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THE
HOUSEHOLD
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
ESTABLISHED 1868.
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 9.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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MY HOME.

BY ROSE.

No stately dome,
But a lowly home,
A little nest in a sunny nook :
Where the birds and bees,
In the grand old trees,
Their music join to a laughing brook.

No pictures rare,
No marble fair,
In my home gleams stately and fair ;
But always near,
Is the fact most dear,
The loving heart, that will ne'er grow old.

No servants are there,
To give me more care,
And disturb my spirit's calm rest ;
For my nimble feet,
And my fingers fleet,
This service of love fill the best.

No sweet melody,
Has the charm for me,
Like the murmuring tones of a lulaby ;
Such blessings are mine,
I can never repine,
But in my dear home, I would live and die.

EVERGREEN HEDGES.

EVERGREEN hedges, says an expert, should form inclosures to all the various departments of ornamental gardening where they will thrive. To put up dead sticks or cold iron as fences to pleasure grounds and gardens without linings of evergreens is at war with good taste. It looks like setting up the dead to watch over the living. Notwithstanding the many wise suggestions written and spoken of the beauty that evergreen hedges impart to ornamental gardening, and the best mode of culture thereof, they are not yet so general as they ought to be. They should be universally used as inclosures.

We have numerous species and varieties of evergreens that are well adapted for making good hedges—the many arbor vitæ, biotas, junipers, hemlocks, yews, boxwoods, Norway fir, etc., some of which will thrive

upon almost every kind of soil that is dry and not in marshes. When such spots occur, they may be set with cedars, to continue an unbroken live hedge. For parks, the Norway fir is one of the best to make a strong and thick outside hedge, and for divisions and suburban gardens arbor vitæ, hemlock, biota, juniper, tree box, yew, etc., are well adapted and give a pleasing effect.

For parterres and small divisions, the dwarf boxwoods, dwarf arbor vitæ, and many other dwarfs are suitable. Every department of ornamental gardening is a picture; and the fences or enclosures are the frameworks, which either add beauty to the picture or destroy its beauty. These hedges add richness and beauty to the grounds and all the various kind of plants thereof as ornamental frames of precious woods finely polished, and others richly gilded, give greater grace to the picture.

The cost of evergreen hedges, including the price of plants and setting them out, is about twenty-five cents per foot for tree boxwood, yew, Siberian arbor vitæ, etc., twenty inches high; and for American arbor vitæ, hemlock, Norway fir, Chinese biota, etc., twenty inches high, is about fifty cents per yard; the after care the first three years, in cutting up weeds about them, is about the same cost as a row of Indian corn of the same length.

Besides the beauties of evergreen hedges, their shelter is of great value in breaking off the low currents of cold air in the winter which prove so destructive to the stems of many species of plants, which by their girt and density cannot yield to sudden contraction by cold and burst open; or, in other words, the compression of the air in their cells becomes so great by sudden and severe cold as to cause explosion, just as the compression of air by fire and gunpowder rends rocks asunder. The branches being higher are not so injured by low cold currents, and being smaller and less dense, they give way to compression more readily and remain uninjured when the stems are rent. On the contrary they are more exposed and suffer more severely from spontaneous evaporation, and are often killed by that when the stems remain sound. So as evergreen hedges save the stems, belts of trees protect the branches by checking the force of spontaneous evaporation.

It is a moderate estimation to say that evergreen hedges and belts of trees are worth ten times the cost in these respects. All horticultural improvers, for these reasons, should make fences of evergreen hedges uni-

versal, and the dead sticks and cold iron will be useful upon the railroads, etc.

From the first of April to first June, is the best time to plant out evergreen hedges, and from middle of September to the first of November in the autumn is a favorable time.

A LOST ART.

There is an art which we fear sometimes is passing away—that of building good substantial dwelling-houses. In old times, a new house was a thing to be talked of perhaps years beforehand. The lumber was bought and seasoned. The stone was hauled at odd times, and finally, when everything was ready, the great undertaking was commenced; and happy was the owner if he was able to take possession of the house in a year and a half or two years from that time.

The first season was usually spent in putting up the walls and roofing it in; then the carpenters were at work all the next winter getting out the doors and windows and other fixtures; the next summer was spent on the outside work and the painting; and perhaps late in the fall the owner moved in. But that house was built not for himself alone, but for his children and their children; and if by accident it burned down, there were the walls ready to build into again.

Nowadays, when men build, the walls rise like magic, and in a few days the structure is complete, ready to crumble before the first blast of the fire. The windows are all too tight; the floors are all laid with green timbers, and in a few years are full of cracks; the plaster peels off, and the mortar crumbles from between the bricks; in short the house is a thing of to-day, and built for to-day.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Houses should not be built on spots where fogs are most prone to gather and settle. Sometimes a fog loves the valley, and sometimes the top of a hill; thus some who live in valleys are healthy, and those who live on the hill-tops are sickly and the reverse,—and common people are perplexed. It is not the hill-tops or the valleys which are unhealthful in themselves; but where fog, exhalations, malaria, miasma incline to settle,—and this is determined by natural laws,—there will be disease. Let every house site be well drained.

Unless monthly roses, or other half-hardy shrubs are to be protected by earth covering or otherwise during the winter, it is best not to prune them in the fall as when pruned, the shoots are apt to be killed back one, two or more eyes from where they were cut.



UNSETTLED ETIQUETTE.

FOR want of an exact code, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, many points of etiquette are with us left open to discussion, and this without reference to foreign ideas. Thus the custom of inviting gentlemen to call when a married lady wishes to give them the *entree* to her house seems to have become an obsolete one with a great many. Quite recently a discussion took place as to its propriety between several ladies of distinction in this city. One lady said that it was the Philadelphia custom for gentlemen to call where they wished, without waiting for an invitation, after they had made the acquaintance of any lady in the family; and more than one married woman asserted that they had never yet asked a gentleman to come to see them; while another insisted that gentlemen generally would not venture to make a call upon any married lady unless she had invited them, or they had first asked her permission. As a difference of opinion exists on this point, it would be well if it could be an understood thing that any gentleman wishing to make the acquaintance of a lady could, after having himself presented to her, leave his card at her house with his address upon it. Of course, this applies only to comparative strangers; for any young man can commit his card to his mother or sister to leave for him at a house where either visits, if he wishes to be included in invitations. Unless his card is left in this way or in person, how can he expect to be remembered?

Some years ago, a lady who gave a ball during the winter after her return from a residence abroad, omitted to send invitations to the young men who, having previously visited at her house, had not left their cards at her door since her arrival home, preferring to substitute gentlemen who had never been entertained by her to inviting those who were so remiss. For this reason she gave permission to several young ladies to name gentlemen among their friends whom they would like to have invited; and so agreeable to the hostess was the selection thus made, that she placed permanently upon her inviting list, the names of those who sufficiently appreciated her courtesy to remember afterward the slight duties which their acceptance of her hospitality imposed upon them.

Still another illustration will show what unsettled ideas many hold in regard to points of etiquette which ought not to admit of any diversity of opinion. Ladies sometimes say to each other, after having been in the habit of meeting for years without exchanging visits, "I hope you will come and see me," and almost as frequently the answer is made, "Oh, you must come and see me first." One moment of reflection would prevent a lady from making that answer, unless she were much the older of the two, when she could, with propriety, give that as the reason. The lady who extends the invitation makes the first advance, and the one who receives it should at least say, "I thank you—you are very kind," even if she has no intention of availing herself of it. A lady in the fashionable circles of our largest metropolis once boasted that she had never made a first visit. She was not aware, probably, that in the opinion of those conversant with the duties of her position she stamped herself as being just as underbred as if she had announced that she did not wait for any one to call upon her. No lady, surely, is of so little importance in the circle in which she moves as never to be placed in circumstances where a first visit is requisite from her; nor does any one in our land so nearly approach the position of a reigning monarch as to decree that all, irrespective of age or priority of residence, should make the first call upon her.

One of the most reasonable rules of etiquette is that which requires prompt replies to invitations. The reason why an invitation to dine or to an opera-box should be answered as soon as received is so evident that it will not admit of questioning; but many who are punctilious in these particulars are remiss in sending promptly their acceptances or regrets for parties and balls. Most of those who neglect this duty do so from thoughtlessness or carelessness, but there are some who have the idea that it increases their importance to delay their reply, or that promptness gives evidence of eagerness to accept or to refuse. Others, again, are prevented from paying that direct attention to an invitation which politeness requires by the inconvenience of sending a special messenger with their notes. Where any doubt exists in reference to the ability of the person invited to be present at a *soiree* or ball, an acceptance should be sent at once; and if afterward prevented from going, a short note of explanation or regret should be dispatched. It is well known that a few words make all the difference between a polite and an impolite regret. "Mrs. Gordon regrets that she cannot accept Mrs. Sydney's invitation for Tuesday evening," is not only curt, but would be considered by many positively rude. The mistake arises, however, more frequently from ignorance than from intentional rudeness. "Mrs. Gordon regrets extremely that she cannot accept Mrs. Sydney's kind invitation for Tuesday evening," is all that is necessary. All answers to invitations given in the name of the lady and gentleman of the house are generally acknowledged to both in the answer,

and the envelope addressed to the lady alone.

Some persons are in the habit of sending acceptances to invitations for balls even when they know that they are not going; but this is very unfair to the hostess, not only because she orders her supper for all who accept, but because she may wish to invite others in their places if she knows in time that they are not to be present. No house is so large but it has a limit to the number of people that can be comfortably entertained; and some ladies are compelled by the length of their visiting-list to give two or three entertainments in order to include all whom they wish to invite. When the invitations are sent out ten days in advance, if answered within three days, the hostess is enabled to select from her other lists such of her friends as she would like to pay the compliments of inviting twice, in case the number of regrets which she receives will permit her to do so; but delaying the answers or accepting with no intention of going, puts it out of her power to send other invitations.

An invitation once given cannot be recalled, even from the best motives, without subjecting the one who recalls it to the charge of being either ignorant or regardless of all conventional rules of politeness. Some years ago a lady who had been invited with her husband to a musical entertainment given at the house of an acquaintance for a mutual friend of the inviter and the invited, received, after having accepted the invitation, a note requesting her not to come, on the ground that she had spoken slanderously of the lady for whom the *soiree* was to be given. Entirely innocent of the charge, she demanded an explanation, which resulted in completely exonerating her. The invitation was then repeated, but of course, as the withdrawal of it had been intended as a punishment, the rudeness was of too flagrant a character to overlook, and all visiting between the parties ceased from that day.

The rule would not apply to a more recent case, where a lady gave a ball, and, in endeavoring to avoid a crush and make it agreeable for her guests, left out all young men under twenty-one years of age; but finding that she had received wrong information concerning the age of one whom she had invited, and that this one exception was much commented upon, causing her to appear inconsistent, she wrote a note asking permission to recall the invitation, (having received no answer to it,) and expressing her regret that she should be made to appear rude where no rudeness was intended. In this case the gentleman could without compromising his dignity, have sent a courteous reply, assuring the lady that he perfectly understood her motives, and begging her not to give herself any uneasiness upon his account in having felt compelled to withdraw the invitation. By doing so, he would have made the lady his firm friend, and had he appreciated his politeness as it would have deserved to be appreciated, she would have lost no opportunity of showing her sense of it.

HOW TO BREAK OURSELVES OF BAD HABITS.

Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts, that led to the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, or a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over and endeavor to understand why it was that you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off bad habits in a day, which have been gathering strength in you for years.



THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the school boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are,
How delicate thy gauzy frill,
How rich thy branchy stem,
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them.
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Some whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head.
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour;
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

FLOWERS FOR OUR HOMES AND HOW TO HAVE THEM.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

NOW, while the flowers are beginning to show symptoms of decline, is the time to prepare for winter supply. Petunias and pansies, verbenas and fuchsias, geraniums and roses, are fairly aglow with beauty, seeming to blaze defiance at the frosts and snow that will be sure to come ere long, as the winter-king sends forward his ushers to prepare for his icy reign. By a little seasonable care and forethought many of our floral plants may be saved, and our homes beautified and cheered for all winter. Those who have not tried it, little know what wealth and beauty of fragrance, and how much of real home happiness, even to the little ones, may be se-

cured by the culture of house-plants—those reared within doors being of special value because they can be enjoyed in all weathers.

A few hints gathered from my own experience, may be acceptable to tyros in the art of window-gardening, and save them the trial and mortification of many a failure. First, there should be fitted to the window-seats or flower-stand, tin or board boxes three or four inches deep. The tins may be bought for a trifling sum, or the wooden ones made at home by any ingenious lad of twelve, who knows how to handle a saw and hammer; and in either case, the addition of a little green paint will improve the appearance of the boxes, but it is not at all necessary to the thrift of the plants. The bottom of the pans should be covered with a thin layer of coarse gravel for drainage, then earthen jars containing the plants, arranged so as to secure the very best advantage of light and contrasting colors—should be put on the stones, leaving several inches of space between the rows of flower-pots, and a border on three sides—this all to be filled up with light rich soil, packed lightly around the pots, and the border sown with seeds of any of the mosses, mignonette, or even curled parsley, which will be useful as well as pretty.

Young, healthy, shoots, or small slips should always be selected for planting, as they make more symmetrical and shapely plants after they have had time to grow, than those that were already large when set out. Light, rich, leafy mould is needed, and medium-sized jars, if an abundance of blossoms is desired. This was a hard lesson for me to learn, as I used to think that the larger the jars, the more my plants must of necessity thrive. But experience has taught me that such a course in flower culture is about as philosophical as it would be to dress a tiny five year old in his father's coat and boots in order to secure rapid development of the baby form. It is very important to stir up frequently the soil, so as to keep it light about the roots of the plants. After trying various implements for this purpose, I have settled down upon the common table-fork as the best, and I use it once a week or oftener, just before watering. Plants need to be watered every day, once or twice, according to the weather, and always by sprinkling with the hand, rather than by pouring.

If four ounces of nitrate of potash, and eight of nitrate of ammonia, be dissolved in a quart of water, and a tablespoonful of the solution put in three quarts of water and sprinkled on the plants once a week, it will be found promotive of both health and beauty. The solution must be kept in bottle tightly corked. Should there be aphides or insects of any sort about the leaves or buds, the free use of quassia tea will remove them, at the same time invigorating the plant, and multiplying the blooms. Plants should never be crowded closely together, or they will inevitably become sickly and dwarfish. A few thriving specimens are greatly to be preferred to any imaginable number of stunted ones, that seem to drag out a precarious

ous existence, only as a burlesque on the folly of avarice. In making a selection of plants, beauty of foliage and even more than blossoms, ought to be considered, as the former may be enjoyed all the time, while the latter are only occasional.

Sunny windows should always be selected for flowering shrubs, but such as require less heat may be placed in shady portions of the window or stand; or they may be removed for a few of the hottest hours in very warm weather. A southern exposure is best the year round; and the windows should be raised to give the plants air by day, and dew by night, whenever the weather is sufficiently mild. Fresh air and sunshine are both indispensable to a bright, healthy foliage, and to perfect blooms. In winter very warm rooms are not required for the health of plants. It is quite sufficient that they be kept where they are in no danger of freezing, provided they have plenty of sunlight. I have found a temperature of from forty to fifty degrees in sunny rooms to answer admirably, keeping the leaves fresh all winter, and giving me an abundance of early blooms. An average of one hour a day is about the time I spend on my plants, and as regards expense three dollars would certainly cover all they have cost me in any twelve months. With this trifling outlay I have all my rooms, except the sleeping apartments, adorned with fresh, fragrant-leaved plants, giving me for at least eight months of the year, a pleasing variety of bright-eyed, many-tinted little flowerets whose gladsome visits are to us all sources of real joy. Yet I have neither conservatory nor greenhouse, nor even expensive flower-stands, but merely the simple, tasteful arrangements that are within the reach of all.—*Christian Weekly*.

PROPAGATION OF PLANTS.

The number of professional florists, in various places, and their easy means of propagation of all varieties of plants, together with the cheap and rapid transit by mail, renders it a very easy task for any one disposed to procure for a trifling sum any description of flowering or other plants grown; yet many do not feel able to procure the stock they would like to use, provided they could obtain the same by some less expensive means, and desire to know how plants can be multiplied or propagated for summer decoration.

Our summer bedding plants are mostly tender perennials, which planted in the open air in spring, give an abundance of bloom all summer, and when the fall frosts come they must be taken in or they are killed by the cold. Now it is impossible to keep in the parlor a sufficient number to stock the garden, and even if we had a green-house it would be impracticable to attempt the care of so many all through the season. The most we can do is to keep one, or a few, of each variety, and from these we can, by the aids always available or easily so, increase them by propagating from "slips" or "cuttings." A cutting is a portion of a growing shoot, it may consist of one, two or more joints and their leaves. These, placed

under favorable circumstances, will root and become independent plants. They are made from young, half-ripened wood in most instances; only occasionally, with some varieties, is it necessary to include a small portion of more mature growth. If the cutting consists of only one joint, it is inserted with one leaf aside from its terminal bud, if it have one; if of two or more joints, half of the leaves are cut or stripped off and planted down to the lowest remaining leaf.

A good soil for striking cuttings consists of a mixture, or compost, of loam and sand, one part sand and two of loam; put in the bottom of the pot a few pieces of broken crock or oyster shell and fill to within about an inch of the top with this soil, and on this half an inch of pure, clean sand; insert the cuttings round the sides of the pot about half an inch apart; the cuttings are all ready now for rooting, to do which suitable moisture and heat must be given; care must be used not to keep them too moist, or they will "damp off," rot without rooting, and to give them sufficient water to prevent them from wilting. No arbitrary rules can be given, experience must be the test. The soil should be kept full as warm and at a higher temperature, if possible, than the air surrounding the slips.

The best and quickest way of causing the slips to root is to plunge the pots in a hot bed where the bottom will keep warm; here the slips will take root in a few days, after which they may be withdrawn from the hot bed and then transferred singly into suitable pots. If no hot bed can be taken advantage of, the potted slips may be rooted by taking a plate to set the pot in and covering the whole with a bell glass, filling the plate and keeping it filled with water and setting it in a warm window where it will receive the sun's rays. If the sun shines clear and hot, the bell glass should be shaded with a light colored paper to prevent burning the slips. A few slips thus planted and covered with a tumbler will take root, but less readily and surely.

MANAGEMENT OF DAHLIAS.

Dahlias will require attention frequently, from the present period until the end of the growing season, as success in producing beautiful flowers of this species depends much upon training carefully, tying the shoots with soft yarn or other soft strings every few days. If the finest blooms are sought for, the side branches ought to be pinched off and only two or three of the strongest shoots should be allowed to grow. This gorgeous flower is about as easily raised as the potato and we should like to see it more generally cultivated. Water often with soapsuds if the soil is dry. A good drenching once a week is very useful. The flower stalks of the next season will come out near the junction of the tubers and the stems.

Dahlias, like most other flowers, require a mellow soil, consisting of leaf mould, ashes and sand loam, well mingled together. In such a soil they will grow large and beautiful. An experienced florist says that it is not

necessary to take them up till just before the ground freezes, usually towards the end of next month. They should be laid in a dry place a day or two. The stem should be cut down near the ground, leaving only enough at the bottom to serve as a handle, by which to lift them without breaking the tubers apart. After drying a day or two till the soil adhering to them will all shake off, pack them in boxes and fill up with sand that has been carefully dried in the sun for this purpose. They will decay if the sand is damp. Put them in a dry cellar when there will be no danger of freezing. They will begin to start out fresh and strong in March or April. To start them early set the clusters just as they are into a warm border till they sprout out two or three inches, and then separate them, leaving two shoots to a tuber, when they are ready to set out where they are to stand for the Summer. Dig down and mellow the soil and set the root three inches under ground, and set a strong stake close by the stem to tie it to as the stalk rises for support. Broom handles or pieces of rake handles, if saturated with coal tar so much of the end as may be thrust into the ground, will make cheap and durable stakes.—*N. Y. Herald*.

ENGLISH IVY.

The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living-rooms is more extensive every year and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong, they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over 65° Fahrenheit. Take care not to enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art.

Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor, to be arched or curved, like those in the drawing-rooms of your richer neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them in the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the flower dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for, by placing in each two or three sprays of *Coliseum* ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen.

The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact that in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time the

affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close overhanging pendent leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand.—*Journal of Horticulture*.

SAVE THE LEAVES.

It is becoming a favorite amusement to select the rarest variegated autumn leaves, especially those of the maple, when, by putting them through the process of pressing, drying, and varnishing, arranging them in various devices, such as wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, they produce effects as brilliant as a picture from an artist's brush. One of the choicest attractions at the famous "World's Fair" in London was a wreath of autumn leaves, prepared and sent by a New England lady. The visitors to the White Mountains late in the season pull hundreds of leaves to adorn their city homes, and one gentleman last autumn gathered and pressed five thousand leaves of nature's own handiwork, whose exquisite colors vie with those of the painter's palette.

To prepare these leaves press them under heavy weights for a few weeks, varnish them with map varnish if you desire a shiny surface, and arrange them as your fancy dictates. When the leaves are thoroughly dried, they

can be attached to a long piece of coarse, flexible wire, by the aid of brown cotton thread wire—the latter is the most durable. Arranged in this manner, with the contrasting colors of the oak, maples, beech, etc., they make pretty garland, with which to encircle the mirrors, picture-frames, and windows. Indeed, the prettiest lambrequins we ever saw were made of pressed and varnished leaves, pinned on to the lace hangings in graceful forms, and each curtain was adorned with one variety of leaves, with fronds of the fern of the woods interspersed between them.

PLAN FOR A RUSTIC FLOWER-STAND.

Take an old fashioned light-stand, and paint it green. Bore half a dozen holes in the top, and set a pan in the drawer to catch the drainage. Get the largest cheese box you can find, and bore holes through the bottom to correspond with those in the stand. Then saw a barrel in two, and place the upper half within the box. Put in a layer of coarse gravel; and fill up with loam prepared in the usual manner for plants. Take a small cask and knock the bottom from it, and press down in the barrel until it is of the right depth to look well, then fill it up. Now take old skeleton wire and roll together the same as for wall-baskets. Make the frames a few inches larger round than each box, and one inch higher,—the lower one must have a bottom. Plant them and fill in with gray field moss.

Have some tall plant, a double *Pentunia* for instance, in the cask and a variety in the others, having each circle as even as possible, with a vine for an edge to them all;—say dew-plant for the top, yellow myrtle for the next and wandering jew for the bottom one.—*Cor. Maine Farmer*.



THE FASHIONS.

IT is too early to give any very definite description of the coming fashions for autumn. One very encouraging feature, however, is that of short walking dresses; the skirts of these are cut very narrow, and not permitted to touch the ground. A very agreeable change from the trailing skirts of the past season, and favorable to both economy and neatness.

Basques and overskirts are well established favorites, and there is not much change in the style of drapery. The fulness of the skirt is all drawn back—and held in place by strings, or by a skirt adjuster—a very convenient article for the purpose, a pattern of which is furnished by Butterick & Co. The polonaise is worn, although for dressy suits the basque is considered the most stylish. One of the latest patterns for the polonaise has a basque back and a long pointed shawl shaped front. It is not as pretty as the apron front, but has the advantage of being new, which will recommend it to those who are fond of change.

Sleeveless jackets are a very stylish finish to costumes, and are usually made of some contrasting color.

The methods of ornamenting dress skirts are, as they have been for a long time, very much varied. Flounces arranged in every conceivable manner which taste and fancy can suggest, bias pleatings, puffs, scallops, and two or more of these methods combined, give a bewildering variety to modern costumes, there are also borderings cut in square tabs, and the openings showing fine pleatings underneath. Embroideries, jet and bugle trimmings are also seen in profusion as well as fringe and lace.

In the cool days, black is the prevailing color seen in street dresses. Black silks, poplins, cashmeres and alpacas are beautifully made up into most becoming costumes.

The combination of plain and striped fabrics in the same dress is effected in a thousand different ways. Sometimes, a striped apron is worn over a plain dress, or else plain over a striped dress; sometimes the skirt is plain grayish-blue or some other color, the over-skirt striped, white and grayish-blue, the waist, in the form of a long basque, like the over-skirt, and the sleeves like the skirt; or else the plain skirt is trimmed with four flounces alternately plain and striped, the round striped apron terminates under the basques of the plain waist, the sleeves of which are striped with plain trimming, while the neck is edged with a striped ruche. For young girls the plain skirt is often trimmed with four flounces, the lowest one of which is gathered, the next pleated, and so on alternately. The waist, without basques, is made of the same material, but striped, that is, white or black with the same color as the skirt. The plain round apron

is simply trimmed with two bias folds of the same color as the black or white stripes of the waist. Hat of the two colors of the striped fabric.

Dresses are completed by a host of small mantelets and fichus of cashmere, faille, mousseline de laine, or vigogne. The latter are generally arranged in such a manner that one of the points may be thrown over the head, like a hood, and tied with ribbons under the chin.

The following description of an elegant French lady's costume is from the Paris correspondent of Harper's Bazar, and we think it well worth copying:

Extravagance is considered in such bad taste that no lady would be guilty of it, and every one vies with her neighbor in the simplicity of her traveling costume. This must be made of some woolen stuff—it may be as costly as one pleases, but it must be of wool—and the color can be no other than a dusty gray, unless one of the ecru shades is chosen, which is the natural color of the material. The dress is composed of a skirt trimmed with one very wide-pleated flounce with a heading, and a polonaise or blouse tight-fitting behind and loose in front, and confined by a leather belt. This polonaise has no trimming, but simply a wide hem, stitched with black silk, or bound with black faille. The polonaise or blouse is buttoned all the way down the front with chased oxidized silver buttons, enameled with black. Straw hat, trimmed with two shades of gray or ecru velvet, with feather to match, and blue veil. The leather belt is furnished with hooks, from which is suspended a small leather reticule on one side, and a small umbrella on the other. We must not forget the lingerie—collar and cuffs of Oxford linen.

MILLINERY.

It is said that the next change in millinery will make hats larger and bonnets closer and more ample also, but as yet there is not much alteration. Hats and bonnets with black lace baby crowns and rims of black or white chip are attractions of this season. All lace hats and bonnets are also very popular, and are very stylish when trimmed with jet. Cap borders are again worn inside bonnets, and many have fine jet beads on the edge. This beading has a pretty effect and is more becoming to most faces than the clear net.

Feathers are not much worn, but flowers are seen in the greatest profusion not only on hats, but in the hair and on the front of the dress as well. Nearly all flowers seem to be imitated, even mosses, heather, ferns, jasmin, mignonette, elder, and spirea, as well as lily of the valley, daises, buttercups, grasses, and different kinds of grain. The small varieties seem to be favorites, arbutus, small berries, forget-me-nots, and apple blossoms are even more fashionable than roses, although so lovely and graceful a flower as the rose must ever be a favorite. Prickly oak begonia, English ivy and chrysanthemum leaves are much worn in wreaths and clusters, but never in drooping sprays, even morning glories no longer trail in a natural manner but are worn in

bunches. Wreaths are placed about wide straw hats, while dress hats and time, the use of them became a civilized fashion, and in ancient Egypt they were made of leather, papyrus and palm leaves, adapted to the shape of the foot, and properly bandaged.

Traveling and morning hats are ornamented with jet, steel, pearl, and silver buckles, slides, sprays, arrows, cutlasses, swords and even tomahawks, but jet and flowers take the lead in trimmings.

GLOVES AND NECKLACES.

Gloves should either match the dress or contrast with it and in the latter case they must be in harmony with the prevailing color of the hat. Three buttoned gloves are usually selected for full dress but those with two buttons are generally worn. The shades in brown and grey gloves are almost innumerable. Undressed kid gloves are worn for shopping, etc., but not with very dressy costumes.

There is a multitude of pretty neckties, in a variety of styles, and of almost every shade and color, *crepe de chine* ones are seen in a variety of lengths and breadths. Some have tiny bouquets embroidered in the ends, either with white silk or natural colors. Some of the bright colored ties have fringed or pointed ends, embroidered with a large brilliant flower. Lace jabots are still worn and are caught up at one side with a loop of ribbon and fastened with a tiny bouquet of flowers.

SHOES IN ALL AGES.

Shoes, that seem such a necessity of human civilization, were not always thought so. They did not originate with the original sin of our first parents, like some other parts of our costume; and "the world's gray fathers" could dispense with them, as, indeed, so many of their remote descendants do at this moment in several islands and continents of our globe. It is a curious fact—that though it may not be thought noteworthy by the generality of people—that "the best good man that e'er wore earth about him," did not wear shoes, apparently. At least, the Savior of Mankind is never represented with such things, living or dying.

Socrates, as a general rule, walked barefooted; so did the favorer of Philip of Macedon, Phocion, like Cato and thousands of the most dignified of the ancients; showing that, in the best or brightest periods of human civilization, men of the first distinction did not think it *de rigueur* to wear either shoes or stockings. As a necessary result of that fashion of walking without foot-gear in old times, the hospitality shown to guests and strangers began with the ceremony of washing their feet before dinner or bed.

In Sparta, and other parts of Greece, the boys and girls were early trained to go barefooted, both in winter and summer, and the heroes of the Iliad seem to have worn nothing on their feet, though they had brazen helms, corsets, and greaves for the body and legs. A good deal of interesting matter may, indeed, be written on the theme of "No Shoes."

But the subject being shoes, it is to

be observed that, in the process of time, the use of them became a civilized fashion, and in ancient Egypt they were made of leather, papyrus and palm leaves, adapted to the shape of the foot, and properly bandaged. The early Hebrews wore shoes of leather or linen, dyed in various colors, and fastened to wooden soles—after the manner of the Roman *calceus* that swathed the foot. Those orientals wore sandals also—a sole fastened with ties over the instep. In Athens, where the people laughed at the bare feet and black broth of the Spartans, they wore shoes of an elegant or elaborate fancy. Alcibiades, a dandy as well as a man of genius, loved a "neat fit," and the "Alcibiades" shoe was very much the fashion of that day, like the "Persian" and the "Cretan." Latterly the Spartan *eupatrids* and high officials wore a high shoe of red leather, as the Roman worthies did subsequently, and the Church cardinals seem to have done in the Middle Ages.

As a general thing, the classic people wore the well-known style of sandal, (a sole and bandages,) which is seen on so many old sculptures. They also wore a shoe, called the cothurnus of buskin, which went half way to the knee, and showed at the top the head and paws of the animal which, perhaps, furnished the skin it was made of, while a strip of cross-lacing ran down in front over the instep. This buskin was often decorated with cameos and gold and silver ornaments. Another shoe of a lower shape was called a sock. It will be remembered that it was from these two shoes the ancient drama derived its distinctive nomenclature, that of the buskin and sock; the stage actors in high tragedy being called, as they are sometimes in our own day, men of the buskin, and the comic players receiving their designation from the more careless kind of foot-gear.

Some other curiosities of social antiquity are connected with the shoe. Among the Hebrews the transference of it was a legal symbolism used when a man wished to avoid marrying a woman he was bound to make his wife under an old tribe law. We read in the Book of Ruth how the kinsman who ought to marry that fair Moabitess refused to do so, and, taking off his shoe, handed it to Boaz, in sign that he gave up to him his right in the matter. In Deuteronomy we are told how, in such a case of refusal, a widow was to go up to her reluctant brother-in-law, take away his shoe, and then spit upon him—or upon it, as some of the rabbis think—telling him at the same time that he was to have in Israel the nickname of "the man whose shoe had been loosed or taken away."

Again, we have a very remarkable verse, occurring twice in the Psalms, with a curious power of fixing itself in the memory; "Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe." The meaning seems to be that these places shall be flung off and held in a sort of contempt; the shoe being a symbol of rejection, as in the former instance. For the rest, the truth of this custom appears to be hid in a punning connection between the He-

brew words for shoe and rejection or dismissal—all ancient literature being actually "alive" with such instances of paronomasia.

That shoe-custom of "sending away," seems to have come vaguely down to modern times, when a bride, quitting the home and control of her parents, had usually a shoe thrown after her. The modern interpretation of the action was, "good luck"—as everybody is aware; but the thing had probably the Hebrew origin above indicated. And thus we can see how the shoe could play a very significant part in the jurisprudence as well as in the drama of the ancient world.

While alluding to those Hebrew customs, we may remember still further that the singer in Canticles exclaims, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O daughter of princes!" indicating that the shoes then worn by women of rank must have been highly ornamented and becoming; and a further evidence of this is found in the fact that, when Judith went to assassinate Holofernes in his tent, she put on a pair of shoes that fairly "ravished the eyes" of the potentate, and of course rendered him all the more easy to be dealt with according to the lady's patriotic intention.

Coming down to the Middle Ages and our own races, we find the princes and noblemen wearing shoes with soles and sandal fastenings; the common people wearing pieces of leather rudely shaped to the foot and fastened round the ankle—brogues, in fact. In time, the upper classes wore high shoes of leather variously colored; and in the reign of Richard II, of England, the toes of the shoes were turned up fantastically like the horns of a ram, and in that condition linked to the knee by chains of gold and silver. The courtiers called these curiosities, *crackowes*, so named, as was generally represented, because they were brought from Cracow in Poland; though an old Celtic word pronounced nearly in the same way meant, a skin of leather. Those ram's horn shoes lasted for nearly three hundred years, refusing to be abolished by the Pope's bull or the exhortations of the clergy, till their time should come in the usual order of change. At last they passed away, like our late "crinoline" fashion; and after them came the "square-toed shoes" over six inches broad at the extremities. Queen Mary Tudor issued an order against such platitudes; but they lived their day; and in that day, if may be added, there were no corns or bunions in England.

In the sixteenth century shoes rising above the ankles were made of buff colored leather, after the Spanish fashion, and ornamented with embroidery and lace. In the seventeenth century the shoe assumed something of the modern character, clasping the foot at the ankle and fastened with broad buckles across the instep. When the fashion of those buckles began to change, about a hundred years ago, the people who manufactured them petitioned George, Prince of Wales, to keep it up by wearing them himself and inducing the courtiers to do the same. He did so, prolonging their fate for a few years,

but they were nearly all gone at the beginning of this century.

Somebody had invented "polish," and that helped along the coming change. Thence-forward boots and shoes were made to shine, and the grand device of "Warren & Co., of the Strand," (which some people may remember,) was a tall boot, with an angry chanticleer standing before it and preparing to fly at his own "counterfeit presentment" in the polished "Wellington." Before polishing stuff came up boots and shoes were blackened merely, or greased, and the change was certainly a happy one.

In recent times the shoes have been held in disparagement by the boots—a difference like that of the "Little Indians" and "Big Indians" in Gulliver's Travels. The brogue has been always considered a disreputable foot gear, and its younger brother, the brogan, is also a good deal looked down on, though much might be said in its favor. In the last century the French shoe, called the *subot*, was made to share the British contempt for the Irish brogue.

French people, like others on the Continent, wore shoes with wooden soles, and were execrated accordingly by their island neighbors, who trod on leather, and always hoped Divine Providence would save them from popes, pretenders, frogs, and wooden shoes. These last were, nevertheless, found to be a serviceable kind of foot gear, and if shoes increase in price as they have done for some time past, the propriety of introducing the fashion here may well be considered. A grand objection against them would perhaps be the noise they would be likely to make; and certainly the homeward clatter of pedestrians up Broadway toward 6 o'clock in the evening would be a *charivari* very distracting to listen to.

After all there is nothing like leather for our foot-gear, and the manufacturing and working of this has been one of our most successful American industries, New York being the great leather mart of the United States, while Massachusetts remains what she always was, the chief producer in the boot and shoe making way. In the Colonial days, the fishermen of the Old Bay State could procure a plenty of cheap fish-oil for the preparation of leather, and Lynn was long ago famous for its shoemakers and their work. In 1750 John Dagyr, a Welshman, settled there and so improved the trade that the artisans of the town turned out better articles than could be found in London itself. In the course of time, Marblehead, Haverhill, Danvers, Worcester, Milford, and several other places earned their share of the trade and its profits.

Ten years ago Massachusetts manufactured shoes to the value of forty millions of dollars. Philadelphia was, and is still, famous for its morocco and sole leather, and one of its citizens, David Randolph, got a patent for riveting instead of sewing the soles to the uppers. Then Joseph Walker, of Hopkinton, Mass., had the honor of inventing wooden pegs for the same purpose. Further improvements came with the stitching ma-

chines set going in large factories by the power of steam.

The latest notable improvement in the shoe or gaiter has been the use of India rubber to fasten it to the ankle, saving the trouble of lacing or buttoning. As for the rubber shoe, pure and simple, it is a thing of American origin, like the potato and quinine, coming also from the particular locality of these two, South America, where the Indians tapped their trees for the sap which they called caluchu, and moulded and dried it into the shapes of bottles, shoes, etc. Condamine seems to have been the first to bring this under the notice of Europeans in his account of it sent to the French Academy in 1736.

In 1825, T. C. Wales, of Boston, introduced the original Para shoe from Brazil, and in 1837 Wait Webster, of New York, J. Ruggles, of Bridgeport, Conn., and S. Breed, of Philadelphia, got patents for the manufacture of caluchu, or caoutchouc, as it is more generally written. In 1837, Mr. Chaffee, of Roxbury, Mass., got up a company to manufacture shoes, coats, carriage harness, and hose from the same material.

New Jersey and Connecticut are largely interested in this branch of industry, and in 1872 New York imported 10,000,000 pounds of caoutchouc, and exported 13,500,000 of rubber shoes. This tropical invention, so generally improved in the wintiest and most stormy latitudes, is of great benefit to society, but, like many other good things, it has its drawbacks, for, if worn for any length of time over boots or shoes, these rubbers promote the growth of corns and bunions, obliging many persons to forswear tight and shapely fits in their foot-gear, and addict themselves to the roomy and comfortable brogan so opprobrious in the eyes of the fastidious.

In conclusion it may be stated that in the present century, the Americans hold their own in the business of shoe-making against the artisans of Europe, their material and style of work being for the most part as serviceable and elegant as any that may be imported from the best ateliers of London or Paris. The statistical tables that show a decrease of such importations furnish the most satisfactory proof of this.—*N. Y. Times.*

A POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENT.

Our readers will doubtless readily recognize in the signature of the following article, which we take from the Woman's Journal, the initials of an old and valued contributor to THE HOUSEHOLD.

So much has been said about the need of a reform in Woman's dress—that it may be made more convenient, better adapted to the uses of life, more healthful and less burdensome, that we propose to offer a scheme for its improvement, in the hope that others, more able, will give us other practical directions that may be of greater value.

That our dress may be more healthful, it must first be made looser about the waist, as loose as a man's. That it may be more convenient, several garments should be united in one, and it every time she makes her toilet.

made more nearly self-adjusting. And that it may the less interfere with free bodily motion, it should be less voluminous.

Woven woolen under-garments can already be procured, that clothe the body from neck to heels. One set or several, can be worn, according to the climate or the vitality of the wearer.

The uses of several separate garments might be united in this way: Above the band of the usual under-garment, might be added the ornamentation and collar of the old-fashioned, under-handkerchief or habit-skirt, as it is now called; at the arm-hole, long sleeves would secure greater warmth; cuffs decorate the wrist, and trimming at the bottom make it supply the place of an underskirt.

Over this may be a half-fitting basque, having the shoulder seams short, the armholes large, high and sleeveless; the lower edge smooth and plain over the hips, at about five inches below the waist line. Upon this lower edge should be fastened the fullness of a skirt made of some warm, light material, with flounces to sustain the outer drapery. A row of buttons at the waist line might support the outer short, walking skirt, and a sack or loose-fronted polonaise complete a costume at once simple, convenient, healthful and elegant.

Waterproof hooded cloaks, round hats and shoes with broad, low heels, leave little to be desired in their way.

If the vest and added skirt were made fancifully, the outer dress might, on many occasions, be laid aside indoors. The upper part might simulate an oriental bodice, be covered with embroidery, or be made of some bright-colored cloth, that should prettily contrast with the soberer color of the outer dress, being visible just inside the pointed necks of the prevailing style, or bearing a plaiting that shall simulate the silk linings of the ruffs so commonly worn. The flounced and attached skirt should match in trimming.

Let it be remembered that the necessary warmth is mainly supplied by elastic, close-fitting garments, that collar and cuffs are always in place, that the next garment may be comely and even beautiful as an in-door working dress, that the outer skirt and polonaise or jacket may be light or heavy, suitable for walking or receiving visits, put on or off with almost the despatch our brothers assume or lay aside their coats, and it will be evident that a lady may be always presentable without the quantity of clothes that now engross so much time, cause so much annoyance, create so often ill-temper and chagrin, and constantly impede health and usefulness. Cannot such a dress be made elegant enough to win its way to adoption? F. M. S.

—The whole secret of a full form and rosy cheeks lies in pure blood manufactured from wholesome food by healthy and vital organs, oxygenated and vitalized in well-expanded lungs, and kissed by the life-giving sunlight on the surface of the warm cheek. She who will have the color she covets on any other terms must buy it of the apothecary, and renew it every time she makes her toilet.



OUR BABY.

BY E. O. P.

Down 'mong the flannels and cambrics and laces,
Out from these fabrics fine,
Peers the tiniest, loveliest, sweetest of faces.
And I kiss it and call it mine.

The cambrics and laces are snowy white,
But the face has a tint of the rose,
It has wondering eyes just oped to the light,
And the funniest bit of a nose.

Out from the wrappings stick two little feet
With the fingers closed into the palms,
And dimpled and rounded and soft
Are the precious little arms.

Down under the flannels two little feet curl,
O the cunningest little feet!
Each tiny toe is as perfect you know.
I am sure you would call them sweet.

God looked on our beautiful happy home
With its wealth of joy and bliss,
He saw there was one thing wanting yet,
And so he has sent us this.

My baby, our baby, O beautiful thing,
All fresh from the hand divine,
May I not forget that he is God's
Altho' I am calling him mine.

May I not forget as I fondle him
With tender and loving care,
That back of the dimpled face and form
A living soul is there.

That this little mind God's loving hand
Has so graciously given to me,
Must be moulded bright for the labors of life,
And trained for eternity.

RUNNING THE RISK OF IT.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY U. U.

Laura was taking her first lessons in canning fruit. She had often looked on and seen her mother at work, and now, as she was getting old enough to begin to learn how to do it herself, she had begun. All went on splendidly, as the girls say, till she found that she had only five cans heated, when, at least, six would be needed to secure all that was ready.

Now she knew that the way to heat the handsome glass jars properly was to warm gradually at first, getting them thoroughly hot before filling with the boiling fruit. But she was impatient to be through her work, and besides did not believe there was any need of being so "fussy" about heating them gradually, so she put first warm water into the jar, then filled it with some quite hot, and finally turned in some water nearly boiling, and then felt sure it would do.

No, she did not exactly feel sure, but she said to herself, "it ought to be safe now, and I will run the risk of it any way," so turned out the water and commenced filling with the beautiful berries ready for use.

"There, the can is almost full," she says to herself, "and it has not broken, which shows that my way is as good as the more slow one that mother takes."

Another cup of fruit is dipped in, and then snap! snap! goes the glass, and Laura has hard work to save it from being entirely wasted, and does burn her fingers at the best. And then, in removing the broken glass,

its sharp edges cut her hand, and now she is ready to give up in despair, and to vote fruit canning a humbug, any way.

Now Laura's way of heating the glass jar was very good, though not the best, had she only let the water have remained in it till it became thoroughly heated through; but she thought herself wise in such matters, and ventured to "run the risk of it," rather than to take more moderate, sensible measures.

O, well, a glass jar, costing two shillings, is not a terrible loss, and her cut and burned fingers were not sore very long, but next time, I am quite sure, that Laura will think the slower, more sure way the more certain, and will run no more risks of this kind, whatever other ones she may hazard.

But are not girls and boys the world over—and even grown up boys and girls—running risks constantly, and that, in many cases against their common sense and better judgment, quite as much as Laura was in the trifling matter of heating her glass can?

Running risks! not of breaking glass maybe, but of undermining the principles of life, ruining the habits, injuring the moral character and losing the strict integrity of the soul?

There is Fred, who thinks it will be a bold thing to learn to use tobacco. He knows that it is a useless, as well as dirty habit, and that the expense, in time, must be considerable. But fadge! none but slow folks mind such things in boys; he is wise in his own conceit, and able to judge for himself, so he determines to "run the risk of it," and if it does him harm, why, he can leave off at any time. Foolish boy! he has run the risk of learning, but after, when the habit becomes his tyrant, then it is not easy to take back the risk he has run. Laura might as well think of her broken glass being restored, as for Fred to think he can be the same free boy he was before.

Then there is Charley, who thinks he can run the risk of taking a cheerful glass, and not become a drunkard. His parents' notions about such things are "slow" and he is old and wise enough, he thinks, to act for himself. Alas! what a terrible risk is this! When too late, and he finds the habit fixed, and his character shattered—worse than Laura's glass jar—and when he feels the "burns," and the "stings," and the "cuts," as well as the loss of money and of manhood, he then sees how great the risk, which in his youth and fool-hardiness, he took it upon himself to run.

And when Ella, sweet girl, knowing Charley's bad habits, and the danger there is to be anticipated, chooses to marry him, in spite of the tears and entreaties of friends, and, in her love and independence, says she will "run the risk of it," does she consider what that risk may bring?

Ah! it is something worse than shattered glass—it is the risk of a broken heart, a stricken life, and more, the risk of seeing the idol of her life shattered at her feet. Her own hands may be burned, her own hopes bruised; but of all, the hardest to bear will be the wasted life of him,

for whom she has run this terrible risk.

The world, too, is running fearful risks in its haste for wealth, position, and the honors of life. There is John, who has good steady habits, and who looks with dismay at the course which his friend Charley is taking.

But John is also running risks, in that he is taking every little advantage which he can to get money, and is willing to soil his conscience by telling "white lies," at the instance of his employer, or to farther his own ends. And then he runs the risk of thinking that a little dishonesty does not amount to much, just as Laura thought that it would make little difference whether she filled her glass with water honestly heated—or in a round-about-way of her own.

But the break will come sometime, and if it leads not to open disgrace and "breakage," the flaws will be in the character, and, sooner or later, the consequences of the risk will needs be endured.

Boys and girls cannot be too careful, of running risks which may mar a whole life. It is easy, when young, to be firm in the right, but it is not easy to put together the broken pieces of our own undoing.

It is small beginnings in dishonest practices, that leads to the large frauds, with which we are almost daily startled. It is running risks in bold speculation, that is breaking so many fortunes, and making the slow, easy-going, honest ways of the world, seem as things of the past.

A good rule, when daring to run risks, is to be sure it is no risk, and that you are on the side of right, which is the side of safety.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Twelve.

Our cities are thronged with youth from the country who are on the highway to ruin through sensualism. And where and how were these victims of dissipation, lust, and crime trained? In the home school of selfishness and by their unwise and too indulgent parents.

The depraved appetite was there formed, and the selfish passions there cherished and indulged. Can it be possible that the seed sown in early childhood and watered by the tears and warmed by the sunlight of parental love, has sprung up, grown, and ripened into such a fearful harvest? It is even so. The enemy "sowed tares," while the divinely ordained guardians of the home "slumbered and slept." And vanity, another form of selfishness, is the product of early training, and more often in matters of dress. How numerous the young women of our land who have become the victims of fashion and folly; who disdain solid culture and genuine refinement; who seek their greatest enjoyment in the gay assembly, at places of amusement, and over the latest and most exciting novel; and whose distorted views of life judged of merit by the false standard of wealth or royal ancestry. They ignore superior talents and high attainments, unless decked in the splendor which money can purchase. Such vanity and sel-

fishness can plead no apology, and can find no cure. But who has distilled such wasting folly into the minds of these daughters? Was it not the mother's example and precept that first gave the little girl a fondness for dress and an admiration for fashionable display which, in her riper years, occupy

all her time and thoughts? Children should be tastefully and neatly dressed, and should acquire a love for the beautiful in nature and art, but they should be taught at the same time, the proper use of apparel, and the great excellence of moral and intellectual attainments, to elevate and adorn female character. If properly taught and managed through the period of girlhood, they will become women who may have wealth and culture without being proud and vain; who may become fashionable in the true sense of that term, and yet, judge themselves and others by the true standard of excellence. Selfishness in the child is developed also through emulation.

We must here distinguish between the good and the bad, in the application of this principle. Emulation that seeks excellence and distinction for their own sakes, and for the advantage they bring to their possessor is commendable. It implies a strong desire for superiority, but it has honor for its basis and a desire for greater usefulness.

Hence, Dryden says with propriety, "A noble emulation beats your breast." But where competition degenerates into rivalry, it engenders envy, resentment, and detraction, and seeks only self-gratification. The former aims to merit success; the latter is satisfied to obtain it. An appeal to this principle in the family or school, usually awakens only an envious and selfish ambition. And hence, the offering of prizes to the one who shall excel all others in a given task, is open to serious objections. Such a prize is not a reward of merit, but of success, which is often gained through superior ability, or superior advantages, and at the expense of every noble and generous feeling. This kind of emulation may secure to one or two of a class, a higher order of attainments, but he gains it at the sacrifice of that generous sympathy and true manhood which are the only sure guarantee of future success and usefulness.

The many who have made the greatest effort, and are really more deserving, are wronged, and the successful competitor is always injured more than benefited by such promotion. Pride and selfishness under such training soon become the ruling passions of his heart. Hence, I would say to parents, let all prizes offered to children be based upon real merit, and let them be given to all the deserving, instead of one.

Again, selfishness sometimes degenerates into dishonesty, which manifests itself in the little business transactions among children. A favorite son, for instance, boasts that he has "got the best end of the bargain," in exchanging knives or pencils with his playmates; and his doting father smiles approvingly upon his success, and marks this act of shrewdness as evidence of special business talents. The boy has had the example of his father and of his father's neighbors,

ent of 104 Polk street. The Mary Jacobs, and the mother in a destitute condition for days ago the child was eunomia, and died March 22, unles, and since her baby endeavoring to collect enough a decent burial, but was un- stday afternoon appealed to set police, who removed the street.

Debate—College debaters from Chicago and the University of set in joint debate to-night to discuss progressive taxation. The usion reads: "Is the principle to tax one which should be states?" The Michigan boys will mative and the Chicago men the question. The Chicago rep- vesley C. Mitchell, L. Brent ames P. Whyte, leave to-day at rbor. After the debate a recep- en by President Angell of the Michigan.

with Forgery—C. L. Thomas at the Great Northern hotel charged with presenting a forged portation to the Chicago & Alton. The order was signed by A. lar passenger agent of the Cum- railroad company. The Alton eted that the letter was a forgery. Mr. Riddle confirmed their sus- riant for his arrest was obtained, at the 35th street police court it asked for a continuance until, which was granted. It is said oads have been swindled by Thomas forged orders.

with Stealing Hay—A novel charge is called for trial in Judge Free- yesterday afternoon. Evidence will lay. Martin Maroney and Robert accused by John Leonard of stea- of hay valued at \$10 a ton. The e case all live in South Chicago. tation alleges that the defendants cut d which had been leased by John he defense will be that the land is arie, and that under the common on cannot steal anything that is h no evidence that any one holds a interest in it. The point involved as to the larceny of a growing crop is Criminal court and lawyers are e trial with interest.

Volkonsky Lectures—Prince Serge of St. Petersburg, who is to deliver address for the University of t Wednesday, is to give a series of ile in Chicago on "Russia and Rus- tions." They will be given in Stein- beginning next Monday at 8 p. m. The opes of the separate lectures are as April 6, "The Rise and Growth of the Terrible, First Tzar of Rus- 10, "The First Romanovs—Peter the ril 13, "Catherine the Great"; April in the First Decade of This Cen- 20, "Nicholas I.—Accession of Alex- April 24, "The Sixties"—Alexander Emancipation of the Serfs—Tour- tovsky, Tolstoy."

Play with Matches—Mrs. J. W. left her two children alone in the sec- 261 Illinois street yesterday after- scarcely had turned the corner before 15, and Esperance, aged 6, began to matches in the front bedroom. One he was thrown on the bed and in a bed clothes were ablaze. The chil- e alarmed and ran out into the hall, met A. Gray, who rooms with Mrs. dy in the top flat. He ran out into and turned in an alarm. Mrs. F. who rooms in the top flat, ran down and carried the two children to ety. The damage to the building is \$300. All of Mr. Saunders' furni- stroyed. His loss is \$400, and he surance.

Chief Five Blocks—Frank O'Malley Marpoole and Brown of the West police station a lively chase yester- after he had picked the pockets of ho were passengers on a south- a street electric car. He was a run of nearly five blocks, dur- ought refuge in yards and houses. ver of 172 Ashland boulevard and on of 30 Dussold street were board- Ogden avenue when O'Malley st them and took their pocket- air pockets. Both women called stop O'Malley, who was running na street. Officers Marpoole and

when a warrant is applied for the justice must first examine the complaining witness under oath, or examine a witness whom he produces. If the justice from this determines that sufficient cause appears for the arrest of the accused the complaint is to be reduced to writing and sworn to again. Mr. David said it was a notorious fact that this law, which is founded on a provision of the constitution of the state, is disregarded every day by justices. Judge Burke said there was no doubt that the justices disregarded the law in issuing warrants, but he said that he could not take the case away from the justice before whom it was pending, and for that reason refused to discharge the prisoners.

Stole a Perpetual-Motion Machine—For eighteen years J. P. Beckman of 714 Fletcher street has labored to perfect a model by which he could solve the problem of perpetual motion. At the close of each day's work the uncompleted model was placed in a closet at the workshop. There Beckman would pass the evening hours in planning the following day's work on his model. Last Monday evening when Beckman put the model away in the customary place it was all but completed and it was with high hopes of seeing his plans realized on the following day that he retired that night. He slept little and arose at an early hour and hastened to the workshop. Then he met the greatest disappointment of his life. The door of his shop had been broken open and the brass model was gone. Beckman went to the Sheffield avenue police station and reported his loss. Detectives were detailed on the case and later they arrested John Salm and John Sharkowski, aged 12 and 14, respectively. The boys were arraigned before Justice Bonnefoi yesterday morning and admitted stealing the machine, but refused to tell what they had done with it. Beckman says the model is valued at \$500. It is made entirely of brass, and each separate part of the machine has been patented. The hearing of the case was continued until next Saturday.

Fell Thirty Feet to the Roof—John B. Sievertson, a flagpole contractor, with an office at 19 West Randolph street, had a narrow escape from death yesterday afternoon. He and two of his men, Charles Stammer and Jonas Anderson, were at work putting a new ornament on top of the flagpole at the John Quincy Adams school in Townsend street, near Chicago avenue. Shorty after 2 o'clock a long pole strapped to a ladder was placed against the flagstaff on the roof. Mr. Sievertson started to climb the ladder. He reached the top in safety and began to climb the pole. When he reached a height of thirty feet above the roof the pole attached to the top of the ladder snapped and Mr. Sievertson fell. His body struck the coping on the side of the roof. As he fell he seized a guy-rope. His two helpers ran to his assistance. He was unconscious and his head and arms were hanging over the edge of the roof, but they drew him to a place of safety. The Chicago avenue police ambulance was called, and he was taken to his home at 708 Larrabee street, where he was attended by Dr. E. M. Smith of 301 Division street, who said he did not think the condition of the injured man serious. An examination showed that he was badly bruised and slightly injured internally, although no bones were broken. Mr. Sievertson is 62 years old and has been in business in Chicago for a quarter of a century.

Charges Against Inspectors—Three ward councils of the Civic federation are expected to prefer charges against street and alley inspectors in the 2d, 4th and 32d wards. The chairmen of fourteen ward municipal committees met yesterday at the Civic federation headquarters. The wards represented were the 2d, 3d, 4th, 7th, 12th, 18th, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 29th, 30th, 31st and 32d. It was decided to send out circular letter to the citizens of the wards setting forth the terms of the contracts for ward-cleaning, and calling on the citizens to send to the chairmen of their respective wards before April 25 any cases they may know of in which contractors have violated their contracts. The following letter from Superintendent Rhode of the street-cleaning bureau to a private individual was read and approved: "The inspector's duty is to report the districts of the ward that are not cleaned tri-weekly, in writing, to this office every morning at 10 o'clock at roll-call, and if such is done teams are put out to do the work the contractor is to do under the specifications and contract with the city; if the contractor neglects any part of the same, and the cost of such teams is deducted from the contractor's vouchers at the end of each and every month. The ashes and garbage must be removed out of the 24th ward three times a week and if such is not done it is simply on account of the incompetency or neglect of the inspector. This office does everything to give the service required and paid for by the city, and I will be glad if in the future you will notify me of inefficient service whenever you find such to be the case."

They found four men, all colored. One of these 814 West 14th street, were

erred. These are some of the whom were assaulted before

Elmer Stevens, 47 14th street, E. Cassidy, 80 Dearborn street; William Feldenkay, 305 Clark, and \$2; Benjamin Hopkins, 5325 Cane, \$2.50; Max Michaney of Sieg Co., watch and chain; David Berry, place, watch and \$5; Gus Classe, 61 13th, watch and \$5; W. W. Walker, 814 W. street, watch and \$2.50; A. Colvin and Young.

INSURANCE AGENTS ARE H

May Contest the County Board's Award Alleging Improper Influence.

There was commotion in LaSalle street yesterday afternoon. Thirty-nine insurance agents and brokers mourned, said hard things against ten other insurance agents and the county commissioners and refused to be comforted. They further said, with ominous winks and nods, that there will yet be several additional chapters to the story, that attorneys have been consulted already, and that the end of the trouble is not even in sight.

This wrathful grief over premiums that came not was caused by the action of a sub-committee of the public service committee of the county board, which yesterday decided to recommend the award of county insurance for the next five years to ten out of the forty-nine agents bidding for it. Five years ago there was similar wailing among the agents who were not successful, but this time there are in addition dark hints at "combinations," "political pulls" and "willful misrepresentations."

The names of the recommended bidders are: Case & Co., P. G. Gardner, H. R. Wilson, Smith & Rothermill, Straight & Lyman, C. W. Drew & Co., A. J. Graham, R. S. Critchell & Co., W. J. Hemstreet, Loeb & Son, Wood & Son, W. E. Rollo and Darlington & Harvey.

The recommendation of the committee may serve only as a breathing spell to the insurance muddle. It must be confirmed by the public service committee, the county board and by President Healy, and there are some who express doubts of the favored ones' successfully running the gauntlet of these three danger points.

There have been charges, freely made, of irregularity in obtaining the favorable action of the sub-committee, and President Healy, who said at the beginning that politics was to play no part in the business, may find the charges sufficiently warranted to send in a veto message.

EVANSTON'S MAIL IS SLOW.

Receipts of the Office Do Not Justify the Employment of Enough Carriers.

Residents of the outlying districts of Evan- ston say their mail is not delivered to them promptly. Postmaster O'Leary declares that the trouble lies principally with the Evanston people themselves, because they do not buy their stamps in the suburb. "The government regulates the number of carriers according to the business the office transacts, aside from the delivery of mail," said Mr. O'Leary. "Stamps are bought in Chicago that should be purchased here, and if the citizens of Evanston will only bear that fact in mind the receipts of the office soon will increase so that at least one more carrier may be added to the force. The carriers are ambitious to please. In evidence of that fact weigh their sacks as they leave the office. They will average fifteen pounds heavier than those of the carriers in the offices in Chicago.

The carriers cannot remedy the matter, as the government does not allow them to work overtime. The carriers in the outlying districts usually have from 100 to 150 pieces of mail undelivered every night after excluding all but first-class mail.

Free Religious Federation Meets.

to the Chicago Record.

LASALLE, Ill., March 26.—The convention of the free religious federation was held this evening in Turn hall. Addresses were made by Dr. J. C. Corbus, first vice-president, of Mendota; F. W. Matthiessen, mayor of LaSalle; L. J. Duncan, pastor of the Church of Good Will, Streator, Ill.; Caroline J. Bartlett, pastor of the People's church, Kalamazoo, Mich.; the Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' church, Chicago, Ill.

If coffee agrees with you, drink it. If not, use Postum Cereal, it's "next of kin" and makes red blood.—Adv.

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JOHN M. HODGE, 169 S

use to believe
sity here see and
they are unorganized
to do or how to do it
perpetuate it are members
courts and have organized
m.

of Town Hopeless.

of growth of the town is vain.
in population is going almost
the large cities. From 1790 to
population of cities of 8,000 or more
one-thirtieth to nearly one-third of
e. The rate of increase from 1830
was much greater than ever before.
these ten years the rural population
gained only 14 per cent, while the urban
population increased 61 per cent. During
the decade the cities in seven states gained
19,000, while the rural districts lost 200,
000. In these statistics the 'rural districts'
includes all cities and towns having less than
5,000 inhabitants. The building of new rail-
roads increases the number of towns; every
new town contracts the territory and limits
the growth of the old ones. Both of these
movements—the exodus from the small towns
to the cities and the multiplication of towns
—are steady and permanent. The former
movement reduces the membership of the
village churches and the latter increases their
number and reduces their financial support.

"The only remedy for this evil is to do
what you have done—break down the de-
nominal walls and confederate or con-
solidate the churches in the smaller towns.
Canon Wilberforce of the church of England
says: 'I am convinced in the depths of my
soul that the direction in which the Holy
Ghost is working in this our day is against
exclusiveness and in the direction of the free-
est spiritual communion between those who
differ as to methods, creeds and definitions
of faith.' There are evidences of the same
thing in this country. Your move is one of
them. I hope it is as the falling of a small
mass caused by the loosening of a great
avalanche."

MORE ARMENIAN HORRORS.

**Sioux City (Iowa) Lady Receives a Letter
from a Missionary at Oorfa.**

Special to the Chicago Record.

Sioux City, Iowa, March 26.—A letter, in
which a graphic description is given of the
recent Armenian massacre at Biridjik, has
been received here by Mrs. M. W. Darling,
wife of the congregational minister at this
place, from Miss I. Melli g r, a friend of
Mrs. Darling and a missionary at Oorfa, a
town not far from the scene of the massacre.
Of the sufferings of the Christians at Birid-
jik Miss Mellinger says:

"The Christian population of Biridjik con-
sisted of about 200 houses. For two months
the Christians had been kept almost wholly
within doors and on Jan. 1 about two hours
after sunrise the massacre began. The sol-
diers and Moslems generally all over the city
participated. At first the principal object
seemed to be plunder, but later on the sol-
diers undertook the work of systematic killing
and made the profession of Islam or death
the alternative for all the men. Ninety-six
were known and listed as killed. Many of
the victims were dragged to the river, struc-
tured about their necks and their bodies thrown
in. In some cases several were tied together
and thrown in that way. All the houses
of Christ's were pillaged except two, which
were saved by Moslem neighbors claiming them
as their own. Christian girls were eagerly
sought after and much quarreling occurred in
distributing them among their captors.

"There is not a single Christian now re-
maining in Biridjik. Many men were killed
after offering to accept Islam. The Moslem
women have been calling upon the recently
converted women, congratulating them on
their new faith and teaching them its ob-
servance. As the Turks doubted the sincerity
of the new converts a second massacre
was arranged and only averted by the Chris-
tians promising to turn the Armenian church
into a mosque. They are now at work mak-
ing the required changes in the structure.
The protestant church will be made into a Mos-
lem schoolhouse if the missionaries do
not claim it as American property.

"The wife and child of the protestant
preacher, himself a prisoner at Oorfa, and
the two young lady teachers, with about
twenty other persons, hid themselves in a
cave, but were discovered and dragged out
by the mob. All the men and boys were
killed and the women and children carried
off to Moslem houses. The women were
dragged by the hair and badly beaten. Being
unable even in this way to compel them to
move, the Turks finally carried them away
on their backs. They tried to kill the babe
of the pastor's wife, but she pressed it so
closely to her bosom that they at last des-
isted, fearing that she would be harmed, for
she was wanted for a harem. For more

began to read unto him the thirty-ninth psalm:
"I said, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not
with my tongue," says Spencer. Having passed
this first verse Farnham shut the book and took
his leave, saying that he would go and learn
that point first. When he had absented him-
self for the space of nine months he was de-
manded of his reader when he would go for-
ward. He answered that he had not yet learned
his old lesson, and he gave the very same an-
swer to one that asked the like question forty-
nine years after.

Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was
asked by the surgeon "en chef" of the empire
how many times he had performed a certain
wonderfulfeat of surgery. He replied that he
had performed the operation thirteen times.
"Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him 160
times. How many times did you save life?"
continued the curious Frenchman, after he
had looked into the blank amazement of Sir
Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman,
"saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many
did you save out of 160?" "Ah, monsieur, I
lose dem all; but de operation was very brill-
iant."

ETIQUETTE IN WHIST.

Eight Little Rules for Women Card-Players to Remember.

The following eight rules, which were adopted
by the third annual congress of the Amal-
gamated Female Whist Players of America,
are formulated to prevent the learner from un-
intentionally making the game dull and un-
interesting. They should be carefully memorized
by the beginner, says the New York Press.

1. Conversation during play is limited strictly
to the weather, fashion, society, the drama,
music, art, sports, the new woman, the last few
tricks taken, and everything else that may tend
to break the tiring monotony habitual to the
new players. The success of the game depends
on this.

2. Each player should, at once, throw out a
hint as to the quality of her hand, her satisfac-
tion or dissatisfaction with it, and her approval
or disapproval of each play. This will make you
a popular partner with the men.

3. A player should never wait to lead until the
preceding trick is turned and quitted. Delays of
this sort are always unnecessary and make the
game slow.

4. Never fail, as the second trick is turned, to
inquire what is trump. Repeat the inquiry at
short intervals throughout the hand. This is the
easiest way to fix it indelibly in your memory.

5. Frequently a card should be played in such
a manner as to call particular attention to it. If
you think your partner is not aware of it, touch
your card and say, "Now remember, I played that!" He might have finished the game with
the impression that it had played itself.

6. When you have played the highest in suit,
and it is your partner's play, never fail to re-
mind him that it is your trick. He might think
it belonged to your uncle in California.

7. When you are accused of revoking stoutly
deny it. If it is proved against you, you can ex-
plain at length just how you came to do it. If
you discover your own revoke, never fail to re-
voke a second time. In this way the first error
will escape notice for a little longer. This will
make all the men glad they are in the game.

8. If you are a bystander walk around the
table and look over the hands of the players.
Do not forget to call frequent attention to the
game during the play of each hand. This will
prevent your husband's friends from feeling
neglected.

Obeyed Butler's Orders.

Gen. Butler received word during a sharp en-
gagement in front of Petersburg that his favorite
horse, Almond Eye, had fallen into a ravine
and had been killed. The general ordered an
Irish attendant to go and skin the animal.

"What! is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you? Do as I bid you, and ask
no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or
two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this
time?" sternly demanded the general.

"Skinning the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform
such an operation?"

"No, yer honor; but then, you see, it took 'bout
half an hour to catch him," replied Pat.

Gen. Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious
look that Pat thought he meditated skinning
an Irishman in revenge for the death of his
horse.—*Boston World*.

All Gentlemen Warriors.

Recent events have again agitated the old
question in England of forming a regiment of
gentlemen who have been disappointed in their
efforts to secure commissions in the regular
army.

This band would be a cavalry regiment and
composed of young men who have been accus-
tomed to the saddle from their youth.

The horses would be the finest that could be
procured and the gentle blood of the men would
be expected, warm to combat as did that of
their ancestral sires.—*New York World*.

son of Saginaw.

The camp fire to be held
house on the first evening
over by Charles L. Benjamin
will deliver the address of
will be responded to by Sec.
Washington Gardner for the
the Republic, Mrs. Abbie R.
Woman's Relief corps and Fra.
the Sons of Veterans. Other
be delivered by O. B. Curtiss
Sarah A. C. Plummer, nation
Lansing; Col. O. A. Janes of
A. T. Bliss and Capt. Albert
Inaw.

The meeting at Arbeiter hall
evening will be in charge of
Kendrick, and addresses will be
etary of State Gardner; Fred
Battle Creek, national inspect
Veterans; Past Department Pre
Brown, Gov. John T. Rich, Pas
Commander C. V. R. Pond of
A. T. Bliss of Saginaw, Col. O.
Hillsdale, Mrs. A. C. Plummer
and ex-Congressman E. F. Allen
Col. Charles D. Little of Sag

the oldest veterans in the stat
charge of the second meeting, t
the Teutonia opera house, and a
be made by Department Comma
Gen. Russell A. Alger, Departme
Knapp, Col. F. R. Henderson of
Louise Robbins of Adrian, Cong
S. Linton of Saginaw and Mrs.
Babbitt of Ypsilanti.

For Department Comma

The strife for the office of
commander is becoming very li
being four very active can'da
field. These are: Gen. Willia
peare of Kalamazoo, Capt. George
ford of Big Rapids, Maj. R. V.
and H. N. Patrick of Detroit. T
tions are that Gen. Shakespear
selected, although the contest
means a one-sided affair, all the o
dates keeping him very close
Gen. Shakespeare, who is a life-l
er, made himself very popular
year's encampment by making a
tack on the pension policy of the
tration. He was shot to pieces and
to wear constantly a steel corset to
hold himself together. At times he s
crutinating agony from his wounds
secret enemy wrote to Pension
Lochren denying Shakespeare
to a pension, with the result that
eral's pension was reduced. This
served to make him a favorite with
erans, and, all things considered,
very formidable candidate. During
ministration of Gov. Begole, Gen.
peare served as quartermaster-gene
state.

Detroit Has Two Candidate

Detroit presents the singular spe
coming before the encampment
candidates for commander. Mr. Pa
mem e. and ex-c mander of Fairba
It is said that the members of De
do not, for some reason, favor his
and, by way of compassing his de
persuaded Maj. Jacklin, who is also
er of Fairbanks post, to enter
pledging him their support.

Capt. Crawford has many friend
the veterans, especially through t
ern portion of the lower peninsul
looks as if the race lay between
Shakespeare. Judge Russell R. Pe
very generally indorsed by the posts
out the southwestern portion of i
but, upon learning that Gen. Sh
was a candidate, he withdrew in
the Kalamazoo man.

The executive committee of t
of administration are here this we
ing the accounts of Adjutant He
Quartermaster Tramp, preparati
ing reports at next week's enc

Told a Century's Tale

One of the oldest clocks in the cou
which stands just outside of the offi
bursing officer of the postoffice depa
for the United States was a fact, b
ington was a city, this antique tim
ticking away the moments with its
over its tin-painted face.

This historical dial was purchase
min Franklin in 1753, and, with the
one in the Philadelphia library, it i
be the oldest in this country.—*New*

and has observed that over-reaching is the prevailing and almost universal habit of society, in the transactions of everyday life; and why may he not practice sharpness and be commended for it? If strict honesty is the exception, and petty fraud the common practice among men, why may not their sons follow their example, and learn the art of trade thus early? Is it strange that we so often read of theft, forgery, speculations from government, and embezzlements from bank and railroad corporations, when so many of our youth are trained in the school of selfishness from early childhood? Whatever we desire to have expressed in the nation's life, must be taught to our children, both by example and precept. And what so important as strict integrity and benevolence, in distinction from dishonesty and selfishness? But these habits also must be formed under faithful family training, if they are to appear in practical life. They are based upon the golden rule of Christianity: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and in thus loving and doing for others, "there is great reward."

EXPERIENCE.

HOW WILLIE FELL INTO THE CISTERNS.

An old straw hat lying on the ground, and right out of a hole in the straw hat grew a little tuft of curly yellow hair!

How did it get there?

Two little shoes kicking in the air, and right out from a hole in one little shoe grew a wee dusty toe!

How did it get there?

Ask Willie's mother.

There were blue eyes in under the straw hat, too!—blue eyes that were almost black from looking way down in a dark hole! And for all their looking, they could just see the piece of white bone, with bits of white meat hanging to it, that Willie had dropped into the cistern.

Poor old kitty was looking down, too, and mewing for her dinner, for Willie's mother had said:

"Now, Willie, take it right between your thumb and finger, just so, and go call the old cat. Be quick, for poor kitty is hungry."

And Willie meant to do it all right, but kitty did mew so hard he thought it would be a good plan to teach her Clark's dog's trick.

"Now bark," said he, holding it way off; "bark and oo's all have it, kitty."

But kitty couldn't bark, and so she jumped, and Willie jumped too, and forgot to jump the bone, so down it went with a thump that showed at least there was a bottom to the cistern. It wasn't much of a cistern, to be sure—only a great "hogshead" sunk down in the ground, and not a particle of water in it.

Still it had that awful name, and wasn't Henry Scheid's little brother drowned in a cistern?

Poor kitty, how she did mew! What a mean, mean boy to lose the old cat's dinner! Willie thought he would never dare go in the house to eat his own, for wouldn't she come in and mew it all out to everybody?

Willie got a long stick and poked,

but it only made the white bone go whirling around. He wondered what made it so dark down there. What an awful giant hog it must have been to have such a head! Perhaps they kept such pigs at circuses. He meant to ask the showman.

Just then Kitty mewed louder. Willie gave a great push with his stick and tumbled right down into it! Into the darkness!—into the cistern!

The bugs all ran, but great worms came crawling over his hands to see if they knew him, and big black spiders got on his head and shoulders to haul in the lines he had broken through. Up above kitty's two eyes shone like fire, and Willie thought he was drowning, and began to call "Mamma! mamma!" And mamma, way off in the kitchen frying doughnuts that sang very loud, heard the call and ran to the back door.

"Mamma! mamma!"

She looked into the barn, she looked into the shed. No Willie, but—

"Mamma! mamma!"

She ran up stairs, she opened all the closet doors. No Willie, but—

"Mamma! mamma!"

She looked in the sugar bin and flour barrel, she went down cellar. No Willie, but now it came plainer—

"Mamma! mamma! I'm drownin'!"

"Willie, where are you?"

"In the cistern!"

Poor mamma! She caught a big rope and ran out to the real, new cistern, all full of water. To be sure the little trap-door was fast screwed down, but she hammered away until she got it open, and looked in. No torn straw hat floating on the water! No little fingers reaching up from it! But still the—

"Mamma! mamma!"

"Willie, tell me where you are!"

"In ee pig's head, mamma, drowning all dead!"

And when mamma poked her bonnet down there she could just see little Willie all doubled up.

"Johnny Clark can have my top," wailed he, "and give ee kitty all my dinners. How long do it take to get drowned, mamma? Will oo wait?"

No, mamma went away. It sounded as if she was crying out loud; and a great bug crawled up Willie's nose to see if he was good to eat; then came four legs kicking him on the head.

"O my! there's a horse tumbling down here!"

"No, only Willie's high chair! Climb up, little boy, and mamma will reach!"

In mamma's arms, with all the tears kissed away! How bright the sun shone! How green the grass looked!

"Here's oo bone, kitty. Needn't never bark no more."

There was a great smoke in the kitchen, for the doughnuts had sun themselves black in the face; but Willie sat upon the table and ate a great one from off the pan. All nasty and dirty, working the little brown toe that peeped out from his shoe, thinking how scared papa would be when he read in the papers—

"How Willie fell into the cistern!"

—Little Corporeal.

Blessed be the little children who wake up so unconsciously our life-disappointments. How many couples,

mutually unable to bear each other's faults or to forbear the causes of irritation, find solace for their pain in these golden links which still continue to unite them. On that they are one. There they can really repose. Those fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by the roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else-unwilling ones, and made them see how bright and blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word "forgive."—Fanny Fern.

My 5th is in Moore and also in Byron,
My 6th is in lady but never in woman,
My 7th is in Joseph but not in Mary,
My 8th is in Roman but not in African,
My 9th is in happy but not in unlucky,
My 10th is in neighbor and also in friend,
My 11th is in yellow but not in green,
My 12th is in natural but not in awkward,
My whole is a noted English lexicographer.

DAISY H.

ARITHMOREM.

3. AOC)RSKHE(LAS

OCR

BCOH

BBLL

AKCE

AAHH

BOC

METAGRAM.

—The Courier Medicale, of Paris contains an able article upon infant mortality. It attributes it largely to the insufficiency of bone tissue, and says that the milk of a healthy nurse ought to contain more phosphate of lime—the basis of osseous tissue—than is often the case. Scarcely one in ten women come up to the proper standard in this respect, and as a consequence infants necessarily perish or grow up sickly or deformed.

THE PUZZLER.

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

Answers to Puzzles in August number were first received from M. E. Grisely, Putnamville, Indiana.

ANSWERS:—1. O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud. 2. "Blessed are the meek." Matt. v. 5.

3. Speak gently, in this world of ours, When clouds o'er-sweep the sky, And sweetest flowers and fairest forms Are ever first to die.

Where friendship changes, and the ties That bind fond hearts are riven, Mild, soothing words are like the stars That light the midnight heaven.

4. O
E B B
R A L L Y
O B L I Q U E
P I Q U E
B U Y
E

5. B A S S 6. S O F A
A R E A O D E R
S E L L F E L T
S A L T A R T S

7. Hemlock. 8. Oleander. 9. Butternut. 10. Hackmatack.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of eight letters. My first is the initial of the "hundred gate city."

My second is the initial of the "cockade city."

My third is the final of the "corn cracker state."

My fourth is the initial of the "gate city of the south."

My fifth is the initial of the "buzzard state."

My sixth is the final of the "lizard state."

My seventh is the initial of the "railroad city."

My eighth is the initial of the "rock city."

My whole is an excellent r.otto.

R. F.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in summer but not in winter,

My 2nd is in Africa but not in Europe,

My 3rd is in many but not in few,

My 4th is in under but never in over,

9. My whole a termagant is, But when her head is cut off You then will have left

What will give you a cough. Behead her again, If you're what remains You are surely afflicted

With troubles and pains. Behead her again

"Tis an abbreviation For a person now used Who holds a high station. Behead once again

I am twenty-five score, Behead the last time And there's nothing more.

CHARADE.

Trees and Plants.—10. To languish.

11. A spice, and a color. 12. A person, and a fowl. 13. An article of food, and a part of a house. 14. A small piece of money, kingly. 15. An animal, a part of the body, and a fruit.

16. Something pleasing, and an emperor. 17. A long hollow body, and a girl's name. 18. A bird, and a part of the face. 19. A girl's name and a call to dinner. 20. Top of the head royal. 21. An animal, and a base.

22. An animal, and to slide. 23. A box, and a fruit. 24. An animal, and an article of food. 25. A name, and my own.



PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

BY BARRY GRAY.

IT is a question with some persons whether we live to eat, or eat to live. Now, so far as my own opinion is concerned, the question was settled long ago, in the affirmative, in accordance with the rule adopted by the Irishman who, when he was asked whether he would have brandy or whiskey, replied, "Faith! I'll take them both." While everybody must concede that, unless we eat we cannot live, there are not a few who contend that the Gracious Giver would not have granted to us palates to appreciate rare savors and delicate flavors unless he had intended we should live to eat. No one, however, will assert that we live solely to eat, any more than one will declare that life is sustained solely by eating.

The old saying, which is adopted as the motto of several turtle clubs whose voices are heard in the land, "As we journey through life let us live by the way," is not a bad rule to follow. Indeed, life is too short, and pleasures too few, for us to neglect any of the resources which Heaven has granted to us for enjoying ourselves; and I hold that the pleasures of the table are not among the least of good gifts. I scorn the man who denounces feasting, and I sympathize more with one that delights in rich food than with one that is satisfied with the plainest of fare, for the former shows an appreciation of all the good things the gods have provided, and with cultivated taste enjoys them accordingly; while the latter ignores them, and is contented to eat as the swine do, simply to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The one is a poet, the other little better than an uncultured clown.

It is a popular fallacy that "enough is as good as a feast." He who first uttered it was either a miserable dyspeptic, or else was disappointed in a banquet. He had looked upon the grapes and pronounced them sour, and there was no truth in him; but a plentiful supply of envy and uncharitableness. Charles Lamb terms this saying "A vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism; a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else," he says, "could be said for a feast, this is sufficient; that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day."

To appreciate the pleasures of the table, however, it is not necessary to sit down to a sumptuous feast; on the contrary, a few choice and well prepared dishes, with appropriate wines, served to selected guests, are often partaken of with more zest and yield greater delight than the most elaborate of banquets could give. Good fellowship has much to do with the pleasures of the table; the most *recherché* of dinners have sometimes been spoiled through a lack of harmony among the company. The host is to blame for this. He should be care-

ful in the selection of his guests, and endeavor, so far as lies in his power, to bring together only such spirits as have somewhat in common between them. It is his duty—especially if his guests are comparatively strangers to each other—to advance such subjects of conversation, when talk flags, as it sometimes will, between the courses, as he may know to be most agreeable to those about him, and where he perceives that a dangerous topic has unwittingly been introduced, skilfully, without seeming to desire so to do, to turn the stream of talk into another and smoother channel. Of course no guest would knowingly say aught offensive to another, nor would anyone take exceptions to such remarks, even if he should deem they were spoken intentionally; for the table of one's host is sacred, and no angry recriminations should be tolerated thereat. Besides—which is of more importance than anything else—such wranglings might have the effect of destroying the appetites of the entire party; a crime of so heinous a character as to be almost unpardonable.

Let us look the matter fairly in the face, and not, as through a glass of wine, darkly. The host is the greatest sufferer on this occasion, and our bowels yearn with compassion for him. Not only is his pleasure destroyed, his appetite gone, his temper ruffled, his feelings outraged, and the very dinner itself, provided, doubtless, at a considerable expense, and in the success of which he felt a generous pride, become, as it were, before its time, like one of the lost arts, a thing of yesterday, a faded flower, a soiled dove or glove, whichever you please; but he has also to bear the reproachful glances of his other guests who condemn him more by their looks than their words for allowing a spirit of discord to make its appearance around his mahogany. And if he could only hide himself from their gaze within a cave or in a wilderness, he would be willing to dwell therein for a six months, and there live, as did John the Baptist, on locusts and wild honey, if by so doing he could atone for their loss. Even the cook upbraids him, while she weeps and gnashes her teeth with rage. Nor is it strange that the wife of his bosom should triumph over him, since she declares she knew how it would be all the time.

Then the guests! How we sympathize with them! their appetites destroyed by unthinely wrangling. No wonder they look defiantly at the causes of their anger, and sigh as they think of the toothsome dishes which await in vain their attack. As to the belligerents, we may compare each to a squeezed lemon, an empty bottle, a nut without kernel, a crushed egg-shell, a game pie with only the side walls remaining, and, like butter exposed to heat, each looks as if he would melt and run away. The very forks point at them, the knives threaten, and the spoons laugh them to scorn.

But as the above digression can scarcely be regarded as descriptive of one of the pleasures of the table, let us "return to our mutton." And speaking of sheep reminds me that a saddle of mutton is not a bad dish to

sit down to. It is almost equal to venison, and when in prime condition is, by some epicures, preferred to it. This joint, consisting of the two loins, makes a handsome appearance on the table. It should weigh from ten to twelve pounds, and should hang at least five days, at this season of the year, before being roasted. The skin should be raised from it by the butcher, and then skewered over it again, to prevent the juices, while roasting, from escaping. Should the skin not be replaced, however, the fat should be covered with sheets of paper—writing paper is best. It should roast from two to two and a half hours, according to the size of the saddle, after which the skin or paper should be removed, that it may brown slightly. The back should be then dredged with flour, sprinkled with salt, and kept well basted. It should be served with a port wine and currant jelly sauce. N. B.—In carving it the old-fashion way is to cut thin slices of the lean lengthwise along the backbone, adding a portion of fat; but the modern style is to cut across the grain by running the knife straight along one side of the chine, close to the bone, by which the carver is enabled to disengage the slices readily, and then cutting obliquely lean and fat, beginning near the tail.

In giving a dinner limit the number of your guests to eight or ten. It is well to bear in mind, however, the advice given by a noted *gourmet* in relation to this matter, even if you do not follow it, which was "never less than the Graces nor more than the Muses." Brillat-Savarin says twelve is the proper number; but be this as it may, if the dishes themselves be good and the wine above reproach, whether your guests are three or twelve—yourself included—it matters little, your dinner will prove to be a success.—*Home Journal*.

FLAVORINGS.

Good flavorings are most a desirable addition over the cooking of oldentimes, when spices were the chief resort. These, however, are somewhat expensive, and thus, many are deterred from using them in the common cooking of cakes, custards, puddings, etc.

But much can be done to help the matter by making, some at least, of our own "extracts." Vanilla beans are not expensive, and these boiled in milk flavor dishes nicely, and, we think, that the beans put into spirits would give a good extract at little cost.

Lemon, which is a more general favorite, can be easily made, and, when lemons are cheap, at very small expense. Take the peel off, say of three or four lemons, and bruise or chop fine, and put it into a pint bottle, filling the bottle with good spirits, and in a few days you will have a strong "extract," and at a cost of one quarter of what the small bottles, to the same amount, would cost. To do this economically, the right season of the year, when lemons are low-priced, must be chosen and then enough can be made to last the year.

The oil of bitter almonds is also inexpensive, but great care must be

taken in using this, as it is a violent poison, and needs but a mere trifle to flavor a pudding, custard, or other sauce, for which it is desirable. It is well to reduce a little of the oil, as for an essence, before using.

To those fond of flavorings, these hints may be acceptable and lead others to experiments of their own.

THE DESSERT.

—Connecticut now claims the most impudent man alive. Having stolen melons from a farmer, he has sent the seeds back in a letter, requesting his victim to plant them next year.

—A traveler in Pennsylvania asked the landlord if they had any cases of sun stroke in that town? "No sir," says the landlord, "if a man gets drunk here, we say he is drunk—and never call it by any other name."

—At a school where words were "given out" for subjects in composition, a "mute inglorious Milton" produced at sight this sentence on the word "panegyric;" "A few drops of panegyric, given in a large lump of sugar, is often best with the stomach ache."

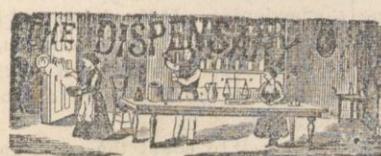
—While T. D. Jones was in Columbus, modelling his bust of Chase, a young man of the Sparkler order of architecture approached him one night at a social gathering with the following inquiry: "Er-er—say! er-er—so you're the man—er—that makes mud heads, ain't you?" "Yes," said old Tom blandly; "do you want a new one?"

—A lady was once declaring that she couldn't understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," replied a gentleman, "There's my father who smoked every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty!"

—A little girl was sent to the pasture to drive home the cow. While thus engaged she treated herself to climbing an unnecessary fence, from which she fell, and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why no," she replied; "what would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me."

—An advertisement in the London Times announces a new song, with the modest request, "O, give me back but yesterday!" Whereupon the New York Courier says: a companion to the above, "O, could you spare me to-morrow, love?" is in preparation: to be afterwards followed by the sequel lyric of "You havn't got such a thing as next week about you?"

—A handsome young gentleman walked into the Adams express office the other day, and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who in making out his account desired to know what was the risk. The young gentleman hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied, "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about \$400,000."



CARE OF THE FEET.

BY DR. J. H. HANAPORD.

THE feet, like the lungs and other depurating organs, occupy a prominent place in the animal economy. And it is probable that they occupy as low a position, in the esteem of most persons, in connection with their care, as they do in their relative position in the human body. While it is well known that the lungs throw off a large amount of waste, worn out and effete matter, at least when pure air is breathed, and while the skin, as their assistant, if kept clean and in its normal condition, does even more of this work of purification and elimination, it must be admitted that, when we regard the amount of surface, the feet must occupy a still more prominent place in this great work of keeping the body pure and in its natural working order.

Indeed, the offensiveness of the odor so often emanating from the feet, is but the measure of the general depravity of the state of the body, or of the activity and efficiency of these surfaces in the performance of their duty. Hence, the importance of the cleanliness of the feet, with a free access of air to the whole surface, can scarcely be overestimated. The former can be secured only by frequent washing, and certainly the feet demand attention in this regard more frequently than the face—with very careful attention. Nor can this be effected by the use alone of simple cold water. The thorough removal of the oily substance which exudes from the surface, and becomes more or less rancid or unpure, can only be effected by the use of soap or an alkali, though the frequent warm foot-baths may do much in the matter of cleanliness, of which we can scarcely speak in too high terms of commendation, as a means of the preservation of the health. And when the perspiration is checked, usually known as a cold, this hot foot-bath, soaking the feet in hot water, does far more for the removal of the difficulty and the prevention of disease—the result of such checking of the necessary out-flow of waste matter, almost inevitable if this suppression continues for any length of time—than most persons suppose. By this means a gentle perspiration is generally secured, another statement for the re-opening of the closed pores, while the regular and natural circulation of the blood is re-established, a matter of vast importance. And, it may be important to know that with this simple appliance to ward off disease added to rest, rest of the stomach by absolute fasting, drinking all of the pure water demanded by a legitimate thirst with an abundance of pure air and sunlight. The access of the air and light certainly cannot be secured sufficiently with the custom too prevalent in most communities, of wearing tight boots, a custom almost or quite certain to deform and enlarge the feet. The

custom of the heathen Chinese of incasing the foot in an iron shoe, that it may only attain a certain size, we may regard as sure evidence of their barbarism, and yet in their effort to control the size they succeed, while we wishing for the small (and deformed feet) fail,—simply deforming and enlarging. We may affect to laugh at Dr. Dio Lewis for demanding that his boot-maker shall imitate the shape of his feet—after having marked their shape by a pencil, with the foot placed on a paper, his weight borne on that foot, and yet he “knows whereof he affirms,” and secures an easy boot, a good fit. On the contrary, most fashionable belles wear boots at least one number too short, while the width is often not more than two-thirds the width of the natural foot, when spread unconfined—certainly unnatural. Omitting all mention of corns and general deformity, it is evident that such persons must be crippled in their movements and unable to perform the duties of womanhood—objects to be pitied.

As a legitimate, a necessary result of such pinching of the feet, it must be evident that the blood, “which is the life,” a free circulation of which is an absolute necessity, a fundamental condition of health and vigor, can not reach the extremities. Hence the feet are cold, not effected by the warm blood from the heart, which implies a hot head, with an unusual supply to other parts of the body, since the volume of the blood remains the same, and must find an outlet, of course. Seeking the larger internal vessels—an over-supply to these, tending to congestion of the internal organs. If, therefore, the frail and delicate young lady, with her hot head, would escape some of these ailments, let her wear boots of the proper size, promote the general circulation of the blood by attention to the condition of her feet and the condition of the whole surface. She may well remember, if she thinks that it is not genteel to wear substantial boots—that when the Queen of England, the noble Victoria, gave her daughter in marriage, a part of her outfit was an ample supply of calf skin-boots and shoes! If royalty can wear thick and warm boots, will they harm others? Keep the feet warm and the head cold. It would be wrong to pass in silence the barbarous custom (and yet the barbarians are not guilty of this impropriety) of wearing high and small heels. That they are unnatural can not be doubted, if we examine the natural form of the foot, which is supposed to have been originally formed on correct principles. By these, the foot is thrown forward, resulting in marked deformities, rendering locomotion exceedingly difficult, while not a few are victims to the almost inevitable accident of turning the ankle. “Whatever is unnatural must therefore be unfavorable to the best condition of the whole body and of its parts. This unnatural position of the foot necessitates the straining, the unnatural use of some muscles, tendons, etc., while others remain inactive and of necessity become weakened.

But of these deformities more in the future, perhaps. Suffice it at the present to advise frequent washings

of the feet in warm soap and water, in addition to the use of cool water, as a means of invigoration, remembering that a slight dash of cool water, after a hot foot-bath, succeeded by thorough friction with a cloth or a substantial brush, will prove of great advantage, a means of avoiding a cold after such a hot bath. This may seem unsafe, yet facts favor the custom, as many can testify. The extremities naturally suffer from cold just in the ratio of the heat of the head, which of course, demand unusual attention, that by all means they be kept warm, which can never be done by “toasting them in the oven.”

THE HEART AND ITS DISEASES.

We attach far too little importance to this organ and its functions. It performs its great office so quietly and so uninterruptedly that we even forget its existence. From a period anterior to birth until death, during sleeping as well as waking hours, ceaselessly and noiselessly, with steady and measured rhythm, it circulates the vital fluid through every tissue of the body. Seventy-five times it pulsates in a minute, or 108,000 times in a day, without exhaustion or apparent need of repose.

The heart is a hollow, muscular organ, weighing but ten ounces, and is suspended in the cavity of the chest by delicate ligaments. And yet it performs, quietly and noiselessly, and with but the slightest jar, an incredible amount of labor. In twenty-four hours it is estimated that the heart accomplishes more than three times as much work as a common laborer in ten hours. “Three old women sitting by the fire,” says a recent scientific writer, “alternately spinning and sleeping, do more work by the constant beating of their hearts than can be done in a day by the youngest and strongest laborer.” He adds: “No labor that we can undertake is regarded as more severe than that of the muscles employed during a boat-race; and yet this labor, severe as it is, is only three-fourths of that exerted day and night, during life, by each of our hearts.”

If the entire force of the heart were expended in lifting its own weight vertically, it would be raised 19,754 feet in one hour. Compare this with the exertions of an active pedestrian, who can raise his own weight but 1000 feet per hour and we will find that the heart exerts about twenty times as much force; or with the best locomotive, which can raise itself 2,700 feet in an hour, which is but one eighth part of the energy of the human heart.

To a reflective mind, it can not be

tinuing its pulsations to the last moment of life. Like a strong warrior in a citadel, it yields only when every resource has been exhausted.

AN ANCIENT LAW IN CONNECTICUT.

The Hartford Courant exhumes the annexed law, which it says was passed by a “general court” which sat in that city in 1664:

“For in as much as it is observed, that many abuses are crept in, and committed, by frequent taking of tobacco:

“It is ordered by the authority of this court, That no person under the age of 21 years, nor any other that hath not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacco until he hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in physic, that it is usefull for him also, that he hath received a lycense from the courts for the same. And for the regulating of those, who either by their former taking it, have to their own apprehensions, made it necessary to them, or upon due advice, are perswaded to the use hereof.

“It is ordered, That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco, publickly, in the street, highwayes, or any barne yards, or upon training dayes, or open places, under the penality of six pence for each offence against this order, in any the particulars thereof, to bee paid without gainsaying upon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the severall townes are required to make presentment to each particular courte, of suchas they doe understand, and can evict to be transgressors of this order.”

TEA FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Some years ago, Mrs. Q., wife of a Professor in one of our best colleges, had an infant apparently at the point of death with cholera infantum. Several excellent physicians had given it over, when the mother determined to try tea prepared in the usual manner with cream and loaf sugar as she would drick it herself, and by a judicious administration of this remedy, the life of the child was saved and he is now a fine, healthy boy. I know another similar instance. It is very important to have the tea prepared well so that it will be palatable. Few women know how to make a good cup of tea.

SANA.

—A correspondent says: I cannot speak too highly of the free use of catmint tea, for the mother, especially if she be of a nervous temperament. Let her prepare it with much milk and sugar, and drink it freely, especially in the evening, and it will be soothing and quieting in its effect upon her, and the infant, and give them refreshing sleep.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take an onion, peel off the outside, and rub the chilblains, if not broken, twice daily. If it is where you can, bind it on. A sure cure.

CON.



OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

THE BRIGHT AND "BUSINESS"
SIDE OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY CHRISTABEL.

IT is quite possible that "Maud" herself may be a little astonished at the many opinions *pro* and *con* which her letter has elicited. Her appeal set many pens in motion beside mine, but the subject is one that will bear considerable discussion.

It is not wholly a personal matter; else Maud could have written privately to "Mrs. Dorr or some one else," and perhaps she might have stated facts which in this case she did not, thus enabling her adviser to give a much more definite answer. The question, publicly answered, is not "Shall 'Maud' write?" but "Shall many young girls in similar circumstances write?" and the answer will help decide the life-work of many a one beside Maud.

I may as well say here with reference to the first part of Mrs. Dorr's article which seemed most especially to "concern" me, that I intended no "strictures," "sharp" or otherwise, but wrote then as I do now simply because it was a subject upon which I felt unusually interested.

I was especially impelled to write a word of encouragement to Maud from the fact that her case was so nearly parallel with one that has come under my own observation. The young girl of whom I write, (at that time somewhat younger than Maud,) loving writing for its own sake, wished to make that her life-work; but for four years was deterred from doing this by the sneers and discouragement of friends. It so happened that a friend to whom she had lent a poem for private perusal showed this to a gentleman—a professor in Theological Institute and an author of some fame—with a word or two of explanation concerning its author. Commendation from such a source was encouragement indeed, and it was not long before the young lady followed his advice, and sent several articles to different papers, which

were readily accepted. To-day as regular contributor to one of our best papers she remembers gratefully the gentleman (to whom she is personally a stranger) whose one word of honest praise changed the whole current of her life.

Was it strange that remembering this little incident, and knowing thoroughly the circumstances connected with it I wished to give Maud a word of cheer? The world is not so full of good writers that we can afford to discourage beginners.

Maud's question, impersonally considered, may be resolved into something like this:

Is it wise for those who have more or less talent but not what Mrs. Dorr calls "transcendent genius" to attempt to support themselves by writing? Genius there must be, of course, but not of necessity transcendent. Magazines and newspapers would die a natural death for want of contributions were we to accept that conclusion. But we need not. What "this great American people" wants is something to read, and that something it will have. And *en passant*, I will say that it is rather short-sighted to join in the sweeping condemnation brought by many writers against the flood of ephemeral literature with which the land is filled. It is easy to imagine a Utopia where the best thing that could be done would be just what they suggest its utter annihilation, and a return to literature which has stood the test of time. But to be practical we must take the world as it is; and in many of our towns and cities there are thousands of working-girls and working-men who have no taste for the "standard" works we would force on them, yet who find in the current literature of the day much that makes them wiser and better. Thoughts written to-day have a freshness and originality for them which they would not exchange for the wisdom of the ages.

There is then a demand for such writing, and of course there must be writers. Yet no one should write gratuitously—"the laborer is worthy of his hire." The author no more than the preacher should adopt his profession for the emolument it promises; but neither should he be hampered with the necessity of supporting himself by any other means than through his profession.

But I firmly believe that the talent or genius which would justify Maud in giving her thoughts to the world, will—in these days—bring her pecuniary recompense. She did most certainly speak "like a sensible girl" when she said "I love to write and I'm going to write." If she cannot hope for success in work which she loves, and into which she can throw her whole heart and soul, how is she to do any better in that for which she has no taste? If she starts with absolutely no reputation, she must be content to work for that at first, but not necessarily "for five or ten years." Maud is "just turned of nineteen;" at the end of that time she will be no longer a young writer.

I am aware that in one thing Mrs. Dorr has the advantage, inasmuch as mine is the more unpopular side of the argument among professional

writers. Yet I presume Mrs. Dorr herself was comparatively a young writer when she began her career twenty-five years ago.

Some of the best work of the world has been done before the age of thirty. Maud may devote the next five or ten years to thought and study, and at the end of that time take up her pen with the advantage indeed of scholastic culture, but with the consciousness also that with those bright years went much that was fresh and forceful. There is in youth an untrammelled vigor of thought and a pliancy of expression that years inevitable wear away.

It is rather behind the age to talk of unappreciated talent. Talent is not unappreciated, and appreciation means reward. I am personally acquainted with a gentleman for whose productions, written when even younger than Maud, the world was glad to pay, and liberally too. I think, however, he would lay no claim to "transcendent genius."

I have in mind another writer who, at the age of seventeen, supported herself by her own unassisted efforts. Her very first contribution to the periodical press brought her one hundred dollars. I do not feel justified in making the names of these and similar instances public, but I affirm nothing that I cannot substantiate. If Maud has talent (which Mrs. Dorr acknowledges) I cannot see that she has great cause for discouragement.

Maud asked "Will it be safe for me to depend upon my pen as a means of livelihood?" "It did not once occur to me," says Mrs. Dorr, "that in answer to that question it was necessary to include the whole alphabet of literary labor and aspiration from Alpha to Omega."

Pardon me for saying that this is just what she has done. She has answered not only that question, but she has spoken at some length of "the joy of creating, the wearisome labor of a literary life, the many discouragements that beset a young author," all these have been graphically treated at her hands, I may then be pardoned for touching upon these subjects myself.

There are many discouragements, but real talent will succeed in spite of them. Toil, weariness, unjust criticism are so many "lions in the way," but who goes bravely forward will pass them unharmed.

There may—there will come days when one is "tired and the work drags." But that is not the fault of the work. It is rather one of the inevitable necessities of human nature that there must be some hours of depression. The causes for these often lie too deep for investigation. But it is not fair to charge the work with that depression. If Maud tries typesetting and works not five or six hours but ten or fifteen hours each day (as she must do to earn a living) it will be strange if she does not have many days when "the head throbs and the whole heart is sick."

I have said that any one with genius and energy (by which I mean the capacity for patient, continuous work,) can even at first earn her bread and butter. That is, she can earn the necessities but not the luxuries of

life. I would not promise more at the beginning. If Maud does not love her work well enough to be willing to undergo some hardship and sacrifice for its sake, she had better do something else.

It is well to count the cost; and it is not well to take too much account of enthusiasm. It is a very good thing, a very necessary thing, but it is effervescent—very. If there is not an abiding principle, a strong will-power underlying the enthusiasm to help her over the hard places when the work drags, Maud will not accomplish much in any sphere.

In conclusion Mrs. Dorr implies, quite unwarrantably, that I said in effect "Oh! yes, Maud, you must write by all means. You will always find it delightful, and it will be perfectly easy to support yourself by your pen."

I supposed I had made my meaning so clear that no one could possibly mistake it. I said explicitly "Nothing can so discourage a beginner as the hard yet inevitable experience of trial, repulse and weary suspense which all must undergo." Is that equivalent to saying that it will always be "delightful?"

In her first article on this subject Mrs. Dorr has this paragraph,—"There is another thing that authorship means. It means that you must often submit to injustice and cruel misconstruction."

True, Mrs. Dorr; I have often experienced that myself, and now again in the interpretation you have been pleased to put upon my words.

Whether Maud chooses "the truth" or my "encouragement" (since Mrs. Dorr prefers to place them in opposition) my words will not have been written in vain if they inspire any young girl with the resolve to improve the talent which God has given her.

THE REVIEWER.

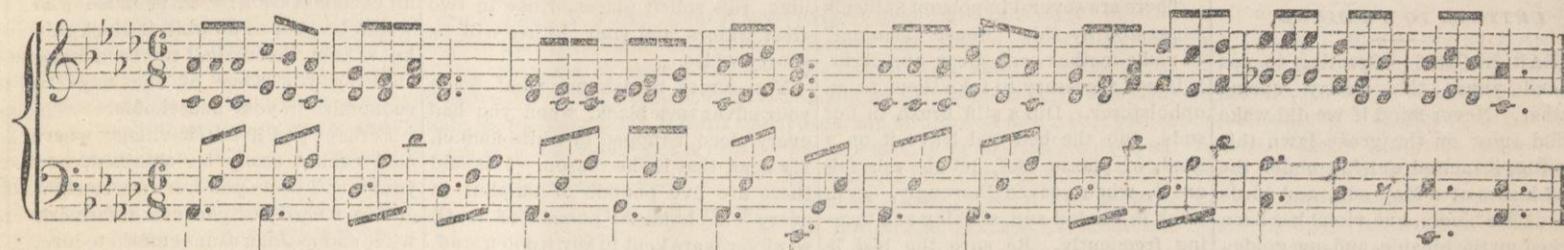
HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is especially American. It has no less than 78 illustrations. Newport, the Green Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, the American Railroad, Mexico, Trout Fishing, Canzone, Army Organization, Galileo and the Papal Infallibility are among the topics presented. Bishop Haven, Prof. James de Mille, R. H. Stoddard, Gen. McClellan, Geo. M. Towle, F. G. Mather, Lyman Abbott and Junius Henri Browne are among the writers in this number. There are variety, entertainment and instruction in rich abundance. The patrons of this monthly get a full equivalent for their investment.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE.—Numbers 1571 and 1572 of The Living Age, for the weeks ending July 18 and 25, contain the following important and very interesting articles:—Authors and Publishers, from the Quarterly Review; Assyrian Discoveries, a lecture delivered at the London Institution, January 18, 1874, Fraser's Magazine; Mr. Ruskin's Recent Writings, by Leslie Stephen, Fraser; English Lyrical Poetry, Cornhill; Masters of Etching, Macmillan; The Romance of the Japanese Revolution, Blackwood; The Rights of Children, Victoria Magazine; The Third Empire, Pall Mall Gazette; An Old English Traveller, Chamber's Journal; Whitby Jet, All the Year Round; A Letter of Laurence Sterne, Academy; Examination Marks, Spectator; Mr. Locker's "London Lyrics," Spectator; together with choice poetry and miscellany. These two numbers also contain instalments of three excellent serials, "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Alice Lorraine, a tale of the South Downs," and "The Story of Valentine and his Brother." With fifty-two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (aggregating over 3000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low.

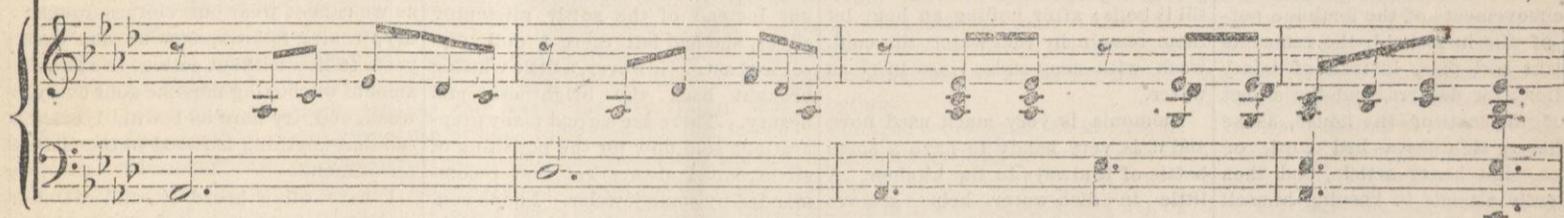
THE DYING SOLDIER.

or, KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER.

Music by EDWARD CLARK.

Moderato.

1. Moth - er, dear moth - er, the day has seem'd long, Since the lark war - bled his ma - tin - al song.
 2. Moth - er, dear moth - er, I'm long - ing for rest, Long - ing to slum - ber for aye with the blest;



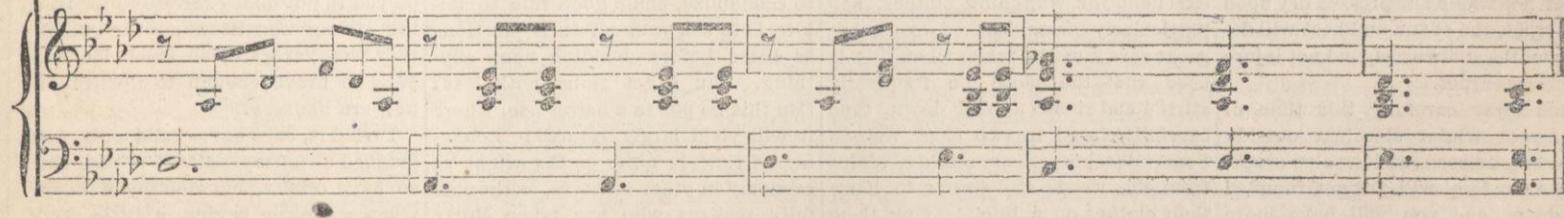
Sad - ly the lone hours have pass'd since the morn; Dark - ly the mo - ments that ne'er ean re - turn;
 But when my spir - it from earth life is free, Still shall thy pres - ence seem nigh un - to me!



No beaming hope-ful- ness, no joy-ous ray, No cheerful sunshine to brighten my way, But mother, your kiss turns the
 Oft shall thy part - ing kiss fall on my brow, Thy tear - ful eyes gaze up - on me as now, And af - ten I'll say, with the

*rit.*

darkness to light; Kiss me good night,mother, Kiss me good night, Kiss me good night,mother,Kiss me good night!
 an-gels in white, Kiss me good night,mother, Kiss me good night, Kiss me good night,mother,Kiss me good night!

rit.



LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

EAR ELOISE:—Greeting to you and yours this balmy spring weather. Never mind if we did wake to find snow on the green lawn this morning, it melted quickly under the warm kisses of a May sun, and birds sing, daffies bloom, one violet has been plucked on the hillside, and one golden harbinger of spring—the welcome dandelion—found in a sunny nook.

There are other evidences of spring seen in the confusion of house cleaning; in the beating of carpets, the pungent odor of soap-suds, the energetic movements of the feminine portion of the household, the remnants of cake and pies, instead of dainty puddings for dessert, and the abject air of the man of the house, as he obediently tightens a bed cord, or moves some heavy article, and then diligently attends to keeping himself as far from the house as possible, the remainder of the day. Are not these and many more sad details, as plain as the signs of Zodiac? What a pity to spend these lovely days in dust, and scrubbing; but no true and thorough housekeeper will feel satisfied to let the season pass without cleaning paint, airing beds, washing blankets, etc., etc.

You say it is a new experience for you, as you have boarded almost entirely since you left school.

Put your furs away in a bag, or box, an old linen pillow case is nice, tie the top tightly with a cord, then if there are no holes or cracks, your furs will be safe from moths. If you wish, you can put in a few lumps of gum camphor. Some recommend airing furs and woolens occasionally through the summer, but I think this a mistake. A friend of mine, who is a large dealer in valuable furs, tells me he packs his in boxes, perfectly tight, pasting thick brown paper over the edges for further security. He does not put camphor or tobacco with them, and never loses any of the stock he keeps over the summer. Briefly he says, "put furs away early, I lay great stress on that, where there is no crack in bag, or box, do not disturb them, keep in a dark place, and you will not be troubled with moths." If moths get in carpets, sprinkle black pepper, or put tobacco leaves under the edges. Ladies tell me they have resorted to cloths wrung out of hot water and pressed dry upon the carpet, the steam and heat will destroy moths and worms, and not injure the nicest carpet.

Pack away carefully this time of year, your winter clothing, outside garments, dresses, and woolen stockings, then they will not get rumpled and dusty, and you will have more room for your summer clothing. If you have not presses enough you will find boxes very convenient, covered with damask or bright chintz, or even the skirt of an old dress, these "ottomans" are an addition to the furniture, as well as being useful. Old fashioned houses are sadly lacking in clothes-

presses, and cupboards, but every modern dwelling should have a linen room where bedding, for common and extra use, can be stored, shelves for jellies, pickles, etc., and space for boxes to hold a variety of articles that are not constantly on duty.

There are several important subjects suggested by this "house cleaning" to make feather beds clean and light, it is not necessary to take them to an upholsterer. Dip a stiff brush in hot suds, rub the bed and leave it on a shed, or piazza roof, let the rain fall on it, when soaked thoroughly, dry a week in the hot sun, shaking and turning frequently. Be sure the bed is thoroughly dried before it is slept on.

In cleaning, you will find that bottles accumulate. To cleanse any that have had medicine in them, put ashes in each, immersing them in cold water and then heating the water gradually till it boils; after boiling an hour let them remain in the water till cold, wash with soap-suds, rinse in clean water.

Ammonia is very much used now, and it is very handy to have a small bottle of it always in the kitchen. A little in dish-water helps remove grease, and when washing windows and mirrors a few drops in the water will give the glass a clear look, rub dry with newspaper. Ammonia or "spirits of hartshorn" is also considered refreshing in the bath tub; it is also excellent for cleansing hair-brushes and combs.

In the spring, people like to brighten up their furniture, it is not always convenient to have it varnished, nor necessary unless very old and much worn. I use with success a preparation of sweet oil, and pulverized rotten stone, rub on with a piece of flannel, and polish with old silk. Under this treatment, chairs, bureaus, tables, the sewing machine, and piano, will shine resplendent.

Are you troubled with yellow sheets and pillow cases, extra and fine ones, not in constant use? A neighbor of mine, who has been south a year with her husband, for the benefit of his health, and has just returned, came to me yesterday to ask if I could tell her how to bring back the snowy whiteness of her own dainty clothing, and tucked and embroidered sheets and pillow-slips and bed-shams. If you have any garments not so white as you wish, leave them out this month on the grass several days and nights. Wring lightly out of soap-suds every day, and if very yellow dissolve in the suds a piece of sal soda the size of a walnut—that is only necessary in the first water; chloride of lime is also excellent for whitening clothes, and particularly for unbleached cloth, but great care must be taken when this is used that the cloth be frequently stirred and rinsed up and down, then carefully rinsed in two clear waters.

Some housekeepers are afraid of stains from the weeds and prefer to hang their clothes on a line, leaving them out for the dews to fall on them and dipping them in suds in the morning. If your washerwoman does not get your clothes white from week to week let her try this recipe. Take a pound of sal soda, and half a pound of unslaked lime, put these in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes, let it

stand till cool, drain off, and put in a stone jug or jar. Soak the dirty clothes over night, wring out, rub on considerable soap, and to one boiler of clothes, well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of the washing fluid. Let the clothes boil a few minutes, rub soiled places, rinse in two clear waters, and your clothes will be snowy white.

You wrote to ask me what made your silver turn black, when you had every piece wrapped in white flannel. My dear, that is the reason. It is said there are five pounds of sulphur in every one hundred pounds of wool, so silver ware kept in any woolen stuff, will turn black. I remember the fright and discomfiture of a young bride, as she took out her wedding presents to show me, after her return from an extended tour. Each piece was carefully wrapped in white flannel, but instead of the softly glistening silver, she had left there a dull, discolored set. However, a little whiting brought back the brightness and beauty. There are a great many preparations sold now for the polishing of silver, but I always get that recommended by some jeweler. I hope you, Eloise, take care of your own silver, there are very few servants who are fit to be entrusted with such delicate work. A friend of mine, a young housekeeper, left her silver to be rubbed by an Irish girl. Happening to pass through the kitchen, the girl said to her, "Oh! Mrs. C. I've made the silver look intarely new, all but the insides of the little spoons, and sure ma'am I've scoured, and I can't get the yellow off." Imagine Mrs. C's feelings when she saw the girl had been trying to rub off the gold lining of her salt spoons.

Now I think you have quite enough of practical life for one letter. I shall not have room in this to give you those cake and dessert recipes. E. B.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.

BY GYPSEY TRAINE.

No one will deny in this age of waste and extravagance, the necessity of economy.

Retrenchment, retrenchment! is the public and private cry, but the difficulty is, our people have not been taught how to retrench. Many think it consists in one grand effort, and, after that, they can go on pretty much as before. They remind one of the old frog problem.

The time to teach economy is in early youth, if we are to practice it in after life. There are a thousand ways to economize, and a good rule to follow, is to ask yourself such questions as these before deciding upon anything. Can I get along with less? Can this be put to a better use, where it will yield larger returns? Economy of time is quite as important as economy in other respects, as the man fully realizes who has taken thirty minutes to reach the station, and thereby lost the train, when twenty were all he needed.

There is doubtless many a young woman brought up in ease and idleness, who finds after marriage with a poor man, that there is a stern necessity of economizing, without the slight

idea of the manner in which it is to be done. She may know little about cooking, but there are recipes for everything she needs. Can't you think of a good many women that you know to be miserable housekeepers that you remark of them, "But she is an excellent cook?" It is those who would be glad to do well, if they only knew how, that I shall try to aid, by showing you some of the ways to economize in your households.

Perhaps you live in a village where coal cannot easily be obtained, and your wood costs you from six to eight dollars a cord; or you are a farmer's wife, and as John cannot afford to hire, you wish to relieve him of as much labor as possible by carefully using the year's stock of wood that he worked so hard last winter to prepare. "How can I do it?" you ask. "There is just so much washing to be done, and as we cannot wear our clothes rough dry, ironing follows, and no one expects to live without eating, so a large amount of cooking must be done every week, and, try hard as I will, I can't see that anything is saved in the matter of fuel."

I have often heard it said, "One can't do two things at once," but one can have two things doing at once, and thereby save time, as well as money. This is what I should do in your circumstances. If I had bread to bake on washing day, I should have it in the oven while my clothes were boiling. If I wanted a boiled dish, or soup, I should iron while that was cooking, or, I would heat my irons when there was a fire in the morning, and do my ironing piecemeal; and you could do it without being over the ironing-board three or four hours in the heat of the day (for of course we talk of saving fuel only in warm weather) and feeling when you got through that you could never lift your hand again. I don't wonder that many a housewife grows pale and thin, and her step lags through the summer months, when she spends from two to six hours over a hot stove through all the burning days. Old Sol may be fierce in his angry march of a July day, but he is not so cruel and stealthy as these black monsters that reign supreme in our kitchens, sending out waves of scorching heat to enervate and strike us low. It is a shame that American women are obliged to do this; it is a greater shame that they will do it. Why, if we had no more furbelows and flounces than our grandmothers had, one week's washing and ironing would not occupy one-quarter of the time it now does, and the surplus could be employed in out door exercise to recover the strong constitutions for which they were, and are, so much lauded! Who is brave enough to institute a new era in dress?

I tried it, says one, "and only got laughed at for my pains." True, and so have others, but don't you know when a shower begins, a little drop will hit your nose, (if that happens to be the most prominent feature you possess) then another strikes your head, then two or three fall on your hand, and, before you know it, there is a whole shower of these pearly drops a pelting you. So don't be discouraged, sister, though you are like

the first brave drop of rain, by-and-by others will join you, and then we may look for better days for women.

My dear friend, as you sit stitching away on the innumerable ruffles of your child's dress, thinking meanwhile of the hours you will have to spend in washing, ironing and crimping the same, and sigh to yourself, "O I wish they didn't dress children so much!" just let me whisper in your ear, that the most sensible, intelligent women I know, send their daughters to the school-room in a plain, neat calico, and those are the quiet, modest children that the teacher loves; and you can do the same, thereby saving yourself much labor, and what is better still, keep these youthful minds from vanity and the love of show.

In the matter of cooking there is a chance for great waste, unless you know how to make the most of everything. If your cake recipe says "four eggs," take three, and use a little more flour instead, and I venture to say that you will never know the difference, for the more egg used, the more butter required. So, also, three eggs and a heaping tablespoonful of flour beaten together will make two pies that you will like better than if you had used four, unless you are particularly fond of the egg taste. Most recipes will tell you "spice to taste," whereas many cooks use so much that you can taste nothing but spice. This is not only hurtful but useless. If you have eaten mince pies and fruit cake at Mrs. Updome's that was seasoned so highly as to bite your tongue, don't think you must do the same, for it is only vitiated tastes that like it.

Enough dough is often left sticking to the mixing dish and spoon to make a meal for one person. As a matter of neatness, if nothing more, it should be all scraped out. If you have bits of bread, don't throw them away, but break them up very fine and make a nice pudding of them. Potatoes, left over, may be treated in various ways, as you have learned in THE HOUSEHOLD. Cake that is too dry to eat may be crumbled into a dish, and a rich custard poured over it, and corn-starch blanc mange is much nicer and healthier, now and then, for tea, than rich pastry.

On passing through Mrs. A. kitchen, I noticed a kettle of something on the stove that looked very much like what we cook for the pig's.

"What have you here?" I said.

"It is the parings from my crab apples," she replied. "I'm boiling them in water and shall use the juice to make into jelly. It is very good." And so it was, I can testify.

If you have to buy your vinegar, just get a keg and put into it all the sweetened water that you may get by rinsing out the dishes in which you have had sugar, together with juice from your rhubarb, apples, etc. You will find much to pour into it, and some one will let you have a little vinegar plant, so that you can manufacture your own vinegar and know that it is not poison.

If you keep cows, when you strain your milk, save out what you will need to use, so as not to disturb the pans you wish to set for cream.

"Every little makes a mickle," and

so, by care and forethought, you can be a helpmeet to your husband in a material point of view, not meriting what is said of some, "She throws out with a teaspoon faster than her husband can shovel in with a shovel." It may seem trivial to speak of these little things, but, if it would do you as much good, I would simply say, take care that nothing is wasted, look well to the ways of your household and endeavor to make both ends meet. Would that satisfy you? I think not, as I am sure it would not myself.

ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN.

Order is said to be Heaven's first law, says a correspondent of the Western Rural, and nowhere amongst the doings of mortals is it more important than the multiplied operations of the good housewife in the heat and steam of that eagerly sought laboratory, the kitchen. She, the queen of this workshop, has a toilsome and monotonous time of it, to say the least, and everything that can be done to lighten this toil, lessen her steps and compassionately lift the burden from her back, should be done.

Conveniences to do with, and these arranged in such order as will shorten labor and rest the weary feet, are the primary steps to cheer and lighten toil. Her own good sense will suggest that, of the thousand little things, in use, she must, to economize time, have them so located that she can put her hands upon them in the dark. Things thus arranged in convenient order, and always in their places when not in use, will save very many tiresome steps and much time and will greatly facilitate progress in work.

There is no position connected with farming that requires one to be so instant in thought, in season and out of season, as that of the housewife. When cooking she must have her thoughts revolving at the rate of three hundred revolutions in the minute, or some of the numerous irons are sure to burn. Those cakes, that roasting coffee and numerous other things, must be attended to at the right moment, or we sit down to burned cake, coaled coffee or a dish of pork and beans burned nearly to a cinder.

"How's this?" Well, she has so much to do, so many irons in the fire and withal, has been a little careless. How could it be otherwise? Just a little carelessness on her part is sure to bring her to grief and her husband to burned or spoiled victuals, and to drink black swill and call it coffee.

A good housewife must have her wits about her all the time, or the leakage from the kitchen will materially diminish the profits of the farm. Bits of meat, bread, cake and pie, which could be just as well saved, are carelessly thrown away. In the course of a year, could they be placed in a pile, they would greatly astonish the cook and account for the hundred dollars' deficit in the farmer's calculations. A stream of little things daily pouring from the kitchen, in a year's time would swell into a small brook which would prattle of carelessness and waste, and kindly teach a valuable lesson to all who would deign to listen.

The swill-barrel is the key that

opens the secrets of the housewife's dominions of cookery. If in the heterogeneous mass are floating in liberal quantities, bread and cake, pudding and pie, potato and meat, it is ominous of careless and unthinking waste. What is thrown into the hopper by the provident hand of the former, passes over the tail-board of the kitchen into that *omnium gatherum*, the swill barrel; and the dollars that should go to clothe herself and children, are swallowed up in the greasy waters of that open-mouthed catchall.

Want of order and care rob us of a mint of money, without our seeming to notice the leakage, without our taking heed to the lesson which is before us from one year's end to another. Wastefulness is the twin brother of poverty. At first they appear to be distant from each other and without a family look; but as age creeps on, they grow to look alike, and at last, when side by side in the poor house, the resemblance is perfect and we wonder that we had never noticed it before.

The true economy in the kitchen is, to have everything in order and its place; to have everything that is useful. A little saved to-day, and day by day as the months glide by, will insensibly grow into notice and at last be properly appreciated.

Extravagance is the other extreme and, like wastefulness, swallows up the dollars without any equivalent—indeed they are in their results synonymous, both showing the disappointed improvident crawling out at the little end of the cornucopia.

The man who has a good housewife, in whom order and economy hold a prominent place, may consider himself as blessed among men, and, if he cannot appreciate her, he deserves the execration of all women, and to be pelted with rotten eggs by unfortunate men.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

With a heart full of the kindest regard for all the sisters and aunties that gather on the wide hearth stone of THE HOUSEHOLD, Rheta bows in respectful greeting; very fervently hoping that her name has not been dropped from the records of THE HOUSEHOLD family in these months of her silence—that there is at least standing room for her in the great throng.

Listening to the various inquiries made by those who are willing to profit by the experience of others, I find a perfect fund of entertainment and information, and thereby am enabled sometimes to introduce an invigorating element into the routine of working-life. Alas for us, that this same routine so often seems dull and hard, that we so often grow disheartened by the weight of burdens that are only homely in our eyes, forgetting that it is never the work we do, but always the spirit in which we do it, that makes of labor a drudgery or a grand triumphal march, forgetting that if we will the work of our hands, be it ever so menial, may be elevated to an act of worship, a tribute to the beautiful, the excellent or the useful.

If the lady who inquired as to the best way of cooking cracked wheat

wishes for a simple and delicious dish for supper, I will tell her how to obtain it.

While we are putting our house in order after dinner we take a sufficient quantity of wheat to make a meal for our family, adding considerable water,—say five or six times its bulk, it will swell a good deal—bring it to a boil and then set it on the back part of the stove where it will cook slowly, keeping it covered all the time and stirring occasionally to prevent sticking at the bottom. Eaten with rich milk and sugar, you have a most palatable and easily digested supper. It can with propriety be served as dessert for dinner and makes a nice breakfast, only be sure always to cook it till it is done—four or five hours at least, and perhaps some wheat would be hard even then. It is gelatinous when well cooked in sufficient water, molds nicely and is excellent cold or steamed over. But if you wish for a superior article procure the crushed white wheat, and you will take no other after one trial if this can possibly be obtained.

We were amused to read the different opinions about pumpkin pies. It reminds us of the problem we are just now solving,—the selecting of material for a polonaise suited to a half-worn skirt. Of course we sought the advise of our friends, and of course we were more bewildered than before. The first would prefer plain goods and the next decides quickly that stripes is "just the thing." A third advises a shade lighter than the skirt we have, another a darker shade, and still another gives the very definite information that some prettily contrasting color would be much the best taste! from all of which counsel we conclude that it is altogether a matter of preference. So we presume the lady who keeps her pumpkin pies till they shine on top, prefers them in just that state of ripeness; but in our estimation this is but half a hair's breadth from souring, and if by any oversight a pie had reached that precarious condition we should call in our neighbors to help dispose of it forthwith, for we would rather have our food when it is new and fresh—especially in warm weather—and think the above mentioned pies are never better than at breakfast the morning after they are baked. We always put an egg into every pie or two, but are sure we should want no cinnamon!

Perhaps the day will come when housewives will learn to regulate their ovens with a thermometer, till then we wonder how anybody can possibly tell the "exact degree of heat" required for anything; as if your fire depended entirely upon the kind of wood you burn, the number of lumps of coal you use, or the side up either are put into the stove!

But lest we grow merry at the expense of our neighbor, we smother the laugh and resolve to wait and see what kind of an answer this enquiry elicits. Meanwhile we are glad to take refuge under the name of

RHETA.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I invested a dollar in THE HOUSEHOLD this year for the first time, and have been wanting to tell you how much I like it, but procrastination my beset-

ting sin, has prevented me from doing so until now.

Already your paper begins to seem like an old friend, and my first impulse upon receiving it is to run off into the parlor alone, snug down in a cozy corner of the sofa and lose myself in its contents. I am so selfish that I enjoy any paper or magazine ever so much better if I can cut the leaves and be the first one to read it. I am not a young housekeeper nor an old one but expect to be both if I live, so I treasure up carefully all of *THE HOUSEHOLD* hints which I read hoping to profit by them someday. I am so old fashioned as to believe that home is a woman's highest sphere of usefulness, and when the time comes for me to enter into that sphere, I am determined to do every thing in my power to render home pleasant and attractive. I shall not care so much to have it stately and grand, but intend to have it neat, cozy, and homelike; a place to please the eye, and rejoice the heart. I have got it all arranged how I am going to furnish my house (if I should be fortunate enough to have one) and will tell you sometime perhaps how my plans work. I like what Gypsey Traine says about system and order although I know from my own experience how much easier it is to "preach than to practice." It is so natural for me when I come in sometimes tired, to throw my hat and shawl off and sit down to rest before putting them away, but after all it annoys me to see them lying around, and I can rest much easier if I put them in their places at first. I think every housekeeper should if possible so arrange her housework as to have it out of the way and be neatly dressed by two o'clock in the afternoon; and no lady should ever look too slack to answer the door-bell at any hour of the day.

I noticed a request in *THE HOUSEHOLD* awhile ago for a recipe for making a pop corn pudding, have not read the answer yet but hope to soon.

I can tell you how to make Indian bread that is perfectly splendid: Mix one pint of sour milk with one pint of Indian meal, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, teaspoonful saleratus, and half cup molasses.

I make feather cake a great deal, it is very nice and economical. One scant cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of unmelted butter, one heaping cup of flour, half cup of milk, one egg, half teaspoonful saleratus, teaspoonful cream tartar, flavor with lemon. Sometimes I put in the yolks of two eggs, reserving the white of one for frosting, which I mix with cocoanut, and after the loaf is frosted sprinkle with cocoanut.

I think I have taken up my share of *THE HOUSEHOLD* this time, so with many good wishes for your success and prosperity, I will lay aside my pen and take up my needle. FLORA B.

DEAR EDITOR OF *THE HOUSEHOLD*:—I feel desirous to acknowledge through the columns of your valuable paper, my thanks to the writer of an article in a late number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* under the heading of "Household Pests." Had the writer known my experience she could not have written

it more accurately than she has done in writing her own.

Two years ago we came to live in the city of M—. We hardly had got settled in our new home when, to my horror and disgust, there appeared around my sink such very strange looking bugs, to which I was unable to give a name; being very much like the old lady who was reared among the mountains, where roaches only dwelt in the imagination, and had they never taken up their abode any nearer to me than that, it would have saved me a vast amount of time and labor. I soon learned their name and set myself about what I supposed would be an easy task, that of destroying them; I procured poison and powders which I dealt out to them with a lavish hand but instead of the designed and desired effect, they prospered and increased far beyond calculation.

I had almost given up hopes of ever destroying or driving them from our house, on the contrary began to think as the majority rules, that we should be compelled to leave first.

But thanks to *THE HOUSEHOLD* and its contributors, they came to our rescue. Borax used in abundance with persistency has gained the victory; where a few weeks ago might have been seen thousands of them, there are only left one or two, and now I feel that they are nearly if not fully defeated.

I have been an earnest reader of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for nearly four years, but think I shall prize it a little higher than ever before, since through it I have learned how to rid my house of what I term the most detestable of all "Housekeeper's Pests," namely, the Roaches. L. A. H.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—You have been a visitor at my house for a few months, only. I like it very much indeed, and do not think while I have a spare dollar, I will ever do without it. I like those "Earnest Words with Parents," there is so much good advice in them.

I have two such sweet little birds in the home nest, and one little blue-eyed darling singing near the great white throne. My first and greatest aim of life is to lead those little ones which God has given me in the right way. I read "What I know about 'Rag Carpets'" to husband. He said he agreed with Mrs. Carney when she said, "Many a worthy woman is now resting in her coffin who, perhaps, might have been living had she not over-worked herself." He said he would rather his children should play upon the bare floor, and wear soiled frocks, than to have his wife work and toil day and night. I think it is all right to make carpets if one can, but I will not neglect my children to make rag carpets—and where she spoke of the little girl brought up to play with her brother out of doors. How often my friends say to me, "Mrs. Clinton, why do you let your little girl get so brown? I'd make her stay in doors. You let her go out with papa so much. There she is now, going to the corn fields with her papa." I know it spoils the complexion, but it cannot spoil her bright black eyes, and it makes her limbs strong, and her mind bright, so I guess I'll let her go. There is not a place on the farm where she has not

been. She will tell her baby brother all about the pigs, lambs, colts, calves, and the wheat that is growing in the fields to make bread for papa; everything is for papa.

Dr. Hanaford, in his article, spoke of black tea or shells for drink. I am troubled with dyspepsia, and cannot drink either tea or coffee without suffering and if he will tell me how to prepare shells for drink, I will be thankful. I have a brother who has such a weak stomach. His doctor told him to be careful of his diet, and perhaps Dr. Hanaford could tell me something for him to eat or drink, through *THE HOUSEHOLD*, which would be thankfully received.

I think my letter is growing long and tiresome. I once heard a speaker say, a speech or letter should be short and spicy. Mine is neither short or spicy, but if you, Mr. CROWELL, will excuse this long letter, and if it is so worthy a place in your paper, will send some good recipes some future time.

MRS. CLINTON.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to say a few words about your excellent paper. I like it very much. I think many will feel encouraged by reading the thoughts of others upon the different subjects that find a place in *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

I was very much interested in what was written by Conscientious. She has expressed the feelings of a great many; I join with her in wishing the subject might find a place in *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

I would like to hear from Experience; he would, I think, be able to give light on that subject. I think, to say the least, a woman must be very selfish to toil and labor for those who often repay only with neglect, if not real unkindness. This ought not so to be. There is a fault somewhere, and it is not always in the step-mother. I think many times it is the husband's fault, in not giving his wife the place that belongs to her in the family. It seems to me when a man takes a second wife, she has a right to the same place in his affections. The command, "Husbands love your wives," does not distinguish between the first and second. If there are children she should take the same place as mother, to guide and govern them. It is necessary for the well-being of the children, as well as the happiness of all concerned.

The husband should maintain her position—let others mind their own business. A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR SISTERS OF *THE HOUSEHOLD*:—Will you, one or all, lend a listening ear to one who writes to you for advice. Mrs. Dorr has always been so very kind in advising, and giving sympathy, that perhaps she will not turn a deaf ear this time, I will be as brief as possible in stating my grievances, and I may be doing wrong, if so I am very sorry.

I have been married seven years, have two little children, one an infant two months. I'm only twenty-four, and begin to look old; my back aches, my head and heart ache, and I am oh! so tired all the time, and "blue." I have only been to church with my husband about five times, to the

theater about the same number of times, to one party, and then with friends, and never inside of a friend's house but once to spend an evening since I have been married. We live out of town a little ways where I do not see any one passing from one week to another, have not been in a neighbor's house but twice in over three months, I keep a girl some of the time and there are four grown persons I have to do for besides my children.

I get so lonely, and sometimes I cannot be lively when my husband comes home, which annoys him very much, for he is closely confined in an office and wishes me to be cheerful when he comes home. I was one of the wildest, happiest girls that ever lived before I was married. Now don't think my husband is unkind to one, he is very kind and would go around with me, if he wasn't so tired when he gets home. He says when we get rich he will take me around more and we will have a nice time, if I will only be cheerful now.

Now, dear sister, will you please tell me how to overcome that discontented disposition, and that longing for gay company. Tell me how to cultivate a cheerful disposition that I may always meet my husband with a smile, and feel as I did when a girl so happy. I love my children and my husband more than I dare tell. My aim in life is to make them happy, but that horrible longing for something besides the dreary monotony of household duties gets the better of me, then I am discouraged.

I have given you the particulars of my married life so you would know better how to advise one.

I will wait expectantly for an answer to this; and may I get advice that will benefit me in my earnest prayer.

SISTER ALLIE.

Omaha, Neb.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Three eggs, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half pound of flour, and one-half pound of chopped apples.

PUMPKIN PIES.—Ada wishes good pumpkin pies with one crust. A medium sized pumpkin stewed, makes about six pies. Strain through a sieve, add a couple of eggs, a little salt, grated nutmeg, and spice, sweeten to suit the taste, thin to right thickness with milk, and bake only on one crust. Bake as fast as the plates are filled so as not to soak the crust.

C. T. P.

PUMPKIN PIES.—For Ida: I press my cooked pumpkin through a calender. One cupful will make about two pies. To this add one egg, beaten, about one-half of a cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, good rich milk, sufficient to fill two good sized earthen pie plates, bake them in a pretty hot oven and a long time, bake with one crust. Your success depends largely on salt, with plenty of sugar. Don't make them too thick with pumpkin.

MRS. S. S.

FIG CAKE.—Jennie asks for a receipt for fig cake. I have one I will send. Two cups of shortened dough as for bread, one and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one half of a cup of suet, one-fourth of a pound of figs, one cup of raisins or without, three eggs, one small teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg and clove.

MRS. L. J. H.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I sometimes think I would like to write to you but as often fail. I will therefore contribute a few good

receipts which I wish tried and if any one will answer would be glad to hear of their success. This receipt is most excellent, we have taken premiums on it.

TEA BISCUIT.—Two quarts of flour, one pint of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter or shortening, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt if tard is used, one-third of a cup of good hop yeast. Let the milk cool after boiling it, make a hole in the flour and put in the ingredients, stir them a little, mixing in a little of the flour, let it rise overnight, in the morning mix and knead well, let them rise, cutting down two or three times during the day, cut out in cakes, making two layers, put them in a pan to rise an hour or so before baking.

SILVER CAKE.—The whites of eight eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half of a cup of milk, three cups of flour, the Sea Foam baking powder in proportion to two heaping tablespoonfuls to one quart of flour, flavor.

ELEGANT CAKE.—Five eggs, one cup of milk, three-fourths of a cup of butter, four cups of flour, baking powder in same proportion, and three cups of sugar.

LINCOLN CAKE.—Two eggs, one-half of a cup of milk, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and flavor, baking powder in the same proportion. P. C. W.

MR. CROWELL.—I noticed in the March number of the HOUSEHOLD a request by Jennie S. for fig cake, and as this is considered very good will send it.

FIG CAKE.—Five eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of melted butter, one-half of a cup sour milk, three cups of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of soda, one-half of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth of a pound of figs sliced thin, three-fourths of a pound of chopped raisins. Spice to taste, and frost with the whites of two eggs. E. M. F.

Mr. EDITOR.—I have a few nice recipes which I have not seen in the HOUSEHOLD, and think some of the sisters might like them.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of sour cream, two cups of sugar, butter the size of an egg, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda, a little nutmeg, and flour enough to roll. I often make them without the eggs and butter.

SPICE CAKES.—I see an inquiry for spice cakes in a late number. This is nice. One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one-half of a cup of milk or water, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cassia, and one of cloves, a little nutmeg, and raisins if you choose, bake in a french roll pan; this will make twenty-four gems. If these prove acceptable, I will send some more.

LIST.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Editor Household: I noticed in the April number that E. C. S. wishes to know how to make good light graham bread. From experience I have found the following to be a good recipe. One teaspoonful of bread sponge, three teaspoonfuls of warm water, one pint of unboiled wheat flour, mix and let stand till light, then add salt as for other bread, and three large tablespoonfuls of sugar; work this into a thick batter by adding more flour. This will make one ordinary loaf which should be put into a pan and allowed to become light, then baked slowly for one and a quarter hours.

Huntington, Ind. MRS. M. S.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—Into one quart of milk put one pint of fine bread crumbs, butter the size of an egg, the well beaten yolks of five eggs, sweeten and flavor as for custard, and mix the whole well together; while the above is baking, beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, and add one teaspoonful of sugar, pour it over the hot pudding when cooked, return it to the oven and bake a delicate brown; a layer of jelly put on the pudding before being frosted is very nice.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Take one quart of flour, two cups of sweet milk, two well beaten eggs, six tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, mix

well and steam in a mold or large basin, (which should be only part full, as it rises up nearly double,) half of the quantity answers for a small family, and will cook in one hour and a quarter; a cup of sugar may be added; what is left from dinner is good for tea cake. Serve with beaten butter and sugar, or other sauce.

For a steamed brown bread loaf if one does not have sour milk, one half of a cup of yeast with a teaspoonful of soda stirred in till it foams, answers the purpose of sour milk.

Brunswick, Me. MRS. A. M. M.

SPONGE CAKE.—May I venture to send you a recipe for sponge cake, which has been well tested? I think it will be found infallible if the rules are carefully followed:—Five eggs, one-half pound of sugar, pulverized preferred, five ounces of flour, a lemon, and a little salt. Beat the whites until they stand alone, then stir the yolks, sugar, salt, and grated rind of the lemon thoroughly but quickly together in a separate dish; when ready, stir the mixture into the beaten whites, and then add the flour, and bake in a quick oven.

I find that oranges and lemons keep best wrapped in white wrapping paper, and buried in the sugar barrel.

I hope you will not consider me intrusive, though I come as A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MRS. ADAM'S WEDDING CAKE.—One pound of brown sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, twelve eggs, one cup of molasses, six pounds Valentine raisins three pounds of currants, two pounds of citron, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of mace, one ounce of cloves, two gills of brandy, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, two nutmegs, and sufficient flour to dust the fruit.

FRENCH LOAF.—One pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of flour, one-half of a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; rub the butter into the flour, beat the whites stiff, and the sugar and yolks together, bake in one loaf.

MOCK POUND CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, five eggs, whites to be beaten to a stiff froth, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavoring to suit the taste, vanilla is very nice.

I think if the sisters would use baking powder in place of soda and cream of tartar they would like it much better.

MRS. O. T. R.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to enquire of some of your southern friends how to make what they called when I lived in Virginia, puffs. They were small pies about the size of what we call turnovers; but made of different materials, such as apples, preserved plums, etc., but both sides were alike, and here is the mystery. The crust was crisp andaky and they were so well liked that they disappeared like "hot cakes." I have often wished that I knew the exact process of making them, for to my notion they would be preferable to pies. They could not have been baked, neither I should judge were they fried in hot fat. I was young at the time and not much interested in housekeeping or I should have enquired. Will some of the dear sisterhood give me the desired information? and oblige an OLD SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Can you, or any of your readers, tell me how to exterminate water bugs? Having city water, a boiler and set wash trays, they have made their appearance in great numbers, and are a great nuisance. Should like an answer at once, if you can tell me how to get rid of them.

Tell L. J. J. ten cents worth of quicksilver beaten thoroughly with the white of an egg and applied with a feather to all places infested with bedbugs is a sure cure, after a few applications. If the walls are papered, strip it off, and whitewash instead.

MRS. R. T. M.

I would like to ask through your paper for a recipe to make flaky piecrust? M. L. W.

MR. CROWELL:—Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay for THE HOUSEHOLD another year. I have only taken it one year, but it seems like an old friend. I like every department, but am much pleased with the Questions and Answers. And with your permission would like to inquire of "our doctor," or any other member of THE HOUSEHOLD who may have had experience in the matter, if bronchitis and catarrh can be cured and by what means? I am troubled with both and my children with the latter. Will some one be kind enough to answer through THE HOUSEHOLD? and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

ANNE LEISURELY would say to her friends of THE HOUSEHOLD that the printers put more salt to her yeast than she told them to, in her article on bread. It should have been one teaspoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Also, the Irish girl always said the stove was "hot," in place of "hot."

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—Dear Sir:—I noticed in one of the papers that some one inquired how to keep silver from tarnishing. An excellent way is to wrap in soft tissue paper and keep it in a tin box with a tight-fitting cover. If carefully wiped with camomile skin each time it is used it will keep bright for years.

Will some one please give a recipe for croquettes? S. W.

WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL SHOES?—All sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the bottom of the sole. This channel has generally been cut in from the edge, leaving a flimsy lip that soon turns up and makes a ragged sole. In England they cut this channel from the surface, as in hand sewed shoes, and the lip cannot turn up. This channel cannot be cut in poor leather; and thus indicates a good article. A dark line running round the sole near the edge shows where the English Channel is cut.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for making chicken potpie? Also, for making a neat and pretty covering for a foot-stool? and oblige, CARRIE.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Will some of your numerous readers be so kind as to give a little insight into water color painting, preparing the paints, etc.? and oblige, W. M. J. S.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD send a recipe for making boiled icing? Also, for striped cake colored with cochineal? and oblige, J. A. B.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Please inform us through your valuable columns, the best recipe for cold soft soap. A. S. W.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the good sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please send me a recipe (if such there be) for killing fleas on a kitten without injury to the little pet? and thereby greatly oblige, MRS. C. T. H.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—Since the first of the year I have received THE HOUSEHOLD, and regard it as a most excellent paper; have got so many good ideas, and valuable recipes, that I feel like returning a little good for so much received.

I will send my recipe for Graham bread in answer to request by E. C. S. I bake mine in gem pans, such as described by Ada, and the suggestion in respect to the oven being hot enough to burn everything else up is just right, success upon it largely depends. Have the gem pans heated before you begin. Take one quart of Graham flour, one measure of Horsford's bread preparation, sift through the flour sieve, one teaspoonful of salt, wet with sweet cold milk sufficient for a moderate batter. Some prefer a little shortening, a piece of lard or butter as large as a green walnut is plenty. Sour milk may be used, and one-half measure of the acid and a full one of soda. If the oven is very hot a half hour is long enough to bake them.

A teakettle may be prevented from rusting by boiling down a tablespoonful of grease in a full kettle of water; it should then be well washed and a few well rubbed oyster shells laid in the bottom will collect the sediment and make the tea bright.

The following recipe for washing dark goods has been known in our family for many years, it seems to be little known by others, and as we regard it very valuable, I am delighted to be able to inform a Reader through THE HOUSEHOLD how she can wash her French calico, or common ones either, and have them look well. Take one quart of wheat bran, pour over it three gallons of soft boiling water. Do this an hour before you wish to use it. If you depend upon a teakettle for water, fill and set it where it will boil quickly. When ready to wash the garment, strain the bran water through a sieve sufficiently close to prevent any of the bran escaping, shake from the strainer all the bran and scald again, set out into the open air that it may cool by the time you wish to rinse your dress. The water should be as warm as you can use comfortably. It is not necessary to scald either your hands or your dress. If you are the fortunate possessor of a Continental washing machine, I would advise you to put it in that and wash it through in a few minutes, but if you have no such machine, it can be washed just as well by hand on the board. It is well to notice the grease spots before you wet the dress, as you cannot so easily detect them after it is wet. Use no soap as the bran water will remove every vestige of grease. When you think the dress is perfectly clean, rinse through the second water, scald the bran again, and when you strain it the third time, squeeze from the bran all the flour you can into the water, rinse again and it is ready for the dressing. Take two or three ounces of white inodorous glue, dissolve in two quarts of cold water. Prepare this sometime before you need it, set it where it will heat gradually, use it quite warm. We use this dressing for all dark or light goods, they retain their freshness much longer and look beautifully. All woolen goods should be washed in warm water. Merinoes, flannels, shawls, the gay striped stockings so much worn by our little folks, in fact, everything that has to be washed; dark silk neck-ties and cotton striped stockings, can be done up and give satisfaction. In washing woolen I always squeeze as much flour from the bran as I can, as it gives them just about as much dressing as new goods. To prevent fading in light goods, lay them in enough cold soft water as will wet the garment, to which you have previously added one tablespoonful of aqua ammonia, let them let them lay half an hour, and a great deal of the dirt can be washed out in this water; they then can be washed in the usual way. If the garment is not very much soiled it will not be necessary to put it in a suds, but take it through the rinses from the ammonia water.

I have a few hints I would give about ironing. A piece of sand paper is one of the nicest things to clean the iron before you return it to the stove, No. 12. In ironing a sleeved garment it can be done with much greater ease and satisfaction if the sleeves are allowed to remain on the wrong side until the body is done, then turned out and ironed last. A trial of this plan will show that the waist is less rumpled than in the usual way of ironing the sleeves first.

Camden, N. J. I. F. F.

MR. CROWELL:—Noticing an inquiry from one of your readers as to the best method of renovating crepe veils, I think I may be able to reply satisfactorily. Fold the two edges of the veil evenly together lengthwise so that the fold may be on the outside as in new crepe. Procure a round stick—a broom handle will answer if unpointed, though something thicker is better—wind the crepe smoothly around it, taking care that each layer is exactly over the one under it, and confine the end with pins. Lay the stick across the top of a kettle of boiling water and let it remain long enough for the steam to saturate every part, then lay it away but do not remove the crepe from the stick until thoroughly dry. Fold the crepe twice if needful for the size of the kettle.

Another. Fold the crepe as before. Saturate every part with alcohol then pin upon a paper, taking care to have the edges straight. Lay another paper over it and also a light weight sufficient to keep it from wrinkles. The first method is preferable unless the veil is quite rusty.

Can any of your numerous correspondents send me a recipe through THE HOUSEHOLD for making good mucilage? Mrs. L. W. C.



WHAT OF THE WAY?

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

It may be rough; sharp picrcing thorns
May bruise my weary feet,
And I repine that flowers instead
Cannot my vision greet.

But what am I, that all the way
Should be with roses spread?
Did not a crown of cruel thorns,
Pierce my Redeemer's head?

It may be smooth; and if it is,
O, give me, Lord, a heart,
To try my neighbor's path to smooth
And joy to him impart.

And if I do it in Thy name,
How sweet the words will be,
"Ye did it unto one of these,
Ye did it unto me!"

It may be dark; so dark that I
Can scarcely see the light;
While others have the noon-day sun,
I may be plunged in night.

And if I am, O, teach me, Lord,
To murmur not for day,
But thank thee for the light I have,
If it be but a ray!

It may be short; and if I knew
'Twas measured but by days,
I still should work as calmly on
For my Redeemer's praise.

Forgetting not that He who said,
"I am the Life, the Way,"
No promise of to-morrow gives,
But only of to-day.

It may be long; so long that I
May're upon the road,
And wish the way might shorter be
That leads me to my God.

But give me patience, blessed Lord,
However far from home,
All my appointed time to wait,
Until the change shall come.

And tho' the way be rough or smooth,
Be dark, be short or long,
O, give me grace sufficient, Lord,
To take each step with song!

WHISKY PICKLES.

A WOMAN'S CRUSADE OF TWENTY
YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

WHISKY pickles! exclaims a New England housekeeper. What are they? How are they made? Well, I do not know how they are made, and would not give the recipe if I did. Twenty-three years ago I came to Illinois, bringing with my New England birth and education, a belief that all New England ideas were correct, and New England customs the best. I have thought often since of a remark made to me when only sixteen, by a lady to whom I was trying to explain how my mother performed some housekeeping operation; "You will find, my dear," said she, "as you grow older, there are many good ways of doing things beside those your mother used to do." Thus it was with my experience in the West, or rather, what was West then, but is Midland, now. I constantly found that there were many good ways beside those practised in dear New England. Making whisky pickles, however, was not one of them. I learned to love our adopted state, and to consider it my

permanent home. It was natural therefore that I should visit with my husband among his parishioners, and cultivate their acquaintance, not only in accordance with my duty as a minister's wife, but also for the sake of the society it gave me. Many pleasant acquaintances were thus made, and some friendships which I trust will endure forever. At one of these visits, in which being some distance from home, we stopped to dine, some very fine looking pickled cucumbers were on the table; as they were passed around, they came first to my husband, who declined them, thinking nothing of this, as his studious habits caused him to exercise great care with regard to diet, I was about to help myself quite freely, when he objected, remarking jestingly, that I had a greater variety upon my plate already than was healthful. My bump of combativeness was fast arising to protest against this early assertion of matrimonial authority, for we were scarcely past the honeymoon, when a quick look from him convinced me there was some reason for his objection beside the one given. When in reply to some observation which I made a few minutes afterward, he said, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," I thought he meant more than he said, and mentally associated the quotation with the cucumber pickles.

The visit passed away pleasantly, and we were on our homeward way.

"Now, will you please tell me," said I gravely, "why you interposed with my inalienable rights to eat what I choose at dinner time."

"Whisky," was the laconic reply. Having returned to New England only for occasionally a brief visit, I am not prepared to say whether this curse of the western states has ever been introduced here to any extent, but at that time, it was almost a new word to me.

"Rum"—a word we never heard in the West—was a familiar name for a beverage of the foul fiend who lures men's souls from duty and consigns their bodies to a drunkard's grave. But we never pickled cucumbers with it, or with anything else but pure cider vinegar, at least within the limits of my observation. As for whisky, it was an unknown article, not looked for upon the dinner table of a respectable family. So I gazed at my husband with blank surprise, and awaited an explanation.

"Did you never hear of whisky pickles?" he asked at length, after sufficiently enjoying my amazement.

"Never!" was my emphatic reply. "How barbarous! why don't they prepare them with vinegar, as civilized people do?"

"Will you please supply them with the vinegar?" said he laughing heartily. "A few more such looks and tones might be sufficient."

It may be well to remark here, that these were "the good old times" of twenty-three years ago, when the fruit trees which now cover Illinois, converting her prairies almost to an orchard, were not yet planted, and the many simple ways we now have of making cheap and healthful vinegar, were comparatively unknown. How much of the lecture I then and there

bestowed upon my husband with regard to his duty as a minister, to have reproved the manufacturers of said whisky pickles instead of quietly declining them, was due to zeal in the temperance cause, and how much was vexation at his jest about the vinegar, is known only to the searcher of hearts.

He took the lecture with a most provoking equanimity, simply saying, "It is no part of my duty to reprove people in their homes. At church, I preach the great truths of religion, and apply them to our duties in life, as I understand them, as eloquently as my ability will allow. People are free to come and listen, or stay away, but if they come, they will hear me try in my poor way, to imitate the example of Paul, 'as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.'"

"At their own homes, however, my duty appears to me somewhat different. 'Every man's house is his castle,' says the old adage, and it is true in the most sacred sense. So long as he commits no act which makes him amenable to the laws of the land, he has a right to his own customs, manners, views of duty, opinions with regard to all the topics of the day—in a word—to his own individuality. The same rule, you will of course, insist upon applying to his wife; and in a certain degree, also to the children. We enter these home as guests, not as a committee of investigation. If by a courteous reception of their hospitality and friendly conversation on general subjects, we win our way to their hearts, we shall then be better able to influence them with our religious teachings and secure their aid in these great moral reforms."

All of which seemed so right and true, that I had no recourse, but to fall back upon my duty as a woman, and an inquiring young housekeeper, in which capacity I firmly resolved to manifest a proper horror if whisky should appear in any recipe given me. When such opportunities did occur however, the good woman was usually armed with such an intimate knowledge of New England cookery, with its brandy peaches, mince pies, ketchup, and cordials, its wine sauces and cakes, its alcoholic papers over the jellies and preserves, and brandy burned on the roast turkeys; to say nothing of the inevitable camphor bottle in every house, and the endless variety of medicines, all prepared with some form of alcoholic liquor, that I could only stand apalled. In vain I fled to my cook-book for refuge. There it was, all down in the type—that never lies,—although they make strange mistakes sometimes, scarcely a page that did not almost smell alcoholic so many recipes contained brandy, white wine, paper dipped in alcohol, etc. Yet its author was a lady, the wife of a clergyman, and so nearly a resident of the "Hub," that her words might be supposed just exponents of New England usages in cookery. "Silenced, yet not convinced," I then commenced a course of experiments upon these same recipes, leaving out the obnoxious articles altogether; in some cases substituting pure vinegar or lemon, or some kind of unfermented fruit juice;

in others, cream or an egg, in still others leaving out as much flour as would leave the batter a right consistency. I found that ketchup properly made and sealed, would keep the desired "seven years" minus the brandy, and so would the cordials, without sealing, other than a light cork. I found that a paper brushed over with the white of an egg would exclude the air as well, or better, than alcohol, and that peaches were nice enough for a king, if pickled in syrup made of sugar and vinegar. So I burned that horrid cook book, and proceeded to preach the gospel of temperance cooking, as often as opportunity offered.

As years passed on, and children filled the home and heart, my interest in the outer world abated, and I left its great reform to those who had less of household care, only giving my influence as a woman, when visitors happened to discuss such subjects in my presence, or children had their little questions to ask, as children will, echoing the conversation of those older, and giving their own suggestions, which often seem wiser than ours.

At length we removed to a village which, in natural beauty, excelled any I had seen in Illinois, yet like many other of earth's fairest places, it was thoroughly whisky drenched. Two hotels were mere groggeries; the third bore the sign "Temperance House," only as a lure to the stranger. Drug stores, and even meat shops kept the poison for sale, all the physicians prescribed it freely, and in some form, it seemed to fill all the atmosphere of the place. This state of things gave me much serious reflection. Old residents seemed to have become accustomed to it, as the occupants of a room, the atmosphere of which has become vitiated, are often unconscious of the fact, while a person coming in from the fresh, pure, outdoor air, can scarcely endure it for a moment. At last, I felt as if I must do something, even if my cares were already many, and my strength slight. The "Daughters of Temperance" had a lodge in the town with which I had connected myself upon our first arrival. Having become quite well acquainted with the ladies thus united in a common cause, and knowing them to be much discouraged by the formidable array upon the side of intemperance, I proposed to them a crusade by the women of the place, somewhat similar to that now attracting so much attention.

The papers had brought us account of several instances where the women of a town had gathered, and taken possession of hogsheads, barrels, kegs and demijohns, had consigned them all to well deserved destruction. In our work, however, we resolved to try no power but that of reason and persuasion. We all united in this, we would go as Christian women, and not as viragos or Amazons. The next question was, how to get the women of the entire village to aid us. We were as a society few in number, and could therefore do little if we worked as an organization. The religious society to which my husband belonged was, in point of numbers, the smallest in the place. It would never do to identify ourselves with them, if we wished

to make the movement popular. I explained my plan; it was approved, and certain ones being appointed to take certain steps with regard to it, we separated, to recognize each other no more except in our own lodge room as organizers of the scheme.

The following Sabbath the pastor of each of the then leading churches, found upon his desk a notice which he was requested to read. It appointed a meeting of the women of the place at the largest and most central church in town for Tuesday afternoon. We had arranged the time so as to have the meetings as early as possible in the week, and yet not interfere with the time hallowed washing day. We hoped to gain an impetus as the week rolled on, and when the Saturday brought its usual tide of farmers' wives and daughters to do their shopping in town, we would be able to enlist them by the very prestige of success.

The clergymen all read the notice, and one or two added a word of approval. Had they wished to criticise, they might have noticed that there was no signature to the announcement, but as they all approved of the object, which was stated to be "the consideration of measures for advocating the cause of temperance," none of them suspected aught but inexperience or timidity. One of them at least must have recognized the somewhat peculiar chirography, but if he did, he kept silent. As I wished him to be able to truthfully say, "I do not know," in answer to any inquiries, I had kept the secret with masonic care.

The husband of one of our number was sexton of the church selected. It was therefore opened and in order at the time appointed. We sat in different parts of the church that our concentrated action should more fully influence the assembly. We were blessed with a pleasant day, and a large assembly, few of whom knew what it was all about, but most of whom supposed the others did. We had arranged to elect the wife of the clergyman whose parishioners had the majority in our village, our President; the one who numbered the next largest congregation, our vice President, and I was obliged to accept the office of secretary, or appear inimical to the movement.

Our President was a woman of great natural ability; she had an excellent education, courteous manners, and a good knowledge of human nature. Our vice President had not as much executive power, but she was ambitious to do as much as Mrs. G., and was withal, very popular in her husband's society. As for myself, I was only expected to write resolutions, and place full accounts of our proceedings in good shape for our daily paper, so as to attract attention throughout the vicinity, and my readers best know if I could do it well. At least, I gave my whole heart to the work.

It would be tedious to mention in detail, all the steps by which we achieved our final success, beyond our most sanguine hopes; in defiance of a most determined and threatening army of the whisky dealers and drinkers, succeeded in carrying out the very letter of our constitution. Very brief it was too, although written by a woman,

and signed by two hundred and twenty of them. Our preamble, constitution, and by-laws, were all composed in one sentence, viz: "with the blessing of God, this demon shall be cast out of S—."

No one criticised its brevity or asked its meaning. Had they done so, we should probably have imitated the reply of Cooper's "Spy"—"we know, and thee knows, that is enough." No one certainly could complain that we had not recognized God in our constitution, nor will they, should woman ever enter the arena of politics, whatever mistakes she may make in wielding her new prerogatives, and it would be little less than miraculous did she not make many and grave ones, forgetfulness of her Creator will not be one of them. We devoutly believe that until her religious and moral influence is thrown into the political balance, it will be rarely rightly adjusted.

We were too much in earnest to be very profuse in ornamental words; "what shall we do first?" was the only question, and all were ready to do and dare whatever was to be done, or dared whatever was to be suffered; it had already, alas! fallen to the lot of some of them to suffer. As I listened to the words of some of those women, in the meetings which we held during that week, and several succeeding ones for the purpose of divining measures, appointing committees, etc., my heart thrilled with a sympathy that made their sufferings almost my own. I asked myself, are these the same women whom I have met at church or in the highways of life, and seen but the calm faces, and the oftentimes homely garb? How were they transformed by depth of real feeling! Their life-histories also; tragedies rather, many of them, where all had seemed so dull and prosaic. Like Mary of old, they "had kept all these things, and hidden them in their hearts," until the sympathy of their sister women had called them forth.

One of these which impressed me deeply at the time, I will endeavor to briefly outline. I can do no more, for it would be impossible to transcribe the tones, always earnest, sometimes solemn and pleading, with a passionate pathos; the tears, held back bravely for a time, then slowly gathering, trembling upon the dark lashes of eyes which must once have been beautiful—then coursing in rapid succession over cheeks too young to be so wan; the gestures, at first calm, even graceful, but soon becoming rapid and vehement, at last agonizing in their wild despair. Neither can I give you the electric power of the speaker's living presence, always so essential to the realization of a life-history.

I can picture this one for you,—a pen and ink sketch only.—She was still young, only twenty-five I was told, but labor and suffering had made her seem much older, she had once been more than pretty, but tears are not beautifiers in the long run, however a few, softly shed at the night time, may appear to an eye long accustomed to novel-reading. She was plainly, almost shabbily dressed, yet neatly; and the idiom which betrayed her Scotch parentage, lent its addi-

tional interest to the story she narrated. She spoke briefly of her childhood in "bonnie Scotland," of her removal with her parents to America, to them the land of promise, if not quite "the promised land," a promise which to them, alas! proved only one more of the many which are constantly in human experience, kept "to the ear," but bitterly broken "to the hope." For in the crowded steerage of the vessel, which was the best accommodation their limited means allowed, they found sickness and death. The father was taken away from his loved ones, and they were left to struggle with poverty and sorrow in a strange land. The mother's health, heavily taxed by the care of her husband, and grief for his loss, soon gave way, and she had but a short time to bear the pangs of heartsickness and poverty combined.

So the young girl was left alone in a strange land, in a few months after her arrival. Fortunately, she had in her efforts to support her mother, and the hope to benefit the invalid's health by the change, accepted the offer of an Illinois lady who was visiting her sister, by whom they were employed in New York. Pleased with the daughter's appearance, this lady had engaged them to return with her to the "Land of the Prairies," giving the mother a home, and at last, a grave, because the daughter was faithful in her services, and dutiful alike to parent and employer. Not thus did this humble minded woman state her employer's motives. She said the Lord heard her prayer and sent her a friend in her time of greatest need, but we all know that God accomplishes His divine purposes by simple, human means, and that the friend had been sent to her, because she was worthy of friendship. She remained with her kind benefactress, treated more like a daughter than a servant, until her marriage, a few years after her mother's death. The "laddie" was one she had known and loved in her earliest childhood, and when he followed his "lassie" to the new world, there was no other delay than that of arranging the new home; no hesitation except leaving the one who was at once friend and mistress.

A neat little cottage was now hers to reign over, and she took a young housekeeper's pride and pleasure in having it always attractive and pleasant to her husband. For a time, all seemed well, but at length some little indications appeared, telling her only too truly, that her husband was something more, than what it was in those days thought quite allowable to be—a moderate drinker! She had often heard him discuss the subject with the few who then advocated total abstinence, and had heard him proudly say, it might be better for some, but he was in no danger. Even then, her woman's pride in her manly husband, struggled with her intuitive feeling that the path of safety was in this case, also the path of wisdom. When, after he had been brought home to his young wife, more than once in a state of helpless intoxication, and the words, "I am in no danger," could not longer be uttered, as they had so often been, truthfully, although mistakenly; he at last aroused to a conviction of the

truth, that he was fast sinking into the lowest state of a confirmed drunkard; it was almost too late for his most energetic resolutions. At this time, the birth of a lovely boy, wearing his father's look and bearing his name, strengthened his desire for a purer manhood and a nobler life; and he promised his wife, his friends, and his God, henceforth to be worthy the holy name of father.

During three years he manfully kept that promise, resisting all the persuasions of his boon companions, braving their sneers, and fighting in the strength of a newly awakened sense of danger to himself, and duty to his family, with the hardest foe of all, his own appetite for alcoholic drinks, so long nurtured by the daily dram, and now so slowly conquered, he at length attained a position from which he could once more proudly challenge the world's confidence as a "temperate" man. He had once been satisfied with the name of a "temperate" man, and thought it safe to "take a little," he now saw that there was no safety short of entire abstinence. So he no longer took his occasional glass, because the weather was too warm, or too cold, too wet, or too dry; because he was very hard at work and needed stimulant, or last and truest cause of all—idle, and tempted by other idlers.

In these happy years, industry and care had added many comforts and even a few luxuries to the simple furnishing of the pretty cottage; another of Heaven's richest gifts had come, in the form of a sunny-haired and blue-eyed girl, and they were happy as simple wishes, industrious habits, and innocent recreations usually make their possessors. Alas! why cannot I here lay down my pen, and leave them happy? The wheels roll on; sometimes bearing the pleasure carriage of the wealthy, the dray-load of the toiler, sometimes crushing hope and happiness, like flowers beneath their weight.

The young wife prided herself upon her model housekeeping. A laudable pride, when the house is not kept too carefully for the comfort of its inmates. There were then, few schools in our beautiful adopted state; small fruits the pioneer settlers had not taken the time to cultivate; and the art of canning had not been introduced, if invented. She must have a good supply of pickles, and for pickles she must have some whisky. How the whisky was to be converted into eatable pickles, is one of the ungodly mysteries, which I never shall willingly hear explained; let it rest with the crimes, of which wise kings of old forbade even the punishment to be recorded, lest their memory should be thereby perpetrated. Certain it is, that in an evil hour, the now redeemed man was requested, as he left their happy home to attend to some business in the little town nearest their now well cultivated farm and bring back as usual the supply of groceries, etc., to purchase a small keg of whisky. If he hesitated in regard to making this purchase, it was probably only for a moment; he supposed the power of his enemy a thing only of the past. The purchase was made, amid the jeers and scoffs of the frequenters of the village store, and he started for

discharge faithfully your various duties to all around you, instead of taking pains to preserve your health, you work harder than ever, and take less time to rest or refresh yourself. "But how can I help it?" you say, "I have more to do, and less time to do it in." I will tell you how to help it: "Do less and you will do more." "Make your head aid your hands." Take a little time each morning to plan your work beforehand, and ask God to give you wisdom and strength for that day's duties; and, while baby is asleep and all is quiet, take a few minutes to plan and arrange your work, so that you can do what is most needful in the early part of the day, and, thus, gain some time each day, at different intervals, for quiet and rest; intervals, especially before dinner and tea. Why? Because you are then more exhausted and need it more than at any other time to enable you to digest your meals properly, and to repair the waste of muscle, brain, and nerve, occasioned by your hard labor, and, also, because it is an important duty you owe to your family, as well as to yourself, to make these gatherings pleasant and cheerful. See a family at meal times, with no company present but themselves, and you may judge whether they are a happy family. If you wish to be a blessing to your family and all around you, and to do the greatest possible good, be sure to take time, every day, to do something that will thoroughly rest and refresh you. Take a book, write a letter, talk to the children, read some good newspaper or magazine.

Some mothers will be refreshed by taking a little light sewing, and in listening to their husbands or children reading to them aloud, from some book or paper, or by hearing their children's lessons; but whatever you do, by way of recreation, be sure that it is something that you will enjoy, or that will really rest and refresh you. And never neglect to take plenty of fresh out-door air every day. No time to do it, did you say? I will tell you how to save the time, money, and strength. First, never work when you are tired. When you are really weary, stop and rest, even if only for a few minutes. Depend upon it, you will gain by it in the end. If your feet ache or your back aches, take the most comfortable chair or resting-place you can find for a few minutes; take time to think and to rest, or, if you are dull and dispirited, and everything seems to go wrong, and your bones are aching, take up a good book or periodical and let your thoughts have a little diversion and food, and your body a little rest, for a while, and you will be surprised to see with what renewed vigor and energy you can begin your work again. O! you choose to do all your work and then sit down, do you? So Mrs. Keepatit, Mrs. B—, Mrs. C—, and all the others I have mentioned, thought and acted, and you see the result. Remember that while moderate exercise strengthens, excessive exercise weakens and impairs. "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." If you wait till your work is done before resting you never will have any, because there will never be a time when you will have nothing to do. "Man's work is

from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done."

Let me tell you of Mrs. H—, who is prudent and methodical in her ways. She has certain hours or times set apart for certain duties (children, chance visitors, and accidents excepted). For instance, when the time comes for baking, she undertakes only what she can perform in a reasonable length of time, with the strength and help which she has at her command. If she has little of these, she lets the family have good plain food, without pies or cakes, or other extras. Thus she gets a little time to rest and refresh herself, and the family enjoy a plain dinner with the pleasure of her bright smiles and loving words, much more than they would the richest viands with ill-temper, fretfulness, and fault-finding. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Then, when sewing time comes, she sews an hour or two, and then puts away her work. It is a great temptation to some women to sew on and on without stopping, until they are compelled to do so. They will ruffle, and tuck, and embroider every outside and inside garment, foolishly throwing away valuable time, strength, and temper on what is of very little value. First think of what must be, and then of what may be. When the time for sewing comes, do first what is most needed for health and comfort, and then leave all the might, could or would be furbelows of your imagination, and also of the fashion-books, till you have abundant strength and leisure, and can find no better way of using your time; and so save a little more time for your husband, children, and friends, and for the culture of your own mind and heart. Give your best and your strongest to that which lasts longest. "Take time to think;" "make your mental powers aid your physical ones;" and be sure to take time to rest when you are tired, and in so doing, you will gain time, strength, health, love, happiness, and usefulness.—*Mother's Magazine.*

HOW TO KEEP OUR BOYS ON THE FARM.

"I don't see, for my part, with this country's coming to!" exclaimed my neighbor, as he dropped in on Monday evening; "so many of the boys are quitting the farms." "Why, when I was a boy," he proceeded, warming up with the recollection, "it was considered a religious duty for one of the sons in every family to succeed to the homestead of his father; and the steadiest of his brothers pursued the same honorable calling. Now and then, a promising youth adopted a profession; but, as a rule, not to be a farmer was thought about equivalent to being a vagrant. Now how is it? Why, bless me! three-quarters of our boys are deserting the shelter of the farm-roofs, leaving their fathers' acres to more patient plodders from Ireland and Germany, and eagerly seeking refuge in the strange city. What can have got into them?"

Such a state of things is surely to be deplored. The prosperity of a nation always depends on the thrift and happiness of its rural people. The

sources of this dissatisfaction ought to be removed. As they are numerous, so is the remedy complex.

1. *The homestead must be made more attractive.*—A thrifty farmer's boys generally see that their father's house is built more carelessly and kept more slatternly than that of the city merchant. Their first unconscious inference is that fine houses are the exclusive product of the city; their next deduction—"that's the place to live."

What is the picture which they too often leave behind when they take their flight? A house unpainted and without blinds; a barn rickety and hastening to decay; rheumatic fences, offering kindly passage to hungry horses and filthy, bony cows; in the foreground, obtrusive piles of neglected tools, wagon wheels, old iron, and infinite rubbish; in the background, a dreary wast of skinned and plundered fields! Without any expense, except a little time and taste, our farmers' homes can be embellished and rendered delightful; and only so can the best youths of this generation be induced to remain in the homesteads of their fathers.

2. *Farmers must provide separate cottages for their hired men.*—Do merchants generally board their clerks? Do manufacturers usually impose upon their wives and daughters the necessity of furnishing meals and beds for their begrimed and sweaty laborers from forge and loom—of serving them at table with their food, and sharing their company at the fireside? Why should the wives and daughters of farmers be expected to do this? And so long as such a burden is laid upon them, is it strange that farmers' sons rebel against their lot and seek a city refuge, and that farmers' daughters set their caps for clerks, mechanics, tailors, "speculators" — anybody but their schoolmates?

The introduction of hired men into the household totally destroys the family relation. The farm-house becomes a boarding-house, in which the husband is steward, the wife cook, and the workmen boarders! The employed become the served; the employers servants! No well-bred woman can tolerate such a condition of things, unless her ambition is crushed. There is many a woman in every county in the land who has cooked twenty tons of food for "the hired men;" who, while her husband has grown well-to-do, and been elected justice of the peace, and gone to the legislature, has become thin and furrowed with drudgery, bent to a furious and never-ending rotation of scrubbing, baking, stewing—for the hired men.

This wretched community system has prevailed long enough in America, to the amazement of foreigners and the disgust of our own people. It is high time that every farmer with a practice of personal sensibility or independence, or with any respect for the rights of his companion, should adopt a better way. Wherever the system of separation has been tried, it has resulted in the increased thrift of the farmer, the emancipation of his wife, and an accession of comfort and self-respect to the laborer.

3. *Farmers must seek a higher social training.*—A few of the best educated

and cultured men of America are farmers, and their studious sons are gracing the same occupation. But such are a small proportion of the whole.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Farmers ought, as a class, to cultivate better manners in parlor, kitchen, and field; at fireside and table. Urbanity and rusticity originally meant merely city life and country life; it is not by accident that these words have come to signify politeness and boorishness. Only through human contact can we acquire polish, and, by lack of this attrition, we, as a class, have come to undervalue the affable manners which mark the gentleman. Integrity and benevolence are not a guarantee of politeness; there must be added to these, intercourse with well-bred people. Then read the newspapers and don't ask your city visitors what the news is, but read read more than they do, and tell them about their own affairs what they have not heard of themselves.

To recover what we have lost, or gain what we have missed, let us seek to construct a society about us, to encourage neighborhood gatherings, farmers' clubs, agricultural societies, and evening parties of every innocent kind, that may bring us in contact with others. To this end let us try co-operative farming—thousands fly to the city because they wish to "see folks." To this end also, we can, if we will, learn from our wives, for they are often better read and usually better-mannered than we.

4. *Progressive farming must be substituted for routine farming.*—Abolish the plodding system; break up traditional routine, and the boys will stick to farming. Scientific farming does not mean the adoption of fancy theories; it means, learning from the laws of Nature, and the experience of other practical farmers, how to exchange bad habits of husbandry for better ones.

Mind governs matter; and no art or profession demands for its perfect development so much general and special information, and so wide a range of science, as does the tilling of the soil. But agriculture, as commonly practised, is to-day behind every other art. Farmers have studied less to master their calling than have the members of any other trade. How many thousands are there, in every State, who never see an agricultural journal or book! Such farmers lack new ideas more than they lack new implements. Their minds need subsoiling more than their grounds!

To make farming attractive to our boys, the drudgery of routine farming must be given up, and the scientific Why must be taught. This is the day of transition between muscle and mind, between brawn and brain. Thought is being introduced as a new lever to relieve the elbow.

Inventive genius has strewn over a single county of Ohio, more agricultural machinery than could be found in the whole West a few years ago; and it is changing the whole character of farming as an occupation. One intelligent man now can do more than a stupid hundred, and derive from it more pleasure and profit. Farm machinery is not only labor-saving; it is

home, as he supposed, a free and happy man with a life of usefulness before him.

The young wife waited dinner long that day, but her husband did not come. Late in the afternoon, a neighbor on his way to town, was surprised to see her husband's horses standing at the bars which led from the public road, through a field up to the house. It was the nearest way from the town to which he had gone that morning, and the animals were impatiently stamping and pawing as if they had stood a long time. Examining more carefully, he saw that the lines were dangling upon the ground, and must have been so when the team came through a small creek a mile distant, as they were covered with mud, although the road was dry. Somewhat alarmed, he sent a boy who was with him to make inquiry at the house, while he drove rapidly forward upon the road over which the driverless team had passed. Another neighbor upon the road, stated that he had seen the horses pass without their owner about two hours before, but knowing them to be steady, and from their having a load of lumber knew they had not ran away and supposed their master not far behind. He at once took a place in the wagon, and the two men drove rapidly forward only to find their neighbor nearly dying by the roadside.

His leg was broken, and internal injuries had been received from his fall, which rendered surgical assistance of no avail. He was borne to his home, and nursed carefully by his almost heart-broken wife, who was assisted by every neighbor near, for he was respected and beloved by all. In the road near him lay the empty keg. Suffering with his broken limb, and faint from the shock of the fall, he had yet managed to knock out its bung and to creep away from the poison which rapidly flowed into the dusty highway. He would not allow the keg to be placed in the wagon, but earnestly entreated them to throw it into some bushes near by, and be sure that none of its contents were left in it, to tempt the passer-by. Supposing he had himself partaken, and was excited by its influence, they yet yielded to his earnestness and did as he requested. Yet his breath was free from the smell of the poisonous liquor, and his mind was calm.

"I had not tasted it, Mary," said he. "Do not mourn, but thank God for me, and for our children, that I was saved from tasting it, by this fall, although it was unto death. Saved from a worse fall, back to a drunkard's life. For such would surely have been mine, Mary. I know it, and feel it now; had not a merciful God saved me by taking me away. Perhaps I might have got the liquor safely home, but they had none in kegs the size to hold so small a quantity, so the storekeeper poured some out from a barrel into a keg. The smell of the stuff maddened me; the ridicule of the men around, made me feel as if I had already deserted my own principles by purchasing it; and I started for home almost desperate enough to do anything. Except for the lumber, which I had purchased as a surprise to you, Mary, I was intending to build a nice woodshed and

have our winter's wood all under cover before snow came, I should have driven rapidly forward. As it was, I could only ride slowly along, and think about the whisky. When I got into the woods I stopped the horses and climbed over to where I had placed the keg, about the centre of the load. I scarcely intended to taste, but an insane desire to smell it once more seemed to possess me, and I should have drank—drank to intoxication, drank to ruin and a drunkard's death, but for that blessed misstep. I fell between the wheels; the horses must have been started by the cry I gave; the hind wheel passed over me and the keg of whisky came rattling down so near it nearly crushed me. Better so, than had I drank from it. Kiss me good-bye, Mary, there is no vile poison in my breath, and Mary, never, never let our children taste it in any form; keep them away from the places where it is sold, no matter what names they are called, and keep it away from their food before they have learned to like its taste. Promise me once more, Mary!"

It was indeed, his last will and testament, for he died in making it. All this had been said in fewer and broken words; sentences divided by weakness and pain. It was told us also in sentences broken by passionate sobs.

I have not attempted to do the narrative full justice, it would have been impossible! At its close, there was a hush as of a gathering storm in the church, and it broke in a tempest of "ayes" upon the vote being taken.

Perhaps I did not mention in its proper place, that we were discussing a resolution against the use of alcoholic liquor for culinary purposes, which had been opposed by some of the wealthy ladies present, who argued that it would be impossible to have mince pies and pudding sauces rich enough or of proper flavor without brandy or wine, and pickles that would keep without whisky.

WORDS FOR WEARY WOMEN— HOW TO SAVE TIME.

BY ANNA HOLYoke.

One of the most dangerous rocks, upon which many a loving couple have shipwrecked their hopes of domestic happiness, is overwork—working so hard and incessantly as to wear out vitality, nerves, and temper. And unfortunately, the very wives and husbands, who are thus spoiled, are naturally the best, the most devoted, and conscientious.

So impressed have I been with this danger, from cases coming under my own cognizance, that I thought it might do some good to write a story, giving instances of actual facts, illustrative of this evil; but, then, the weary, hard-working mothers, whom I wish to help, never read stories. The indolent and easy-going ones would take it all to themselves, and, therefore, it might do more harm than good: so I will just say a few words to all hard-working mothers, and beg them to take time to read them, and reflect upon them.

Listen, Mrs. Earnest, I understand your case fully. You feel that you can never do enough for your husband and

children. You work early and late, and, even then, with a conscientious fidelity, feel that there is more to be done; that you ought not to take any time to yourself for music, or reading, or any of the loved recreations of former days. My dear woman, has it never occurred to you that, by this course of conduct, you might be doing an injury and injustice, not only to yourself, but to your husband and children, the very ones you are seeking most anxiously to serve? Let me tell you about Mrs. Keepatit. She rose early and did all she could before breakfast, then she worked and worked, till she was exhausted, worried, and weary, and when, at last, the troublesome baby was asleep, and the children at school, she did not stop then, even for a moment, to rest or refresh herself, but still worked on and on till dinner time, and then till tea-time, and then till bed-time, and long after every one else was in bed, without stopping even for a minute, because she always thought of something more to do; and so it went on from day to day, and from year to year; and what was the result? Her nervous system was thoroughly worn out, and had become so sensitive and excitable, that she was in a state of constant irritability, and vexed with everybody and everything; and thus, she, who was once the most amiable and lovely of young ladies, became a confirmed scold, cross to her husband, cross to her children, dissatisfied with herself, and the torment and dread of all around her. Life to her, in this unhappy, morbid state, is only a burden, and, thus, she drags out, from day to day, a miserable existence. But you may ask, why is this? It is very easily explained. For when the body is in a healthy and vigorous state, the mind receives the most correct impressions of surrounding people and things, and we are then more apt to feel happy, cheerful, and good-natured. On the contrary, when the body is over-worked, the nerves and brain are then generally out of order, and unduly sensitive, so that we sigh and cry over various ills and grievances that, with the brain and nerves in any other condition, we should only laugh at; but, when our nerves are weak, our heads ache, our spirits are depressed, and our hearts are sorrowful; everything presages darkness, despair, and death. Besides, when we are tired and weary, we are then the weakest to resist temptation, especially the temptation to complain and find fault. If a woman will overwork herself, let her remember the adage, that, sometimes, "Speech is silver, and silence golden." But few worn-out, weary women have, however, strength and nerve enough left, even if they remember it, to follow it; yet there are such, it is true. Mrs. B—, for example, tried the same plan of incessant work, and had also the angelic grace to hold her tongue, or to speak only words of patience, hope and love. "Better wear out than rust out," was always her motto, and so she worked on till she worked herself into an early grave, leaving her husband, a wide circle of friends and kindred to mourn her loss and feel that it could never be replaced, and wonder that one so young, so useful, so beloved, and do-

ing such good at home, in the Sabbath-school, the church, among the poor and everywhere, should be taken away. Ah! how much good might this noble woman have done in a long life of usefulness, if she had but followed this little maxim, take time to rest.

Mrs. C—, in incessant labor and activity, followed the example of these ladies. Her first child was born healthy and strong. All the rest died one after another, because their mother had so overworked herself, that she was rendered incapable of giving them sufficient nourishment and vitality, to enable them to resist the first attacks of disease. Mrs. D—overworked herself in the same way, and it brought on an illness that confined her for months to her bed, leaving her husband and eight children to provide for themselves as best they could. Mrs. E—worked herself to death, and left two little girls to suffer grievously for the want of a mother's care, and a husband to regret, too late, that he had thoughtlessly neglected to provide her such help as she needed. And, thus, instances might be multiplied of the sad effects of overwork.

But, bear in mind, these did not lose their temper, their health, and their lives from work, but from overwork. Work is healthy—invigorating. The indolent and sluggish lose health, life, and everything else worth having. I have no sympathy with a lazy woman. It is not work that hurts us; it is overwork; it is because we do not take time to rest after labor. The industrious live longer than the idle, and they are happier.

"Labor is life—'tis the still water faileth,
Idleness ever despaireth—bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth.
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon."

I have always admired the lines following, by Goethe.

"Early let woman learn to serve, for that is her calling,
For by serving alone can she attain to ruling,
To the well deserved power that is her's in the household.
The sister serves her brother while young, and
serves her parents,
And all her life is still a continued coming and
going,
A carrying ever and bringing, a making and
shaping for others;
Well for her if she learn to think no read a foul
one,
To make the hours of the night the same as the
hours of the day,
To think no labor too trifling, and never too fine
the needle,
Forgetting herself altogether, and living in others alone,
And lastly, as mother, in truth, she will need
every one of the virtues."

Nothing can be more lovely and unselfish than this picture; yet, I believe, there is one mistake in it. The woman, who does most good in the world, will not forget herself altogether, but will, at least, remember herself so far as to take a proper care of the health of her own body, mind, and soul, knowing well that to do so is a responsible duty, imposed upon by Him, to whom she must one day render an account. This life of untiring, unselfish, incessant labor for others, may go on very well for a time, perhaps, so long as you have strength, youthful energy, and spirits. But, then, when children begin to increase, and you are in need of more life and vigor than ever, to enable you to be a good wife and mother, and to

consequently civilizing, because it saves human toil, it tends to elevate and refine our people.

Progressive agriculture carries a blessing to the future. The progressive farmer builds tasteful and commodious dwellings, with fuel and water convenient, and every accessory that can lighten the good wife's toil; he adorns his grounds from time to time with shrubs and flowers; he grafts pippins and greenings on the native stock, sets out new orchards, and takes care of old ones; he obtains the handiest tools and houses them; he builds stalls for cattle, and raises roots and stems fodder to feed them. He adapts the soil to the needs of vegetable life; if wet, he drains; if light or sterile, he turns under clover, and mixes more tenacious soil; if sour and cold, he gives lime; and he almost always ploughs deeply and manures liberally.

He teaches his sons not only how to plough, but why to plough; not only how to manure, but what is the effect of various fertilizers; not only what will thrive best on a given soil, but the reason for it; not only how to drain and irrigate, but why—because if they know the *Why*, they cannot forget the *How*. Thus he turns their eyes from their State capital to their own township, school district, home, and cultivates that local patriotism which is the foundation of the nation's strength. *Such farming pays*—morally, mentally, and pecuniarily. — *Hearth and Home.*

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a Mecadomized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by wellsprings of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes the welcome shou's of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification, and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.—*Ex.*

—The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.



SATISFIED.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I shall be satisfied! Not when the dawning Of youth and hope lights up the kindling sky, And the first freshness of the early morning, Its dew and splendor, charm the wondering eye. Not when Life's high, meridian standpoint gain-ing.

I see the far paths stretch on either side; One to the future, and a low grave leading; One to the past where many a hope has died.

Not when the twilight shadows slowly lengthen, And calm rest cometh with the eventide; Rest from the care that weighs, the work that wearis.—

Not even then shall I be satisfied!

Not when Love throws its witching glamour o'er me,

And its bewildering spell is on my soul, Till my full heart in every nerve is thrilling, And floods of rapture o'er my being roll.

And not when in my ear my children's voices Make pleasant music all the livelong day; Nor when the dear delights of home and kindred

Make dear November seem as blithe as May.

I shall be satisfied! Not though the laurel Should twine, a living wreath, around my brow, And myriad voices joy the name to utter That few, save those who love me, murmur now.

I shall be satisfied—not this side A'denn! Though Earth is fair, and Life is passing sweet,

Oh, soul of mine, thine eager, restless yearnings Still chase the infinite with flying feet!

But when, the valley of the shadow passing, I see the golden gates thrown open wide, And waken in the likeness of the Father, Then, then, at last I shall be satisfied!

HOME GALA DAYS.

ALL life demands halting places, and breaks in the monotony of even a cheerful existence, are as necessary for our happiness as the change of seasons or the alteration of hours. Perpetual sunshine, always of the same intensity, would make us long for shade and shower—even for snow and hail; and a blue sky never veiled with opalescent mist, never reddened with dawn nor purpled with evening, would become after a while as tiresome as a heaven from which the leaden clouds never vanished, the dull gray never brightened, and the glorious sun never shone. We want variety in all things, if it is even from the good to the worse. We cannot live on the same material unchanged in any direction in which it is given us to walk. From food to pleasure, from work to love, we must have our gala days or our fast times, our special events, our changes.

No person with an educated appetite would be content to live on a diet of delicacies. The most delightful ball that ever "put life and mettle" into the heels of stalwart youth and flying maiden for six hours would be worse than torture if carried on without change or intermission for sixty. Our very work is improved by taking on ourselves an additional strain at times, simply because of this quality of rest and refreshment through change, and a gala day in the midst of heavy business is like sleep to the weary; while

not the most loyal and devoted heart that ever beat in unison with truth and love can manage to live on its single simple affections of childhood only, without adding to the store and widening the range. The whole world subsists by change. From life to death—which indeed is only another name for multiplied and re-composed life—we must have variety, and with variety halting places in the current as it flows.

Gala days make a large part of these halting places in the family life. We have birthdays and precious anniversaries of wedding days, say, each so delightful in its own way, each such an eloquent marker laid by love within the pages of the book of home and family life! The one is looked forward to by the little ones as the very essence of enjoyment. The presents which are prepared with such patent secrecy, and the mystery of which is sure to be exploded long before the auspicious morning arrives; the privilege of ordering dinner conferred, as the sign of temporary supremacy, on the fortunate possessor of the birthday—what pudding is to be chosen made a matter of solemn nursery cabinet council, with no end of snubbing administered to the imprudent innocent who should dare to suggest boiled rice or treacle roly-poly, or any other ordinary work-a-day favorite; the holiday granted, with the saturnalia of unlimited romping and unchecked laughter, and a real doll's tea made in a real doll's set; the pride felt as another numeral marks the progress of time, and brings the immature creature twelve months nearer to that vague heaven of independence called "grown up;" who shall say that all these delights, essentially puerile as they are, are of no value to the life of the young, consequently of the mature and the old? The very creation of happiness, if by no more dignified means than a colored ball costing sixpence, or a handful of snippets for little missy's doll, is a gain to the storehouse of experiences; and memories of past joy are of use for all future times. When do we have such exquisite happiness as when we are young? In maturity

We look before and after, And pine for what is not; Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought!

But in childhood we are like the sky-lark itself, with whose "clear, keen joyance languor cannot be;" and the recollection of these early childish gala days, full to the brim with varied pleasures—and of such interminable length, too!—days longer than now the whole twenty-four hours seem to be!—is one of the best possessions we bring away from the enchanted land of youth. Then, as we grow older, what we lose in vividness and freshness of enjoyment we gain in a tenderer, deeper, more subtle pleasure from the gala days of home—the anniversaries we keep among ourselves with affectionate domestic pomp, as the seasons which mark the renewal of old hope and love. Year by year, as the anniversary of the wedding day comes round, do we not live again for at least those few hours in the early

illusions with which all marriages founded on love are made?—illusions which never last, be it remembered, but which in the homes of the well-mated give place to the better condition of satisfied knowledge.

If, by ill chance we are of those who are only married, not mated, and yet who wish to make the best of the bad, and to be happy on as small an amount of material as is possible for the subsistence of the human heart; even then do we not try hard for eighteen hours in the year to forget the rasping revelations of time and, closer knowledge, and to remember only the golden appearances, the siren songs of early hope and ante-nuptial romance? When the anniversary of what has perhaps proved to be our day of doom comes round, are we not still disposed to regard it as in some sort the pale reflection of the hope which once believed it to be our day of enduring joy? Memory is tenacious, if experience is disenchanting; and memory holds us to the past with chains and rings of triple brass. For this day at least, whatever it includes, whether the recollection of our darling hope, or the consciousness of its betrayal, we make the best of things as they are. We bury the war hatchets that have hacked at our hearts and mutilated our happiness and love so often during the years of our ill-fated union; and we hand round the sacred pipe of peace, decorated with a wedding present from each to each. All of which endeavor certainly ensures so many hours of reconciliation, albeit it may be nothing better than a surface reconciliation, rootless and fruitless. Still, when we are parched, even one draught of water refreshes us.

Then, when time goes on, and we creep up to the silver wedding, and so still onward perhaps to the golden, why then the gala day is in the one case a dumb exhortation for the need of further patience now that the galling chain has been carried so long, and the pinching shoe worn and walked in with more or less of evident hobbling for so many years; in the other it is as a lovely resting place, where we may stand awhile and look back on the beautiful road we have traveled, standing hand-in-hand, heart still closer to heart, as we look back and remember—look forward and hope. Yes, these gala days of family life are very sweet and precious to the hearts of those who love; while to those who do not, they afford, if nothing better, the pale semblance of happiness, and are the signals for a truce and brighter breaks in the gray monotony of sorrow.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

WHAT THE OLD BACHELORS OF ANCIENT DAYS SAID.

It is said that the proverbs of the world furnish an epitome of the wit and wisdom of all nations and ages. The most salient and universal traits of human nature are caught and preserved in them, as flies are preserved in amber. The same is true of the deeply ingrained prejudices which have come down to us from a semi-barbarous time. If proverbs are in many cases neat and portable packa-

ges in which self-evident truths are handed about, they also furnish conveyance for many ideas which do not fit the period in which we live. Old, hateful, unjust notions, about women especially, are thus kept in circulation, and show how deep was the brand of her servitude in the ages when they were coined by male ingenuity. Much of this small change of thought is spurious, but it is curious and instructive as measuring the thorough contempt men often expressed for women at the time of their most servile submission to male rule. In these brief editions of would-be wisdom the intellect of woman is almost universally derided:

A Hebrew proverb says:

When an ass climbs a ladder we may find wisdom in women.

As another has it:

Three women and a goose make a market.

And another still:

Where there are women and geese there wants no noise.

Here is a batch of proverbs illustrative of the utter worthlessness of women:

A man of straw is better than a woman of gold. A dead wife, it is also said, is the best goods in a man's house.

The badness of man is better than the goodness of woman, declares a Jewish proverb.

The death of wives and the loss of sheep make men rich.

If a woman were as little as she is good, A peacock's tail would make her a gow and a hood. Deeds are males; words are females.

The deceit, inconstancy, and untrustworthy characteristics of women have called into existence a score of proverbs, from which we select a few:

No relying on women, wine and fortune.

Women and wine, game and deceit.

Make the wealth small and the wants great.

Women, wind, and fortune are ever changing.

The necessity of the personal castigation of wives is insisted on by some of those old saws. Here is one that says:

A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree, The more they are beaten the better they be.

Another has it:

You may beat the devil into your wife, But you will never bring him out again.

The childish notion that women ought habitually to keep silence is expressed by a number of sayings:

Silence is the best ornament of a woman, Silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but 'tis seldom worn.

Let women spin, and not preach.

Maidens should be mild and meek, Swift to hear and slow to speak,

Maidens should be mum till they are married, and then they may burn kirk.

No greater degree of contempt could possibly be expressed than by the comparisons to which women are subjected:

It's as great pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot.

A woman's tongue wags like a lamb's tail.

Women and dogs set men by the ears.

Women and hens, through too much gadding, are lost.

Here is one of the articles of the old marriage creed:

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.

Here is encouragement for constant home-keeping and drudgery:

The woman that expects to have a good name is always at home, as if she were lame; and the maid that is honest, her chieftest delight is still to be doing from morning till night.

His Satanic Majesty, it would appear by these laws, is on intimate terms with the sex;

Tell a woman she's a beauty, and the Devil will tell her so ten times.

Man is fire; woman is tow; the Devil comes and sets them in a blaze.

Here is a terse expression of a very pernicious belief:

Women commend a modest man, but like him not.

Woman's capacity for intrigue and deceit is thus expressed:

Women in mischief are wiser than men.

Women conceal all they know not.

The shrewish qualities of women are drawn in no alluring colors:

If you can abide a curst wife you need not fear any company.

Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her.

Here is a compliment to womanly intuitions:

Take your wife's first advice not her second.

Proverbs complimentary to women are seldom met, but these that follow express homely truths:

One hair of a woman draws more than a team of oxen.

She that gazes much spins not much.

Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire.

Observe the face of the wife and know the husband's character.

The penury of women is here acknowledged:

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.

Old maids are subjected to a horrible fate by proverb-mongers:

Old maids lead apes in hell.

Young maids without matrimonial prospects are of course depicted as a drug:

The worst stork is a maid unbetrothed.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything.

I have failed to find any considerable number of proverbs containing sarcasms and strictures upon men in their relations with women. I, therefore, conclude that these churlish saws were made wholly by soured and disappointed bachelors and old curmudgeons among benedicts.

As women are now learning to use the well-nibbed pen of sarcasm, perhaps in a century or two a proverbial literature may come into existence which will tell some plain and certain truths of men in the briefest and pithiest manner.

STARTING IN A MARRIED LIFE.

I will tell you a story of my own experience in starting in the world. When I was very young and very poor, I married a very poor young man; he worked out by the day, or by the month, on the farms, and in order that the stormy days should not consume the incomes of the fair ones, something must be done. What should it be? He had no trade for indoor labor, except making shingles. Then he had no shop, and it would cost so much to buy lumber and build one. Heretofore he had spent the stormy days like hundreds of young men in the country, lounging about public places in the village, or at some neighbor's. He had formed the habit, and liked it right well.

"Now," said I, "James, if we ever get anything ahead, the winter must not consume what the summer yields."

"True," said he, "but what can I do?" I hesitated a moment, looked at the neatly scoured floor of our little log cabin, and snow white recess and window curtains, which, by the way, were placed out from worn-out garments.

"Get neighbor Willson to bring you some timber, get it sawed, and make the shingles for half."

"Where," said he; "here in the house?"

"Yes, here in the house," said I.

Year after year passed. In our kitchen barrels were hooped, chairs were bottomed, barley forks were made and sold, and I used to pack the shingles. And what of it if I did help him saw the small timber? All this was done in bad weather, and the children were growing up enjoying the liberty of making all the litter desirable, whenever they were released from their hours of study. No one on earth loves neatness more than I; but I learned, in time, to sacrifice neatness, in a measure, to prosperity and happiness.

Husband is nervous and irritable by nature, and it will not do in all cases to try to teach old dogs new tricks, so I have picked up after him, boots, hats, and clothing, washed and combed him almost every Sunday morning, and, as to the boys, they have made all sorts of farming implements in the house when they could not play out-of-doors; and whatever innocent amusement they wished to engage in aside from mental improvement, they have done. I made many efforts to teach the boys order about the house, but never fairly succeeded.

Now for the result of my course: We have a farm of more than a hundred acres well stocked; there are several rooms in our house, but shingles are not made in any of them. Sometimes when husband brings in a barrel to hoop for our own use, I tell him to be careful not to scratch the paint off the floor. Husband is a steady, hard-working man, and when night comes he is at home; the boys, or rather young men, are honest, ambitious, home-loving boys. No smoking cigars, or taking a glass, or lounging about, with them. Studious, noble, good, and true they are.

HOW SOME PEOPLE MARRY.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to house-keeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are, nine to ten, that he has neither. He has been "taken in and done for!" Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted, and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows of a dozen faces he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house.

A family of children grows up about him; but neither he nor his "face" knows anything about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour known throughout the whole household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances and polka with it, exchanges *billetdoux* with it,

pops the question to it, gets accepted by it, takes it to the parson, weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says he, too, is married and has got a home. It is false. He is not married; he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it; he might as well hope to get out of his coffin. His friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, and bid the "fortune," and he who husbands it, good-morning. As if he had known a good-morning since he and that gilded fortune were declared to be one.

Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. My dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and so we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

We must not hope to be mowers
And to gather the ripe gold ears
Unless we have first been sowers
And watered the furrows with tears.

—Good manners are sure to procure respect.

—A few vices will often obscure many virtues.

—Fine gold fears not fire, nor solid stone the water.

—Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

—Suspicion and distrust are the greatest enemies to friendship.

—There is no fault in poverty, but the minds that think so are faulty.

—Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.

—Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

—Do with trials as men do with new hats—put them on and wear them until they become easy.

—Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will feel that you are better off than you fancied. You may subdue an angry man by bearing with him, but not by answering him: that is as if the steel should try to make the flint leave off giving sparks, by striking it again.

—If earth gave us all we desired, then we would wish for no better place. If our present life were unmixed with sadness, we could not love to contemplate that happier country where all tears shall be forever wiped away, where no night is, where there is no death, nor parting, nor disease.

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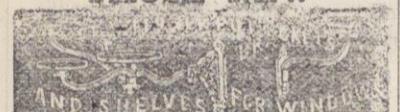
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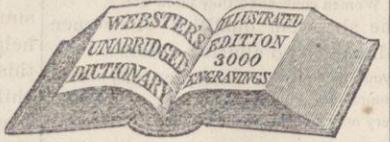
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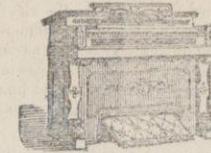
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