducted on Goethe's plan, they might be a great source of elevation. Says he, "The field of generalities is so wide, I have thought of something in particular which may serve as a ground-work for intercourse. What we remember of tea drinkings and dinner parties in general is, (to be sure there are honorable exceptions where the mind as well as body was feasted,) table looked beautifully, excellent tea and coffee, well cooked meats, nice jelly, rich cakes, puddings and sauces, in fact everything was there to pamper to depraved appetites."

Now of good cooking a woman should be proud, and should give good dinners, but is it the chief end and aim of woman's life to get good dinners? Aunt Lizzie, in experiences of one young housekeeper, proves that a lifetime need not be thus spent, for Helen, with her mind in the work, learned in two months how to cook and put things to rights. Gail Hamilton told us years ago that six months' time would make any woman a good housekeeper if ever. But some one is saying: She didn't say it would not consume all her time afterward to keep the house. Look at Aunt Lizzie's article again: "After dinner they all sat in the cool sitting room, or on the shady porch, with sewing or knitting." I would add, while some one of the number read aloud to the knitters. Let us have study clubs everywhere to take the place of some of the usual village gatherings.

I know from experience that literary clubs are profitable to overworked women. When family cares weighed heavily upon me I presided over a Shakespeare Club every week in my

sitting room, and I know that club had much to do with eking out my little strength for daily duties. Sisters, read that article again.

I want to thank Alice Delano for her words of encouragement. I was a Yankee girl, a wanderer from the old Granite state, and have not yet given up studying. I am reading Latin with my boy, and mean to study Greek with him by and by. Mothers can do more to incite their children to study than any one else. Poor health and many cares have taught me that a woman can, with the will, do much to improve the mind without neglecting her own peculiar duties.

I have made an artificial coral basket from Amy's recipe, and like it very much. My little girl is making a round rug according to Della's directions. Think it a nice way to utilize the scraps. I have just made, also, a holder for matches that have been burned. I took a goblet which had been broken from the stem, fitted around the top about two and one-half inches wide, a strip of cardboard upon which I worked initials with scarlet wool, and a scallop on each side of the cardboard, then crocheted close crochet with scarlet wool a kind of basket to fit the rest of the goblet, narrowing it off to a point, and finished the bottom with tassel of scarlet and white. With scarlet cord and tassels to hang from the gas light or mirror it makes a useful ornament.

M. J. W.

Westfield, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have been anxious to write you some time. I can withstand the temptation no longer. Your communications have been a delight and comfort to me, and I wish to return thanks for them; at the same time to enter my protest against destroying your identity by a *nom de plume*. Oh! I have so longed to correspond with the authors of some of those beautiful epistles. God bless Rosamond E. for the sweet spirit she displayed in her last. I have had some experiences common with hers, and think I can understand the situation.

It seems to be a necessity to comply to a certain extent to the demands of fashion, but do we not allot too much of our lives to its service? When we are called to pass on, what a record of blank days it will be. How much better to cultivate the beauties of the spirit, and elevate the mind by study and good companionship. Fraternally yours,

CARRIE H. TILLOTSON.

Oneida, N. Y.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a new subscriber, yet I have already received many a help from the kind sisters of the Band. It seems selfish to receive so much benefit and not add my mite, especially as several inquiries in your recent numbers come within the range of my experience.

One lady inquires as to the method of waxing autumn leaves. I arranged some last fall that have been a constant source of delight to me ever since. I watched the trees every day, until one lovely afternoon it seemed as if they must have reached the very climax of beauty, and I went out and

gathered them from the trees and bushes. Don't wait for them to fall off; I think they lose their brightness somewhat. The next day I laid them out flat on the ironing-board, with a newspaper under them to keep the board clean, and then ironed them with a considerably warm iron, on which I had rubbed beeswax, ironing a half dozen at a time; I mean with waxing the iron once. They are then ready for use. They make beautiful cornices for windows, as well as arches over doors.

I wonder if all the housewives know the excellence of flour of emery for cleaning and polishing purposes. You can buy it at any hardware or drug store at a cost of eight cents per pound. I keep it in an old pepper box, and use it daily for knives, and weekly for my copper teakettle and German student lamp, in fact, for everything except silver. It is far superior to Bristol brick, or anything else I ever tried.

I had the misfortune to break a pretty, slender glass vase, and a friend who was in at the time said, "you can crochet a cover to fit it, of worsted, and keep a tiny bouquet in it," and I did so. The worsted is scarlet, with an edge at the top, two tassels on the bottom, and suspended from a corner bracket by a cord of the same color. It makes a pretty ornament, so I don't care if it is broken.

Now can somebody tell me how to take a great grease spot out of my carpet? I tried borax, which is my panacea for nearly all the ills that housekeepers are heir to, but the colors began to run and I let it alone. Would ammonia or benzene remove it?

Would Jessie be kind enough to give again her recipe for griddle-cakes, for the benefit of two new subscribers?

Is there anything that will certainly remove mildew? MARGUERITE.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*—I am a subscriber for THE HOUSEHOLD and have availed myself of many of the splendid recipes it furnishes. The recipe for lily cake is particularly good. I have a recipe for sponge cake which I think is the best I have ever tried, in fact the lady that I got it of got it here from a professional baker. It is one pound of sugar, ten eggs, twelve ounces of flour; beat the yolks and sugar together, after the whites are beaten to a froth add them, then the flour, and beat merely enough to mix or the cake will be tough. It is best to bake it in oblong deep tins and line them with paper, but it is splendid baked in any shape.

I have an arbor full of beautiful grapes, and should like to put some of them away whole to keep till Christmas, but have not been able to get what I consider a reliable recipe. If any of your correspondents can help me, or if you know of a good recipe and will send it by mail I will be very much obliged indeed. I will enclose a stamp in case you should be able to accommodate me.

About six weeks ago I bought a coal oil stove of recent invention. I have used it ever since; have had a fire in my cook stove only once a week, wash day, and can truthfully say it is the most satisfactory purchase I ever made. It is just simply splendid. I bins' soap also. It is even cheaper

can bake, broil, roast, iron, and do almost everything on it, and keep my kitchen as cool as my parlor; it is perfectly safe and very easy to learn. My servant girl can use mine as well as I can. As your paper is for housekeepers particularly, I thought I would tell you of it and you could place it before your readers if you chose. I know from experience that housekeepers, and especially when they do their own work, are very desirous of lightening their labor as much as possible. If you wish to know any more about it I will gladly furnish you all the information I can. There is a lady next door to me that has a stove and she does all her cooking on it, and for quite a large family too.

Indianapolis, Ind. MRS. R. P. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to Jeannie's request to know how to make coffee in a common coffee-pot, I will tell her my way, which we like very much. Make a bag of canton flannel or unbleached cotton, to fit a small funnel which put over your coffee-pot; grind your coffee almost as fine as flour, allow a heaping teaspoonful, ground, to each cup, put in the bag, and pour about a third of a cup of boiling water on it at a time and cover quickly with a saucer so that the aroma does not escape. Continue so, being sure to cover each time. If once tried I am sure Jeannie will like it, although it is more work than the usual way of making coffee. Please let me know through THE HOUSEHOLD, when tried, how it was liked.

Henrietta inquires how to cure warts. Dissolve common washing soda in water and wet the wart as often as convenient. It will soon crumble away.

A Vermonter can make raspberry shrub by squeezing the juice out of the raspberries, take half as much sugar as juice by weight, and boil twenty minutes; put in bottles and seal while warm.

To Com. I would say a good recipe for Irish potato salad is to boil the potatoes with the skins, not too soft, while warm pare and slice, cut some onion very fine, put over the potato, add salt, pepper, a little oil, and vinegar. I think you will like it.

If whoever waxes brackets, picture frames, etc., will add a little rosin to the wax, they will find it will not melt as easily as without. ROSALIE.

MR. EDITOR:—There are a few practical hints, which I think may be useful to many of your readers, that I herewith transmit. In making a rag carpet, lately, I hit upon the plan of sewing the pieces together, with a sewing machine, having the stitches short, making the seam somewhat oblique, and not cut the thread until a good many have been sewed. I find that this way saves a great deal of time, and considerable thread, and makes the work very strong.

As to Dobbins' soap, I have used it with great pleasure and profit. But I wish to state, that, where one has plenty of soft soap on hand, there is a fluid, which I have used several years, and proved it to be highly serviceable; which, indeed, can be very conveniently and profitably used, with Dobbins' soap also. It is even cheaper

than Dobbins', and makes the clothes exceedingly white, without any injury. Take two pounds of soda-ash and one pound of unslacked lime, put together into a kettle containing ten quarts of soft water, and boil twenty minutes; to be kept from the air, when done. For use, put one gill of the fluid to a half boiler of water, with soap enough for strong suds. With clothes previously soaked or wet, put in when the water boils, letting them boil twenty minutes. Then immediately suds, rubbing dirtiest articles, and rinse in two waters. Except the boiling, this is as easy a way as by Dobbins'.

Some time ago a HOUSEHOLD lady wished to know what is good to remove hair, which, she said, was growing down on her forehead. Kerosene oil will do it. Put on a few times, then wait till it comes out. If sore from effects, put on sweet oil.

Some one stated, in THE HOUSEHOLD, not long since, that kerosene was good to remove rust from iron. I am very grateful for the suggestion, for, having tried other things, I have found nothing like it, especially for rust on flat irons; even those that were thickly covered with it are made very bright.

And here I wish to state that I think it much better to own THE HOUSEHOLD than to borrow it, for one has a

most excellent recipe book, which is always ready to refer to; and sometimes old numbers contain very valuable helps that have not been personally needed at the time of reading, or forgotten. Lately in looking over the August number for 1874, I noticed a remedy for cementing a kerosene lamp, viz.: get off the old cement, then melt alum, put on as soon as possible, and as soon as cold, is ready for use; which is good, also, for knife and fork handles, etc. It works finely. I suggest that an index, placed on a separate slip of paper, be used to refer to such recipes, hints, etc., as may be thought needful in the future, simply stating the thing desired, what volume or year it may be found in, the page, and whether in the first, second, third, or fourth column. Something like this would greatly facilitate a reference to any subject desired, and be found eminently useful.

MINNIE MATIN.

PREPARING RENNETS.

Whey is better than water for soaking rennets. The whey for this purpose should be purified by raising it to a boiling heat, when the albumen and oily matter will rise to the surface and may be skimmed off. The whey is then set aside to cool, when the rennets are added, with salt, and after soaking two or three days they should be well rubbed out to extract their strength, and this should be continued from time to time for several days.

Then strain the liquor off through a fine cloth into a clean stone crock, and it is fit for use. Add more whey to the rennets and soak and rub out as before, when their virtues will be nearly or quite exhausted, and the skins may then be taken out and thrown away. Rennets should always be soaked in stone jars, as the ferment penetrates wooden vessels, which soon taint, and when once tainted they spoil the rennet and trouble in cheese making.

The rennet jar should be set in a cool place and the liquor well stirred from day to day when dipping out the measure required for coagulating the milk. Great care should be taken to use none but good sweet rennets, for a bad rennet soaked with a batch of good ones will contaminate the whole, rendering the liquor unfit for use.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

TO DESTROY RED ANTS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request is made for a remedy for that great pest, red ants. I will give my experience, while living in a beautiful village on the banks of the Hudson. After being annoyed by them as much as any human being ought to be, I made up my mind to scald them, so I poured hot water all over the ground, within several feet of the house. This was quite an undertaking, but I always had a tea-kettle of hot water ready, whenever I had a moment to devote to the work of extermination. Any one in like circumstances can understand the relief I experienced, after circling the house, for they troubled me no more. The few that remained in the house were easily destroyed by giving them a plate of lard, as they will leave everything eatable for grease.

J. A. G.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*—Mrs. M. M. K. would like a sure way to exterminate red ants. I have a friend who has been much troubled with them, and tried various recipes; but found sweet fern to be the only effectual exterminator. She places branches of fresh sweet fern on the closet shelves, in the pantry, and cellar, or wherever found.

As a cure for ivy poison; we have found oxide of zinc mixed with glycerine, (spread on like paint) to be a soothing remedy.

For exterminating bed-bugs, common varnish, used with a brush or feather; it proves most effectual if used thoroughly in January or by the first of March.

DELIA.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

WATERMELON CAKE.—Take three and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of sixteen eggs, six and one-half cups of flour, one-half pound of raisins, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, mix and color one-third of the batter with cochineal to the desired shade; the raisins to be seeded and put in the colored batter so as to represent the heart of the melon; the balance of the batter to be put around the outside of the colored batter so as to represent the outside of the melon; then bake in a slow oven until it is done through, and ice; then cover the icing with green sugar sand so as to look like a real watermelon.

S. A. Y.

FRUIT CAKE.—M. M. M. wishes a good recipe for fruit cake. I will send two which I think are nice. One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, four pounds of currants, one and one-quarter pounds of stoned raisins, three-quarters pound of citron, one ounce of cinnamon, three-quarters ounce of mace, three-quarters ounce of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one-half pint of molasses, three nutmegs, one dozen eggs with whites of three saved out for frosting.

NUMBER Two.—One pound of powdered sugar, three-quarters pound of butter, one pound of flour, two pounds of stoned and part chopped raisins, two pounds of currants, one-half pound of citron, one-quarter ounce

cinnamon, one-quarter ounce of cloves, one-quarter ounce of nutmeg, ten eggs.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, eight eggs. Beat very thoroughly.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, one and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs. Soak the tapioca in water a few hours, then add it to the milk, when that is near boiling add the sugar and yolks well-beaten. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and put on top. Flavor as you like.

CODFISH TWICE-LAID.—I would like Nettie to try a way I have of preparing dried codfish, which we think very nice. Shred the fish fine then boil in clear water a few minutes to freshen it, then drain it. Put a layer of fish in the dish, then a layer of crackers, then pieces of butter and some pepper, another layer of fish and crackers, and so on until the dish is filled. Beat one or two eggs, according to the size of your dish, add milk, pour over the fish till it is all well-covered. Bake from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. It is called "Codfish twice-laid."

MRS. D. W. C.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Lay them on a sieve several hours before you wish to cook them that they may be well-drained, then take each one on a fork and dip it in the yolk of egg on both sides, roll it in cracker dust (which can be bought at the bakeries), and drop it in boiling lard; as soon as they are browned on both sides take them out and lay them on a dish which should be kept in a warm place till all are done. It is best to prepare a good many and lay them on a dish before you commence frying them. The lard must be deep enough in the pan to keep them from the bottom.

HARD SAUCE.—*Mr. Crowell* :—In the January number Mrs. E. J. Burkert asked for the recipe for making hard sauce. In answer I send the following: Two cups of powdered sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and about a teaspoonful of hot water to moisten the butter; beat well and keep in a cool place.

L.

POTATO YEAST.—Put two small handfuls of hops in a pitcher to steep. Pare from four to six potatoes, according to size, and grate on a coarse grater. Have the water boiling in the teakettle, and pour immediately on the potatoes, and stir it until it is as thick as starch; then add one-half cup of white sugar and strain the hop water in, and stir frequently until cool enough to add the yeast. Test the heat by immersing the finger, as it retains the heat at the bottom. Add about a cup of yeast, cover close, and wrap a convenient cloth around the dish, and set in a warm room where you will not disturb it while rising. After it has risen sufficiently stir in a half cup of salt; cover close and keep cool. To be made in the morning. Set your bread in the morning in cold weather, kneading it at the time. When the dough is light and spongy, cut it down well with a knife and set away in a cool place where it will not freeze—the cellar is a good place. It will be light and nice for next morning. It will keep three or four days in this way, and can be used from at pleasure. Do not use any saleratus. Mix with warm water or milk, as you prefer. Use cold water in summer.

P. D. B.

SPONGE CAKE.—Break two eggs in a teacup and fill it up with cream, add one heaping cup of white sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one large cup of flour, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. I bake in gem irons, having them hot. It is very nice baked in thin layers with jelly between them, put between, or course, after baking, or for a custard cake, or with the following: To the grated peel and juice of two lemons put one cup of sugar, one and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one-half cup of boiling water, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a pinch of salt, and boil a minute. Use when cold.

K.

LEMON PIE.—M. F. B. inquires for lemon pie. I will mention how I always make mine. I grate one lemon, mixing the juice with the grated rind, add one cup of water, one cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one slice of bread broken fine without the crust, and bake with

only an under crust. When done beat the two whites of eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few drops of lemon, and spread over the top, then return to the oven to brown lightly. This makes one pie, and is very nice.

C. V. P.

TO PRESERVE CITRON.—Pare the citron and cut into pieces the size you wish, rejecting the seeds, boil till tender in weak alum water; drain from the alum water, have lemons cut in slices, reject the seeds, boil the slices of lemon in clear water till the rind is tender; have about one pound of lemon to three or four pounds of citron; take the water the lemon was boiled in to make syrup for the preserve, adding one pound of granulated sugar to each pound of citron and lemon, a few whole cloves and stick cinnamon, and if you like the flavor a little ginger root. Cook in the syrup until clear. Seal air-tight in fruit jars.

IMITATION CREAM.—It may interest those who buy their milk to know that one pint of new milk, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of white sugar, a small bit of butter, and a little salt, make an excellent substitute for cream, both for fruit or for puddings. The yolks should be thoroughly beaten, the flour wet and rubbed smooth as possible with a very little of the milk, the other articles added and well mixed together, and when the milk boils pour it on the whole and stir until cold, then keep it cold.

HANS DORCOM.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—M. D. W. asks for a recipe to prepare cucumber pickles without salting them down. I have a recipe which I like much. I will send it and hope she will like it as much as I do. Wash the cucumbers, put them in a jar, throw a handful of salt over them, then cover them with boiling water; the next morning pour the brine off, scald and skim it, and pour back while hot; do this eight or nine mornings, then pour on clear boiling water and let them set until the next morning, then take them out and wipe them and put back in the jar; scald some vinegar with some alum and cloves and pour on while hot. Should your vinegar turn white on top, pour it off, heat it and add a little sugar. Do so every time it begins to mould and you will have pickles that will keep a year and be nice and always ready.

MRS. MATTIE B.

COOKING DRIED BEEF.—*Dear Household* :—Looking over my paper to-night I see Julia, in the May number, asks for a recipe for cooking dried beef. I will tell her two ways that we think nice. First, I slice my beef very thin in small slices (which is easily done with a sharp knife), then heat a piece of butter the size of an egg very hot, put in the beef, stirring till it is warmed through, then add one egg, beaten, and a small cupful of milk; that makes a brown gravy. Of course one must be guided by the quantity of beef, that is for about a handful of beef.

SECOND.—I slice the beef as before, and boil it in water for about ten minutes, then add milk and thicken with flour and butter. Cold potatoes are nice put in and heated with it. It is also nice just frizzled in butter with plenty of pepper.

MRS. H. B. L.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—I saw a request for good sausage meat some time ago. I think I can furnish a very good one. To twenty pounds of meat add six ounces of salt, one ounce of pepper, six spoonfuls of sage and one spoonful of ginger. I like to have the larger proportion of the meat lean, but some like more fat.

H.
Plainfield, Ct.

To keep sweet potatoes until spring, wrap each potato separately in paper and put in a dry place away from frost.

J. B. D.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—The yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet cream, two scant cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one dessert spoonful of vanilla. Bake in three jelly cake tins. For frosting between the layers beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, then scrape enough chocolate into it to make it a dark brown, pulverized sugar

to make it thick enough, and flavor strongly with vanilla. Spread between the cakes and on top of the last layer. This makes a rich cake.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of butter or other shortening, a teaspoonful of ginger, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Make the dough quite stiff and roll thin. ISA BELLE.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—One-half bushel of large cucumbers, one peck of silver onions, one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, and one coffee-cup of grated horseradish. Grate the cucumbers and onions and press out the juice as dry as possible through a cloth, add the mustard and horseradish, also cayenne pepper and salt to taste; then put this in a jar and cover with the best vinegar; then put in large mustard or pickle jars and seal with sealing wax.

MRS. H. H. W.

YEAST BUNS.—May asks in the August HOUSEHOLD for a recipe for yeast buns. Here is one which we think excellent. To one pint of warm milk add two cups of yeast, one cup of sugar, and flour enough to make a thin batter; the next morning add one-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one and one-half pounds of currants, and flour enough to mould up; let it rise three hours and bake in small cakes.

E. C.

Medford, Mass.

TO PICKLE GREEN CORN.—I boil the ears just long enough to cook the milk, then cut the corn from the cob and pack in large jars, one pint of salt to one quart of corn, cover well with weight and cloth and it will keep anywhere. When you wish to cook some, as fast as the water boils pour off and fill again with warm water until the corn is fresh enough to suit; when done season with flour, sweet cream and butter, and if common corn, sugar. Hope you will try it, for I know you will be delighted with it. We prefer it to dried corn.

ELLA S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will the lady who gave directions for washing with Dobbins' soap and did not boil her clothes please tell me in which number of THE HOUSEHOLD it may be found? and oblige,

L.

Will some one please tell me how to clean a sheet-iron stove? We have used ours but three months and it has become spotted. I have been told that it would not do to blacken them as you do other stoves.

CRUSADER.

Will some of the sisters give me a recipe for crab apple jelly and preserves?

San Jose, Cal.

MRS. H. B. L.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind sister give me a recipe for coloring cotton and wool cloth green for rugs? and how to make sweet apples into preserves that are not very expensive?

MINNEHAHA.

MR. CROWELL:—In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD E. E. I. asks how to clean circular rubber combs. I cleaned mine by rubbing it with a piece of flannel wet in castor oil.

N. M. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to thank A. C. D., in the March number for directions for making picture frames of gilt paper; and if she will send directions for making coral frames, also for making some pretty mats, card and hair receivers, scrap basket, and a shell basket, I will be much obliged to her.

I noticed in the April number E. E. I. wishes to know how to make double crochet stitch. Not having seen it answered I will send it. Double crochet (dc.) is to draw the thread through a loop (a stitch) in the lower row; this forms a second loop on the hook; then draw the thread through these two by a single movement and the stitch will be completed.

MISS ANNIE M. A.

Let me thank One of The Household for expressing my views so completely in Bill of Fare. If I could communicate my ideas in writing, as I would be glad to, you would have heard from me on that subject before.

I think Yankee must have "dishcloth" on the brain. There is reason in all things, and

we housekeepers must look after the rest of the things, as well as dishcloths, and I am somewhat inclined to think that if "the dresses went without ironing," and the windows unwashed, husband's stockings undarned, etc., perhaps Yankee would take up one of those as the one thing needful. It seems as though the case she mentions must be exceptionable.

A. M. N.

MR. CROWELL:—If M. L. D. will sprinkle powdered borax on her pantry shelves under the papers I think the ants will leave.

If Henrietta will rub each wart with a piece of rock salt, throw the salt into the fire and get out doors before they snap, the warts will disappear. Very simple but sure. I cured a dozen warts several years since in this way and haven't one on my hands now. A. E. D.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me how to fade a hair switch that has been colored black? Also how to take grease spots out of a painted floor? Also how black ink can be made of logwood.

M. E. H.

MR. CROWELL: Will you ask some sister of THE HOUSEHOLD where the book by H. H., title "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," can be found? I would like it. It is spoken of in July number 1873. And also what will cement on lamp burners that the oil will not cause to grow unsteady in a few days? C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me through its columns how to make a sweet pickle of ripe cucumbers? and whether they should be canned, or will they keep without?

Hartford, Ind.

MRS. M. F.

MR. EDITOR:—In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD one of the sisters gives a recipe for watermelon cake. Will she please tell me where the pink sugar can be obtained? Will some one tell me just how to make frosting without eggs? I would also like to know how to crochet slippers. Will some sister tell how to make chocolate frosting? Mine will not harden. Some other time I will send some recipes.

MRS. G.

Mrs. H. H., Willow Creek, Montana, asks for information in regard to specks in butter. The specks are particles of lobbered milk, or bonnyclabber. If you will take off the cream free from milk when you skim it, and stir the cream thoroughly before you set it away after it is taken off, so that what few drops of milk there may be with the cream will have an opportunity to settle at the bottom of the dish, instead of being left to become firm among the thick cream, then when the cream is put into the churn use precaution not to allow the sour milk at the bottom of the cream to go into the churn, I think you will not be troubled with specks in butter.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please ask for a remedy for fleas? I have a dear little puss terribly annoyed with them.

ANNIE M. F.

York, Pa.

I will tell Mrs. M. J. M. how I prevent my stoves from rusting when not in use through the summer. In the spring when putting stoves away, I mix good stove blacking with spirits of turpentine only, and black the stoves with, rubbing dry, and polish with a dry brush; wrap old papers around the stoves and set in a dry place till wanted in the fall. I never have any trouble with rust. I think you will like the plan.

Lowell, Mass.

MRS. S. A. K.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to thank the one who gave directions for using coal oil in boiled starch. I did not see them, but saw it referred to by a lady correspondent. I put a teaspoonful of coal oil to a pint or more of starch, and it is a success. I advise all to try it who have any difficulty in ironing shirts.

H.

MR. CROWELL:—M. L. D., of Collinsville, Conn., wishes to know how to rid her house of ants. We can sympathize with her, for the tiny red ants have tormented us for years, until we chanced to find Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder. Used according to the directions it works like a charm. It can usually be procured of druggists.

C. F. P.

Lawrence, Mass.



IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing,
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

MY WIFE'S NOSE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

NOT that it was handsome. I have over and over heard people say, "Miss Clement would have been pretty but for her nose." I thought she was pretty in spite of it. The nose was large, it is true, and peculiar, but she had lovely gray eyes, with dark lashes, darker than her nut brown hair, a sweet, mischievous, sensitive mouth, and a skin of rose leaves. Still I think I should have loved her if she had been positively ugly. There was that in her face which transcended all its form or coloring—there was a Goodness! I always was a fool about Nanny, and here I am demonstrating it in print. Nanon Clement had French blood in her veins; her name came from a Breton grandmother. Certainly she showed her race in the grace of her bright, sweet manner, the sparkle of her conversation, the taste of her dress; perhaps she showed it in her nose.

After she condescended to marry me, we went on the conventional bridal tour. I cannot say that traveling was altogether blissful to Nan, now that I look back on that journey, but I was too happy to notice her small peculiarities then. When we came home we went to a hotel, till our house should be built. Nan was passionately fond of flowers, and our friends sent them in to us daily—a sort of bridal offering paid to our new life and our hotel life. Since we had no garden, and Nanon loved flowers so dearly, these good people supplied her gladly. It was spring too, and every garden in the town bloomed and perfumed the air. At first we had sweet violets and mignonettes from the conservatories, and my wife hung over them like a honey-bee.

I liked to see her large sensitive

nostrils dilate with the delicate odor. I forgot that her nose was not Grecian or piquant when it became so expressive. I have seen it dilate equally with scorn or anger. In fact, this little woman's flesh always seemed to be a sort of veil to her soul, nothing more. If it was pretty with the bloom of youth and its roundness, that was a separate matter. Her "spirit o'er-informed its clay" always. But sometimes this matter of the nose astonished me then; it has astonished me a great many times since.

One day somebody sent us such a superb basket of hyacinths. The crisp translucent spires of bells were softly crowded together, their vernal tints contrasted and defined by the contact. There was the very clouded pink of early dawn, the silvery saffron of sunrise, the deep and stormy rose-tint of a sunset after tempest, the pallid fainting blue of April skies, the deep azure of midsummer noon, the snow-bells that seemed chiseled from misty alabaster, and the real hyacinthine purple. No other flower offers such delicate, such exquisite tints and texture, for the texture is the secret of the tint. I thought Nan would be overjoyed. I carried the slight straw basket that held them, deep bedded in damp green moss, to our parlor, and set it on the shining surface of a table that was topped with black marble. The polished surface gave back faint reflex of the tints that hung over it. The whole made a picture.

I sat down in the window to wait for my wife, who had gone out shopping. I wanted to see her look of delight as she came in. Presently the door opened. Her quick eye caught the group of blossoms at once, and kindled with admiration. Her nose quivered a little, like the nostrils of a high-bred horse that perceives something doubtful in his path; a look of pale disgust swept over her delicate bloom, she pressed her handkerchief to her face with a slight shudder, stepped quickly forward, grasped all those beauteous bells in her long white fingers, and—threw them out of the window.

I was horrified. What did it mean? "Nan!" said I, "what is the matter? Why did you throw those lovely things out of the window?"

"Oh, Jack, I can't bear the smell; they are sickening."

"Sickening! Why, they were delicious; and such splendid specimens; all from the best Dutch bulbs, and old Mrs. Hermann sent them to you."

"I can't help it; if they came from the angel Gabriel I should send them out of the window, just so," was this singular girl's reply. "And I want to tell you, Jack, don't ever bring in to me that horrid brown thing you call strawberry plant, or syringa blossoms, or one narcissus. I hate them; they choke and nauseate me."

This was queer, to be sure, but no special matter. We have our own tastes in flowers, all of us; I, for my part, would as soon have a yellow dog without a tail about the house as an althea bush under the window; marigolds are an abomination, and phloxes a disgust to me. I prefer a sunflower to a peony, and an anatomical preparation to a hydrangea; so I thought

no more about the hyacinths.

But before long I began to find, when I came home from business, that all the winds of heaven were often blowing through my wife's parlor, and she herself, wrapped in a shawl, sitting in the full draught. Naturally I remonstrated.

"Nanny dear, you will catch cold."
"Oh no; and if I do, it is better than this horrid smell."

"I don't smell anything."

"Why, Mrs. Brown has been here to call, so scented with musk I could scarcely be civil to her."

Or perhaps Mrs. Peters had been odorous of mille-fleurs, or Mr. Green of patchouli. The only perfume Nan could endure was German cologne, and that only of one particular brand. I began to pity my wife; she could describe the hotel dinner daily before our fluent waiter rattled off the list; nay, before we reached the dining-room, from her powers of smell alone. She could tell that our washerwoman had fried cakes on ironing day from the odor of the clothes, and Mrs. Sullivan had her ideas enlarged on the subject frequently and persistently; always declaring, and even swearing, that she "niver fried a ha'porth av nothin' whin the clothes was about"—statement always quietly ignored by my wife as if unheard. Then I began to take an interest in the matter physiologically. I tried to class the scents she affected, and evolve some fundamental reason for the pleasure they gave her, but there was a curious caprice about them. Why should she like wall-flowers and object to stocks, except at a distance, saying they had an under-tone of raw cabbage? Why did mignonette, English violets, heliotrope, please her, and not orris root? She loved the scent of all summer roses, but a tea-rose made her sick, like swinging. She would hang an hour over a great sheaf of tulips, gently inhaling their quaint odor, while a hyacinth or a narcissus was disgusting to her. Orange blossoms, stephanotis, tuberoses, made her fairly ill.

Shall I ever forget going with her one night to a regimental reception! The colonel was one of her best friends, and the regiment just leaving for the field. Nanny was an enthusiastic patriot; it cut her to the heart to think I was lame and could not go with the rest, though she declared she was glad of it, and at times perhaps she was. All we could do was to afford aid and comfort to our comrades who could go; and when Colonel Blunt sent for us to go to his house that evening and say good-by, of course we went. It was a lovely night, frosty, but brilliant, and Mrs. Blunt's parlors were crowded; half of the officers were Irishmen, part of the rest rough farmers who had left their plows, if they had not turned their shares into swords. Besides these were a host of civilians—delicate and elegant women, fresh young girls, a few men who could not go to war, even as I could not, a few who were going soon. The rooms were beautifully adorned with rich wreaths of autumn leaves and the last flowers; here sheaves of asters, purple and crimson and white, filled a great alabaster vase, and there a bunch of gentians darkened the sheen of a silver urn with their fringes of mid-

night blue; but in every room exquisite spikes of tuberose in ruby or sapphire glasses filled the air with their odorous breath, and the eye with their indolent and ivory calm.

Of course we were all enthusiastic, all excited. War was as yet only a splendid sentiment; its blood and dirt and agony were unknown to those who should endure them all before the year rolled around again. Tent life in the home camps had been an agreeable picnic, drill an amusement. Patriotism flamed high, and patriots—some of them—drank deep. Half the officers there were redolent of evil spirits in the literal sense; a few showed their influence decidedly. But when men are going to die for their country, and wear uniforms, who is going to find fault with minor lapses? Because we stay at home, shall there be no cakes and ale for those who go to war? Did any body blame the army that swore terribly in Flanders? We should all have been shocked to see such a state of things at an ordinary reception in our respectable town, but now nobody noticed it. I was talking with a Milesian lieutenant, who had evidently fortified his courage for the evening, and we were in an eager discourse about the woes and wrongs of his country as well as mine, when I felt a nervous and stringent clutch on my arm. I turned round, and beheld Nanny, her face white even to the lips, and her eyes dull.

"Take me up stairs!" she gasped.

But before I could get her to the hall she sank a dead weight on my arm. I opened the front door, put her in a veranda chair, and sent a passing servant for some water; but the fresh, keen breath of the west wind revived her before the water came.

"What is the matter, Nan?" I inquired, anxiously, when her eyes at last opened brightly and the bloom came back to her lips and cheeks.

"Tuberoses and whiskey!—u-g-h!" she answered, with a shudder. "Take me right home, Jack. I can't bear it a minute."

Here was the irrepressible nose! I made such apologies as I could, and took her home, inwardly thanking Heaven that my own olfactories were of the usual sort.

The next unaccountable thing she did—and did the next day too—was to pull me down to a bed of English strawberries in a friend's garden, that I might smell the delicious odor of the leaves. In vain I snuffed, and rubbed my nose, and tried to think I perceived a pleasant smell; but nothing answered. Nanon looked at me, amazed. I was sorry, but I really smelled nothing at all; while she inhaled a delicate perfume, she assured me, like no other to be described.

I have since heard it was a sign of good birth to perceive this odor. Nan's must have been very good. By and by our house was built. We moved into it a year from our wedding-day. I must say my little woman proved herself a dexterous housekeeper. Our small cottage was neat as a bee's cell, but not painfully so. It was all lived in, all home-like—no shut-up rooms, no overfine upholstery too good to use. The carpets were not Brussels, or the chairs rose-wood, but everything harmonized in tint in

every room, and all the ornaments were good of their kind.

I hate a room filled with fancy-work, like the show-counter of an agricultural fair or a worsted shop; neither tortured crewels nor abominations in canvas or paper littered up our bright rooms; there were no tidies on the chairs, no linen covers on the sofas. An indescribable breath of purity and freshness filled the house. I think this was owing to her nose, I confess; though I had to smile when I saw her daily tours through the premises with that dilate feature high in air, delicately sniffing at the door of every closet and chamber, and pouncing upon any breath of evil as a hawk on its prey. There was no musty nook in our house; the first faint scent of damp earthiness was detected; the corner, the crock, the bottle, that generated it was scalded, soaped, scraped, dried, and sunned on the instant; neither was any sour bread endured an hour; no meat outlived its usefulness or its pleasantness in larder or refrigerator; no pickles went beyond the verge of proper pickledness; our eggs were always fresh, for Nan averred that a fresh egg had its own clean odor. Heavens! what a nose was that which could pierce an egg-shell!

My life was somewhat harassed, no doubt, for my wife developed a turn for locating smells.

"Jack, where have you been?" she would say, repulsing me suddenly after the first kiss with which she always received me coming from the office at night, and which politeness I was always expected to return—"where have you been?" with a keen flash and quiver of eye and eyelid.

"Why, Nan?"

"Because you smell of machinery."

"By George" (dear reader, forgive the expletive. I never swear, but a man must have some safety-valve), "I wouldn't have your nose, Nan, for five hundred dollars!"

"And I wouldn't be without it for five thousand. Tell me now haven't you been somewhere?"

"Yes, I have been to several somewhere. I reluctantly admit, Mrs. Gardiner, that I went to Smith's printing-office to see about some bill-heads, and spent half an hour studying out their new press."

"I thought so," was her satisfied rejoinder; "I know the smell of machine-oil very well."

Another time I am greeted with another shudder.

"What is it now, Nan?" I inquire, in abject tones of dismay.

"I smell cigars in your whiskers."

"Surprising!" I reply. "I do not remember having hidden any there."

"Nonsense! I mean smoke, of course."

"Nan, I believe in Darwin now and forever. Your great-grandfather must have been a pointer. I stood on the platform of a crowded car, coming up town, by a man who smoked all the way, and the wind was fair to smoke me too."

"It is bad to have a nose sometimes," says my wife, reflectively.

"But it would be worse to have none."

"Jack!"

I must confess that at times Nan, like most other warm-hearted, bright,

and sensitive women, was the least bit jealous; not that she ever thought I really loved anybody else, but she wanted to be the first in my thought always. Like every woman too who is jealous and exacting, she always inveighed against those traits as the very worst a woman could possess, and thanked the Lord, with Pharisaic fervor, that she never indulged in either. Now I like women generally; their society is agreeable, their dainty ways pretty to behold, their tricks and their manners infinitely amusing and I think a beautiful girl is the most beautiful thing in the world. I love to study the pictures these sweet creatures present: the wavy gloss or golden fluffiness of their hair, the softly rounded and tinted cheeks, the white forehead, the smiling crimson lips, the lovely eyes, the delicate dress and shining adornments—they are like flowers with souls. I delight to study them; but I love my wife, which means a great deal to a decent man. I would see the whole race of pretty girls drowned rather than have my wife hurt in any way, and sometimes I feel as if she ought to know it; but you can't expect every thing of a woman, any more than of a man; so I did not notice Nan's small freaks of this sort much. Among our acquaintances she chiefly reviled and abused a little woman whom I had known several years—a pretty child always, but so very pretty that you forgave her being a fool when you looked at the clear eyes, the picturesque hair, the infantile dimples, the red, white, gold, and blue of Nelly Rivers's baby face, and heard her good-natured giggle. Nan always held her up as a pattern of "the sort of women men always admire—a pretty fool!" adding, "even my husband adores her." And I never contradicted those statements, for what is the use! One excellent recipe for family peace is, "Never argue with your wife."

But one Sunday Nan was too ill or too idle to go to church. She talked vaguely about a headache. I knew very well what that meant: her new bonnet had not come home the day before, and it was a hot Sunday in May. I left her on the lounge with a new book and a salts bottle, looking very lovely in her delicate rose and white wrapper, and not at all ill, and went my way.

A certain circumstance detained me half an hour after service, and when I opened the door, hot and tired, but charmed to see the cool fresh salad and scarlet lobster arrayed for lunch beside a pitcher of iced claret, Nan at once came between me and a vision of bliss to a hot and thirsty man.

"Where have you been!" she cried, with gushing emphasis. "I have worried so! I thought you had a fit or a sunstroke." And with these words she threw herself into my arms and received due greeting; but hardly had my lips met hers when she drew herself off suddenly, and glared at me.

"Jack," said she, sternly, "you have been home with Nelly Rivers. I knew it."

"Do you?" returned I, coolly. "Are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly, Sir. I smell amber lavender, and nobody else in these days uses that old-fashioned stuff. Oh,

Jack! and me sick at home. Very well."

I sat down in the nearest chair and shouted with laughter. This was, indeed, what Mr. Weller junior would have called a "rum go." Nan's eyes blazed, and I laughed the more.

Then she burst into tears, and with effective aid from a fresh and delicate bit of handkerchief covered her face and cried bitterly.

"Come, Nan," said I "this is sheer stuff and nonsense. What if I did go home with Nelly Rivers?"

"It is—is—isn't that," she sobbed. "But you must have staid there a long time, or been very—well—very near to her, to have your coat smell of amber lavender."

I will do my wife the justice to say that she blushed hotly at these last words, as she ought to have done. I rushed at once into the facts.

"You are quite right, my dear"—and here let me take a moment to bless that delightful phrase, "My dear," which says so much in so little according to its intonation and emphasis. No man can be called, plausibly, a brute, who says "My dear" to his wife. Yet I am sure Nan felt my just indignation and disgust far more deeply when I said it than if I had expressed my sentiments in pure, nervous Saxon—"you are quite right, my dear. I have been holding Miss Rivers in my arms, with her head on my shoulder, at least fifteen minutes."

Nan looked at me; her great dark gray eyes widened and darkened, her thin nostrils dilated, the flush passed from her face as she gazed.

I know that I looked serene, though unsmiling, but I did not speak.

"Jack, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Nelly Rivers fainted dead away in her seat in church. Nobody was with her, so I picked her up, luckily found a carriage at the church door, carried her home with her head on my shoulder, and laid her, still unconscious, on the sofa, and then went

for the doctor, who says it is an attack of brain fever."

"Poor little thing! I didn't know she had any brains."

"Nanon!"

And with that this inexplicable creature, the veriest woman I ever saw, flung herself into my arms and cried worse than ever.

I am glad to say she did everything in her power for poor little Nelly, and even professed to be sorry when that beautiful shining hair was all cut off.

But if I groaned in spirit about Nan's nose after this, it was not long before I had reason to bless it. There was a small-pox panic in the city, but we had not feared it, for our quarter was high and clean, and in no way exposed to infection; so we were very careless about being vaccinated. One night we had been to a concert with a cousin of mine from Boston. There were many encores, which lengthened the performance, and our seats were near the stage. George Stevens was to take the midnight train, and the station was at least a mile from the concert-hall. He must be there early to get some baggage re-checked, and it was half past eleven when we reached the door, and found it raining. Only one carriage was left on the stand, but I had it brought up to the door at

once; though it was not a nice one, it was at least a shelter. I helped Nan up to the step, but the moment her head entered the vehicle she shrank back, and jumped down on to the pavement.

"I can't go in that thing, Jack. It smells of something dreadful."

"Don't be absurd, Nanny," said I. "Keep your handkerchief to your face, and get in. George will be late."

"I can't Jack; I can't. Please don't get in there, George. I know you'll have something if you do; we all shall. Oh, don't, don't!"

I must say I was vexed. The driver swore by all the saints, and the devil besides, that no sick man or anything out of the way had ever been in his carriage "sence the wurld was med." But nothing convinced Nan. She became painfully excited, and I was fairly forced to give up the matter or be downright cruel. But George would not be persuaded. He looked at me with a sort of contemptuous compassion; but I forgave him, for he never had been married. So Nan and I walked home, and George drove off to the station. I was sulky and Nan was sweet. She knew I had made a great effort to please her, and she knew George had sneered inwardly at my compliance, for her perceptions were keen and quick, so she made herself unusually lovely to reward me; and, better still, when George was seized with small-pox a fortnight after and brought to the edge of death, and by police investigation I found out that the indignantly virtuous hack-driver had that very evening of the concert taken two small-pox patients to the hospital, all Nan said was, "Oh, Jack, how good you were to let me walk home!" To which I answered, "Bless your dear nose!"

But I was doomed to be still further indebted and reconciled to that wonderful organ. A year or two after the small-pox affair Nan's old grandmother, a decrepit Frenchwoman of ninety, died in Paris, and in a fit of pique left all her money and jewels to Nan's mother, whom she had utterly ignored since her marriage, to Mrs. Clement's great distress. But her son had turned out a dissipated, worthless fellow, and at length was shot in a disreputable duel, and in the last year of her life Madame Duparc quarreled with the niece she had adopted, and cut her off with a mourning ring. The inheritance amounted only to a few thousand dollars in money, but the most valuable part was the jewelry, for besides sundry quaint old rings of enamel, carbuncle, and sapphire, a pair or two of cameo and garnet bracelets, were a comb and necklace of diamonds, an heirloom to the family, of great value. Now Madame Duparc had had the forethought to leave these to Mrs. Clement in such a way that they could be alienated or sold, adding a few cutting remarks as to her probable need of money since she had married that "vaurien Americain." Poor Mrs. Clement! she was past sneers this long time, and the inheritance came to Nan, and in due time reached her, after dangers by land, sea, and the custom-house.

Of course some ubiquitous reporter for the papers heard this item of news somewhere, and made a telling little

paragraph. The diamonds, in reality worth about fifteen thousand dollars, figured as "a seventy-five thousand bequest of jewels" in big capitals. All the circumstances were arrayed before the public, copied into city papers, repeated in weeklies; and from that moment our lives became a burden.

What should be done with those diamonds till we could take them to New York and sell them?

Nan did once put them on, having first sent our girl off on an errand, looked under every sofa and chair, behind the doors, into the closets. She even closed the register, lest a man should lurk in the cellar and shut all the blinds, for fear of opera-glasses across the way. Then she lit all the gas, put on her wedding-gown and the diamonds, and enjoyed herself.

I must own she looked as lovely as a goddess; the comb sparkled like a coronet of stars (for it was set star-wise, in a quaint old fashion) in her coiled dark hair, and the brilliants made a river of light about her delicate round throat. Diamonds evidently were the proper gems for her. They kindled the deep sparkle of her eyes; they illuminated the haughty little head with a sort of fitness not describable. Her rich soft gown of creamy silk, with its falls and folds of rare old lace, delicate as frost work; the lithe, graceful figure and piquant, high-bred face evidently were meant for diamonds, or diamonds for them.

"Nan!" said I, "don't sell the things. We don't need to; and they are lovely on you."

Nan turned slowly round and looked at me with a curious smile.

"Oh, Jack! is that your idea of the eternal fitness of things? Shall I wear these sparks to church or to tea parties? Once a year perhaps, there is a wedding here that might be blinded with my finery, unless everybody looked at the bride as they ought. And besides," she added, with sudden energy, "do you want our lives made a nuisance with these things? How have we spent the last ten days?"

I looked back with dismay; not a day had passed that we had not racked our brains for a place to hide those diamonds. They had been respective dwellers in the stove under the ashes, down the register pipe, in a pickle jar full of bran, deep among piles of sheets in the linen chest, lost in blankets in the cedar closet, in the crown of Nan's Sunday bonnet, and the pocket of my wedding coat, laid away in a drawer. Once they were twenty-four hours in a loaf of bread, all night in an old-fashioned foot-stove. Time fails me to recount their wanderings. We neither slept quietly nor took needful exercise; and when people came to the house and asked to see them, the very friends of our bosoms even, they were treated with base subterfuges, and went away disappointed.

I can not say we told any right-angled and respectable lies; we descended to meaner depths. Our invariable answer to friendly requests was "Did you think we were so silly as to keep them in the house?" wincing retributively under the commendation of our sense sure to follow, and the appalling tales of other people who had been so idiotic as to do such a

thing, and been robbed or murdered, or frightened to death in consequence. We went to the expence of two revolvers, and borrowed a dog, who barked at every mouse in the wall, and awoke us to horrid suspicions and tremors.

But at last the business which detained me in W— was finished, and I could make arrangements for our journey. And then came the important question, How should we carry our precious charge to New York? It would never do to pack them in a trunk. I proposed to Nan to wear them.

"And be murdered, of course," she indignantly answered.

I thought they could be hidden under her dress and hat, but this she would not hear to; she was afraid her very consciousness would betray her. So at last we put them in an ordinary morocco hand-bag, which she never let go of one moment in all the day's journey. This was enough to attract attention in itself, but we got safely to the hotel where we were to stay, and drew a freer breath.

It was six o'clock at night. We were too tired to go down town, and having ordered some dinner, Nan proceeded to array herself for that ceremony.

But what shall we do with the diamonds? There was but one thing now. Nanon put the comb in her hair and overlaid it with those soft and abundant coils till not a star peeped to light, and over all she pinned a little black lace handkerchief, out of date as to fashion, but mightily picturesque. The necklace was worn under her high dress of dark silk; and for fear the shape of the ornament should show, she had tied herself up, as to throat and shoulders, in a scarf of some delicate sort of lace. She looked like an invalid angel; but who cared? The jewels were covered up, and the cases locked in our hand-bag.

In the evening friends came in to see us. They staid till ten o'clock, perhaps. Nanon, very tired, went up stairs before me a few minutes. When I reached our room, I found her sitting by the open window. She did not stir for a moment, but when I was partly undressed, said she had left her lace handkerchief in the parlor, and must go for it. Presently she came flying back.

"Oh, Jack, Uncle Ward wants to see you. Can't you put on your clothes and come down?"

"Why, what made him so late?" said I, rising hastily, for Mr. Ward was my mother's only brother, and had been like a father to me in my early orphanage.

"I don't know," she said her face pale with excitement, "but hurry, dear; it is so late!"

I made good speed, as the old ballads say, yet when we reached the parlor there was no Uncle Ward there. I turned to Nan with surprise in looks and words.

"I didn't say he was here, dear; he wasn't. But there is a burglar in our room—under the bed, I think—and I wanted to get you down here."

"Nan!" I exclaimed.

"There is, there is! Oh, Jack, I smelt the horrid tobacco the minute I went in, but I thought he would sus-

pect if I went right back, and I opened the window so I could call if you delayed long, and so you would not perceive the smell too and make remarks about it. Please get a policeman right away."

What could I do? Could I tell that supercilious and condescending creature, the clerk, that my wife smelt a burglar, and wanted a policeman? Yet I had faith to believe that she did, knowing her as I did. I took refuge in the well-known weakness of the sex, told Nanon to sit in the parlor till I came back, and with shame on my countenance and a lie on my tongue, represented to the clerk that my wife was feeble and very nervous, and had an idea that there was a burglar in our room. Would he kindly send for a policeman? With mild contempt on every lineament he rang a bell and gave the needful order, and in five minutes the article arrived. We mounted the stairs to forty-six, and began our search. There was nobody under the bed or in the closet, but the policeman signed me to shut the door, and inserting a key from his pocket into the wardrobe door, which I suddenly observed was without the key Nan had used after putting away her cloak and hat, he laid violent hands on a slight wiry, ill-looking fellow, who tried to slip past him, but submitted when he saw there were two of us.

On investigation next day, he disclosed that we had been watched all the way from home, my wife's devotion to her hand-bag observed and understood, but from her not putting it down an instant, and our transit from the station to the hotel being very brief and in broad daylight, it had been impossible to obtain possession of the prize, and had resorted to lying in wait in the wardrobe till we should be safely asleep. The bag had been opened of course, but only the empty cases found.

Neither of us slept much that night. The diamonds went to breakfast with us, and in a carriage from the hotel stable we conveyed them to the jeweler with whom we had before communicated. They were sold and the money deposited in a bank before dinner-time, and we went home a much happier pair than we left it.

I had weighed in my mind by this time all the advantages and disadvantages of my wife's peculiar faculty, and concluded that its good outweighed its evil. With a satisfied and grateful heart I said again that night, "Bless your dear nose, Nan!"

THE BARLEY-STRAW.

AN ALEGORY FROM THE DANISH.

A young married couple were walking down a country lane. It was a peaceful, sunny morning in autumn, and the last of their honeymoon.

"Why are you so silent and thoughtful?" asked the young, beautiful wife. "Do you already long for the city and its turmoil? Are you weary of my love? You regret, I fear, that you have renounced your busy life yonder and consented to live only for me and our happiness?"

He kissed her forehead, which she tenderly raised up to him. She received no other answer.

"What can you miss here?" she continued. "Can all the others together love you more than I my single self? Do I not suffice? We are rich enough, so that you need not work; but if you absolutely must do something—well, then, write romances and read them to me alone."

The young man again replied with a kiss. He then stepped across the ditch into a stubble-field and picked up a straw left by the gleaners. It was an unusually fine and large straw, yet attached to its root and entwined by the withered stalks of a parasitical plant, upon which a single little flower might be discerned.

"Was that a very rare flower you found?" asked the little lady.

"No; it was a common bindweed."

"A bindweed?"

"Yes, that is the vulgar name. The botanists call it *convolvulus arvensis*. The peasantries name it foxvine; in some localities it is called tangleweed." He paused and gazed thoughtfully on the straw.

"Pray, what interesting thing is it, then, that you have discovered?"

"It is a romance."

"A romance?"

"Yes, or a parable, if you like."

"Is it in the flower?"

"Yes; the flower and—the straw."

"Please tell me the story about it."

"But it is a sad one."

"No matter for that; I should like to hear it very much."

She seated herself on the edge of the grassy bank; her husband did the same close at her side, and told the story of the straw.

At the outer edge of a barley-field, near the ditch of the highway, grew a young, vigorous barley-shoot. It was taller, stronger, and darker than the others; it could look over the whole field.

The first thing it noticed was a little violet. It stood beyond over the other edge of the ditch, and peered through the grass with its innocent azure eyes. The sun shone, and the balmy wind breathed over towards the field from the road, where the violet grew. The young straw rocked itself in spring-air and spring-dreams. To reach one another was quite out of the question; they did not even think about it. The violet was a pretty little flower, but it clung to earth and soon disappeared among the grass. The barley, on the contrary, shot up higher and higher each day; but the dark green shoot still above all the rest. It rejoiced already in a long full ear before any of the others had commenced to show their heads.

All the surrounding flowers looked up to the gallant ear of barley. The scarlet poppy blushed yet a deeper red, whenever it swang over it. The corn-flower made its aroma still more piquant than usual, and the flaunting yellow field-cabbage expanded its one bold flower. By and by the barley-straw blossomed in its manner. It swayed about now here, now there, in the balmy atmosphere; sometimes bending over the corn-flower, at times over the poppy, and then over the tare and wild-field cabbage; but, when it had peeped down into their chalices it swung back again, straightened up and thought, "You are but a lot of weeds, after all."

But in the grass at the ditch flourished a bindweed, with its small leafy vines; it bore delicate snowy and rose-colored flowers and emitted a delicate fragrance. To that the barley straw bent longingly down.

"You gallant straw," it smiled; "bend yet lower, that I may embrace with my leaves and flowers."

The straw essayed to do it, with its best will, but in vain.

"I cannot," it sighed; "but come to me, lean on me and cling to me, and I will raise you above all the proud poppies and conceited corn-flowers."

"I have never had any ambition to rise in the world, but you have been my constant dream ever since I was building, and for you I will leave the greensward and all the little flowers in whose company I grew. We will twine ourselves together and flower alone for each other."

Thus said the bindweed, and stretched its tendrils. It clung tenderly to the straw and covered it with its green leaves and modest flowers to its topmost blade.

It was a beautiful sight. The two seemed to suit each other to perfection. The straw felt now really proud, and shot up higher and higher.

"Do you wish to leave me?" sighed the weed.

"Are you dizzy already?" smiled the straw.

"Stay with me—cling to me. Why do you rise higher?"

"Because I must. It is my nature."

"But it is not mine."

"Follow me if you love me."

"You won't stay? I know now that you do not love me any more."

And the weed loosened its tender arms and sank to the earth; but the straw continued to shoot ever upwards.

The bindweed began to wither. Its flowers grew more and more pale. "I have but lived and flowered for you. For your sake have I sacrificed my spring and summer. But you do not notice my flowers—leave my little buds to wither in the air; you think upon anything else but me and the beautiful summer—my time!"

"I think upon the harvest—my time has also its claim."

Presently the rain came. Great drops fell upon the delicate leaves. "My time is soon over," wept the weed, and closed its little flowers to hide the cold tears.

Tears are heavy. The straw came near sinking under its burden, but it felt the importance of keeping itself upright; it straightened up, gallantly facing the storm. It grew stiffer in the body—harder in the joints.

It was one of the dark days. The heavens were gray and the earth dark; it had been raining a long time. The weed had grown downward into the earth, as if it would hide itself from the storm.

"Bend down once more as you did in days of yore, when my love was all in all to you," begged the weeping flower.

"I cannot, I dare not," groaned the straw.

"And I, who have bent a thousand times for your sake—I, who now bend myself to the very dust before your feet," wailed the weed, groveling on the earth.

There fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the blades; the weight was too much, the brave straw yielded, the weed pulled it down, and both straw and weed sank down on the wet earth, never to rise again.

The harvest came. All the golden corn was bound in sheaves, and brought to the barn with song and joy. But that which once so gallantly reared its head above all the others, remained prostrate on the stubble-field. The grain was mouldy and the straw withered. Of the beautiful vine, whose loving embrace had been so fatal, only the dry, blackened stalks remained.

Thus ended the romance of the barley-straw.

The young wife had tears in her beautiful eyes, but they were the balmy tears which strengthen, not the scalding ones which crush the soul to the earth. She wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered a single word in his ear. It was, "Thanks."

Then she plucked the lost, half-withered blossoms from the bindweed.

"It is a flower of memory that I will take with me, when I to-morrow return with you to the city again," she said softly, as she hid it in her bosom.

"Love is good, but labor and love are better. Pleasure is perfect only when it harmonizes with our permanent interests, as it is also true that no delight can be enduring which interferes with duty."

A HINT FOR CARRIE AND HER FRIENDS.

BY AUNT EMILY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There is one subject I wish Mrs. Dorr, Olive Old-style or some of the good sisters would write about. It is farmers' daughters. You bring farmers' boys into the precincts of THE HOUSEHOLD, (and they deserve a place there.) I think Olive will be appreciated for her truthful and interesting letter. When our girls got up a club last year they got one subscriber where the children were all boys. Mrs. B. said perhaps the boys would like to read it, so I think they should have something to interest them. But I wanted to say a word to the bright-eyed, brown-handed lassies that cheer and make pleasant so many of our households. Perhaps I should not have thought of writing about them if my niece Carrie had not looked up yesterday, and said:

"Auntie, I've a great mind to cry; just read this piece of Olive Old-style's."

I read it and then asked her what there was to cry about there.

"I am sure," I said, "Harry must read that, it will encourage him. I heard your father make a remark about him much like that only last week."

"Well, Auntie, why don't he ever think I need a new suit of clothes and have earned them as well as Harry? Here I stay at home and work from morning till night just as much as mother does and never have a cent without saying, 'Father, I want a new pair of boots,' or 'I want a new dress.' If I could do as cousin Jessie does I should be independent and not work

as hard as I do now, either. Just think, she earned five or six hundred dollars a year, and has just what she wants to spend, and lays up money every year, while I never spend more than a hundred a year and don't have a cent to lay up either; and father never thinks I work hard and he thinks I'm extravagant and thoughtless when I am not, you know, Auntie. Many is the night I cry myself to sleep because I want things and have to ask him for the money. If I could only make him understand the ways I try to be economical, but I can't, and he doesn't know anything about it. I am sure I earn twice what I spend, and more too, but I can't bear to ask him for it; and then father has to work so hard, too, I feel as though he ought to know where money goes to."

"Come, come, Carrie," said I, "do stop to get breath and let me say a word," whereupon she burst into tears. "If you will listen to me I will tell you a way to prevent all your trouble. When you want money next time, say, 'Father, I wish you would tell me how much you will give me a month to spend and let me have it at the beginning of every month, then I can know just what I have got, and perhaps economize better than I do now.'"

"Oh, but he won't do that, auntie, because ma asked him and he thought it was all nonsense."

"Well you ask him yourself, and stick to it, and I guess he will let you do it."

"I can't, Auntie; I wish you would ask him for me."

"No, Carrie," I said, "you are nineteen years old, and if you have not the moral courage to do that, you could not do much in Jessie's place, or anywhere else."

"How much should you think he would give me?"

"I don't know, ten dollars a month, may be, you know he can't afford to give you money as Lizzie Atherton and Mabel Grey's fathers do them."

"I know that, Auntie, but still I go with them and I don't like to feel as though I was dressed meanly all the time I am with them, I'd rather stay at home."

"Of course you don't, but you can do marvels with ten dollars a month, if you are prudent and economical. You ask him to-night, you have not had any for some time, and he will let you have some to go shopping with me to-morrow."

"Well, I will, but I don't want to;" so saying, Carrie left the room. About two hours later she rapped at my door and responsive to my "come in" she entered, her eyes red with weeping.

"What's the matter, dear," said I, "what did your father say?"

"Oh, I had a long talk with him. You know he is so set I could not prevail upon him for a long time, but finally he gave up, and you know I always cry so. Well, I told him you thought I could get along with ten dollars a month. He thought it rather large, but settled it by giving it to me for this month and saying he would see next time."

"Well, dear," I said, "don't cry any more. It will be all right, now go to sleep and don't worry about love or money."

To-day we have been shopping, and

by careful calculation Carrie got a hat and a lot of other necessaries for her comfort this fall; next time she wants a dress and cloak, which will take thirty dollars more. Oh fathers, you don't know the ways for money to go—the needful ways—the flannels and stockings, the boots, and rubbers, and gloves. You want your daughters to look nice and move in good society, and you must give them some means to do it, and praise their labors sometimes as you do your boys. They try hard to be good cooks, to keep the house neat, and themselves too, and they are as grateful for a word of commendation from their father as their brothers are.

Girls are sensitive, and if they don't let you see that they feel your neglect, they will cry it out by themselves alone. Be cheerful; if you are tired, remember your girls are tired, too, when they have worked in the heated kitchen all the forenoon. They do not have the fresh air as you do, or the ever-changing scenes of nature to buoy them up and invigorate them.

Do you say that I don't know what I am talking about? I do, for I have lived in a farmers' family for eleven years and seen my brother's children grow up from infancy to men and women.

I know that he thinks more of his boys than his girls, and more of their opinions. Carrie's mother died several years ago, and though she has another mother now, and a good one too, I think she feels that Auntie is the nearest when troubles come and a sympathizing friend is wanted. I guess

Olive will think I have said a word for the girls, without waiting for her, but I hope if she has a word to add, she will not hesitate to write it.

FARMERS' VISITORS.

In the first days of August there is a hegira of townspeople toward up-country farms. It is the month when school children are everywhere free and when fruits are ripening. He who has a wife's cousin in the country now resumes his acquaintance, to drop it again with the advent of cooler days. Country relatives are bodes in spring, nuisances in autumn, and utter evils in winter. August alone shows them in their rural loveliness. We hope our reader has a distant relative reveling in verdant luxury upon some green, sloping hill-side, where fishing is good, cucumbers brittle, bait easy to dig, and horses easy to ride.

"Well, I will, but I don't want to;" so saying, Carrie left the room. About two hours later she rapped at my door and responsive to my "come in" she entered, her eyes red with weeping. "What's the matter, dear," said I, "what did your father say?" "Oh, I had a long talk with him. You know he is so set I could not prevail upon him for a long time, but finally he gave up, and you know I always cry so. Well, I told him you thought I could get along with ten dollars a month. He thought it rather large, but settled it by giving it to me for this month and saying he would see next time."

"Well, dear," I said, "don't cry any more. It will be all right, now go to sleep and don't worry about love or money."

Nobody goes into the country without wishing to get fat on pure cream;

so every morning at ten, when you

rise for the second breakfast which has to be prepared for your sake, go into the cool cellar, skim the cream which is rising for the churning, and do not forget to leave a city-like taste of cocktails in the cup and pan. It would be well to go into the field at any time and ask the farmer to take you to town for your letters, and if you can invite some fellow-citizen to visit you the farmer will go down for him with the best buggy. He will be delighted to leave his work and go if you will only pay the six cents toll. Sometimes the quiet farmer has had the wish to give his children a taste of watermelons, and, as he succeeded in raising five or six, to the delight of the youngsters, who go down into the patch every day to see the green monsters grow, have no hesitation in plucking every blessed melon until you get one to suit you, then sit on the fence and eat it in sight of the little ones, and spurt the bits at them. They think city men are so nice. Melons are country productions, and you must not forget that you go to get country food and luxuries—"plain, healthy, country fare, you know." Country people get so used to melons and plums that you can take them all for yourself.

You had better go to church on Sunday, when the farmer's wife can stay at home and stew over the stove, boiling pears and getting up a nice tea against your return. Before you start ask her to wash and iron a white necktie for you. When you come back make fun of the music; it may be her sister who plays the melodeon. Last of all, when you are leaving with that basket with the only half bushel of pears tucked between your knees, and you are hinting that you do not hold baskets in the city, be so good as to tell the poor woman that you do not suppose she ever comes to the city, but that if John happens to be in New York you hope he will run into the store for a minute and let you know how they all get along. Do not refuse the piece of sponge cake she has put up for you; it is easy to throw it out of the car window. Do not ask John to come to spend a week, with his poor, tired wife, at your house; but with the joyous exclamation that the first thing you propose to do the minute you reach the city is to get a first-class beef-steak, which you have been hungering after for a month, waft your hand grandly and sing out; "Goodbye, John."—*N. Y. Herald.*

GOOD HUMOR.

Perhaps if the parents and teachers knew how the children sometimes speak of them it would have a salutary effect upon their tempers. Unfortunately, however, they do not see themselves as others see them; and they comfortably suppose that though they are irritable and petulant, the children are still loving and respectful. It is a great mistake. The love of children is only to be gained in the same way as that of other people. We must win their esteem by merit, kindness and courtesy, or it will not be ours at all. There was once an ill-tempered man who failed to understand this. He was often irritable and impatient, scolding and punishing

his children, sometimes, at least, when they felt that they did not deserve it, and yet he expected the same love from them that other fathers who were reasonable and uniformly kind secured. One day he happened to hear his little boy speaking out of the fullness of his heart.

"I wish we could change fathers," he said. "Your father is so jolly, he always seems ready to play with you or do anything to make you happy."

"Of course, all fathers do that," said the other boy. "Doesn't yours?"

"No, indeed he does not. My father is nearly always tired and has the headache. So mother says, but I believe it is only his ill-humor. He comes home with a frown on his face, and then we scarcely dare call our noses our own. He thrashes us, too, sometimes, and nobody likes that."

"But you deserve it, I suppose; and if you do, the least thing he has a right to expect of you is that you should take your thrashing in a manly way."

"But I do not always deserve what I get, and neither do others. Only this morning he punished me for telling a lie."

"Served you right, too."

"So it would have done if I had told the lie; but I did not."

"It was a mistake, then?"

"Yes, it was a mistake, but it was such a one as our father often makes. I think he ought to take the trouble to learn the truth before he proceeds to punish us. When I am a man I will try to be less unjust and ill-tempered than he."

The father, who thus heard his duty pointed out to him by his son, felt exceedingly grieved and uncomfortable. He did not know that he had been unreasonable and unjust, though, as the boy had said, he had taken very little trouble to ascertain the truth. He had never doubted but that he had the esteem and love of his children, for they were always respectful and obedient to him, and he supposed that the moving power was love. He discovered now that he had been mistaken, and that they were only docile because they were afraid to be otherwise, and that there was really very little true affection in their hearts for him. And when he asked himself how this was the reason was not difficult to find. He was not a drunkard, who neglected to provide for his children. He was a Christian man, industrious, painstaking and thoughtful. He took care that they were always well dressed, and that they attended a good school, where they would be fitted for their future work. He did not neglect their religious education, nor fail to secure proper advantages for them in all respects. Indeed, the more he thought of it the more he convinced himself that he was almost a model father.

The only thing that was wrong about him was that he was often in an ill-humor. He saw, however, how this one thing interfered with his influence, and he resolved to conquer it if he could, that he might have the esteem and love of his children. And he did that which he aimed to do, by simply keeping a smile on his face instead of a frown, and letting his voice speak in cheery tones instead of perpetually grumbling and finding fault.

There was a lady who was really

very kind to her servants. She paid them better wages than most other people did, and was far more anxious for their comfort than her neighbors were for that of their domestics. She saw that there were little treats for them now and then, that their rooms were well furnished and their holidays not shortened. She provided them with good food and plenty of it, and furnished a shelf with amusing and instructive books. And yet her servants neither stayed long with her nor spoke well of her when they left. How was it? There was but one reason. She did not possess that good humor without which the wheels of a household cannot run smoothly.

Some people seem to think that children need angry words and hard blows before they will do right. But, indeed, they need nothing of the kind. What they want is, gentleness mingled with firmness, for this will encourage them and make things go more easily. Let those who wish to be useful try the effect of a sunny temper. Good-humored people are blessings to the world; and those who endeavor to wear smiles always will make the happy discovery that everybody will be glad to see their faces. There is enough sorrow and sadness without our increasing the bulk. Let us, on the contrary keep serene, even though there are disturbing influences round about us. If we are cheerful and brave, others will take heart when they see us; and the children especially will learn, as they should, not to be irritated because adverse circumstances are around them, but to be strong and therefore at peace.—*N. Y. Witness.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After many days the queries of A Subscriber shall be rewarded. I refer to the lady who quoted,

"I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best, or it had not been, I hold,"
and asked for information regarding it. The poem, which although lengthy I will give, is by Phebe Cary, author of "Nearer Home," one of the sweetest poems I think ever written by an American authoress. However, there are many sweet poems, and "The Loom of Life," in a late *HOUSEHOLD*, is one among the many, and "The Flood of Years," in *Scribner's Magazine*, strikes me as one of the most beautifully grand poems of this centennial year.

Would it not be well, Mr. Crowell, to devote a page to literary talks? I think perhaps a great many new thoughts and ideas might be gained, and new books and poems, as well as old, might be discussed which would be beneficial to all. The poem which I give below is worthy the admiration of A Subscriber, as it ever has been of

CLARA E. SAMUELS.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSION.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth,—

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my sufferings stricken out,—

If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so,—

Have gained the highest and purest bliss
Which the bridal wreath and ring enclose;
And chosen the one out of all the world
That I might, or could, or would have chose.

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds;
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining rows of their golden heads,—

Yea! I said if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding—still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant even, more straight or wide,
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all,
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been helps, not hindrances.

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand—

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show
Why look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque—uneven, you say: yet it shines.
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands;

And let me now, as I may, grow old;

I am what I am, and my life for me

Is the best, or it had not been, I hold.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Folded hands will never aid us
To uplift the load of care,
"Up and stirring" be our motto,
Meek to suffer, strong to bear.

—A kindness is never lost.

—Step by step one goes a great way.

—A friend is known in time of need.

—Patience is bitter; but the fruit is sweet.

—Much of the unhappiness in this world arises from giving utterance to hasty, unkind words.

—Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

—One cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all.

—We should act with as much energy as if we expected everything from ourselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as if we expected everything from God.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received my sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap all right, and was very much satisfied with its test. Our grocer got some at once, and sells it very fast, and it gives the best of satisfaction in all cases. I save more than the full price

of the soap in fuel. I used to have an extra fire when washing the old way, of boiling clothes, now my usual cooking stove does the whole, besides I save a vast amount of labor, and best of all, it saves the steam of boiling clothes, really the most important part of its use. Most mothers can testify to colds, croup, and innumerable ills that happen to their family the result of a house full of steam on washday, to say nothing of soiled paper, streaked paint of the kitchen, and even of adjoining rooms. In a family like my own, of laboring people, where we earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, there must be some labor in getting out all the stains of soiled linen of a week's wear. I find this the best way to use this soap. I cut up about one-third of a bar and boil it until thoroughly dissolved, take rather more than half of it for the first suds, put my clothes to soak in this suds while I am eating my breakfast. When I begin to wash I make another suds of the rest of the solution, rub my clothes out and throw them into the other suds. A very little labor with a wringer will take out all the dirt. A little son or daughter that wants to help mother, can, with a wringer, put all the clothes through the second water, by the time mother has her tub empty the rinsing can all be done, and as nice a lot of clothes on the line as ever were seen, in an astonishingly short time. I am, as you see, a great advocate of Dobbins' Electric Soap.

MRS. J. R. PIERCE.
Orfordville, N. H.

DEAR FRIEND:—Dobbins' Electric Soap does all that any one has claimed. It is the best article I have used for a long time, and recommend it to all my friends, who all use it and like it. I shall always use it in preference to any other soap. It takes away all dread of washday. My washing is always done Monday morning before breakfast. I have eight in my family.

MRS. E. B. BASCOM.
Lansing, Mich.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap some days since and it has been tested in various ways in my family, and in all tests we find it to be as represented. All who use it must concede its great merit, and I predict that it will become a great favorite and command an extensive sale wherever introduced.

HON. J. C. DAYTON,
(N. Y. State Senator.)
West Troy, N. Y.

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VICK, the chartered and popular Florist and Seedsman of the Flower City (Rochester, N. Y.), is ready for the fall campaign, as will be seen by reference to his Autumnal announcement in this paper. Send for his beautiful and instructive Floral Guide.

The recent anniversary exercises of Lasell Seminary, were of a specially interesting character. The halls were well-filled with visitors, the examination and musical receptions of the young ladies were very satisfactory and pleasing; the graduating addresses of the class of '76 exhibited thought and maturity, and were read with animation and self-possession. The closing address of Principal Bragdon to the graduates was a gem—short, pathetic, suggestive and impressive. The Seminary was never doing better work, nor was better patronized, or with better reason.

WONDER UPON WONDERS.
Given away—A strange, mysterious and most extraordinary book, entitled THE BOOK OF WONDERS. Containing, with numerous curious pictorial illustrations the mysteries of the Heavens and Earth, Natural and Super-Natural, Oddities, Whimsical, Strange Curiosities, Witches and Witchcraft, Dreams, Superstition, Absurdities, Fabulous, Enchantment, &c., &c. In order that all the world may see this curious book, the publishers have resolved to give it away, also to send with it, gratis, a beautiful Chromo, varnished and mounted, and all ready to hang up. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass., enclosing 25 cts. for prepayment of postage on Book and Chromo.

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