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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. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 10.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Veranda.

OCTOBER.

Brief grow the waning days; the poplars shed
Their serried showers of crimson o'er the path,
And gathering swallows, on the river brink,
Twit their departing notes. The dusky bats
Begin to congregate beneath the eaves,
Dreaming of winter-sleep; the lazy pike
Bask on the river-surface, revelling
In the last warmth of summer.

On the elms,
The speckled starlings gathering, loud hold
A noisy council; and the blue-barred jays,
White-banded magpies, and spruce jackdaws join
To swell the clamorous chorus.

On the bank,
The warm south bank—purple shine forth the bells
Of autumn violets, last lingerers,
When gone the flowers of summer! So oft shines
A virtuous life, unrecognized, unknown,
By a censorious world!

Close in, the days,
With gray, yet golden twilight; winter comes,
Comes on apace, and his white-shrouding snows
Again shall shortly veil the slumbering earth!

—Chamber's Journal.

FATTENING ANIMALS FOR SLAUGHTER.

FARMERS generally are too much in the habit of postponing the fattening of cattle and hogs until late in the fall. Animals intended for the butcher should receive attention at an early period, and be put into condition to receive a rapid increase of flesh and fat just before being killed. It should be the aim to fatten them as rapidly as possible, so as to obtain the greatest amount of flesh in proportion to the food consumed. The reason is obvious; a certain quantity of food is required to support life, and restore the natural waste from the body, and all over this quantity goes to the increase of flesh and fat. In all animals the accumulation of these is only the deposit of superfluous nourishment, which not being required at the time, is laid by for future emergencies; so it is apparent that the more food an animal can be induced to consume daily, with a hearty appetite, the greater will be the amount of flesh and fat gained in proportion to the whole quantity of food.

Another consideration of equal importance to excessive feeding is to reduce the waste of the animal's system as much as possible, by having every arrangement to contribute to its quiet and comfort. When animals are situated so that they are uncomfortable from cold, and filth, they waste much of the food that would be turned into flesh and fat under proper conditions. Hence the old saying, that

"an animal will fret off flesh faster than it will gain it." A restless, fretting animal may consume a large quantity of food, but whatever increase of weight may be gained will be only an unprofitable product. We have often seen hogs and sheep intended for the butcher, confined in such filthy, uncomfortable quarters, that although they consumed a large quantity of food, they merely held their condition. Fattening animals should be confined in clean, warm quarters, and protected from the glaring light. Darkness is quieting and soothing, while light is exciting, and tends to the consumption of fat.

The stalls, or pens should be as small as is consistent with the comfort of the animals; never large enough to admit of much exercise. All motion causes a consumption of flesh and fat, and per contra, there is always the greatest and most rapid increase in weight, where there is the least amount of exercise. Cattle and sheep that are fed upon grain and vegetables, should be provided with clean mangers, and hogs should be fed in clean troughs, or upon clean, dry floors; and the sleeping places of all, carefully kept dry and warm. Warmth is essential to increase in weight; and animals that are exposed to cold, or dampness, take on flesh and fat with difficulty, and only at the expense of an unnecessary quantity of food.

When animals are put up to fatten, they should be fed cautiously at first, as there is danger that more food may be given at one time, than their digestive organs can manage. We have repeatedly seen cattle made dangerously ill by over-feeding at first, with food to which they were unaccustomed. Corn meal is highly nutritious food, but if it is exclusively given to cattle not accustomed to it, it will cause dangerous scouring. This effect may be obviated by having the cobs ground with the corn, as the nutriment is then diffused through a greater bulk, and the whole mass more easily digested. Such a mixture of fine and coarse food is particularly necessary for all animals that chew the cud, and the advantage of it is established beyond doubt among all cattle raisers.

Much has been said on the subject of cooking food for fattening stock, but while there is no doubt that it is advantageous for hogs, it is an open question whether it repays the labor and expense for cattle and sheep. Food that has become slightly acid from fermentation is strongly recommended for fattening hogs. But they are the only animals that can be relied upon to eat food that is sour at all. Hogs, from fifteen to eighteen months old are the most easily fattened, as they have attained nearly their full growth of bone, and all the food goes towards the formation of flesh and fat. In fattening cattle and sheep, turnips, beets, and carrots can be most profitably used, and will be found very effective. Irish potatoes are also excellent.

Christmas will soon be upon us when

every farmer's house is made more cheerful and comfortable by having an abundance of good, fresh meat, sausages, etc., on hand; and if this is to be expected, no time can be lost now in putting up the hogs and stalling the oxen. A. P. F.

IS IT GOING TO RAIN.

The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed. On the other hand, if the sky be a dull gray, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a gray watery haze, it will probably be a rainy night. The sunset is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson, (not copper color,) this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo round the sun at setting occurs in long-continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of a downfall at hand. Rainbows are unreliable, except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sun dogs, and fragments of prismatic colors during the day, show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling metallic luster on foliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

PLANTING.

If trees, shrubs and vines can be planted before Nov. 10, now is the best time to plant; but if they grow late so that the wood is not well ripened at that date, planting should be deferred until spring, although the work of digging holes and making every thing ready may continue until the ground freezes. If the trees are to be planted in turf land (and they will succeed, if properly treated, as well as if set in plowed land,) and the soil cannot be cultivated, let the holes be dug several times larger than needed for the spread of the roots, and be sure to press good surface soil closely around the roots. After the hole has been filled up enough to cover the roots one or two inches deep, one or two handfuls of some good phosphate will be found of great benefit; but do not put it in contact with the roots. When planting is done, a mound a foot high should be made around the trunk, to keep the air from working down to the roots by the swaying of the tree in the wind. Grape-vines and small shrubs may be covered up entirely for protection from cold.

—Our Country Home.

—See to the sagging gates and tumble-down fences.

The Drawing Room.

A NEW DECORATION.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

ONE afternoon between Christmas and New Year's, Dell and I were busy with gifts. The wind howled around the corner of the house and tore down the great chimney as if angry because there was a warm, cosy room it could not penetrate. The sun shone out now and then, the clock ticked and our needles clicked. Dell was crocheting a toilet set of carpet warp. I was knitting linen lace, Tunisian pattern. A thought struck me, and I laid down my work.

"I am going to try an experiment! There are some large wooden needles up stairs."

And that's how I began to knit carpet-warp lace. Since that winter's afternoon, I have knit quantities of the lace, using it to adorn curtains, pillow shams, splashers, toilet and shopping bags, music portfolio, tidies, hassocks, lambrequins, screens, and last but not least in effect, I tacked it on as a valance to an old cherry sofa.

The experiment proved a success and although some of my friends look at me askance and do not see any thing to admire, others exclaim at its quaint, pretty effect. There are almost unlimited ways of using the lace.

The lace is knit of coarse carpet warp, very loosely on large wooden needles, (somewhat smaller than a common lead pencil.) The pattern used is the Tunisian, which has been given from time to time in THE HOUSEHOLD, and appeared again in June, 1886. It can be knit any width. I cast on twenty-two stitches which makes a lace about twelve inches wide when ironed.

The lace is not pretty unless it is starched stiff, and this is difficult, but deft fingers will soon find the right way. Wash the lace and starch twice in cooked flour starch, drying each time; half an hour before ironing, wring out of cold starch and roll up firmly. Place a thin piece of cloth over the lace and iron so as to absorb considerable moisture. This keeps irons from adhering. Remove the cloth, stretch and stretch, iron and iron, until the lace presents a cobweb appearance, the diamonds in diagonal rows. I use several irons while ironing, letting them stand on the lace until thoroughly dry. It irons easier if sewed to the curtains before laundried. The lace loses its stiff-like appearance after a time and hangs on the curtain in waves, exceedingly pretty.

For curtains I find thin, unbleached muslin better than cheese-cloth. Two curtains at a window edged with the lace. For rods I took some old-fashioned, round, brass stair-rods, and the tin-man welded them together. Steel rings screwed in at each side of window, support the rods,

Brass rings five cents a dozen, are sewed to the curtains. The rods burnished like gold, bend a little in the center like the curtains painted by Raphael, are strong enough and far prettier than the great two-inch poles used by many to support lace curtains. Art is always consistent. Why not be consistent in curtain rods? If small brass rods cannot be obtained, wire or small iron rods painted, would be cheap and desirable. Old-fashioned, flat brass rods can be welded together and present a rich appearance as curtain supports.

Next after the curtains I take satisfaction in my pillow shams, edged too, with this carpet warp lace. Given a piece of unbleached muslin long enough to cover both pillows, round the corners, line it throughout with same muslin. Made double thus, it will "stand alone" when laundered, and is more practical than many linen be-brodered shams. These always stay in place. When not in use it lies over a sham holder in one corner of the room, *i. e.*, a broom stick covered with red cloth and lace, the idea found in *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

If Ethel M. will make her shams in one piece to cover both pillows and of two thicknesses of unbleached linen or cotton, she will find an improvement upon the common style. Time is saved all around. Less time to iron, for once a year will do to laundry them, as they do not show soil or lose stiffness for a long time. Edge with lace to match. A motto on sleep, or a scene stamped in the corners, worked in red cotton is durable and pretty. By the way, I hear that it is in good taste now, to lay the pillows flat on the bed.

My splashier is also made of unbleached muslin, double, upper corners rounded and edged with carpet warp lace. "Clean hands and a pure heart," is worked in red cotton, cross stitch, over canvas, which is drawn out. A border in red is worked near the edge where the lace is sewed on.

Any one entering a bed room containing these curtains, sham, and splashier, cannot but exclaim at the general effect of the decoration. A toilet bag to hold brush and comb is made of any colored silesia desired, cover with lace, adorn with satin ribbon. Ten scallops of the lace is long enough for such a bag. For shopping bag cover a linen bag in same way. For music portfolio, and this is extremely useful, as music should never be rolled, procure at a grocery, tea matting. Make a bag a little larger than size of sheet music, sew up on machine and bind all around with color desired. Let lace fall over the bag, sewed upon the upper edge; handles made of the pretty cord used in sewing the tea matting. Adorn the folio with handsome satin bows and you have a pretty bag which can be used not only with music, but to carry fancy work, or as paper receiver, on the wall.

For tidies, lambrequins, towel-rack, etc., the lace is pretty lined with red or blue. Two widths sewed together makes a pretty covering for a chair, with satin ribbon run through meshes.

Let me again reiterate that the knitting of this lace is easy and pleasant for catch up work, not hard on the eyes or hands, therefore a fitting employment for those invalids who are "shut in" from many employments, but not shut out from light fancy work.

If by chance these directions fall in the way of some sister interested in beautifying her home but who has little money to expend, let her take courage and put her wits to work and branch out in experiments. Ingenuity and dexterous fingers guided by taste will transform a house.

Some day not far distant I will tell you how a dark, stiff, musty parlor was transformed into a handsome, sunny library,

the most frequented room of the house, and with very little expense, proving that a fine taste and love of the beautiful grows in us according as we exercise it.

HEAD-GEAR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The hopes excited by the death of Louis XV., expressed themselves in head-dresses surrounded by ears of wheat. A complete revolution in favor of simplicity seemed probable, for Marie Antoinette fully appreciated the freedom it gave. But fashion seems strong as fate; the young queen took the virus, and with the aid of her milliner, Mlle. Bertin, and her hairdresser, Leonard, she re-opened the mad dance in fashions, so preposterous, that, sending her portrait to her mother, the empress Maria Theresa, it was returned with the remark that there was some mistake, for the portrait of an actress had been received, and not that of a queen of France. This, however, was Marie Antoinette's idea of her vocation: "I am on the stage," she said, "and shall be hissed or applauded." Not only her mother, but her brother, the emperor Joseph II., was annoyed by this weakness. When the latter came to see her at Paris, he could not suppress his vexation. Seeing her one day laying on the rouge very thick, preparatory to going to the play, he said, pointing to a lady in the room whose face was blazing with paint, "A little more under the eyes; lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does."

However, it is doubtful whether Maria Theresa herself could have resisted such a legion of devils as possessed the Court at Versailles. They lay all round in ambush, and found their advantage in the young queen's craving for dressing her head. One day she saw the Duc de Lauzun in uniform, his hat adorned with a most magnificent plume of white heron's feather. The duke being told the queen admired the plume, offered it to her. It was accepted and worn; whereupon the donor supposed he had made a conquest, and became so insulting that the queen said, "That man shall never again come within my doors."

About 1775 the feathered head-dress reached its climax. The duchess of Devonshire wore an ostrich feather more than four feet long, and as she was a reigning queen in the domain of fashion, there was quite a rage for towering feathers. As on former occasions, the ladies became so tall that they could not enter the door of any room. Queen Charlotte tried to stop the practice by forbidding feathers at Court; but nothing succeeded until Foote appeared as Lady Pentweazle, with a head-dress at least a yard wide, and no doubt correspondingly high, stuck full of feathers. The king and queen, who were present, greatly enjoyed the caricature; and to heighten the joke, the whole apparatus of feathers, hair and wool fell off as Lady Pentweazle waddled off the stage. In the same year Madame Campan relates in her memoirs how Marie Antoinette one day found a peacock's feather on her toilet table. Of course it went on to her head; the effect pleased her; she put on a second, then she added some ostrich feathers. The king came in at the moment; never had he seen a head so well dressed.—*Magazine of Art*.

—He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

—Wrong doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

—Blessed are those happy natures who always look on the bright side! Their buoyancy of spirit lifts them above many of the ills and discomforts of life. Sor-

row does not long press them down, for their native elasticity soon rebounds. For them the darkest cloud has a silver lining. They cheer and hearten the weak and despondent. They lessen sorrow and increase joy. Sunshine, light, warmth attend them. Theirs is a beautiful world.

The Conservatory.

AUTUMN.

Fair summer now lies dead and still;
Autumn blasts her requiem sing.
With plaintive voices, loud and shrill,
Black leaves upon her grave they fling.

The birds are flown to brighter scenes,
The naked woods all silent lie,
And hoary hills are lost in dreams,
Reelin' upon the dreary sky.

The feeble rays come slanting down,
Dead leaves fly swiftly o'er the plain;
The withered fields are sear and brown,
Where waved the grass and yellow grain.

The lonely hum of wand'ring bee,
Grasshoppers droning in the hedge,
The cricket's chirp of sullen glee,
And wild fowl piping in the sedge.

But an instant blue wings folding,
Now flit the jays from hill to plain,
Here amid the forest scolding,
Then to the orchard back again.

The children come with shout and glee
Among the groves with rustling tread,
Where the towering chestnut tree
On the leaves rich treasures spread.

Soon winter, from his northern cave,
With white hair streaming from the sky,
Will hoarsely through the forest rave
And let his icy arrow fly.

—John M. Macdonald.

AMONG THE PERFUMES.

"Oh! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities,
For naught so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give."

—Friar Lawrence, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

SOMEWHERE, thought I, there must be great fields of roses and violets, lavender, heliotrope, and all their kind, that furnish the perfumer-chemist with his materials. There were none such here, where we grind the mills of necessity; and I had determined before leaving America, that in a tour for sight-seeing, I would include the plantations that supply the laboratories of luxury with flowers and scented herbs.

The foreman of an extensive perfume manufactory, which for the convenience of avoiding the tariff-tax is located among the wharves of the Thames river, told me that so near as a half hour from London, I could, in Mitcham, see the odorous fields of the perfume-plants.

It is among the gossip traditions of Italian opera, I heard the story from musical operatives, that the celebrated Mme. Frezzolini, among her other eccentric and often extravagant caprices, used to give her beautiful self a whole bath in lavender water. I wanted to see the open acres of lavender in the act of distilling a prima donna's bath from the morning dew.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
As hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wet with morning dew,
As love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

—The Lady of the Lake.

Not only the foreman perfumer of the great laboratory, also the voluminous encyclopedia made mention of the Mitcham lavender growing. These acres of flowers, cultivated for utility, these acres of aromatic plants, gathered not to be threshed, but to be boiled and boxed for commerce, contrasted so with the grain-fields of America, the familiar and vast food-harvests of the Illinois prairies, that when the foreman went on to tell me about it, I began to think of the Garden of Eden, and was fascinatingly strengthened in my previous intention to see and breathe the plantations of flowers.

Mitcham is in the large county of Surrey, and is straight south of the beauti-

ful parks in the western part of London. Scarcely had the train left the busy immediate environs of the world's metropolis, when I landed, and asked the way to the estate where flowers were raised for perfumery. The way there proved to be just the walk to be enjoyed, for the answer was: "Pass two greens and then turn down." I went by small brick dwellings with flower gardens in front.

These little abodes were distinguished, perhaps dignified, by a title on the gate, such as, "The Lorne Villa," "The Romeo Villas." I had passed the two plazas, types of "The Village Green," when a woman behind the counter in a provision store, answered me: "Is it the Lord o' the Manor you want? Mr. Bridger is his name. It is the next house beyond 'The Swan.'"

It was a comfortable and simple country house, an old homestead, inhabited in turn by the present lord-of-the-manor, his father and grandfather, who was the great-grandfather of the lord's now adult children. That ancestor "started the lavender growing in Surrey."

When I drew near and entered the gate, I found that three or four ladies were enjoying the summer morning in a cool, green yard, with the books, chairs, and hammocks which are the rural luxuries of a June day. It was almost noon. From one of them I learned that the proprietor, her brother, not being very well, was not up yet. "But as our foreman has been with us about fifty years, he could tell you all about it;" and she seated me in the house to wait for him.

Instead of the foreman, the lord-of-the-manor himself came in.

"Won't you have a glass of wine and a biscuit?"

It was a hearty invitation and so appropriate, that I followed him out, and was immediately one of the family circle at an abundant repast of cold meats and other refreshing things; and every thing so good. There were his two daughters, their guest, a pretty and bright English girl, and the pleasant woman who had first received me, and who had, in her time, traveled as far as New Zealand; so that the chat of the table went rambling to a distant hemisphere.

The lord did not otherwise show years which were indicated by the trembling hands of prosperity, peace, and good living. He was tall, strong, and well made. "Come with me," he said, as we left the hospitable table. He unlocked the iron door of a small room lined with shelves, on which stood treasures of undiluted perfume, in the condensed state of the essential oils.

Not the chemist nor apothecary had seen them yet; and here at the flower-farm, where these essences had drawn sweetness from the air and the soil at once, had rooted, flowered, and grown to this richness, by merely growing! The little room took the character of a locked closet of sweets in the primeval garden; where the hands that plucked them were those of the first man and the first woman.

"Hast thou not learned me how
To make perfumes, distil, preserve?"

—Shakespeare.

"Is Mitcham the only place in England where fine-odored plants are cultivated for the chemical market?"

"No; in Beddington they raise, too," answered Mr. Bridger. "It is the next railroad station. There are farms of the fine herbs in about three towns, all in Surrey, and all neighboring. Lavender blooms in August. Then is the time to see it in its perfection as a harvest; and for our various crops, about the middle of August is the height of our gathering and distilling time, our liveliest season. At present our still is a still-house in a double sense. Come down and see it."

He courteously handed me a little dainty cut-glass phial, filled with the oil of lavender, locked the treasure-room of sweet scents, led the way out and down, and there unfastened a door that was draped with cobwebs. This led us into the now utterly still still. There were large round tanks for water. In them was coiled, irregularly, a long, slender tube. This was the notorious "worm of the still," but a temperance lecturer, a total abstainer might have looked upon it with a benediction. It was the apparatus of distillation, but it distilled only the essences of the boudoir, or the healing balms of the invalid's chamber. And

"As odors crushed are sweeter still,
The good are better made by ill."

—Rogers.

Mine host explained: "This slender tube running around in a tank of cold water cools the steam that has come into the tube, and brought with it the fragrant principle of the plant. The steam comes from a big pot, which is over such a fire as might heat an oven or drive an engine. This pot of herbs is thus kept boiling furiously."

"Thus this still, now so still, is never still, while the still is still distilling!"

"Far from still. There is a tempest in the pot; a separation and voluntary emigration, as you will see. Two or three times daily the still is 'charged'—i. e., fresh herbs, blossoming herbs, are thrown into the boiling pot. Their essential oils volatilize in company with the hot escaping vapor at a far lower heat than the oils would alone. And within the tube, having entered into the tank of cold water, on issuing out of the tube, the fine essential oil, now cooled and condensed, floats on the top of the water. The great kettle is 'charged'; the tank is 'drawn off' through a cock below, in which the water flows out, and we have secured the oil."

There is an oil in all odorous plants. Through these oils we have the fragrance of vegetation. They are as fond of liquor as the worst toper of the slums, or the thirstiest lord in the kingdom. Yet, close and complete as is the affinity—a spirituous affinity—of the oil for the alcohol, and the alcohol for the oil, if now water is introduced, the union becomes turbid and rolled; for the water seizes the alcohol and disengages it from the oil, and the transferred spirit brings with it the odor which is the peculiar character of the plant. This character we discover when we scent its breath.

The so-styled "lavender water," "orange-flower water," "eau de jasmin," etc., would be more correctly termed odoriferous spirits. Lavender water, as sold at the perfumer's counter, is a composition, made from lavender oil, alcohol, ambergris, and perhaps one or two other ingredients. Each chemist has his own preferred recipe. The fancy-made perfumes, "bouquets" and "nosegays," are ingeniously harmonized combinations of several primitive odors, such as vanilla, violet, rose, musk, sandal-wood and cloves. To these add two or three more, and have each of all these duly proportioned, and you have the favorite compound known by the name of its inventor, *Frangipanni*.

We stood at the great tank, and I was looking down into the emptiness, now imagined to be fresh and fragrant fluidity. Essences, oils, aromas, alcoholic seizures, and absolved unions, oily water, clear water, a boiling pot, and a tank with a worm, were all jumbled together and hastily dumped into my muddy understanding; and over all there came an odoriferous and soothing vapor, and I clenched the idea that the sweet weeds stayed in the boiling pot, the boiled water finally gushed coolly out of the stop-cock below; and the essential oil, which,

when closely, furiously mixed with steam, had been led down by a worm, now remained there before us, like the cream on the top of a milk-pan.

But the herb-distiller was explaining still the still still: "The lavender oil is, after this even, fined down, and then stands in open glass jars, as you saw it in the essence-room."

"Why are the essence-jars kept open?"

"Because air improves it, it being an essential but not a volatile oil. The lavender-plant requires a very rich soil. My lavender sells for immensely more than does the imported. The essential oils, although they care little about water, are sufficiently soluble with it to give it in agitation their characteristic smell and taste. The scented water which runs out of the tank, the true 'lavender-water,' our workmen have as a perquisite, and sell it out of vats at the door. The people come with their pitchers and pails, and buy a pint or a quart at a time."

Thought, which so quickly took me back over the Atlantic ocean, darted then again, through time as well as space, to the ancient baths of the Roman matrons, in whose luxurious use of this perfumed plant it took the name we call it; and English, Italian, Spanish, and Frenchmen, all follow suit, calling it lavender, from the old Latin verb, *lavo*, I lave.

"His once unkempt and barbarous locks behold,
'Stillling sweet oil.'"

—Dryden.

Now mine host called up the gardener, the trusty foreman of fifty years, and, recommending his guidance, turned me out into the fields, tilled to supply pure and simple luxury.—*Demorest's Magazine*.

THE PALM TREE.

There is no tree around which so many associations cluster as the palm. On the ancient coins of the Jews a palm was engraved with a bunch of grapes and a sheaf of wheat as symbolical of their nation. It was usual to scatter branches of palm when kings entered a city, and, as a mark of honor to the Saviour, the people "took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him, strewing them before Him as He entered Jerusalem." That great multitude which John saw in his vision stood before the throne of the Lamb, clothed in white robes and palms in their hands. This denoted their victory over sin, and alludes to the crowning with palms of the victors in the Olympic games.

There are a variety of palms, some of which are of great use to man, such, for instance, as the cocoa-nut tree, which is a species of palm. It is used as food, the nut being eagerly eaten by some of the tribes on the coast within the torrid zone, and the oil of the same is used for culinary purposes and also for lighting. The fibrous husk furnishes ropes, and is used for beds and cushions, while cups, bottles and spoons are made of the shell.

The Talipot of the Singalese is another very useful species of palm. It grows to the height of one hundred feet, the leaves when spread upon the ground forming a semicircle sixteen feet in diameter. In addition to other uses to which it is applied, a very durable paper is made of the leaves. Similar paper is made of the Palmyra palm which also furnishes the roofs for houses, and the leaves make nice baskets and fans.

The date tree, another species of palm, is esteemed by the Turks as "the chief gift of Allah." It seems to be of almost universal growth, as it extends from the Persian Gulf to the borders of the Atlantic. The date palms of El Medinah are justly celebrated for the excellence of their fruit, which surpasses that of all other places. The fruit is ripe about the middle of May, and is gathered by the Arabs with great rejoicings.

The South American palms rank very high for their beauty and utility. Humboldt saw a palm on the slopes of the Andes which was one hundred and eighty feet high. The cabbage palm of the same locality grows to the height of one hundred and thirty feet, and at the summit is found a very delicate cabbage, which is generally eaten raw, and is very tender and sweet. Sometimes it is boiled and served with meat, and to obtain this delicacy the tree is hewn down.

There is great variety in the forms of palms, not only in the trunks but in the leaves, too. In the palms with a feathery foliage, the leaf stalks generally rise immediately from the trunk, which in some cases is very low. A beautiful palm, which is found in Peru, bears the name "Inaga," and is from sixty to seventy yards high, its immense fan-shaped leaves spreading out and making a pleasant shade. Travelers tell us that it is charming to sit under the spreading leaves of the "Inaga," and listen to the wind sweeping through them, as if the Dryades were conversing.—*Exchange*.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT CALLAS.

This lily is by nature, adapted to thrive in great heat and moisture in Egypt, its roots being annually inundated by the overflow of the Nile; also standing in a dry condition a part of each year. By remembering these natural conditions to which it is a native, and imitating them, the best results can be secured. To keep the pot containing the lily about half submerged in a crock of warm water is one way, but not necessary or convenient.

I use a glazed crock which has no leakage. A cup of boiling water on the earth about the plant every day, is a popular way of treating the calla, to promote growth and bloom. However, it has happened in some exceptional cases, that cool water was substituted with better results. I never use cold water on any plant. When I am able to keep my callas in a very warm atmosphere, I use water plentifully, keeping the ground covered; but when they are exposed to cold, the water must only be given as it is needed by the plant each day. In the latter case, it is best to use the common flower pot with saucer.

When the plant begins to separate in two parts, the bud may be expected and good care will be repaid by larger bloom. A few drops of aqua ammonia in water or a sprinkling of soot on the ground is a stimulant. When the first bloom shows signs of fading, take a pen-knife or the thumb nail, and cut slightly into the flower stalk from the bottom up to where the flower rolls. Then allow this stalk to stand until the second bud appears which will never fail. Usually the plant will not be able to again give as fine a bloom as at first, but it acquires, in this way, a free habit of blooming. If a calla does not bloom after fair and patient trial, it is best to throw it away and secure a new bulb from some other family of callas of better habits.

After the season of bloom is over, the calla must have its rest. Set away, or turn on its side, where it will get little moisture, barely enough to keep one small green leaf. The many roots will die off leaving the bulb ready to be repotted in rich, loose soil. The reason why the calla does not blossom with some people, is, that the bulb is planted too deep, it needs only to be fairly covered. Some put pebbles on the earth. I prefer moss. Give plenty of sunshine.

It is best to remove the many small bulbs which adhere to the main one, the very smallest of which will grow if planted and cared for, and also bloom after a year's continuous growth, by changing to larger dishes as it acquires size.

The calla bears transplanting well. I keep my callas for summer blooming in a rockery among other flowers in various dishes which are all hidden in rough rocks. I winter them in a cool cellar by keeping them very dry. Mrs. J. L. CHILDS.

Gasport, N. Y.

FEATHERED ARCHITECTS.

Among the curiosities of nature there are none better worthy of study than the nests of birds. The skill displayed by these little architects is simply wonderful, and one is lost in wonder at the knowledge, patience and perseverance of these feathered builders. Especially is this the case of pensile birds, that suspend their habitations on branches, sometimes even hanging them over the water.

The weaver-bird, which embraces several varieties, is one of the most ingenious of the pensile birds. It generally hangs its nest on a twig over the water, and so low down that if a monkey attempts to steal the eggs, which it is apt to do, the twig bends with its weight, and a cold bath is the consequence. The Mahali weaver-bird of South Africa is a very small bird with an ambition to live in a very large house, and industry enough to build it for itself. The shape of the nest is similar to an oil flask, but, of course, greatly magnified in dimensions, and very rough on the outside. The sociable weaver-birds unite their efforts, and make a kind of thatched roof, under which, or rather in which, they build their nests. Sometimes this structure is ten feet square. Each nest is shut out from every other, although all are under the same roof, and while the whole community join in building the roof, each pair builds its own nest. The commencement is interwoven with the branches of the trees, the whole structure being very neat and compact.

The palm swift of Jamaica, so called from its rapid flight, builds a curious nest which it hangs to a spathe of the cocoa-nut palm. The exterior is of cotton and the interior of feathers, the walls being very strong and compact. Sometimes it builds several nests and glues them together, leaving an opening between them like a gallery.

The lanceolate honey-eater builds a nest in the shape of a hammock, and suspends it by the ends to a small twig. It is made of grass and wool mixed with the down of certain flowers. This nest is very deep and comfortable, and may probably have suggested to man the hammock.

The tailor-bird, which is a native of India, is quite expert in sewing. It makes a long nest of leaves, which it sews together with the fiber of a plant, first piercing holes in them with its beak. In the hollow formed, it deposits a quantity of cotton, thus preparing a soft, warm nest for its young.

SWEET PEAS.

These floral butterflies are not only beautiful in the garden, but we have no other annuals quite so desirable for cut flowers. A vase full of them is a study for an artist, and their fragrance is so delicate that it is never offensive to any one as that of the lilac, or tuberose, or mignonette often is. In using sweet peas in vases never use any other flower with them if you would have their beauty displayed to the best effect. They cannot be combined with other flowers without losing much of their graceful individuality.

—Are your tools and implements in order for use?

—Trim your grape-vines as early as possible, before the sap begins to rise.

The Nursery.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

At evening, in my cosy room,
The bright lamps lighted,
I sit down at my desk to write
Songs that were plighted
To fancy through the day; or read
Old Homer's pages—
That candle in the misty gloom
Of bygone ages.

And as I sit dreaming at ease,
My thoughts all skyward,
Some little fingers touch my knees;
And comes the shy word,
"Papa, I want to kiss you." Straight
My thoughts come tumbling
Like mighty pillars—but I have
No cause for grumbling.

See what a pretty boy she makes,
Wee, white-robed Florie!
For the tight arms about my neck
I'm far from sorry.
Then she gets down and starts for bed,
Turning and eyeing
My movements—I must play I'm bear,
And chase her, flying.

Her small feet patter through the hall;
And, sharply screaming,
She hides in bed; while I go back,
Back to my dreaming.
But all my epic thoughts are gone
With their deep thunders;
The glory and gloom of human life
Changed for light wonders.

—Jasper Barnett Cowdin.

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR.

"OH DEAR! I am completely discouraged."

Jenny pushed away her book and looked up at her mother with an expression that was very much like despair, and yet not altogether that, for somehow her mother had a way of brightening up dark places that was helpful as well as comforting.

Her mother was rocking the baby, and she scarcely dared speak, lest the little tyrant should open his eyes for a new frolic, but she sent Jenny a smile that said just as plainly as words:

"What is the trouble? Let us talk it over."

"It's about my besetting sins. You know we were talking last Sabbath about striving against sin, and Miss Marston told us the only way to overcome it was to fight as the sharpshooters did in the war, by taking aim at a particular one. She advised us to sit down and make an honest list, just for our own eyes, of our own special sins, the ones that made us most trouble, and then try by God's help to overcome them. I made up my mind to try it, and I had to write down ever so many things, but I truly thought that my tongue made me the most trouble.

"Your tongue! O, yes, I understand," said mamma.

"Saying things, you know, mamma; things I ought not to say; and I am so sorry about it afterward, but that does not seem to make it any better, because I go and do it again."

"Well?" said mamma, as Jenny paused.

"Well, I thought I'd just take aim at that one thing, and I did. I thought it would be a good plan to write down whenever I forgot, and so every night I put down in my little book the bad things I had said, and—mamma, it is just horrid! The days don't grow a bit better, and to-day is worst of all."

Jenny drew a deep sigh and scowled at her little book. Then she said desperately:

"I wish there was some way to just tie my tongue up and keep it out of mischief."

"You need a gate-keeper," said her mother, laying down the baby, and taking up her sewing. "When a city is in danger from enemies, they must do something more than put sharpshooters on the walls; they guard the gates, and keep sentinels at their posts day and night to give warning of the approach of danger."

"I try to watch," said Jenny. "I thought of it all the morning while I was dressing, and then when I came down and heard Rob fretting at Matty for taking his slate, and at Norah because there was no toast, I went to singing:

"Brother, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,"

though I knew perfectly well that always makes Rob madder than any thing else. Then he threw his book at me, and papa sent him out of the room, and I just wanted to pound myself on the head for being so mean."

"You must have a gate-keeper," said her mother, more seriously than ever, and I would ask for one before I were an hour older. Your Father will give you one."

"Papa?" exclaimed Jenny, "how can he?"

But her mother opened her bible, and, turning over the leaves, gave it to Jenny with her finger on a verse in Psalms.

"Read that," she said, and Jenny read aloud:

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips."

There were tears in her eyes as she repeated the words, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth."

"I never thought of that, mamma; somehow I expected to take care of the sin myself, but I should like a keeper. Just think, mamma, of an angel standing on guard to keep the door of my lips. Will he have a sword, I wonder?"

"I think so; the sword of 'truth.'"

"And what will be the watchword?"

"Peace," I think, or 'Love,' the love that 'worketh no ill to its neighbor,' at least, I would try that watchword to-day, and ask the keeper to challenge every word, and let nothing pass without the watchword."

When Jenny went to her room that night she found a little card pinned up over her dressing table, with David's prayer written upon it, and she added it very earnestly to her own petitions. In the morning it was again before her eyes, and she went down to breakfast saying it to herself. The first thing she saw, was Johnny tormenting her beloved white kitten by trying to drive it in harness.

"You mean, cruel boy!" was upon her lips, but the keeper drew his sword and stopped the words.

"That is not true; you know Johnny does not mean to be cruel; nothing must pass here without the watchword."

"Johnny," said Jenny, pleasantly, "do you know how the emperor came to be a donkey?"

Johnny was glad to listen to a story, and Jenny quietly released the kitten while she told him about the belief, in China, that people who abused dumb animals would come back again, after they died, and be born with the bodies of animals themselves, that they might understand just how the poor creatures suffered.

"It isn't true," said Johnny, stroking the kitten in Jenny's arms.

"No; but it shows that even the heathen believe that God will punish us if we are not kind to the helpless creatures he puts in our care."

"I guess I won't have kitty for a circus horse," said Johnny; "cats don't know much, anyhow."

Rob had not recovered from the dumps, and was in a particularly exasperating mood, and once an angry retort slipped from Jenny's lips in spite of the keeper, but she apologized for it the next minute, to Rob's utter amazement; in fact, he was too much astonished to say another saucy thing that morning.

At school Jenny's temptations came thick and fast; first a temptation to evil speaking, then to unkind criticism, then to uncharitable judgment, then to tell a

ludicrous story of a simple-minded old Christian, then to punish the self-conceit of Mamie Morris by repeating what a lady had said of her, and then to make a cutting reply to a most ungenerous taunt. It seemed to Jenny, as she reviewed the day, it had been a specially hard one; and yet she was conscious that through it all the keeper had been standing at the door, and she could look back with gratitude and not with shame.

"How about the watchman, Jenny?" asked her mother, when she came home.

"He stood at his post, mamma; twice, I think, something slipped by without the watchword, but he killed it with his sword before it got far enough to do much mischief."

Cousin Sue heard the story, and on Jenny's next birthday sent her a lovely motto for her room—a wreath of daisies and wild roses, delicately painted, as a border for the text:

"Keep the door of my lips."

"I think Cousin Sue might have sent that to me," said Rob honestly; "I'm sure I need a door-keeper more than Jenny does."

And Mamie Morris confessed to her dearest friend that she really did believe Jenny Wilder was a Christian, because she never said things to make folks uncomfortable.

"She's so funny, and smart to think of things, that I never used to open my mouth before her without expecting to be set down, but now I like her best of any girl in school."

Mamie's friend had a pang of jealousy.

"Well, Mamie Morris, to tell the truth, I think you just need setting down once in a while. You're such an awful little puff-ball that if somebody didn't step on you, or squeeze you, you'd—you'd just burst!"

Which showed that Mamie's friend needed a keeper of the door also.—Exchange.

A MERRY AFTERNOON.

This is a beautiful October day, almost as warm and sunny as June; and all the little folks of the neighborhood are out for a pleasant time. Shall I tell you what a merry scene I can see from my window?

Only a few rods from our house there is a dry, grassy hill, encircled on the north and west by a thick growth of trees; the top of this hill is quite level and dotted over with cedars, making it a nice play ground. It is here the children hold their May-day festivals; their Fourth of July celebrations; their picnics and birthday parties, with many a pleasant time between whiles.

To-day is one of their gala days, and there seems to be considerable excitement in the little crowd. I haven't received a program of the entertainment, but from observation I conclude the main feature is a menagerie. They have erected a flag and close by it a tent is spread with pictures of wild beasts chalked upon the outside of the canvas. Of course the real animals are supposed to be inside, but I fear P. T. Barnum himself, couldn't recognize them, if the artist has painted them truthfully.

One little fellow seems to act as crier. He comes out of the tent, rings a bell to call attention, then says something in a blustering voice and goes in again. Hark! I can hear the bell now, let us listen to what he is saying.

"Only ten cents to see the mammoth hyperborean sea lion, and the wonderful Rocky Mountain badger. The greatest living curiosities in the known world. Ladies and gentlemen, walk this way if you would see the wonderful feats of the highly educated dog, Jumbo, or listen to

the voice of the celebrated talking bird, Erebus!"

Two of the wild animals have just broken away from their keepers. They were secured again before any damage was done. They came close to our house but the door was closed so I wasn't one bit scared, and beside, they couldn't run very fast. They did not act as though they were used to going about on all fours.

The little girls do not seem to be much interested in the show, the most of them are playing "hide and seek," among the cedars. Perhaps the growls of the savage beasts have made them feel timid about going inside.

Gracie Marden and Lottie Blake have just passed my window on their way to the play ground. Gracie was drawing her doll's carriage. It was crowded with babies of all sizes. Lottie had a big doll in her arms, oh, but it was almost as large as your baby brother or sister. She held it up for me to see, and made the dollie laugh, but it sounded to me just as though she was crying and her eyes kept rolling every way. I asked Lottie if she was afraid of strangers. "Oh, no," said she, "that is the way she always acts when she is very much pleased, it is because she is bashful." I didn't think to ask Lottie what she had named dollie, but I will next time.

I had to lay down my pen a little while and now as I take it up again I find the show is about over. Some of the largest boys are taking down the tent, and the whole menagerie is let loose. Now what do you suppose they had to represent wild animals? Why, just some of the little boys with their jackets turned wrong side out, with big paper ears fastened to their caps, some of them had horns, and all were rigged out in a ludicrous manner.

Their educated dog Jumbo, is a mischievous fellow ready for a frolic any time. Erebus is a tame crow belonging to one of the little boy showmen, and he can talk, too, and laugh heartily, you could never believe it was only a crow laughing, it sounds so natural, if you could not see him. I can't tell you if there is any method in this bird's talk, but the words sound plain and are appropriate. He lit on our yard one morning and I greeted him with a "Good morning Erebus, what do you want?" He began to strut about and twist his neck and said, "I want an apple." I held one in my hand and told him to come and get it, but instead, he flew upon the fence and laughed just as any one would if they were very much pleased. He follows the children about and tries to do whatever they do. It is very amusing to watch him. One day the children had been playing on their drums and one boy laid his down a moment, when Erebus marched along and took one of the drumsticks in his bill and tried to strike the drum. He is a very intelligent bird, don't you think so?

The little girls, too, are going home and by their merry voices, and smiling faces, I am sure they have had a pleasant time; and the boys too. I think they have had just as nice a time as though there had been real wild beasts inside of their tent. And now as I look out, not a little boy or girl is to be seen, the play ground is deserted, the holiday is over.

FAITH FRIENDLY.

THE FOX'S DINNER PARTY.

BY F. CASSIDY.

One of the funniest animal stories I ever heard was lately told by a sober Quaker gentleman from New Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness himself. He was one day in a field near a stream, where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one of

them disappear under water with a sudden jerk. When he looked for her to rise again he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth.

The fox chanced to go in a direction where it was easy to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, made a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manœuvre. The goose by some means took the alarm, and flew away with a loud cackling.

The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in the direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man went to the place, uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings. The sly thief soon returned with another fox, whom he had apparently invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air and smacking their lips in expectation of a rich repast.

When they arrived under the rocks, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo! his dinner had disappeared. He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than doubted whether any goose was ever there at all. Appearances were certainly very much against the host. His tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a timid glance, at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unlucky associate and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience and sneaked off, as if aware that he received no more than might naturally be expected under the peculiar circumstances.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

I can only hope that with the newer and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. Respect shown to the aged, modesty, simple dress, home-keeping, daughters learning from good mothers their domestic arts, are so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls now enjoy. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me a renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society they are to enter by-and-by. Health comes first, and early knowledge of truth, obedience, and self-control; then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later, such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire—a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles, and a good education, any girl can make her own way, and be the braver and better for the exertion and discipline.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

TRAINING FLEAS FOR THE CIRCUS.

Who first discovered that the flea was susceptible to education and kind treatment is not known; but the fact remains that on small heads there is a thinking cap capable of accomplishing great results. In the selection of fleas for training, however, the same care must be taken as with human beings, as the greatest difference is found in them. Some are exceedingly apt scholars, while others

can never learn, and so it is that great numbers of fleas are experimented with before a troupe is accepted.

One of the first lessons taught the flea, is to control its jumping powers, for if its great leaps should be taken in the middle of a performance, there would be a sudden ending of the circus. To insure against such a misfortune the student flea is first placed in a glass vial, and encouraged to jump as much as possible. Every leap here made brings the polished head of the flea against the glass, hurling the insect back, throwing it this way and that, until, after a long and sorry experience, and perhaps many headaches, it makes up its mind never to unfold its legs suddenly again. When it has proved this by refusing to jump in the open air, the first and most important lesson is complete, and it joins the troupe, and is daily harnessed and trained, until finally it is pronounced ready to go on the stage or in the ring.—*St. Nicholas.*

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

In the street—Hat lifted when saying "Good by" or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

At the street door—Hat off the moment you step in a house or private office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people, are seated.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining room—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the others, unless the reason is imperative.

AN INCIDENT FOR THE BOYS.

A few days ago while riding through a piece of woods, my eye was attracted to a sign-board at the side of the road, bearing the inscription, "All persons are forbidden the use of firearms under penalty of the law." You may think that is nothing worth telling of, the sight is so common, but I wish every pair of bright eyes reading this, even all the bright eyes in the United States, could have seen that cunning pair of bright eyes looking at us from its perch on that board. Their owner was nothing but a squirrel, but he seemed to be saying, "I'm safe, you dare not touch me," and I thought, "Why do so many men and boys shoot these innocent little creatures?" Don't grow up into cruel, hard-hearted men, boys, and the surest and best way is to be kind to all dumb animals and never harm them in any way. Make a law in your own heart which will be before you continually.

SUNNYSIDE.

A NEW GAME.

A game which affords much amusement to old and young alike is called "The Clergyman's Cat." You begin the game by describing the clergyman's cat with an adjective beginning with the letter a, in this manner: "The clergyman's cat is an acephalous cat," or an amiable, or an accomplished, or any other kind of a cat that you can find adjectives commencing with an a to describe it. When you have exhausted the vocabulary of a's, you proceed to b, then to c, and so on through all the alphabet. Great fun will be made by any person having a fund of uncommon

adjectives at his command, and all will find this game a good one for his thinking powers. Each player must have his adjectives ready when his turn comes to speak so as not to keep the company waiting. In case a noun or any other part of speech is used a forfeit is the penalty.

AUNT ADDIE.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO PRAY.

Shall we teach the little ones to pray? has been a much mooted question in some of the household papers, many taking sides pro and con.

From my own experience, I say, yes, most emphatically. It is one of the most pleasant memories I have of my mother, that she taught me while very young to repeat my nightly prayer. I have often heard her relate an incident that occurred before I can remember.

A terrible fire broke out in the city where we lived, and threatened for a while, to destroy the greater part of it. I was awakened by the noise and tumult, to find my parents busily packing their household goods, preparatory to a hasty departure from our home. She said I "went to the window, and watched the fire some time, then turning, without a word, knelt beside my little bed, and asked God to help the firemen put out the fire, and not let us be burned or hurt, but to take care of us for Jesus' sake. Then I crept into the bed and in a moment was fast asleep." The tears sprang to her eyes as my little, trusting prayer ascended to the throne on high. Is the prayer of faith ever lost, even of one of His little ones, when asked trustingly and submissively? Never. In this case, the wind suddenly laid, not another building caught and the fire was soon under control.

I have taught my little one, since she could lisp a word, to kneel every night, and with clasped hands and bowed head, repeat her little prayer. At first, it was only to "bless papa and mamma, sister and brother, and myself, for Jesus' sake," then a line has been added, to "help me be a good girl," then "to help me mind papa and mamma," then "to help me be a comfort as long as I live," and when any thing has occurred through the day, "Forgive me for being naughty to-day," etc. She never forgets to "pray to God, mamma."

Since she began to ask Him to help her be a good girl, if she is naughty I have only to say, "My darling, didn't you ask God last night, to help you be a good girl, and how can He help you, if you do so, and do not help yourself?"

She waits a moment in deep thought, then gives up submissively and lovingly, and is my precious "Gift of God" again, and she will be only three next month.

You cannot commence too soon to "train a child in the way he should go," and we have the blessed assurance that "when he is old he will not"—mark that, mothers—"he will not depart from it." For a time he may wander off into forbidden paths, but God knows His own, and in His own good time, he will be gathered into the fold.

I made a sad, sad mistake with my eldest child, who was very courageous and feared nothing. I was afraid some accident would occur, and tried to make her more careful by holding up death as the probable result of her carelessness, and then of being buried up in the ground. Death and the grave have always seemed terrible to her, and I would give much to undo my work. My little one shall profit by my mistake. If it lies within my power to teach her, death shall seem to her but going to live with God and Jesus, who, she knows even now, loves her, and whose names she repeats so reverently and trustingly.

Mothers, teach your little ones to pray. In after years, the remembrance of these prayers will come back like a voice from heaven. Teach them to make all their little wants known to Him, to carry all their sorrows and trials to Him, and to confess humbly and penitently, all their errors and sins.

Perchance, in after years, when they are standing where two roads meet—one, wide, smooth and pleasant-looking, the other, narrow, rough and lonely—the prayer of their childhood will come back. "God help me to choose the right," and decide once and for all time, the road they are to go.

If they cannot see your hand beckoning down the narrow road, what then? Our children are God's best gift, oh, think of the responsibility that rests upon each of us, an immortal soul entrusted to our care. A question I read one day struck painfully to my heart. It was this: "Mothers, your children have often heard you scold, have they ever heard you pray?"

May each one of us, at the throne of God, be able to say, "We are all, all here."

JAEL VEE.

Texas.

CONFIDENCE IN CHILDREN.

I well remember a circumstance that occurred when I was a child, it was so stamped on my mind I could never forget it.

It was one time when I went with one of my sisters where she was staying a while with a lady that had three girls and one boy. The second girl would lie and steal and try to get me to do the same, but my parents had taught me not to deceive in any way, so I did not yield to the temptation. One day this girl took something from the older sister's pocket, then when asked about it, said she did not know any thing about it, whatever. My sister turned to the girl's sister, and said, "There's Minnie, (myself,) ask her if she knows any thing about it, for what she says is true, for she never lies." Then I told her I saw the girl take it, and tried to get her not to steal.

When I was alone again, I pondered on what my sister said, and resolved, let come what would, to never betray that trust. "She never lies." Could it be that I should ever cause her, or any one, to lose confidence in me? The more I thought of it, the more firm was my resolve. There I resolved in prayer to never lie nor steal, if it would save me from the stake.

AUNT MARY.

HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

While children are satiated with artificial means of amusements, the simplest and most natural sources of pleasure are often entirely neglected. For instance, a child brings in a handful of field-flowers; the mother says, "What a litter you are making with that rubbish; let's clear it all away, and play with your pretty doll." What a source of pleasure and instruction might have been derived from examining the different colors, the different shades of the same color, and the shape and texture of the buds and leaves.

I once saw a child take up a dead spider; the mother said, "Horrid, nasty creature; throw it away; never touch these nasty things; you may be bitten and hurt one of these days." What an opportunity was here lost of telling the child a number of interesting and entertaining particulars respecting the eyes, the feelers, the thread spun by the spider, the web, etc. And afterward, what useful lessons might have been given, by asking little questions in order to lead the child to repeat clearly the information it had received, and to accustom it to an accurate method of expressing its ideas.—*The Mother's Magazine.*

The Library.

RUINS OF AN OLD MILL.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Beside a swift, romantic stream,
Alive with work we saw it, where,
In quest of shade and sunny gleam,
We ramble forth one day most fair;
The old mill whirled and hummed its last
Blithe song to us as it we passed.

We scanned its inner life, and spoke
Some words of interest the while;
But, when next morning we awoke,
The old mill lay a ruined pile;
For ravages of fire had crept
Among its treasures while we slept.

Again we visited the spot;
How changed the scene of yesterday!
As though its duties were forgot,
The mill wheel mid the ruins lay,
So strangely idle, sad it seemed,
While just the same its waters gleamed.

The valley home of this old mill
Holds secrets of historic kind;
Above the river and the mill,
The giant rock o'er all inclined,
As constant guard, bides weird and strong,
And knows what tales to it belong.

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CÆDMON AND BEDE—SEVENTH CENTURY.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

IN THE early dawn of English history—in the days when the kingdom of Great Britain was divided into many small principalities, each ruled by an independent prince—when the light of Christianity was slowly but surely driving back the darkness of heathendom—when men lived only to fight, and that in hand to hand conflicts with shields, lances, battle axes, and short swords—when they built castles with walls twelve feet thick, and the lord of each castle was a law unto himself and to his serfs also—when all the common people were serfs, which means simply slaves, with no rights whatever—when they roasted a whole ox for dinner and dressed in skins—in those far off times was written the first English poem.

Whatever writings were then existing in the ancient monasteries were in the Latin tongue, for the serfs were no higher, at least, in the estimation of their masters, than the beasts of the field, and the nobles left all learning to the monks. The lords of the castles were much too busily occupied in defending their own or assaulting their neighbors' strongholds, or hunting and marauding as a relaxation from the more serious pursuit of war, to turn their attention to letters.

The Anglo-Saxons at that time owed such civilization as they had to Rome, and from Rome came also religion and learning. For in the seventh century, the time of which I am writing, England was just emerging from the barbarous condition into which she was plunged by the revolt of wicked Modred against his uncle, the good King Arthur. Modred called in the heathen hordes—the Saxons, Angles and Jutes—of the surrounding countries to aid him in his rebellion, and having killed the king and most of his knights, they drove the small remnant of Christian Britons into Cornwall and Wales and overran and occupied the land. And so it came to pass then, as it has many times since in the chances and changes of the world, that

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Least one good custom should corrupt the world.

I know that Mr. Macaulay says there never was a King Arthur, that both he and his chivalrous Round Table were but fables of the old monks who were the early historians. But many will join Tennyson in believing in "the blameless king," and keep their faith in St. George and William Tell, and in whomsoever or whatsoever will teach lessons of heroism,

truth and self-sacrifice. So for your first studies of British history, read Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," for whether they are true or false, they give the only history of the long years between the withdrawal of the Roman army in A. D. 418 and the coming of St. Augustine and his band of missionaries, who were sent by Gregory the Great in 597. When the cause of Christianity revived, cloisters and churches sprang up throughout the land, the monks made frequent visits to Rome, and brought back with them knowledge not only of books but of civilized arts.

Fifty years after the mission of St. Augustine, a poor old cowherd lived at Whitby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, then Northumbria. Being a modest man he could not find courage to take his turn in the singing that was the principal amusement of those simple times. When the servants were gathered in the great hall of the castle in the evenings, and he was urged to sing, he would slip out in confusion, and take refuge in the stables. Sitting there in the dark stables one night, while the song and shout of the merry-makers rang out in the frelit hall, the tired man very naturally fell asleep. And in his dream an angel stood before him and said, "Cædmon, sing me a song."

Cædmon replied that because he could not sing he had sought refuge in the stable.

"Nay," said the angel, "but thou hast somewhat to sing."

"What shall I sing?" asked the trembling cowherd still doubting his ability, and not daring to refuse.

"Sing the Creation," was the command. So Cædmon sang, and when he awoke he remembered his verses and repeated them to the wondering people.

The massive gray stone cloister of Whitby, over which the famous Abbess Hilda ruled, stood on a high, storm-beaten cliff, where the winds sweep in over the North Sea, and the sea dashes in wild breakers beneath—one of the wildest points on the English coast, and a fitting place for the beginning of English literature.

A beautiful beginning, too, and one to be thought of with reverence. For, however we in this iconoclastic and material nineteenth century may regard the veracity of the romantic traditions of the "early dawn," we cannot but admire the beauty of these quaint old stories which have been cleared by loving hands from the mists of the dim cloister cells, or rescued like the sleeping beauty from the enchantment of fairy land itself.

Bede, a monk and the historian of these early times, preserved the works of Cædmon, and writes of him, "Others after him tried to make religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, nor of men, but from God."

Certainly the pious nuns and learned monks of Whitby, before whom the bailiff of the castle conducted Cædmon, marvelled greatly when they heard the old cowherd's improvisation, and felt no doubt that he had received the gift direct from heaven. In which belief they were not so far wrong after all, for St. James tells us that "every good gift * * * is from above."

They made a monk of the cowherd, and the abess commanded him to transfer the whole scripture history into verse. As he seems to have obeyed her command he must needs have lived to a ripe old age. Cædmon being an unlearned man composed his poems in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and they were the first writings in that language, for the monks wrote as they worshipped, in Latin. He commenced with the garden of Eden and sang "The Fall of Man," and like the chival-

rous old Englishman that he was, tried to shield poor Mother Eve from having to bear all the blame. Then followed the history of Israel and the whole story of the New Testament.

At last the good old monk died in such peace that those who watched beside him knew not when he was gone. And strangely enough, the same is said of Milton who wrote his "Paradise Lost" a thousand years later.

Our gratitude is due to Bede—called the venerable Bede—not only for his industry and forethought in preserving for the later times the works of Cædmon, but also for most of the history of those remote ages. Bede was born during Cædmon's lifetime, and was also a Northumbrian. He spent his whole life from the time he was ten years old in the monastery of Jarrow. He says of himself, "My constant pleasure lay in learning, or teaching or writing." He certainly enjoyed writing for he sent out into the world from his narrow cell forty books. And when we remember that the art of printing was not known till seven hundred years had passed, and that every thing was written with a goose quill in quaint old English letters upon parchment, we can appreciate his labors.

Bede's translation of the Gospel of St. John was the first English prose. That was the last work of the good man's long and useful life. Slowly the work grew, and slowly Bede the Venerable yielded to the hand of Death that laid so heavily upon him. On the last day of his life his scribe said to him, "There is yet a chapter wanting, and it is hard for thee to question thyself further."

"It is easily done," answered the dying man, "take thy pen and write quickly."

All that day they wrote, and when evening fell the scribe said, "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear Master."

"Write it quickly," urged Bede, and the faithful scribe soon answered:

"It is finished."

"Thou sayest truth," the master replied, "all is finished now!"

And falling back on his hard straw pallet he sang his death song—the beautiful antiphon for Ascension Day.

"O Lord of hosts, the King of glory, who to-day didst ascend in triumph far above all heavens, do not leave us orphans, but send upon us the promise of the Father, even the Spirit of Truth."

"And when he came to that word, 'do not leave us,' says the chronicler, 'he burst into tears and wept much.'"

Singing "Glory to God" for whose glory he had lived, the good man died in the comfortless stone cell, amid the lamentations of the whole monastery.

SIXTY WAYMARKS IN UNIVERSAL PROGRESS

The beginning of astronomical observations, at Babylon, 2234 B. C.

The art of making bread from wheat, taught in China, 1998 B. C.

Gold and silver first mentioned as money, 1920 B. C.

Invention of the Egyptian alphabet by Memnon, 1822 B. C.

The first naval expedition on record (Jason), 1263 B. C.

Standard dictionary of the Chinese completed, 1100 B. C.

Erection of Solomon's Temple, 1012—1004 B. C.

The first eclipse of the moon observed, 721 B. C.

First comedy acted at Athens, on a cart, 562 B. C.

First public library founded at Athens, 527 B. C.

The Carthaginians sail to Britain for tin, 460 B. C.

Herodotus reads his history in the Athenian council, 445 B. C.

Thucydides' history ends, and Xenophon's begins, 410 B. C.

First work on mechanics, written by Aristotle, 320 B. C.

Euclid founded mathematical school, at Alexandria, 300 B. C.

Beginning of Septuagint translation of the old testament, 284 B. C.

Canal built by Ptolemy from the Nile to the Red Sea, 267 B. C.

The Romans taught the arts and sciences by the Greeks, 255 B. C.

First Roman history in prose, by Fabius Pictor, 225 B. C.

The art of surgery introduced in Asia Minor, 219 B. C.

Records of the Chinese Empire destroyed by Chi Hong Ti, 213 B. C.

Books with leaves of vellum introduced, 198 B. C.

First mention of a senate or sanhedrim 198 B. C.

The first library opened at Rome, 167 B. C.

Greece annexed to the Roman Empire, 149 B. C.

Commerce of the world centers at Alexandria, 146 B. C.

The cherry tree brought into Europe from Asia, 74 B. C.

Three books on agriculture written (Terentius Varro), 74 B. C.

The Alexandrian library (400,000 vols.) burned, 47 B. C.

Golden age of Roman literature, 30 B. C.

Treasures of Egyptian art brought to Rome, 27 B. C.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, in Jerusalem, 37—100 A. D.

Pliny the Elder wrote the first *Historia Naturalis* (37 vols.), 66 A. D.

Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, 79 A. D.

Public schools in the Roman Provinces, 98 A. D.

The first credible historian among the Chinese, 107 A. D.

Papinian, the greatest civil lawyer of antiquity, 170—212 A. D.

Constantinople, the seat of art and literature, 330 A. D.

Zenobia conquers Egypt and part of Asia Minor, 269 A. D.

The bible translated into the Gothic language, 379 A. D.

The Latin language ceases to be spoken in Italy, 580 A. D.

Ethelbert publishes the first code of laws in England, 617 A. D.

University of Cambridge founded (chartered 1230), 644 A. D.

The art of making paper brought to Europe by Arabs, 716 A. D.

Golden period of learning in Arabia, 785 A. D.

Figures of arithmetic brought to Europe by Saracens, 941 A. D.

Paper first made from cotton rags, 1002 A. D.

First age of scholastic philosophy, 1055 A. D.

Invention of printing at Mayence, 1436, A. D.

Invention of wood engraving, 1460 A. D.

Discovery of America by Columbus, 1492, A. D.

First newspapers of the world, in Venice, about 1563 A. D.

Telescopes invented by Jansen, a German, 1590 A. D.

First printing office in America, 1639 A. D.

First published idea of steam as a moving power, 1663 A. D.

The lightning rod invented by Dr. Franklin, 1752 A. D.

Steam first applied successfully to navigation, 1807 A. D.

Invention of the magnetic telegraph, by Morse, 1832 A. D.

The Atlantic cable—the beginning of

telegraphic communication between all the countries of the world, 1866 A. D.—
Martha J. Lamb.

THE LIGHT TOUCH.

The quality of lightness in literature is somewhat independent of form. There have been heavy poems and novels, there have been essays as light and airy as gossamer. Now and then a philosophical work, even, is lifted by such dexterous and nimble phrase as to give one the impression not only that one is thinking, but thinking with ease and celerity. Mr. Stockton, in one of the most ingenious of his stories, fancies a middle-aged man supplied with a curious apparatus for diminishing the force of gravitation, so that he skips over the ground in an incredibly lively fashion, and, at last, when heedlessly relaxing his hold on substantial things, rises from the ground a little distance, and treads air as another might tread water. Most writers are powerfully affected by the law of gravitation; it is when one has the secret of the more subtle law of levitation that we recognize a singularly attractive literary power.

Nor is it in literature alone that we are aware of this attraction. The musician, whose hands fly over the keys, often charms us through the same quality—he has the light touch. We perceive when we look at some pictures that the painter has had a certain deftness in handling his brush—he has the light touch. Even the solid marble which has yielded to the blow of the mallet sometimes discloses this quality; one feels that the sculptor just touched the clay lightly here and there, and that the chisel only glanced on the surface.

This lightness of touch is essentially an artistic gift; it has to do rather with the skill of presentation than with the fineness of conception, yet it goes deeper than any mere mechanical dexterity. It responds to the fiber of the artist's nature; it is his tactile sense expressing itself; and when we meet with it in any piece of work, we value it so highly that we sometimes wonder if we are not giving it more than its due. Perhaps we wonder most when we try to repeat in our own form the matter which pleased us and discover that the charm has somehow gone out of it. Only when we go back to the book or poem do we see that the material was not cheap or mean, but was set forth with a lightness of touch which raised at once its value.—*Atlantic.*

GREAT WORKS OF MAN.

The highest pyramid in existence is five hundred and twenty feet in height.

The walls of Babylon were three hundred and fifty feet high—slave labor.

The temple of Belus at Babylon is said to have been six hundred and sixty-six feet high.

St. Ivan's tower, Moscow, and the Chicago Board of Trade are three hundred feet high.

The tower of Babel is supposed to have reached the height of six hundred and eighty feet.

The highest monument in the world is the Washington, five hundred and fifty-five feet high.

The highest building in the world is the spire to St. Peter's church, Rome, five hundred and eighteen feet.

The greatest fortress in the world from a strategical point of view is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar. It occupies a rocky peninsula jutting out into the sea, about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide.

The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak in Egypt. The obelisk is ascribed to Hatasu, sister of Pharaoh Thothmes III., who reigned about 1600 B. C. The

whole length is one hundred and twenty-two feet, and its weight four hundred tons.

The largest library is the Bibliotheque National in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collections and engravings exceed 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, and little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are most read, and little songs the most sung. And, when nature would make any thing especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. *Multum in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest.—*B. F. Taylor.*

—Ignorance is as great an obstacle to progress, and as destructive as wickedness. The great revolutions of the world have, many of them, been brought about by serious need of reform, and conscientious convictions on the part of their leaders; yet they have often destroyed that which was of untold value to the future, by the dense ignorance and reckless impetuosity of their followers. Almost every generation has contributed to its age something worthy of being preserved, but it requires knowledge of its value, of the difficulty of reproduction, of the disappearance of types and forms, to enable people to estimate that which they inherit from the past. Historic edifices, the treasures of museums, of art, the records of nations and communities, have been swept away in unreasoning gusts of popular fury, and are as likely to be so now as ever. The French Revolution is a case in point, and antiquaries and the intelligent public at large have been alarmed for many months at the possible fate of the Boolak Museum in Egypt, which contains treasures inestimable, because they are the silent and grim, but wonderful, witnesses of the grandeur and state, the power and dignity, the might and majesty of a people that lived centuries and centuries before the Christian era. Yet what composes this museum are only the remnants of what might have been preserved had it not been for destructive ignorance; and what remains has been gathered by the devotion of science, the spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of a few men—scholars, to whom life seemed of little account beside the rescue of this voiceless history of the unwritten past.

—In Bavaria, the compulsory attendance of school for children begins with their sixth year, ending with the completion of their thirteenth year as regards week-day classes, and with their sixteenth year as far as the attendance at Sunday schools is concerned. According to the Prussian law of public instruction, of March 24, 1863, every child has to attend the instruction prescribed for public schools from the completed sixth to the completed fourteenth year. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, the term is the same as that in Prussia, beginning and ending on April 23 of the respective years. In the Duchies of Anhalt, children are likewise required to go to school on the completion of their sixth year; girls, however, are exempt at fourteen, while boys must continue to the completion of their fifteenth year. In the kingdom of Saxony and the Duchies of Saxe, the duration of the compulsory school term is eight years; in Wurtemberg, only seven, say from the seventh to the completed fourteenth year.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the words of the poem, the first verse of which commences,

"Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out into the night
And she sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain," etc.?

I would like to know the name of the author. I will gladly return the favor in any way I can, and will return postage on the poem.

MRS. C. L. BUCKINGHAM.

Box 408, New Milford, Ct.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band be kind enough to send me the piece of poetry containing this verse:

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh sea,
But the tender grace that is dead
Will never come back to me?"

I will gladly return postage, or return favor in any way I can.

MRS. J. K. LOONEY.

Turlock, Stanislaus Co., Calif.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Has any one the book "The Minister's Wooing?" I've forgotten the author's name, but the characters, some of them, are the "Dr.," and "Mrs. and Mary Scudder." If any one has it to dispose of, will he please write to
Hudson, N. H. ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

"The gay and gallant daughters of gay and gallant France."

This is all I can recall of a poem that pleased me in my school days. Can any one give me the name of the author, and the name of the poem, and tell me where it can be obtained?

Lock box G, Warner, N. H. ANNA G. MAR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words of a song the first verse of which commences,

"Sitting in my easy chair at home about a week ago?"

I will return the favor in any way I can.

East Acton, Mass. MRS. J. TRUETTE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can obtain the song in which are found these words:

"Cling to me, little one, ever,
Lay your brown head on my breast;
Nothing shall harm you, no, never,
There you will find a sweet rest?"

East Greenwich, R. I. MRS. C. B. WELLS.

THE REVIEWER.

HOLD UP YOUR HEADS, GIRLS, Helps for Girls in School and out, by Annie H. Ryder, is a helpful little book for any girl, anywhere. Full of wholesome advice and helpful encouragement, of strong suggestions, it cannot fail to impress a girl's mind with good results, to clear the cobwebs of sentimentality and idleness from the brain, and help her to live, as a girl should want to live, a true, busy, helpful life, if she grasps the aid the writer offers in every chapter. A little book, commonplace, perhaps, but full of excellent things which may be read with profit by the girls, and their mothers and teachers. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A beautiful small quarto pamphlet has been just issued from the New England Conservatory of Music, which has a more than passing value, and puts so plainly forth the past, the present, and the prospective conditions of this now vast institution that it is worth examining and preserving by all who are interested in educational matters in general, even if they have little predilection for those special studies which give this establishment its name. It contains much information in regard to this rapidly growing college, including the branches of instruction taught, embracing thirteen different schools, the names of the large corps of teachers and professors, the diplomas conferred this year, some facts about the home offered to pupils in the institution, and many other facts of interest to parents who wish to educate their children in music and other studies taught at the Conservatory. Boston: N. E. Conservatory of Music.

We have received three of the late numbers of CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY, edited by Prof. Henry Morley. "Life of Francis Bacon," "Lives of the English Poets, Waller, Milton, Cowley," and "Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo." Price 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

THE CENTURY for September is a brilliant number, full of interest from the opening article, "A Summer with Liszt in Weimar," by Albert Morris Bagby, to the amusing Bric-a-Brac, "Amateur Ballooning," by Alfred E. Moore, and "Balloon Experiences of a Timid Photographer," are two most readable papers, the illustrations to the latter proving that there is something new under the sun. Mr. Howells and Mr. Stockton keep up the reader's interest in their serials, and Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin contributes one of his always interesting and artistic papers on "A Glance at the Arts of Persia," with many fine illustrations. The three papers belonging to the "War Department" of the magazine will satisfy those who are interested in this, probably, best history of the war yet published. Several fine poems and other excellent articles are given, and the editorial departments are of the usual excellence. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

The illustrations in the September number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART would make a beautiful little album by themselves. The number opens with a suggestive paper on "Art in Australia," by R. A. Stevenson, which is practically an essay on all colonial art, its aims and limitations and successes. W. J. Henderson writes of "Some New York Theaters," giving descriptions, with illustrations, of the Casino, the Lyceum and the Madison Square theatres, the three which exhibit most the quaintness and beauty of recent theatrical architecture. "Current Art" describes a large number of recent pictures, and the methods of many prominent artists. Quentin Metsy, whose story is one of those stranger than fiction, is the hero of the present article on the "Romance of Art," by Annie E. Evans. Francis Watt's descriptive article on "The Rapid Spey" gives a romantic account of the storied castles, mountains and lochs of that lovely region, while Claude Philipps describes "The Picture Gallery at Dorchester House." A very entertaining contribution on the subject of "Female Head-gear," is given by Richard Heath, with vivid presentment, literary and pictorial, of the extraordinary head-dresses of the eighteenth century. One exquisite illustration in the number is that of "A Nunnery at Bruyes," and a noteworthy page is filled with Austin Dobson's dainty verses, daintily set in frame of Frederick Barnard's drawings. \$3.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

The list of contributors to the September FORUM would be sufficient to assure the readers of the excellence of its contents before perusal, the articles being on living topics, direct, clear, and touching those matters which interest the majority of thoughtful readers. With Mr. Oswald's strong paper on "The Temperance Trilemma," closes one of the best numbers of this new magazine. \$5.00 a year. 50 cents a copy. New York: The Forum Publishing Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for September. \$8.00 a year. Published weekly. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for September. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for September. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE and BAY STATE MONTHLY for September. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Pub. Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for September. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

WIDE AWAKE for September. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE BOOK BUYER for September. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for September. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for September. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Home and Farm Pub. Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for September. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

BABYHOOD for September. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for September. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

THE PANSY for September. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for September. \$1.00 a year. Boston: The Musical Herald Co.

THE FOLIO for September. \$1.60 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

J. E. CARPENTER.
Moderato.

A RIVER SONG.

N. J. SPORLE.

Row! row! home-ward we steer, Twi - light falls o'er us; Hark! hark!

mus - ic is near, Friends glide be - fore . . . us! Song light - ens our la - bor; Sing as on - ward we

go; . . . Keep each with his neigh - bor Time . . . as we flow. . . Row! row!

home - ward we go, Twi - light falls o'er us; Row! row! sing as we flow;

Day flies be - fore us.

Slow.

p dolce. p

2 Row! row! sing as we go!
Nature rejoices;
Hark! how the hills as we flow,
Echo our voices!
Still o'er the dark waters
Far away we must roam,

Ere Italy's daughters
Welcome us home,
Row! row! homeward we go;
Twilight falls o'er us;
Row! row! sing as we flow;
Day flies before us.

3 Row! row! see in the west
Lights dimly burning;
Friends in yon harbor of rest
Wait our returning.
See, now they burn clearer;
Keep time with the oar;

Now, now we are nearer
That happy shore.
Home! home! daylight is o'er;
Friends stand before us;
Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,
Once more the chorus.
Row! row, &c.

The Dispensary.

PROPER UNDERCLOTHING.

BY W. A. HAMMOND, M. D.

IN THE first place I may say that in our climate some kind of underclothing should be worn by man, woman and child all the year round, summer as well as winter, although, of course, it should vary in character with the season. There are doubtless many who wear nothing of the sort, winter and summer, and who have thus far escaped all ill consequence, or at least think that they have. In all probability, however, they are deceiving themselves. They may not yet have suffered serious inconvenience from their neglect to properly clothe themselves, but they are quite certainly, even though the process goes on slowly, weakening their resisting powers, and are hence rendering themselves less capable of bearing up against the attacks which morbid influences are constantly making. Every year finds them more apt to suffer from slight ailments, each one of which debilitates the system; advancing age makes them more susceptible, and at last pneumonia, pleurisy, dysentery, or some other serious disease strikes them down. The changes in our climate are so sudden and severe as to require all the vital strength of the organism to combat them, and if the body be not properly protected the danger is increased. Even with all the care that can be exercised the barriers are often broken down.

There are many men and women within my personal knowledge who cannot, even for a single day, omit their customary woolen shirts and drawers, without contracting a cough, or becoming subject to rheumatic or neuralgic pains. One of these is a gentleman holding a high office under the government of the United States. He dislikes the sensation of wool next the skin, and has repeatedly tried to harden himself to the point of being able to dispense with the thick flannel shirt that his wife insists upon his wearing. As often, however, as he has made the attempt, he has as often been obliged after a few hours' abstinence to return to the disagreeable garment, for a gentle reminder comes to him in the form of a slight stitch in his side, while he is sniffing the fresh morning air on his way to his office. By the time that he has gone a few blocks, whether upon foot or in his carriage, it is most painful for him to breathe, and the suffering goes on increasing until he is forced to go home and put on the protecting shirt, very much to his wife's delight at the fulfillment of her predictions.

Silk is not the best material with which to make underclothes so far as concerns their health preserving qualities, whatever may be its advantages so far as beauty and immediate comfort are concerned. The chief object of underclothing is the retention of the natural heat of the body, in such a way that low temperatures and sudden changes will not affect the surface. Several years ago I performed some experiments which went to show beyond any doubt that silk is below wool in its power to prevent the loss of heat from the body, and very little superior to cotton. Indeed, nothing is in this respect preferable to wool, and of this material all underclothing meant for winter use should be made. In summer a mixture of wool and cotton, called merino, may be worn, but even in very hot weather silk is not desirable, for it is not such a ready absorber of the perspiration as wool, and allows the body to be kept in a state not remote from that known as parboiled. Wool, however, taking up, as it

does, the moisture from the body, exposes it to the atmosphere, it is evaporated, and the process being a cooling one, keeps the skin from becoming overheated. No underclothing should ever be so thick as to prevent free passage of the cutaneous excretions and the atmospheric air. The skin requires ventilation as well as do the lungs. Chamois skin undergarments, "perforated" or unperforated, are abominations.

A notion exists that red is a particularly advantageous color to give to the undershirts and drawers worn in very cold weather. There is no foundation in fact for such an idea. It has been said that the dye stuff used for the purpose of producing the color in question, is more irritating to the skin than the other substances employed, but even if this were true—and I am strongly inclined to question the correctness of the statement—it would be no reason for using red-colored undergarments in preference to brown or white. It is not irritation of the skin that is wanted when we put on underclothing, but protection from cold and vicissitudes of temperature. When it is necessary to irritate the skin, it is better to make use of a mustard plaster or blister, and not to divert the clothing from its proper objects. Underclothing should be made of white material. Theoretically, black would be preferable for winter use, as it is a better non-conductor of heat and a better absorber of moisture than any other color, other things being equal; but it would probably be difficult to get people to clothe themselves in clothing of this color, or to find the necessary articles in the shops.

It is the fashion now to have all the underclothing made of the knit material called "stockinet," but I am quite sure that flannel shirts and drawers, such as our ancestors used, are preferable for winter use, and a mixture of wool and cotton for summer. The chief objection to stockinet is that the garments made of it fit too close to the skin to be comfortable, or to fulfill all the objects to be obtained from underclothing. When, however, the garments are made out of piece goods, and expressly for the person who is to wear them, they cannot be so formed as to embrace the body as tightly as though they were made of India rubber. Strata of air, therefore, are formed at various points, and these help to retain the heat. If stockinet be used, the articles made of it should be large and roomy, and should not, therefore, fit close to the skin.—*Exchange.*

CALLING ON THE SICK.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

There are many, especially in rural communities, who make it a practice to call on their neighbors as soon as they are informed that they are sick. It makes no material difference whether they are intimate friends or merely casual acquaintances. No sooner is one of their neighbors stricken with disease than they call on him. The apparent object of this call is to proffer their sympathy to the sufferer, but the real motive, in too many instances, is to gratify a morbid curiosity. To those of my readers who contemplate calling on a sick acquaintance, I would first ask you to consider the probable effect of a call. Can you render any assistance? Is your friendship such that your words or even presence, are a source of pleasure to the poor sufferer? If so, then immediately make your call. If not, there are yet many ways in which you can show your sympathy and interest. You can kindly inquire of the family after his health. You can send him some little delicacy which perhaps his poor appetite craves. Flowers with their beauty and

fragrance are generally appreciated by the sick. These and other little acts of kindness, prompted by a right motive, will be gratefully remembered, when an abrupt call would create disgust, and be even an injury to the patient.

Having settled in your own mind that it is proper to call on your sick friend, you should carefully consider how to make that call a blessing to him. To visit the sick requires common sense united with quick sensibilities. When a person is racked with pain or so profoundly exhausted as to lie in bed, he differs from what he was when in the enjoyment of his usual good health, and must, therefore, be approached in a different manner. No explicit rules can be given on this point, only that your greeting should be free and natural. Above all things do not tell your friend how sick he looks. As a general thing it is unbecoming to closely question the patient in regard to the particular nature and symptoms of his illness. Only a few general inquiries can be made with propriety. If a regular physician is in attendance on the case, it is exceedingly bad taste for the caller to suggest medicines to be taken in place of those ordered by the doctor, or in connection with his remedies. This, however, is often done, especially by elderly ladies. They may have had a long and large experience in the care of the sick, not only have they acted as nurses, but, in the absence of a physician, have administered remedies from their ample stock of roots and herbs. It is no surprise that they have some degree of confidence in their medicines, and yet, under the guise of a friendly call, it is wrong for them to attempt to usurp the place of the attending physician, or do any thing to impair the confidence that should be placed in him. The healing art is a science, and to unlock its secrets more study is required than these worthy ladies assume to have given the subject. They are often keen observers of disease, and they can sometimes render valuable assistance to the attending physician in informing him of their observations.

A call on the sick should be brief, depending on the intimacy of the caller and the severity of the illness. The more sick the patient, the shorter the call should be. To visit nervous invalids, demands special tact, yet there is no class of persons more benefited by judicious callers than this unfortunate class.

Gilsum, N. H.

CATCHING COLD.

Thin-skinned persons catch cold most easily. Active exercise sets them into a perspiration, and the sudden checking of the perspiration, when exercise ceases, causes a cold. Such persons may seldom have severe colds if they learn how to manage them, and perhaps they have less actual sickness—such as interferes with work or pleasure—than persons who do not take cold easily. Flesh brushing during the cooler months lessens the liability to catch cold. A flesh brush is much like an ordinary hair brush, only with a longer handle. I have seen a very good one made of a hair brush with a longer handle attached to it. Habit makes the use of a flesh brush on undressing for bed or on rising in the morning, a luxury and almost a necessity for comfort. A brief, vigorous rubbing of the skin promotes its healthy activity and its ability to resist cold.

—Nothing is gained by exhausting one part of the organism because another is exhausted. Practically, "overwork" is work which does not strengthen but weakens. It may be excessive in quantity and bad in quality.

—To stop bleeding, if from a cavity in

the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork into the proper form and size to cover the bleeding cavity, and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A SUFFERER. *Indigestion, etc.* I am fully satisfied that your difficulties are dyspeptic, as indicated by "eructations of gas," a "sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach," a "poor appetite in the morning," a "general lassitude," and "variableness of the appetite." The formation of "gas" in the stomach is easily explained. When indigestible food is taken, or more than can be digested, the undigested part necessarily ferments, decomposes, producing carbonic acid gas, very poisonous, though I suspect that its acidity really aids digestion of this remnant, which may be its design. The presence of gas in the stomach, therefore, is good evidence that more food has been eaten than could be digested, or that the food was of such a character that the digestive organs were not able to dispose of it, leaving some to decay, necessarily corrupting the whole body. As a natural result of such toils, there will always be that uncomfortable feeling at "the pit of the stomach." This is disease added to fatigue. The "poor appetite in the morning" probably results from taking more food during the day, or, it may be, at the last meal than the stomach is able to digest, at least, while asleep, a portion remaining till the morning, under which circumstances, of course, there must be a loss of appetite, as there should be just after a full meal, the stomach being in a debilitated state. In such a state, it is evident that the digestive organs, at times, may not be able to digest enough to meet the natural demands of the system. This fact will account for the "lassitude," practically the same condition as results from fasting till the body becomes weakened, since we gain more strength from a little food eaten, all digested, than from twice the amount, when only one-half is digested, the extra toils wasting a part of the strength. The "variableness" of the appetite may not be as easily explained, though it is plain that when the stomach does all that it can do for a short time, the time comes when it must have rest, must cease to toil, the appetite, as a precautionary measure, indicating this state of things, guarding against still worse evils, by taking still more food.

In general terms, the "remedy" consists in the adoption of a plain system of diet, avoiding the use of rich pastry, all articles difficult of digestion, such as pork, sausages, old cheese, veal, new bread, hard-cooked eggs and meats, as the albumen in these is difficult of digestion. I recommend a very light supper, a thin, well-cooked mush, made of oat meal, white granular corn, coarse granulated wheat, or, still better, "wheatena," a most valuable, nutritious, palatable and easily digested food. These may also be taken at other meals, most thoroughly mixed with the saliva, not eaten as rapidly as usual, that the digestion may be as nearly perfect as possible.

1. Is milk a better drink than water? 2. Would one or two glasses of milk, taken at the close of a meal, taken without drink, be harmful? 3. Is milk and water more wholesome, with the meals, than tea and coffee? A. C. MOORE.

1. Water is the best drink for man and beast, that intended by the Creator, manifestly, since the human body is composed of water to a very great extent. The fact the brain and muscles contain 80 and 75 per cent. of water, the bones, ten, while the digestive juices have still more, the saliva, ninety-nine, and the gastric juice, ninety-seven, indicates that water is a prominent necessary of life. 2. Since milk is both food and drink, it will not be useful, if a full meal is taken at first, to drink that quantity of any thing containing nourishment, as milk does, while one glass would be right, if it is but the reasonable addition to the meal. I decidedly commend your custom of taking no drink with the meals, not cheating the teeth and the salivary glands by washing your food down in great haste, eating as rapidly as possible, as the swine do. 3. While milk and water are wholesome, not one word can really be said in favor of tea and coffee, as usually taken, steeped altogether too much, getting too much of the tannin into the infusion, which necessarily impairs digestion, literally shrinking and tanning the coats of the stomach.

C. M. *Nasal Catarrh.* To a great extent, this catarrh is caused by an excessive use of the heaters, such as butter, lard, pork, the sweets, fine flour, pastry and the like. To reduce these to one-fourth of the present amount eaten, bathing or brushing the skin daily, keeping the pores open and free, with a simple diet, taken only at meals, breathing an abundance of pure air by day and night, will gradually cure this disgusting disease. It cannot be cured while the causes remain in full force. The lung difficulty, undoubtedly, is in sympathy with the catarrh. This demands your special attention, or it will assume a more critical form. You cannot be too careful in this regard, seeking the best medical advice.

gether, knit four, seam one, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, slip four stitches on the left hand needle over the first one on the same needle, thread over twice, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

9. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit and seam one loop, knit and seam the next, knit six, thread over twice, seam two together, knit five, thread over once, knit two together, thread over twice, seam two together.

10. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, seam one, knit five, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

11. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, slip four stitches on the left hand needle over the first stitch on the same needle, thread over twice, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over once, knit two together, thread over twice, seam two together.

12. Bind off three stitches, knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit and seam one loop, knit and seam the next, knit six, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Repeat from first row.

Waltham, Mass. ROSE MADDERS.

PRIZE LACE.

Cast on thirty-eight stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow seven times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit six.

Even rows knit plain, except on thread over twice, which knit one, purl one.

3. Slip one, knit ten, over, narrow six times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

5. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over, narrow five times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit twelve. The last stitch knit one, purl one.

7. Slip one, knit eight, over, narrow four times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eleven, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

9. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, over, narrow three times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit nineteen. The last stitch knit one, purl one.

11. Slip one, knit six, over, narrow two times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit twelve, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

13. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen, narrow, over twice, narrow twice, over twice, narrow, knit five. The last stitch knit one, purl one.

15. Slip one, knit four, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eighteen, over twice, narrow, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

17. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen, narrow, over twice, narrow twice, over twice, narrow, knit three, narrow.

19. Slip one, knit seven, over, narrow twice, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit twelve, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

21. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, over, narrow three times, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eighteen, narrow.

23. Slip one, knit nine, over, narrow four times, knit one, narrow, over twice,

narrow, knit eleven, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

25. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit six, over, narrow five times, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eleven, narrow.

27. Slip one, knit eleven, over, narrow six times, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

29. Slip one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow six times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit one.

31. Slip one, knit thirteen, over, narrow seven times, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

SARA B. LEFFINGWELL.

Pittsfield, Mass.

CROCHET EDGING.

1. Chain twenty-eight, one double (thread over once) in eighth stitch, six chain, one double in sixteenth stitch, two chain, one double in the same stitch, two chain, one double in the seventeenth stitch, two chain, one double in the same stitch, six chain, one double in the twenty-fifth stitch, two chain, one double in the last stitch of foundation chain; turn.

2. * Five chain, one double in first double, three chain, one single in fourth stitch of six chain, four double, one single in first hole, four double, two chain, four double in next hole, one single, four double in next hole, one single in third stitch of six chain, three chain, one double in first double, two chain, one double in third stitch of five chain; * turn.

3. * Five chain, one double in first double, six chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double in preceding two chain, six chain one double in first double, two chain, one double in the third stitch of five chain, * eight chain, skip one double, and fasten in the next with slip stitch; turn, sixteen single in eight chain, one single in first double.

4. Same as second row between *'s.

5. Same as the third row only fasten eight chain in last single of preceding scallop.

6. Same as second row between *'s.

7. Same as third row between *'s, then eight chain, one single in first single of preceding scallop, eight double in eight chain, turn the work over, eight chain, one single in middle of first scallop, eight chain, one single in the middle of the next scallop, turn, sixteen single in first eight chain, eight single in next eight chain, turn, eight chain, one single in the middle of the preceding scallop, turn, sixteen single in eight chain, eight single in the next scallop going down, eight single in the last scallop, one single in the first double, like second row between *'s.

8. Like third row between *'s, then two chain, one single in first double on top, two chain, one double in the middle of eight single, two chain, one double in corner, two chain, one double in the middle of next eight chain, two chain, one double in next corner, two chain, one double in third stitch of top scallop, two chain, one double in sixth stitch, two chain, one double in ninth stitch, two chain, one double in twelfth stitch, two chain, one double in corner, two chain, one double in the middle of eight single, two chain, one double in corner, two chain, one double in the middle of eight chain, two chain, one single in the first stitch of the foundation chain; turn.

9. Two chain, * one double in the first hole, three chain, one double in the double just made by splitting the stitch in the middle, * repeat between *'s all around the scallop and fasten to first double with one single, then like the second row between *'s.

10. Like the third row between *'s.

11. Like the second row between *'s.
12. Like the third row, beginning the next scallop.

ABBIE.

New Mexico.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Now that Christmas is not far away, and every one is busy with bright bits of silk and satin, canvas, etc., I am tempted to try to give and gather a few hints about these mysterious pretty things.

One of the prettiest Christmas gifts of home manufacture that I received last year, was a glove box made of white cardboard and finished in spatter work and blue. A handkerchief box to match was also very pretty. The top is about ten inches square, and on the white cardboard is spattered a pretty design of ferns and leaves with an initial in the center. The edges are button-hole stitched in blue. The sides are about four inches deep, each ornamented with a spray. It is lined throughout with pale blue, and the corners finished with cord and tassels.

A very pretty tidy is made of three strips of gray Java canvas, about three inches wide. The edges are finished with scallops of bright zephyr, and a pretty design in cross stitch runs down the center. The pieces are fastened together by means of the scallops, the ends of the strips are pointed and finished with tassels. But the tidies of darned net are prettier than any other sort, and there are so many pretty, easy patterns that any one can make them.

I saw a beautiful collar in progress the other day that was destined to decorate some Christmas tree. It was of black velvet cut in deep points, and embroidered in each point a pretty design in pink silk. Such collars are worn now without any other finish at the throat, and are very pretty and becoming.

One can think of scores of pretty trifles that might please a lady, but clumsier fingers have no patience with their frailty. One gift on our last year's Christmas tree was angled for by all the gentlemen. It was a pretty little shaving cup with a cake of soap inside, and tied to the handle a heart-shaped shave-clean made of cardboard. The shave-clean is very easily made. It is simply a heart-shaped piece of cardboard, with the usual legend worked upon the face, and on the back side about a dozen leaves of tissue paper cut into the same form are fastened by the cord and tassels which serve to suspend it.

Slippers are always in order for gentlemen, and such pretty patterns can be bought now, stamped on canvas, and all ready to be filled in with zephyr. They cost more than those bought ready made, but there is so much more love worked into them that they are twice as warm.

The prettiest watch case that I ever saw for a gentleman, was made in slipper form. The foundation was of stiff cardboard, and stretched over it were the remains of an old pair of brown kid gloves. A pretty cluster of scarlet flowers and bright green leaves was embroidered on the front, and the edges were bound with ribbon with a bow at the top to hang it up by.

KATE ELLICOTT.

Greenlee, N. C.

RAISED LEAF EDGING.

Cast on nineteen stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl five, knit two, purl five, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow,

over, narrow, purl two, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, purl two, knit nine.

4. Knit eleven, purl seven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl nine, knit two, purl five, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl two, knit twelve.

8. Knit fourteen, purl eleven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit eleven, purl two, knit twelve.

10. Bind off five, knit eight, purl eleven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind one, knit seven, narrow, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

12. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl nine, knit two, purl five, knit one.

13. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind one, knit five, narrow, purl two, knit nine.

14. Knit eleven, purl seven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

15. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind one, knit three, narrow, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

16. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl five, knit two, purl five, knit one.

17. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind one, knit one, narrow, purl two, knit twelve.

18. Knit fourteen, purl three, knit two, purl five, knit one.

19. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit three together, purl two, knit twelve.

20. Bind off four, knit twelve, purl five, knit one.

Repeat from first row.

Dakota.

Mrs. A. E. W.

SCISSORS CASE WITH PINCUSHION.

This case is as ornamental as it is useful, and its construction is extremely simple. The material required is heavy pasteboard, one-half yard of gray cloth, a quarter of a yard of bright red cashmere, the same of brown carriage leather, gold thread, old gold silk floss, red, blue, green and brown silk floss.

Cut two circular pieces of cardboard ten inches and seven-eighths in diameter, then cut two circular pieces of the gray cloth one-half inch larger than the pasteboard to allow for bringing over the edge and tacking down. One is for the cover, and the corresponding piece for the lining. Scallop the edge, and work with the red silk floss.

Now for the receptacle for holding the scissors, cut out of the red cashmere and brown carriage leather, pieces for the pockets; five in number, of the brown carriage leather for the pockets for the scissors, and of cashmere four pieces to correspond, and allow two inches in length at the top to turn over in a point. Now lay them between the leather pockets and with the different colors of silk, embroider some design on each piece, then stitch on the circular piece. The size of the pockets must be regulated according to the size of the scissors. The leather pockets must be left loose to admit the scissors. The cashmere must lie flat down between the pockets. On each

point of the cashmere sew a white porcelain button, also a button on each scallop on the edge. The pockets and cashmere all come to a point in the center, and are finished with a star cut from the brown leather, and worked with the gold thread and silk. When the pockets and pieces are all on, it resembles an open fan. Under the pockets, tack a pincushion made of red cashmere in the shape of a tomato. Work each piece with the old gold silk and gold thread. Sew a loop of ribbon at the top by which to suspend it from the wall.

HATTIE D. TAFT.

CROCHET TABLE MATS.

Make a chain of twelve stitches, turn the work, single crochet stitches all around the chain; turn, work single crochet around again, putting each stitch in the back part of the loop, forming a rib. Continue so till you have eight ribs. Widen by putting two stitches in one loop at each corner, being four, also at the opposite point on the mat from where you turn each time.

Make a border of two double crochet in the loop of the previous row, chain one, two more double crochet in the same loop, then two more double crochet in the third loop from where you put the other double crochet, chain one, two double crochet in the same loop. Continue so till you have two rows.

For the last row, chain four, catch in the chain made between the two double crochet of the previous row, chain four more, catch in the loop made between four double crochet of the previous row. Continue in the same way all around the row until the mat is completed.

These mats can be made in three sizes or all the same size. If made in three sizes, make one with eight ribs, one with seven ribs, and one with six ribs.

The materials required are a ball of knitting cotton No. 10, and a crochet hook. One ball of cotton will make three mats of the size I spoke of. If one prefers heavier mats, she must use coarser cotton.

If one prefers the border of colors, I should advise Saxony yarn, but I use the same knitting cotton. Mrs. A. F. P.

Boston, Mass.

BABY'S AFGHAN.

I want to describe for the benefit of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, from whom I have derived so much benefit, an afghan for a baby buggy that I have just completed. I had a quantity of single zephyrs that had been accumulating for years, of all colors, so I made a crazy afghan, by making squares in this manner: Begin with a chain of six of yellow, join and into the ring put twelve double crochet stitches, and then take pink and into one division or between two of these double stitches, make a shell of six, skip three stitches and make another shell, and so on till there are four shells or a square. Next take white, and into one pink shell make another shell of pink, then between the two pink shells a cluster of three, then in next shell another shell, and so on clear around. Or, of course, you can use any other colors, and in one block I have as many as six colors. I made one hundred blocks, no two alike, and then around each block, I make another row like the last, only it will take two clusters of three, like the last, between the shells instead of one, of a nice shade of gray. Sew them together with all the different shades of zephyr, and crochet a border all around the whole afghan, and you can line it with silesia for summer, or flannel for winter. Fasten each end securely on the wrong side. It makes a nice afghan, too, for carriage, or for sofa robe, etc.

Dakota.

MATTIE J.

HOW I MADE A PRETTY RUG.

I took a piece of heavy cloth (rag carpet will do) thirty-seven by twenty inches, rounded the corners off and bound neatly. This was to be used for the foundation. I then cut the cloth into scallops each three inches long by one and one-half inches wide. You can cut as many in one strip as your cloth will permit, but they fit nicer around the corners if cut singly. I used white, green and orange carpet chain. With it I worked around the scallops using button-hole stitch. Of course, the straight side of the scallop need not be worked. Now sew on to the foundation a row of scallops worked with white, making the edge just reach the outer edge of the binding. Next row use those worked with orange, overlapping so that it will hide the stitches of the first row, being careful to make the points come between those of the first row. Next use those worked with green, then use white again. I now cut a strip of the goods, some larger than the center not covered, and scalloped it, making them smaller than those used before. I worked "Welcome" on this piece, by cutting the letters of heavy cloth, sewing them on, and then working them over with shaded red zephyr, just as cardboard mottoes are worked. I also worked the scallops of this piece with the zephyr. Sis.

Reading, Kansas.

COMBINATION LACE.

Cast on fourteen stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three, over, knit one.

2. Knit seven, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit eight, over, knit one.

4. Knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, over, knit one.

6. Knit eight, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit six, with the right hand needle slip the stitches on the left hand needle one over the other until you have one remaining, knit that.

8. Knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

MRS. J. W. MARSHALL.

TOILET SET.

Mrs. J. E. Cole asks how to make a toilet set. Here is one which is both pretty and inexpensive: Take a yard of silesia, some bright color, one yard of cheese cloth, two and one-half yards of ribbon, the same color as the silesia, and five yards of lace edging. Take a piece of silesia half a yard square for the large mat, cover with cheese cloth, edge this round with the lace, fulling pretty well at the corners, then briar-stitch around the edge. The small mats are made the same way, except being nine inches square.

Make a cushion nine inches square of silesia and put a bow of ribbon on each corner. Now take a piece of cheese cloth five inches square, edge round with lace, and briar-stitch the edge, and place this on cornerwise to complete the set.

PRETTY WORK BAG.

Divide a piece of blue satin or plush into strips four inches wide and eighteen

inches long. Alternate these strips with cretonne of the same width, in which flowers have been outlined with tinsel. Line with silk and draw up with blue ribbon run in through a shir made one and one-half inches from the top.

Will some one send directions for knitting strawberry lace? ORA F. Indiana.

DOUBLE DIAMOND TIDY.

Cast on twenty stitches for each pattern, and add two at each end for edge. They are not used in the directions. Where it says "over and narrow," the "over" is to be repeated as well as the "narrow." Every other row is seamed or purled.

1. Over and narrow ten times.

3. Knit one, over and narrow four times, knit two, over and narrow four times, knit one.

5. Knit two, over and narrow three times, knit four, over and narrow three times, knit two.

7. Knit three, over and narrow twice, knit six, over and narrow twice, knit three.

9. Knit four, over and narrow once, knit eight, over and narrow once, knit four.

11. Repeat seventh row.

13. Repeat fifth row.

15. Repeat third row.

16. Seam.

This completes one pattern. Repeat from first row until of the length required. To be knit on wooden needles. Trim with lace or fringe. ELSIE B. Bucyrus, Ohio.

CROSS-STITCH INSERTION.

Cast on twenty-two stitches.

1. Plain.

2. Plain.

3. Knit nine plain, turn round and seam five of the nine, turn it round and seam the same five, knit and seam these five until you have been across five times each way, then slip the same five off the needle, and pick up four from the left hand needle on the right hand, then pick up the same five you slipped off, knit nine plain, knit four plain, seam all but the last four, knit these, knit across plain, knit four, seam five, do these five five times each way, the last time will come on the seam side, slip the five off, and take four from the left hand needle, pick up five, seam all but four, knit those, knit across, knit four, seam all but four, knit these.

Repeat from third row.

MRS. M. T. CHASE.

Hyannisport, Mass.

LAP RUGS.

I should like to come into the Dressing Room for a few minutes, and return some of the past kindnesses of the sisters, by giving a hint to mothers. I will try to explain the way in which I made a very useful addition to my baby's outfit. It is a lap rug to use across the lap while washing an infant. One can be made inexpensively and very pretty with two yards of canton flannel, white is the best, and an ounce of split zephyr worsted. Double the flannel with the fuzzy side out, turn the edges in and sew together. Then with a worsted needle and white, light pink or blue split zephyr, make button-hole stitch all the way around. Crochet a border three shells deep, or any other appropriate edge. Knot the center as in comfortables, by drawing doubled worsted through and fastening. Cut the ends an even length.

Still another one of white bath towel is easier made. Buy a square, hem, and crochet a pretty border as for the other.

I have made both, but much prefer the

latter, as it needs no ironing, which usually fades the border. I hope some one will make one and find how useful and pretty it is. N. Y. CITY.

SIMPLE OPEN LACE.

Cast on nine stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, thread over and narrow three times, thread over four times, knit two.

2. Knit three, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, then thread over and seam two together twice.

3. Slip one, thread over and narrow three times, knit six.

4. Knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together, then over and seam two together twice.

5. Same as third row.

6. Same as fourth row.

7. Same as third row.

8. Bind off four, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, then thread over and seam two together twice.

Put thread over once only, except when otherwise stated. NELLIE MAY.

HOW TO SEW BRAIDED RUGS.

Take a piece of carpeting a little longer than wide, line, if tapestry, and you wish it to look alike on both sides, and bind with braid. Then sew your braid on the piece of carpet as for any rug, until you get to the middle of one side, then run the braid up about three inches, turn and sew it together so it will lie flat, sew on the carpet again until the middle of the next end, do the same; in the middle of the other side and end do the same. The next row sew around it. It does not look like much at first, but it is quite pretty after it gets to be of some size. I hope all can understand, but it is hard I find to write directions for any such thing.

MRS. E. WINSLOW.

BRUSH BROOM HOLDER.

Take a common Japanese fan and cover with dark plush, any dark color to match the furniture. Place a ribbon about one and one-half inches wide from one side of the handle across the center to the opposite side, and fasten with some pretty crazy stitch. Wind the handle with ribbon, placing a bow on it, where it is fastened to the fan. The ribbon can be worked or painted and looks very pretty. The fan may be covered with any goods but plush is the prettiest, and is cheap.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to clean a brass bird cage with the least trouble? RUTH.

Evanston, Ill.

THE WORK TABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the sisters please give directions for knitting drawer leggins large enough for a child of two years, and the kind of yarn and needles to use? ONE OF THE BAND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please give us directions for a carriage afghan in the old Roman style, with the right materials, and the quantity required for each stripe? Also the right size. HANS DORCOMB.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Bernice wants to know how she can make something nice from lichen. They are very nice for painting on. If she will paint a pretty little scene in oil colors on the smooth side of it, she will have something to help make her room pretty. LUCILE.

Can some member of the Band give directions for making a plush case for cabinets? I would also like paper patterns for coverings to stuffed furniture. Any one sending the latter to my address will be doing a great favor. Box 612, Spencer, Mass. I. E. AMIDON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to make a pin cushion on railroad canvas of worsted worked in squares, also how to make a pretty hair-pin receiver? MAY. Montana.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Five.

NOW that the crisp, cool October days have brought comfort into the work-a-day parts of our households, and we can once more close the windows and poke the open fire in our cosy dining room, and even prepare a breakfast, dinner, or supper without wishing there had never been such a thing as a cook stove invented. We turn with something like alacrity to our recipe books in the search for something new. Sometimes we find it, but oftener we don't and go back to some old "stand by," which has never through all its many visits at our table failed to appear at its best.

There are not many of us who cannot turn with a very excusable pride to some one thing in which we excel, and the woman, young or old, who on her list of accomplishments (I use the word advisedly) can count the proper ordering of her household affairs, the "good table" which means good health, good humor, and general comfort, has the right to be proud.

A lady's touch is very soon discovered in the arrangement of a dining room—the appointments of the table though of the most ordinary kind, the neatness, the spotless purity of the table linen, the polish which the coarsest ware will show if properly washed and wiped, the arrangement of the dishes—all tend to show the deft hands, the fine tastes of the woman whose charge it is. And by fine tastes I don't mean acquired ones. Many a girl or woman who couldn't quote a line of Emerson or use a French phrase, to save her existence, may possess a nature refined and beautiful enough to make itself felt in all the drudgery of her daily life. And, in these days, when many women are judged by their outward elegance, it is well to look at their home life. Not that it is necessary that every woman should make bread and wash dishes, but the lady who can do such things properly, should occasion require it, is far more ladylike than she who looks upon it as menial labor, fit only for servants!

Is our table waiting all this time? Weren't we going to make some cake?

Here is one I know you will like, and it's my own invention, too, so far as such a thing can be an "invention." I'm very fond of pound cake, and yet seldom made it because it lasted so long. So after many trials at a division of the materials in order to make a medium loaf, I succeeded in getting one just right. Two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, four eggs, one tablespoonful of milk, and one scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of the eggs and beat till very light. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and mix the baking powder thoroughly with the flour. Add a little of the flour to the cake mixture and when well mixed add the milk. Then beat in alternately the whites of the eggs and flour, part at a time. Pour into a cake tin lined with paper, and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five or forty minutes.

This is made like the old-fashioned pound cake, will keep very nicely and is much improved by being frosted either with plain or chocolate frosting. It is also very nice with citron, one-fourth pound is sufficient, sliced rather thin. The citron should be lightly floured and stirred in just before putting the mixture in the cake pan. When citron is used, no frosting is necessary; simply sift sugar over the cake.

The pretty and delicate "angel" cake is not so difficult to make, nor so expensive as many people suppose, nor does it take the time for mixing which the directions would indicate. One must pay particular attention to details, however, the proper putting together is the secret of success. Whites of eleven eggs, one cup of fine sugar, one cup of flour, one even teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-teaspoonful of vanilla. Put the cream of tartar with the flour and pass it through a sieve four times. Sift the sugar, and if not very light sift again. Then beat the whites of eggs to a very stiff froth and beat in the sugar, a tablespoonful at a time. Don't stir the cake at all, beat it with the spoon, add the vanilla, then the flour, about a third at a time. Cut it in with the spoon rather than beat it, mixing it in as quickly and lightly as possible. Pour into the pan—if you haven't a real "angel cake pan," use a new tin, a round one is the prettiest, and do not paper or butter the pan. The oven must be very slow, and the cake should bake three-quarters of an hour. Don't turn or jar the pan during the first twenty minutes. When done, if you use an ordinary pan, invert it over a folded cloth and rest the edges of the pan upon something which will raise it a half-inch from the table. Let it stand thus until the cake falls out. This it will do if the pan has never been used for any other purpose or greased. Then frost the bottom and sides of the cake, and do not cut until the next day, unless made early in the day, in that case it can be cut at night, always using a very sharp, thin knife.

The yolks of the eggs can be utilized in custards, in gold or molasses cake, boiled and chopped for fish balls, or mixed with cream and milk, salted and peppered and scrambled in a well buttered frying pan.

A favorite white cake is made as follows: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one and one-fourth cups of flour, one-third cup of milk, one scant teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and the whites of three eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, stir in a little of the flour, then add the milk in which the salt has been dissolved. Beat till light and smooth; stir the baking powder with the flour and sift together, then beat into the cake mixture. Lastly beat in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. When well mixed, pour into a medium sized cake pan lined with paper. Of course any flavoring may be added at pleasure, but it is very nice and delicate without. A little sliced citron or one-half cup of blanched almonds cut in thin slices, make it delicious. It is also very nice frosted, with the almonds chopped fine and stirred into the frosting. A rather slow oven is best, as the cake should not be very brown when done. It should bake about forty minutes, and is one of the best plain cakes we make, having the fine, velvety texture which is so desirable in white cake.

Several of our readers have asked lately for a recipe for good, soft gingerbread. Here is one which has been a favorite with us for years. One cup of best New Orleans molasses, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-fourth cups of flour, (the cup should be rounding full,) and one teaspoonful of ginger. Mix the soda with the sour milk and add to the molasses. Stir well, add the ginger, part of the flour, then the melted butter. Beat well, add the egg well beaten, and the rest of the flour. Butter and warm your roll pans and bake the gingerbread in them, or you can use a biscuit tin if you prefer.

There is a favorite method of cooking spring chickens which I want to sandwich in with the cakes, as it is just the season for such dainties:

Clean and wash the chickens thoroughly. Don't be ruled by the authorities who tell you never to wash a chicken. After it is ready to wash, take a cloth and rub the skin with soda water, (a tablespoonful of soda to two quarts of water, slightly warm,) and see if it doesn't prove to you that it is necessary. Scraping with a small knife is the usual method, but you will find a cloth the easiest. Then rinse thoroughly in cold water, split in halves, cutting as near the middle of the back—lengthwise—as you can, sprinkle with salt, and put on a grate in a dripping pan, skin side down. Place in a moderate oven and in half an hour if the chicken has begun to cook, baste with butter and dredge with flour, and when it browns turn, baste and flour the other side. Two tablespoonfuls of butter will be sufficient for each chicken. When done, which will be in about an hour and a half, allowing an hour more for an older fowl, remove to a warm platter, put the pan on the stove, where it will not be hot enough to burn, and stir into it a cup of cream in which a heaping teaspoonful of flour has been stirred. Let it just boil, up, stirring till smooth and pour over the chicken. We like this better than broiled chicken, and it is much less trouble. Of course, a very young chicken will cook in an hour, but the ordinary "broilers" in October need longer cooking than their somewhat tasteless brethren of August.

EMILY HAYES.

BEING NEIGHORLY AT TABLE

The dinner has always been the chief meal of the day—most elaborate, most substantial, most ceremonious. The one best excuse for the late hours of fashion is that business being over, and the day's perplexities and labors shut away behind in the grim down-town office, the husband and brothers of the family can deliver themselves freely to the comforts and pleasures of the household festival, making it a social reunion of no little importance. Where this is really done it is warrant enough, in cities at least, with all the complicated claims of modern life, for the dinner hour is apt to be the only time at which the whole family assembles, and, but for that, its members might grow up as distant acquaintances. Any concession of natural order is better than that, and the one thing that should be invariably insisted upon is absolute promptness and regularity at this meal. In truth, it is a great mistake not to have this discipline at all meals; and children should be taught that they can show no greater and no more selfish discourtesy than in either keeping others waiting to sit down, or, if this ceremoniousness is excused, in breaking the harmony and propriety that good manners demand, by being late at table.

Respectful, considerate manners are almost out of vogue, and the children of to-day ride rough-shod over the proprieties in a manner to make their great-grandparents believe that there is no saving grace left in the world, if their horrified shades ever revisit their accustomed earthly walks. The old-time stiffness and formality of manner may have had its absurdities but there is no sweeter charm in life than the habit of considerate regard for the common comfort and regularity of the home—the thoughtful deference to others, the affectionate dependence upon one another. If this spirit is cultivated, the family unity, with all its tender and helpful relations, is assured, and the home becomes the real center and influence of the life.

There is no better or surer test of this than the manners at the table. And, therefore, it is a great loss to the best training and pleasure when its arrangements are so formed as to leave altogether

er to the waitress the duty of attending to the wants of the company. To keep a watchful eye upon the needs of others, to invite them with gentle courtesy to partake of what they may lack in their supply of the different dishes, will add a gracious spirit of unselfishness and harmony, for which nothing else gives opportunity. No collection of dainty dishes, no extent of formal elegance of arrangement, will give the heart warmth and delight of simple, unobtrusive, kindly attention from one's neighbors at the table.—*Marian S. Devereux, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE DESSERT.

—A little girl of three years, noticing the lightning for the first time, came rushing to her mamma crying: "Oh, mamma, did you see the sun flying by?"

—Chatty old Bachelor—"Most r'mark'ble likeness between those two children, nurse!" Nurse—"Yes sir. Twins, sir." Old Bachelor—"What, oth of 'em?"

—"The doctor said he'd put me on my feet again in two weeks." "Well, didn't he do it?" "He did, indeed. I had to sell my horse and buggy to foot his bill."

—"Now, Johnny, you had a real nice time at the circus this afternoon didn't you?" "Yes, pa." "Well, what do you say to papa for taking you?" "L-l-let's go again, pa."

—Small boy—"Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I've dropped the one you gave me." Mother—"Where have you dropped it?" Small boy—"In the coffee."

—"Yes, I believe in the eight hour system," said a western farmer. "I work eight hours in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon. In haying time I sometimes put in an hour or two extra."

—A nurse-maid in airing her charge, met with a bicycle club going at full speed. On returning to the house she exclaimed: "O, mum, the baby nearly tipt out of his carriage fur rejoicement, for he saw the min ridin' on thim philosophers."

—"Shall I vind de clock, fadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store. "No," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "pizness vas too bad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, und ve vill save de veer und tear on de veels."

—An emigrant steamer from Liverpool and Queenstown had just entered Boston at sundown when one of the sunset guns at Fort Warren fired. "What's that?" inquired a Milesian gentleman, of an officer. "That's the sunset, sir." "Wull, wull! Does it always sit down as har-ud as that in Ameriky?"

—"Papa," said a little boy to his parent the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father, "pray what leads you to suppose that they are small?" "Because," answered the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his 'watch.'"

—"George, who is your family physician?" "Dr. Smoothman." "What, that numbskull? How does it happen you employ him?" "Oh, it's some of my wife's doings. She went to see him about a cold in her head, and he recommended that she wear another style of bonnet. Since then she won't have any other doctor."

—Her opinion. A farmer's wife living up among the New England hills had a longing all her life to see a hippopotamus. A circus and menagerie visited a neighboring town and she harnessed up her old horse and eagerly jogged over the rough roads. When she stood in front of the cage where the huge beast was confined, all she said was: "My! aint he plain?"

The Kitchen.

OCTOBER NOTES.

THE fullness of the year is nearing, the ripe harvest at hand, and a busy time for housekeepers everywhere. To those who did not thoroughly shake and air carpets in the spring, the time has now come when vigorous work needs to be done. I know of people who consider fall a better time for this important event than spring, then the carpets are fresher for winter use. A good, stout line, and good, stout arms, are needful requisites, then the free winds will do the rest. And how our ingrains and tapestries are freshened and brightened! Really, they are so like new the work pays. Many adhere to the process twice each year, spring and autumn, and if hygiene be true, why is it not well?

The smothered dust and dirt of many feet cannot be desired, or conduce to the wholesomeness of rooms. Indeed, in the good time coming, reformers in the front ranks tell us that carpets, like the fire on the hearth, will be but a relic of the past, and, like that, used as such. But we are in the present, and must deal with the present. Carpets with us are a luxury and a necessity. What they may be to those a hundred years to come, we cannot foretell; indeed, it concerns us little to know.

A plentiful supply of hot soap suds to the bare floor before the carpet is tacked down, every housekeeper knows, is indispensable. I have read that this process was good to kill the seed of moths and other insects that infest, and it certainly renders the floor cleaner and sweeter, and thereby healthier. Even two or three vigorous scrubbing are none too many. Cleanliness is next to godliness, every person knows that dwells in a Christian land, yet everybody does not act up to his full light in this matter.

Circulated to almost every post-office in our country at various times, are health tracts and sanitary measures sent by officials of that board. They treat of prevention of scarlet fever, diphtheria, small pox and other contagious diseases, and almost without exception carpets containing dust and the floors beneath will be referred to, also heavy curtains and whatever by way of furniture or surroundings will hold and retain particles floating in the air. Then as a means of health, our carpets should never be neglected. Hang them on the line, swing them to the breeze.

And now the covers will soon be taken from the furniture, and the rooms put in winter order. For, albeit our days are fair and sunny, noontides mellow and delicious, in early morning and at evening time there is a touch of frost in the air, and we know the summer is over. The northern blasts will soon whistle, and the snows whirl about us. In the mean time we must be ready.

The squirrel stores his room with generous provender. Shall we be less wise? Man with his gift for the beautiful, his lofty powers of appreciation, should not they be met and ministered unto as well as the other needs? Without question all intelligent minds will answer, yes. Then when our rooms are thoroughly cleaned and made healthful, let us not forget to add a touch of beauty.

A sitting room decorated with leaves of autumn nicely preserved is a most restful sight on a dreary day in winter. Other beauties of nature besides the leaves may be added. Pressed ferns are beautiful and vines of various kinds, if they can be preserved well. Everlasting flowers, immortelles, and, oh, so many things, if one has the mind. Treasures of field

and of forest within, while without winter rain.

Almost every woman has a few pictures, a few books, a few choice keepsakes that may be placed about her little or large room or rooms in an improved manner, and with more regard to taste, if she gives a little thought, and thought pays.

The jams and jellies, canning and preserving, enter largely into this month's duties, although it is not the object of this paper to set forth many new and improved methods. Let me suggest that glass is always an improvement on tin, and porcelain upon the brass kettle. "Pound for pound" was the orthodox rule. Now, almost all fruits are rendered better with less. Grapes make a delicious preserve. Scarcely any fruit is better for jelly. It is almost always palatable to an invalid if any form of sauce can be eaten. I remember a story of a little girl licking the spoon from the jam kettle where grapes had been used. She was saying, "So good in sickness! So good in sickness!"

Here is an excellent recipe for grape jelly. Perhaps it is already familiar. Bruise the grapes and cook in a porcelain kettle, turning on a half-pint of water to a quart of fruit. Stew from ten to fifteen minutes. Drain off the juice only, as the pulp is not used. Take equal measures of juice and sugar, put the sugar in the oven, heating thoroughly, (let it remain about four minutes,) mix with the juice and boil from eight to ten minutes. Dip into jelly tumblers and place in the sun to cool. This will give the transparency so desirable. We have never known one who has tried this rule dissatisfied with it.

Here is another form of grape juice which I think has appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD before, but it is so good I desire to call the attention of the sisters and readers a second time.

Unfermented Grape Juice.—Bruise and cook the grapes similar to the jelly, using rather more water. Drain and sweeten a little, suited to taste. Seal in air-tight jars while hot, the same as fruit, and it will not ferment. Mixed with a little water this is an excellent tonic for the stomach many times.

Then there are the jams. Grape jam and grape sauce. October is the month for the grape business. Do not neglect it. Those who can obtain the wild grape are favored, for it is superior in some respects for preserving to the cultivated, though not always for eating, though the flavor of the wild wood is there, and the dew of the forest on its cheek.

This royal month the walks and rambles of spring time, which may have been discontinued when the heats of summer were on, may be resumed. Oh, how delightful are the autumn rambles! More perfect even than spring-time promise. Now is fruition. Now is the glory of the year supreme. How often we are reminded of Longfellow:

"Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves.
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves:
And following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves."

It is a pretty practice to gather what bits of poetry we can, upon one subject, autumn, for instance, and paste them in a little book. It is a real pleasure to read them and note the different ways of different people expressing the same thing. Some will be stately and grand, others prosaic, still others graceful and delicate, yet lacking strength. I believe the last combined will produce the best poetry.

How many have adopted this plan of gathering notes on a given subject?

And how many have started the C. L. S. C. reading course? October is the month to begin. The reading year commences now. If you can possibly spare the time, and money for the books, do so. You will not regret it. I speak from experience when I say this. I was specially interested in that sister from the west who began on small means, and when her way was clear to a new table, decided upon the Chautauqua books instead. I felt like giving her my hand. That woman has a mind, and food is more than raiment. There are so many avenues of pleasure opened up through the medium of books and education, the estimate can never be made.

Only to-day I was reading that a person of really fine mind, through neglect of powers and possibly indolence, might soon grow narrow and commonplace. Chautauqua has opened a city of refuge from such a condition. Take the histories alone. They are very comprehensive and wide-embracing. The mother will keep abreast, in a measure, of the son in college. The sister, to whom a higher education has been denied, may here obtain an outlook. The children, too, will catch the spirit, or, at least, may, and the Chautauqua Young Folks Reading Union become established within your doors. A powerful lever is the mother's hand. Give not all your time, dear HOUSEHOLD friends, to the meat that perishes. Copying edging patterns and knitting lace collars is a good investment of a part, but the mind must also be fed.

It is noticeable how subjects for conversation will present themselves in a home that has founded a Chautauqua corner. Days and doings of ancient Rome will be brought to the present, and comparisons easily drawn. Almost always will come the verdict, "If those who believe the world has not grown better since pagan days, would read Roman and ancient history they would change their opinion." I have cited Rome because that chances to be the history of last year, but whatever is the subject uppermost, it will be mentioned and thought about.

The close of the year should bring days of restfulness, days of peace. Fill them somewhat with good reading. The newspapers abound on every hand with "October Musings," and why not "muse?" What of the strife and toil if quiet and peace be not gained at last? What of the promise of spring and the bloom of summer, if the harvest be withered and blighted? What answer can we give in these October days, if we neglect the gift that is in us?

AN AMATEUR BEE-KEEPER'S EXPERIENCE.

In the spring of 1884, I chanced to see the advertisement of an apiarian, and having just read an article stating the advantages of bee culture for women, thinking that I might, with a few bees, obtain honey to supply my own family, I ventured to order a colony from the advertiser. It was thought by my friends to be a very daring venture, for neither they nor I knew any thing about bees, excepting that they collected honey and inflicted stings.

The circular stated that any one having a spot of earth large enough upon which to place a hive could keep bees with profit, the writer having made over one hundred dollars from one colony during a season. My home being on the outskirts of a city, and near a large extent of woodland abounding with blossoming shrubbery and other wild flowers, and having a spot of earth of my own large enough to contain many hives, I considered that certainly plenty of room and abundant sources

of honey were indications that I might make a speedy fortune. But I was quite humble in my castle building, and resolved to keep only a few colonies, and attempt to supply with honey only my family and particular friends.

The bees, in a new controllable hive, accompanied by a book of directions, arrived in the latter part of June. I placed the hive upon a platform according to the clearly expressed directions in the book, and, as soon as possible, had the honey boxes made and placed in it, then waited for the results. I protected my face and hands as the book advised when working about the hive and as the bees were seemingly kindly disposed, I received no stings and soon enjoyed watching them busily flying to and fro, always returning heavily laden with honey or the yellow pollen of flowers. We had many rainy days when the bees could not work, and as they had first to fill their empty hive with brood comb and the necessary store of honey, they did not begin to work in the boxes until quite late in the summer.

The last of August I left home for a two weeks' visit, expecting my bees to act in my absence according to the rules of the book, which stated that swarming could be controlled by pursuing a certain course, particularly by giving them plenty of room in which to store honey. Therefore, I went away, hoping, on my return, to find the nearly empty boxes all filled. The day after I reached home, before I had had time to examine the bees, on glancing from my window I was much astonished to see the air, to quite a distance from the hive, black with the unruly insects, for they were swarming in spite of the book and my well laid plans. For a moment I was in a great dilemma, as I had no hive in which to put them, not having calculated on their swarming this season. Thinking of a gentleman, living not a great distance away, who kept bees, I sent to him in haste to see if he would either sell or lend me a hive. The bees had not been long clustered on the limb of a lofty pine, when the messenger returned with a common box hive, and I speedily prepared to place them in it. I now consider hiving bees the least difficult work in connection with apiculture, though my experience this season was well calculated to make a very resolute person give it up with disgust.

I have said the bees clustered upon the limb of a pine tree, but that limb was by no means the lowest upon the tree, and, moreover, it hung over a loose pile of stones, formerly part of a wall, but now thrown down. I studied the situation and worked quickly. Mr. — brought the step ladder, and placing it on the stones, held it as steadily as possible with one hand, and with the other pulled down the limb with an iron-toothed rake, so that I, mounted upon the highest step of the ladder, could saw off the limb containing the bees, and carry them to be deposited before the entrance to the empty hive. Through some mismanagement, owing to my unsteady footing, I dislodged a large part of them, by brushing the limb against one of the other branches, and they fell into the gentleman's upturned face, inflicting a sting upon the nose, notwithstanding they are said not to sting while swarming. The disturbed bees again clustered near their former position, so I had to repeat the process, this time with success, then I safely hived them.

I supposed this to be the first swarm, and hoped they would send out no more so late in the season, and if they should, I need not expect another for about eight days. Imagine my consternation, when, the second day after this arduous performance, the bees swarmed again, and as this was the proper time for a third swarm to issue, I must conclude that the first came out while I was away, and had

retreated to the woods, perhaps making their home in a hollow tree. I hope they were winter killed in consequence of their foolish late swarming.

I was greatly vexed to see the issuing bees cluster in that tall pine, when there were plenty of suitable low shrubs nearer, for this time I was alone. Unassisted I placed the ladder as firmly as I could upon the stones, then with the rake and a dull saw, I mounted the ladder, fearful every moment that I should be thrown upon the rocks. Standing upon the highest step of the tipping ladder, with the rake I pulled down the limb containing the bees until I could reach it, then attempted to do the impossible, which was, to hold that limb steady with one hand, and saw off the portion holding the bees with the other, at the same time, keep my insecure support well balanced, and prevent the severed limb from falling. My dull saw was exasperating, and how I managed to hold down the limb with the rake, and saw at the same time I can never tell, for I have only two hands like other women. But I somehow succeeded in that part of my task, and, without falling, though the ladder swayed beneath me, yet on account of this unsteady foundation, I did not, just at the right second, drop the rake and grasp the severed limb, consequently it fell to the rocks beneath, and immediately the bees filled the air, to again cluster upon another branch of the same limb. Although I was heartily discouraged over my lost labor, more arduous than I can give any idea of, I picked up the rake, and ascended the ladder, determined to have those bees "if I die in the attempt."

It required a tremendous effort of will power to repeat that operation, but I did repeat it to the minutest detail, even to dropping them upon the stairs. Again I saw those bees swarming all about me, filling my ears with their din, seemingly as determined as myself, as they for the third time settled upon the tree, but fortunately upon a lower branch, to which I could apply my dull saw, by simply standing on the top of the ladder. Unfortunately, the ladder gave a lurch just at the precarious moment, and again my bees dropped upon the rocks, and with angry buzzing filled the air for a few moments, then decided to give up the tree, and cluster upon a little chokecherry bush. I easily captured them this time, shaking them into an empty butter tub, as I had no hive. Not wishing to make another colony so late in the season, I was now about to perform an experiment described in my bee book, by which I could return the swarm to its parent hive. I made a smoke of woolen rags, causing it to enter the tubs, intending to smother the bees sufficiently to keep them quiet while I could look them over to find the queen to kill, then I could pour them down before the hive from which they issued, and they would all return to it. Well, my smoke drove them all out of the tub to alight upon the cherry bush again. I was discouraged, and for a moment decided to let them go. But it was so against my nature to give up any thing I had attempted, that I made another desperate resolve to manage those refractory bees, so I shook them into the tub once more, and enveloped it in an old sheet, so that the smoke could not drive them off. I did not then have the convenient smoker, but used burning rags upon a fire shovel. This time the bees became quiescent, all spread out upon the sheet, in the best possible condition for my search for the queen. I soon found her, recognizing her by the illustration in the bee book, as I had never before seen a queen bee. After removing her, I shook the bees down before the hive, and speedily had the satisfaction of seeing them begin to enter.

Though I was completely exhausted, I felt very proud of having successfully performed the most difficult task I ever expect to encounter in apiculture.

Besides the trouble and discipline of character my bees gave me, I gained another colony and about thirty-two pounds of honey. Other bee keepers said it was a bad year, so I tried to think I had done very well.

I prepared the original hive for winter according to directions, but as the new colony was in an old-fashioned box hive, I could not protect it in the same manner. Although they had worked briskly in the golden-rod during September, I feared they had not stored honey enough to last them until flowers came again, so I had them taken to the attic, where I could feed them if necessary. I covered them with a large piece of mosquito netting, that they might leave the hive but not fly about the attic. The mice spoiled my arrangement by gnawing holes in the netting, and, before I was aware of it, some sunny days, the bees were attracted to the window panes, and, clinging there, became so benumbed with the cold that they could not return. In this way I lost many of them, but as their stores held out, in the spring, after placing them upon their stand beneath a birch tree, they became very prosperous. During the summer, though they gave me only six or eight pounds of honey, they filled their hive and swarmed three times. I hived the first swarm in a controllable hive, which I had the forethought to have made in season, and the two later ones I returned to the hive after capturing their queens.

My original colony did not swarm this summer, but made about seventy pounds of honey. They showed a crosser disposition than they displayed the first season, and in spite of protected hands and face, I was badly stung several times while I was removing honey. They would sting through my thick rubber gloves. In speaking of this to an old bee keeper, he remarked, "It has been a bad year for bees, and that makes them cross." I have begun to think that "a bad year," is a ready excuse for all manner of bee idiosyncrasies.

This is my third summer of bee experience, and as all the colonies wintered successfully, I had three at the beginning of the season, two in the controllable and one in the old box hive. As I do not wish to keep more than three colonies, I sold the one in the box hive, and had another controllable hive made, in case one of the other colonies should swarm, as I have learned they will do, although they are managed by the book.

April being a warm month, they began to work busily, gathering pollen from the willows, hazels and other flowering trees. Just before the middle of May, my original colony attempted to swarm, though we are told to look for swarms in June. I say attempted, for instead of swarming in earnest, they issued in large numbers, darted about in the air for ten minutes or so, then some of them clustered upon a barberry bush near by, while others collected upon the front of the hive. After watching them a few minutes I saw them all return to the hive. They daily continued to issue early in the morning, for a week or more, with one exception, when they came out twice in one day. Finally they swarmed in earnest, clustering on a barberry bush very near the ground. I readily hived them, having now three colonies again.

The bee books I have consulted give no satisfactory explanation for this long-continued false swarming. If it was owing to the queen being unable to fly, as it is stated sometimes is the case, I never found a disabled queen near the hive where we are told to look for her,

and it seems improbable that they would have made such an attempt every day from the same cause.

I have as yet taken off but twelve pounds of honey, but several more boxes are nearly capped over, and it is almost the middle of July. I should probably obtain more honey, if I fed the bees in the spring to allow them to replenish their own stores, before the flowers afford honey. Then when the flowers became plentiful, they would be ready to fill the boxes with the true article. I may adopt this plan another spring, but I have wished to see what they could do unassisted.

Though I have not made apiculture a great success, neither have I made it a failure, and I have learned this valuable lesson, that bees cannot be managed by the book, any more than can a family of children.

CORA E. PEASE.

SALADS AND SALAD DRESSINGS.

BY MAXFIELD.

The compounding and serving of a delicate salad may well be classed as one of the fine arts of the culinary department, and one who can achieve it has reason to feel proud of the accomplishment.

Salads of all sorts are highly esteemed by the French, and to a less degree by the English. Here they are just coming into prominence, and many who at first ate them because it was the fashion so to do, have discovered their value and prize them accordingly.

A salad is cooling, appetizing, and easily digested unless very rich and spicy, as well as highly ornamental to the table, but many who would be glad to serve them are deterred by lack of a good and reliable formula.

A salad that is to be served as a separate course should have no one predominating flavor, but to serve with meats or bread and butter, the vinegar, onion, parsley, etc., may prevail.

Among the many recipes for salad dressing there is none better than the one formulated by the famous English author, Sidney Smith. It's rhyming directions are no doubt familiar to some, yet I give it for the benefit of those who have never seen it and will only say that the old saw, "the proof of the pudding lies in the eating," will apply to it.

SIDNEY SMITH'S RECIPE FOR SALAD DRESSING.

"Two boiled potatoes, strained through kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give;
Of mordant mustard take a single spoon.
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
Yet deem it not, thou man of taste, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
True taste requires it and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well boiled eggs,
Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And lastly, in the flavored compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce."

This is suitable for either chicken or lobster salad.

Cold boiled potatoes form an excellent basis for salads and are liked in this form by all who eat this esculent. Peel eight good sized Early Rose potatoes and let them stand an hour or more in cold water. Put to cook in boiling water. When done, and be sure not to let them stand a moment longer, pour off the water, sprinkle lightly with salt, and taking the kettle to the open door shake till the steam has blown off. Set away till cold. When ready to make the salad chop fine two large or four small onions with half a dozen sprigs of parsley. Take the salad dish, a majolica one is handsome, and line the bottom with thin slices of cold potato. Sprinkle on this some of the onion and parsley and pour on a little of the dressing. Begin again with the potato, onion, etc., as before, and so on till all the ingredients are used. The dish looks

better if onion and parsley form the top layer.

Here is a nice cream dressing for potato salad: One teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of dry mustard and black pepper. Mix these ingredients and add gradually one-half cup of thick sweet cream, and lastly two-thirds cup of strong cider vinegar. When ready to send to table garnish the dish with pickled beet not cut in fancy shapes, bits of carrot, and rings of hard boiled egg. Put a wreath of parsley leaves around the edge, and a handsome sprig in the center. Drain the beets on paper to prevent staining, and shake the parsley in a towel to remove the water. This is an excellent salad to serve at tea with bread and butter, and is very little trouble to prepare, as it can be made ready in the morning and set on ice, or in a cold room till time to garnish and serve. Among the comestibles ordered for the collation consequent on the ceremonies at the inauguration of President Cleveland were two barrels of potato salad, and if it was as good as that made from this recipe, there was probably no trouble in disposing of it.

An excellent egg salad is made as follows: Take as many hard boiled eggs as you think you will need for the number of plates, one and one-half for each person is usually sufficient. When perfectly cold slice evenly and cover with the cream dressing given above. A little chopped parsley is an improvement for some. Serve with bread and butter. For a country tea or lunch where cream and eggs are plenty this is sure to be appreciated.

To make oyster salad, look over as many fine, fresh oysters as you require and cook till they are well plumped and ruffled. Drain from the water, arrange in the salad bowl, and pour over them any good dressing. You may sprinkle chopped celery or cabbage on top, but we prefer it plain and use more vinegar and pepper in the dressing than for other salads. This is an excellent *entree* with game or poultry.

Every one is acquainted with the merits of lettuce, peppergrass and cress as salads. These must be carefully pulled apart, looked over and washed, and dried in a cloth before serving. These may be eaten with salt, sugar and vinegar, or with a mayonnaise. French dressing is nice with lettuce or any vegetable salad.

To make it, take one salt-spoonful of salt, one-half as much black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one-fourth teaspoonful of onion juice, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Mix in order given, adding oil slowly and stirring one way. Lemon juice may be used instead of the onion. When lettuce is used as a salad it must be left in cold water till the last thing, and not cut or dressed till the moment of serving.

To make lobster salad, carefully remove the meat from the shell, rejecting the stomach. Chop rather coarsely and mix with twice as much chopped lettuce. Pour on the dressing and garnish with the small leaves of the lettuce and the lobster claws, which have been washed and wiped. The coral may be chopped with the rest, or used with the garnish. A nice change from this is to line fancy cups with crisp lettuce leaves and in each put a spoonful of the chopped lobster; hand these at each plate and pass the dressing in small, fancy pitchers or cruets. Vinegar should also be handed round, as some prefer it to the mayonnaise. Small majolica plates in the form of leaves and flowers are often used instead of cups. Any meat salad may be served in this way.

A good boiled salad dressing is made as follows: Put one tumbler of vinegar and a piece of butter size of an egg in a bowl and set in top of the teakettle.

When hot pour, a little at a time, over the beaten yolks of four eggs, stir carefully, return to the fire and continue to stir till it thickens like custard. When cold add one tumblerful of thick sweet cream, in which has been mixed a dessert-spoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of dry mustard, and one tablespoonful of bruised celery seed. Bottle and place on ice. This will keep two or three weeks.

Here is a nice chicken salad: Take the white meat of cold boiled chicken and chop, but leave it rather coarse. Salt lightly and mix with half the quantity of chopped celery. Garnish with the celery tops and pour over the dressing. A very good salad may be made in the same way from veal.

To make salmon salad, put a can of salmon into hot water and boil twenty minutes. Open the can, drain off the liquid, place the fish in an earthen dish, sprinkle with pepper and salt, cover with vinegar and let it stand twenty-four hours. When you wish to make the salad drain off the vinegar and separate the fish into small pieces or flakes, mix with fine cut lettuce, garnish and dress in the usual manner.

To make sardine salad, remove the bones from three sardines and rub fine in a mortar with the yolks of two hard boiled eggs. With this mix three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the same of oil, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper and a grate of nutmeg. Break into flakes any nice bits of cold fish and spread a layer of it on the dish. Strew over this some capers and thin slices of pickled gherkins, and on the top arrange sardines in halves opened the long way and the bones removed, if any remain. Stir up the dressing you have made, pour over the dish, and garnish with slices of egg, slices of lemon, and any fresh green suitable for the purpose.

A nice cabbage salad is made as follows: One egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, a half-teaspoonful of dry mustard, a quarter-teaspoonful of black pepper, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, beat all together, and boil in a bowl over the steam of a kettle till quite thick—about half an hour. When cold turn the dressing over a small head of cabbage chopped fine; if too thick add vinegar, or vinegar and cream if thought too strong.

Russian salad is made by mixing cold vegetables, as string beans, carrots, peas, beets, corn, potatoes, etc., cut in suitable pieces, serving with a dressing containing considerable red pepper and vinegar. Use any recipe with these variations.

Those who are fond of tomatoes will find them delicious as a salad. Plunge into boiling water just long enough to loosen the skins, about thirty seconds. Pour this off and cover them with cold water. Remove the skins and place the tomatoes on ice to get thoroughly cold. Slice evenly and serve in small fancy dishes, using a dressing of salt, pepper, vinegar and sugar, or a mayonnaise. If the latter is used it must be chill from the ice.

For mayonnaise dressing, beat the yolks of two raw eggs in an earthen dish till smooth, then add olive oil, a very little at a time, carefully stirring it into the egg with the right hand as you drop it in with the left. When the egg and oil make a thick mixture, like good cream, pour a little vinegar over it, then stir in more oil, and so on till you have the desired quantity of dressing. The usual proportions are one-third vinegar to two-thirds oil. Add salt and white pepper to taste, and lemon juice if liked. For compounding this sauce follow directions exactly as to mixing, and stir gently one way all the time.

For summer lunches cold fowl is sometimes served with a mayonnaise sauce. Young beets sliced in vinegar are a favorite salad for either lunch or tea and are

little trouble to prepare. The flowers and leaves of nasturtium are a delicate and toothsome garnish for salads, and the seeds, used before they harden, give a rich, spicy flavor that is much liked.

Lettuce, nicely crisped in ice water, lightly and artistically placed in the salad bowl and thickly sprinkled with fresh rose petals, the dish set in a mat of rose buds and smilax, was served as a salad at a recent "rose-bud" lunch. The dressing was handed round in cruets of Venetian glass.

ONE WEEK'S WORK

BY TISLET TEMPLE.

SEPT. 1.—My flower garden, which so far has been only work, is beginning to repay me for the labor I have expended upon it. I find many buds and blossoms and the rains of the past week give it a fresh look.

Fanny brought in a basket of clean clothes to-day and we folded them and hung them to air, only ironing those articles which it was positively necessary to do, and by that method saved us a forenoon of hard work, and after once using who would know that the plain articles of clothing had been smoothly ironed, and caused head and back ache to the weary housewife, who has so many cares and troubles. I had certainly, for my part, rather wear unironed clothes than to work in the kitchen this hot day ironing. I presume there are many people, though who had rather have headaches than to hang their clothes away unironed.

SEPT. 2.—Green corn and beans are at their best now and ways are devised for using them up besides simply boiling. I made succotash to-day, by taking two dozen ears of sweet corn; cut first the tops of the grains and then scrape out the rest. Put the cobs and one quart of lima beans in a kettle, and boil slowly half an hour, if the beans are tender, longer if they are old. Put just enough water to cover them. When the beans are done, remove the cobs, throw in the corn and boil ten minutes. The water should all boil away, but if it does not, pour off the remainder, season with salt and pepper, add a teacup of cream and a lump of butter, serve immediately, and it is very much nicer than plain corn and beans.

It has always been the desire of my heart to make a nice jelly roll, one that would roll up without cracking, but have never had success with any recipe until I tried the following: Two eggs, one-half cup each of sugar and flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. I baked it in a long tin, when done I removed it from the tin at once, laid it upon a towel bottom side up, spread with jelly and rolled it up just as quick as I could, I left the towel closely wrapped about it until time to cut it. I was more than pleased with the golden brown roll, and the small round slices showing the ruby jelly were eagerly devoured by the Temple family.

SEPT. 9.—I have been preparing thistle balls to-day for next winter, they are so pretty with grasses to use for decorations at Christmas time. I gathered the large, red thistle from the pastures, where they grow in abundance. I held the thistle by the purple top, and inserted the point of a pen knife under the green points nearest the stems, and pulled them off. I then broke off all the others in succession. When all the green was removed I hung them from the curtain in a sunny window, by the stems. They look now like silky paint brushes, but in a few days will be opened into puffy, silky balls. Then I will pull out the purple tips and the balls will be finished and ready to lay away.

I made a milk soup for dinner which was good. The materials required, were six potatoes, four onions, four ounces of crushed tapioca, one pint and a half of milk, also butter, pepper and salt; it makes two quarts of soup and takes about one hour to prepare it. Wash and peel the potatoes and cut each up into four pieces. I also cut the onions up into pieces, and put them all into two quarts of boiling water, and let them boil until soft—about three-quarters of an hour. Then I rubbed the vegetables through a colander, and put them back into the sauce pan, then I added two ounces of butter, and a little pepper and salt. Let it all boil up; when it was boiling nicely, I should have sprinkled in four ounces of tapioca, but not having any of that on hand, I used flour as for other soups, and let it boil slowly for fifteen minutes, stirring carefully until it was quite clear. I then added one pint and a half of milk and let it remain on the stove only until the milk was warmed through, sent at once to the table, and a nicer, more economical soup I have never eaten.

SEPT. 11. The heat to-day was almost unbearable, but a thunder shower in the afternoon cooled the air immensely so it is quite comfortable this evening.

I have been making bread to-day. I started it last night by dissolving one cake of compressed yeast in two quarts of new milk, added two tablespoonfuls each of salt, butter, and sugar, also sifted flour enough to make a moderately stiff dough, kneaded it thoroughly and set it by the stove to rise over night. This morning it was very light, and I made it at once into four loaves, and let them stand on the stove hearth until light, which was about one hour, and then put them into the oven which was just right, and baked them one hour. I like to make bread with compressed yeast, for the bread is made so easily and you are always sure of having good bread.

Fanny was sewing to-day on some new bleached muslin, and the sewing machine run very hard, and went thump, thump, at every stitch, because there was so much starch in the cloth. Fanny complained and wondered what the matter could be, and appealed to me for help. I did not know what to do at first, but soon remembered reading that every one should keep a piece of pure white soap in the drawer of their machine to rub over the seams of new muslin, and it would sew much easier. I told Fanny about it and she procured a piece of soap and went back to her sewing. I entered the room soon after, and found to my astonishment, that her machine was sewing nicely and all because of a bit of white soap.

SEPT. 12.—I have had a delightful visit from the minister's wife this afternoon. She is one of the prettiest, nicest ladies I have ever seen. My afternoon's work was not quite finished, but I took my sewing and sat down to have a pleasant afternoon's visit with her. After talking of the weather, and about fancy work, etc., the subject of cooking was brought up for discussion. I am sure I can profit by many of the hints, and as the recipes will prove very helpful to me I shall try to copy them in her own words as it will be many days before I have another visitor. I can, by reading these remarks, spend a few minutes any day with the "minister's wife."

"When making an omelet it is lighter and better not to turn it, but to hold a hot stove lid over the spider to brown the upper side." This way is certainly preferable to turning, and is less work than two frying pans. Into one you pour the omelet while the other is getting piping hot on the stove, when the omelet is browned enough on one side turn it quickly into the frying pan number two, and if every

thing is just right you will have a splendid omelet. Henceforth I shall use the stove lid, and am sure I shall like it.

A good way to use up stale cake, molasses cake being the very best, is to steam it not enough to have it become soft, but just tender. Then take a quantity of cream and sweeten to taste, flavor with any spice desired, then using the egg beater, beat until it is like ice cream, spread over the cake and you will have a nice dessert.

Mr. Dalton always wanted me to make a rice pudding that would taste as his mother's used to. I have tried several times but he considers every one a failure, but I know that my puddings tasted better than the ones I have eaten at the home of his mother.

I will tell you how to make French eggs, they are nice and make a very pretty dish. Take a hard boiled egg, remove the shell, and dip in cold water, roll in fine bread or cracker crumbs, and fry, turning often so as to get it a nice brown, set on end in a dish and prepare a dressing of fine cracker crumbs sweetened to taste, turn over the eggs, serve at once.

A nice way of cooking an egg for an invalid or a person whose digestive organs are weak, is to break it into a dish of hot water and set it on the back of the stove, let it steam but not boil. Eggs are delicious cooked in this way.

"You hardly appreciate your blessings," said Mrs. Dalton with a smile, "when you have so much cream. I hardly know how cream looks, I see it so seldom, but I am very fond of it. A dish of steamed oatmeal (I never boil it) with cream I prefer to the richest pudding that can be made."

I will tell you how to make a pudding out of stale bread. Take about a quart of milk, heat it, and when hot, pour over the bread crumbs, mashed fine as possible, add a little sugar, salt, and spice, and the yolks of two eggs. Bake from three-quarters of an hour to one hour. You can easily tell when it is done. Then take from the oven, spread jelly over the top, beat the whites of the eggs with a little sugar, pour over the top of the pudding and set in the oven until nicely browned.

Saratoga potatoes are very nice and are made by cutting potatoes into fine shavings, frying them in hot lard.

Last week we had a boiled tongue and when cooked, no one but Mr. Dalton and myself ate any of it and it was set off and on until we grew tired of the sight of it, so I took it and chopped it up fine and placed it in a pudding dish, first a layer of meat, then a layer of bread crumbs, seasoning each with salt and pepper, another layer of meat and bread crumbs, seasoning as before, so continue until the dish is full, moisten the whole with water and bake like scalloped potatoes. This is a nice way to use up cold meats of any kind. I sometimes take bits of meat from the bone of a roast of beef. After all good slices are cut off bits of the meat too small to send to table remain, and I chop these up, putting them into the gravy which is left, and spread on toast.

"Can you make Parker house rolls? If so, you are quite a cook. My sister makes them and they are delicious, but I cannot get mine to rise."

"I consider myself quite a cook for I can make good Parker house rolls."

"I like sponge cake very much," said Mrs. Dalton, "but I cannot make it. It either will not rise or will fall as soon as taken from the oven."

Mrs. Dalton possesses a steam boiler and considers it an indispensable article for a housekeeper. Meats are so much juicier when cooked in that, than when merely boiled, and so many articles can be cooked at once.

Dear me, I have forgotten half of her talk and have failed in writing the recipes in her own words, but of course they will make just as good dishes told in my words as they would if written in the pleasant language of Mrs. Dalton.

Mrs. Dalton is a wonderful woman, just fitted for a minister's wife, a place she fills exactly. How much help I could get if I could only have intercourse with learned housekeepers. But what cannot be cured must be endured.

All the afternoon the robins have been singing their rain song, but the sky is still clear and bright, and there are no signs of rain although it has been nearly two weeks of scorching weather since the earth was refreshed with more than a passing shower. But the robins know and I am sure we shall soon have rain.

SEPT. 18.—

"O robin pipe no more of rain,
'Tis three days since I saw the sun,
And still the misty window pane
Is loud with drops that leap and run."

How dreary is a rainy day in the backwoods, but three days of steady rain is too much. I am blue and lonesome, but still this weather is better than the hot, sultry weather of the past week. I always think of Celia Thaxter's beautiful poem, part of which I have already quoted. Three other verses are so pretty I will write them here.

"How nice to be a bird like you,
And feel the rain come pattering down,
Nor mind a bit to be wet through,
Nor fear to spoil one's only gown.

But since I cannot be a bird,
O robin pipe no more of rain,
Your merrier music is preferred,
Forget at last that sad refrain.

And tell us of the sunshine clear,
I am wild to be abroad again,
* * * * *

O robin pipe no more of rain."

The rain has stopped and the sun will soon be shining, my robin has left off singing and is busy gathering worms for the little birds in the mud nest on one of the lower branches of the golden sweeting behind the house. I can watch them from the window and enjoy it very much.

FREE TRAINING FOR SERVANT GIRLS.

Amid these strikes and rumors of strikes it is refreshing to catch glimpses, here and there, of earnest efforts to make the working people more skillful, happier and better. Every experiment along the line of industrial education for boys and girls is a helpful factor in the solution of labor troubles. One of the best of these is the training school for all branches of domestic service which is opened in almost every large city. The girls are divided into two classes, one of which practices cooking in the morning and laundry work in the afternoon. The other class makes beds, sweeps, dusts, washes dishes, waits upon the table, etc., in the morning, and sews in the afternoon. They alternate in these duties each week. The soul of every housekeeper would rejoice to take a peep into the closets. Such order! such cleanliness! such spotless shelves and shining tins! Girls who enter the training school are given their board for three months, and the openings for them in pleasant families, at good wages, are double what can be filled. And yet, strange as it may seem, girls can hardly be found who will avail themselves of these privileges. The most serious drawback to the success of this effort is the youthfulness of the girls who enter. None are taken under fifteen and few apply over seventeen. With the best of training it can hardly be expected that a girl in her teens will have the maturity of judgment or even the physical strength necessary to assume the whole charge of the household, after an experience of only three months. The term of service

ought to be extended twice that period, and some effort put forth to secure older women. But ignorant, stupid servants flock from Nova Scotia and the Provinces, and hire out at once as competent cooks, laundresses and seamstresses, knowing full well that they can get their three or four dollars a week without losing (?) three months in being taught deftness, neatness, order and dispatch. If housekeepers would strike, refusing to employ untrained servants, the efficiency of this institution would be largely increased.

In painful contrast to the industrial department is the general labor bureau of the association for women seeking more "genteel" employment. Scores and scores of copyists, stenographers, typewriters and governesses wait anxiously, week after week, for offers that rarely come, the association, meanwhile, generously providing board as low as two and a half dollars per week.

Fourteen girls in training for domestic service, with fifty homes awaiting their help, on one side of the equation, and hundreds of empty hands clutching eagerly at a single proffer of work of a different kind, upon the other. Who will undertake to reduce the equation to equal terms?—*Congregationalist*.

A NEW USE FOR TOADS.

The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard of, is related of a citizen of Schenectady, whose kitchen was infested with them.

A servant hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop-toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.—*Scientific American*.

—Discolored tea and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed, and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soap-suds, and rinse.

—One may utilize old matting which is no longer fresh enough to look well, by putting it under carpets. It can be cleaned perfectly by washing it on both sides with hot salt and water; hang it on a line out-doors to dry.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Though a reader for but a few months, I have enjoyed your visits very much, in my new house, and I thank you for your kindness. I venture to answer the inquiry of Mary A. H. concerning spatter-work. I use Bristol board to spatter on, and you will need a stick of India ink from the drug store. The letters for the motto, I take from the headings of different newspapers, cutting them out nicely, then arrange on the board so as to produce the best effect. In the corners and among the words

where there is room, lay fine ferns, grasses and vines, any thing that you like, though I never found anything quite so pretty as ferns from two to three inches long. Of course these have all to be pressed to make them lie nicely. I never fasten them on, but beware of the least breath of air, for it is very easy to misplace them. When all is arranged as you wish, take a tooth-brush (one partly worn is just as good), or better still, a nail-brush. Moisten in tepid water, and brush over the ink until the brush is filled with it, then hold a sieve (a worn flour sieve will do) about six inches above the board, brushing through it, using more ink and water as you need it. If the brush is too wet it will make large blots, so one needs to be very careful. When it is as dark as you wish let it stand a little and dry before you remove the letters and ferns.

Mattie Powell, your cream puffs are very nice. They have become quite favorites with us.

I tried Brownie Hart's "handy cake" the other morning. It fully met my expectations.

ARALC.

Riverside, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been intimately acquainted with you two years, and I love you very dearly. What could I do without you. I live in the country, and the dear HOUSEHOLD is good company for me, especially during the long winter evenings. I try the knitting patterns, read the letters from the sisters and enjoy it all very much. The blue cross warned me, dear HOUSEHOLD, that your visits were at an end. A dear friend gave me \$1.10, and I hastened to the office and said to the postmaster, "Please renew my subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD." And now, friend HOUSEHOLD, you are doubly dear to me, for this time you are a birthday gift from a loved one. I never have written to you and do not know as this will find favor, but all the same I shall have my paper.

I think the Fan Lace in the December number, by A. L. C., is very pretty. I made some, and at the suggestion of a friend, made it wider, two rows of fans, and lo! in the July number came the Mikado Lace almost a *fac-simile* of mine.

Alice H. thought she heard an "ominous rustling" in that waste basket, and verily I do, but I just want to say one little word about non-ironing. It struck me at first as being all right, perhaps, for people that had no time and were not particular, but I never could consent to wear clothing that was not ironed, oh, no! But just listen, HOUSEHOLD, as I whisper to you; I have adopted the plan and I like it! Let me tell you how it all came about. This warm weather I wanted more clean clothing than I could afford to have laundered, and so occasionally, on a bright, sunny day when the wind blows, (and it usually does here,) I wash, and let the clothes hang fluttering in the breeze until entirely dry, and just luxuriate in sweet, clean clothing. It is said there is electricity in sun dried clothing, and really I feel better than when every thing was ironed and scorched and polished.

My one word has proved to be many indeed, and I will stop right here.

Massachusetts.

L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wished to thank you for the many useful hints I have received, and now if you will permit I will give you the benefit of some of my twenty-five years' experience in house-keeping.

Many have asked how to give a gloss to shirts. I will give my method and hope some of you will try it and report your success, but let me forewarn you that you must not expect perfect success without some practice. Make your hot starch in the usual way, then set in a cool

place and stir occasionally until pretty cool, then dissolve about two tablespoonfuls of starch in a little cold water and pour into the hot starch, (it should be so cool as not to scald the cold starch,) stirring it in thoroughly. Starch shirts, etc., dry and be sure to rub it in well. To iron shirt bosoms properly it is necessary to have a board a little wider than the bosom, of some hard wood, with several thicknesses of cloth on one side tacked firmly to the edges. The other side should be made very smooth. When you have ironed the bosom smoothly, slip the board smooth side up under the bosom, then with a six or seven pound (common) iron, which has had the sharp edge of the heel filed off, proceed to put on the gloss by rubbing briskly crosswise of the bosom. Do not set the iron down flat, but hold the point up so as to only use the edge of heel, and the iron must be hot and the bosom should be dampened by brushing slightly with a damp cloth. Be sure the starch is not too thick, should be about the consistency of thick cream. A few drops of coal oil, a little paraffine or lard is a great improvement. You will find it excellent for starching pillow shams, white skirts, etc., as dampness does not affect it. I hope I have made it plain.

I find it an improvement in cleaning oil-cloths to put a little coal oil in the water, and after washing rub off with a dry cloth.

If those that make biscuit of sour milk will put in a little baking powder, it will make them much better.

ORRIL.

Illinois.

My dear seventy thousand sisters, just think what a clatter there would be if we were to have a HOUSEHOLD reunion. But our editor's HOUSEHOLD has enlarged to such an extent that I fear he would be perplexed to find a house to hold them. How I should like to meet some of you and thank you for the many helpful things I find in our paper. Especially I should like to chat with the Christian mothers of little boys. Do tell me how to keep my little boy from learning and repeating the profane and impure language he hears at school. He has been to school a little over one term, and the evil he has necessarily come in contact with is simply dreadful. I sometimes regret having sent him, as I certainly should not have done had there been a private school in town. Our public school system certainly is not an unmixed good. Why do not more of the many good women wanting employment keep private schools for small children? I should think it could be made profitable, and the opportunity for seed-sowing would be unsurpassed.

Dear Jael Vee, "them's my sentiments" exactly. I'm so tired of paying rent and nothing to show for the money when it is paid. I have been married almost nine years, and the money that has gone for rent in that time would buy us a nice little home. Is there any more land in Texas so that we may go and do likewise? Seriously, we had the Florida fever severely last winter, but this summer my John seems to think that the heat, sand, and insects would not be an agreeable mixture. Perhaps Texas would be more agreeable. Isn't there some land next door to you which we could get?

Let us hear more of that badge project. I think a lace pin would be nice, something unique and artistic in design, and inexpensive, as it might be made in large numbers.

Iowa.

ESTHER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The last magazine is before me, so full of good things I feel as if I must add my mite in return for what I receive.

Perhaps some of the sisters would like to know that dried prunes and similar

fruits are greatly improved by soaking over night, before stewing.

I have found a way to dispose of the odd bits of twine that accumulate from store bundles. I keep a crochet hook in the kitchen and work the cord into table mats. By using a heavy stitch they can be made thick and much cord used. Finish with a border of color, or to suit the fancy.

Constant Reader will find this a most delicious rice pudding, so rich and creamy:

Rice Pudding.—One measure of rice, one measure of sugar, eight measures of milk. Let it stand on the back of the stove most of the forenoon, then when getting dinner put in the oven and brown. I think part water might be used if milk were scarce. Of course raisins and spices can be added if desired.

Here is an easy recipe for doughnuts and I like them: One-half cup of sweet cream, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and spice to taste.

In Montana we find difficulty in obtaining good cooking molasses, so here is a recipe for Montana johnnycake: One pint of sweet milk, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of graham flour, same of meal, perhaps a little more may be needed sometimes, a little salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Now that pickles are getting scarce it is a good time to try apple pickles. Pare and quarter apples that will not stew to pieces easily. Make a syrup in these proportions: One quart of vinegar, one quart of sugar, (more or less according to taste,) one ounce of cinnamon, one-half ounce of cloves, other spices to taste, tie spices in a rag and drop in the syrup, when it boils drop in the apples and skim out when tender; when all are done, boil the syrup to the quantity you wish and pour over them.

Over a year ago Mrs. C. E. B. sent a recipe for apple pudding. I tried it the other day and found it excellent.

When, over four years ago I came to Montana, after locking my schoolroom door, I passed through Carbon, Wyo., and stopped and looked down the coal shaft. I remember, so Shirley Basin, I know something of your home.

I remember when Content wrote from this territory that I so much wished to know her, so I say with Mrs. Bradley, let us sign our own names.

EVA WARREN COLLIER.

Bedford, Mont.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some time ago a lady asked how to make cochineal liquid to color ice cream syrups, cake, etc. Having seen no response I send my recipe: One ounce of cochineal, one ounce of cream of tartar, one-fourth ounce of alum, one-half pint of water; roll the cochineal, breaking all the pieces, put all the ingredients in tin and simmer, not boil hard, about twenty minutes, pour off the clear liquid for use, and put in a bottle. Leave out the cream of tartar when intending to color cake. I think it brighter when freshly made, so only make part at one time.

To make watermelon cake, use any recipe for white cake you choose, when the dough is ready for the pan, take out perhaps one-third of it into another dish, take a clean spoon and stir into this third a tablespoonful at a time of the fluid until the dough is of a bright pink, three tablespoonfuls may do. This will redden in baking. Now put half of the white dough in the pan, then all of the pink just around the tube, it will flatten itself, over this spread carefully the rest of the white to the edge of the pan. When this is cut,

each slice will represent a slice of watermelon, red with white almost around it. I prefer spotting here and there like marble cake, the red curves so gracefully, making very showy slices for a cake basket. Color the whole and you have beefsteak cake which has been a great mystery. If you wish calico cake, make white cake, gold cake, brown or black, and red, and put them in a pan to suit your fancy. It takes two person to make this to have all ready at the same time to put in the pan.

A lady with weak lungs living in this place has derived great benefit from a suggestion she received from reading an item in a number of THE HOUSEHOLD of 1872, something like this: "It is just as important for persons with weak lungs to keep the part between the shoulders warm as the chest." She had been advised to cover the chest with batting, was very comfortable so far, but suffered so much with coldness between the shoulders, had to be rubbed frequently to get warm. After reading the above she took a piece of muslin the size of her two hands, tacked batting on it, wore it under her clothing between the shoulders. Now she is comfortably warm and has not had a cold settle on her lungs since using it. She makes a new one as each becomes soiled. She does not consider herself an invalid as she does the housework for five persons, and has felt this suggestion was worth a great deal to her, and wishes that others in the same condition who may be new subscribers like herself, may be helped as much.

S. M. MCGIN.

Marietta, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell the housekeepers of our HOUSEHOLD Band my method for washing. It saves a great deal of hard labor, and does not injure the clothes as many of the washing fluids do. Soak the clothes in a warm suds (or clear water will do) for a short time, then wring out and put into the boiling water, which has been prepared as follows: To a boiler half or two-thirds full of water, shave up about one-third of a bar of common soap, or its equivalent of soft soap, then add two or three spoonfuls of kerosene oil. Boil the clothes fifteen or twenty minutes, suds, rinse, and hang out. Many of the cleaner articles as sheets and pillow cases will need no rubbing whatever, others that do may be rubbed after they are taken from the boil. The kerosene seems to have loosened the dirt, which comes out very easily.

Will some one of the Band please give a recipe for making a stirred buckwheat cake?

MRS. C. D. N.

Tracy, Calif.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—No doubt I am not the only member of the Band who has, as yet, not been heard from, but the reason that I have not long ago added my mite to the general interest of our paper, is simply procrastination. We all know what that leads to. I have read THE HOUSEHOLD since I was a little girl, my mother having been a subscriber for many years. But two years ago Mr. Crowell kindly sent the paper to me as a wedding gift, and I hope never to be without it any more. I find so much useful information in our paper, that, aside from the pleasant reading matter, it is by far more valuable than the subscription price, and then my John enjoys it almost as much as I do. But now if I at last have come forward to recognize and be recognized by the other sisters, I wish also to be of some use to some one. We are put into the world to do what good we can, and perhaps I can help lighten some one's household cares.

I see among the Questions and Answers in one of my papers that a reader wishes to know how to clean Russian stove pipe.

Last week I also had reason to wish to know this, so my husband asked a hardware merchant what to use, and he told us to moisten a woolen cloth with as little sweet oil as possible and rub well. We did so and found the body of our stove and the pipe most beautifully cleaned and polished. Care must be taken though, not to get it greasy.

Another lady wants a recipe for making chow-chow, such as we buy. Here is one, which I think will be found satisfactory: Take green tomatoes, cauliflower, beans and small cucumbers, and if you like, onions. Put in a jar in layers of vegetables and salt. Let stand over night. Then cover with vinegar and parboil. When sufficiently soft pour in the mustard, of which we allow one-half pound of ground mustard to one scant quart of vinegar, having previously moistened with cold vinegar. Once more let come to a boil. A few cloves, red pepper and turmeric may be added.

Some one also asks how to get rid of red and black ants and carpet bugs. If she will get the insect powders which can be obtained at almost any drug store, and sprinkle thickly wherever the ants are, she will not have to wait long to see them vanish. I got a rubber powder box with puff, and puffed this powder all around the edges of my parlor carpet and so far it is intact from moths and bugs.

Will some one please let me know how to make corn pone?

Thanks to Mrs. E. P. W. for the recipe for good lemon cream pie. It is excellent, as were also Marathon Subscriber's recipes for cakes without milk.

Hope, Ind. MRS. N. S. WINTERROW.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS:—I want to tell you about my experience in housekeeping. I have only tried it for a week and like it very much. Though to be sure at home before I married I was housekeeper for a long time. But after leaving the "paternal roof-tree" and boarding for a few months, it seemed refreshing to be by ourselves and settle down to the real way of living. I always considered myself a good cook, but how is my estimate of myself fallen! I felt quite discouraged when at my first meal my biscuits were a perfect failure, but I was consoled when I thought that I must become used to the oven. The same thought consoled me too the next day, when the one thing that I never thought I should fail to make and bake well, (a cake,) disappointed me. But I will not give up, and am much encouraged with the satisfaction of knowing that the strawberry short cake that I made for dinner two days ago, was delicious, at least I thought so and so did my John.

It seems strange to me to read about homes in the east and about open fire-places and furs, and all other auxiliaries to a cold country, when I have never been out of California, my native state, but once, and then just into Oregon, for a few short weeks. But if I do lose all the enjoyments of sleighing, coasting and such like, we have good times out here in the far west. Last week I took a short trip to Santa Cruz, that quiet little country town on the seashore. Quiet in winter, but not in summer. I did long to be in the surf that was beating against the rocks and roaring so it could be heard away in the town. But it was too early in the season for such pleasure as that, so I contented myself, (and it was not hard to do so,) with going out into the Santa Cruz mountains, and wandering there in the woods all day. This was just before I began housekeeping so I was all prepared for the duties that were so soon to devolve upon me.

I am very fond of trying experiments in the cookery line, and as I read the recipes to-day in THE HOUSEHOLD, I thought to myself, I must try some.

AMY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room, I wonder, in the Band, for still another sister who is devoted to woman's work? I hope so, for after a year's reading, THE HOUSEHOLD stands first, in my estimation, of all journals of its kind and the names of many of its contributors have become dear to me. Less than two years ago THE HOUSEHOLD came to me in my new home in the "Sawdust City" as a wedding gift, and has ever since been a source of joy, recalling as it does, the home and dear familiar faces left behind in the Green Mountain state.

For several years a successful teacher, I grew accustomed to regard teaching as my forte, until my John persuaded me to try my hand elsewhere, and since I have appeared in the role of

housekeeper I have been told so many times that I might make my fortune as a cook that I am inclined to think it must be so. I have often heard it said that good, wholesome cooking saves doctors' bills, and prevents in a measure, the love or craving for intoxicating liquors. If this be true, it behooves us, as earnest working women, to exercise our God given talents, small though they may be, and ever strive to provide suitable food for our families.

Just a word more. I have read all that is said on the bread question with a great deal of interest, and would like to give my ideas. I once heard a noted physician remark, that "half the people in the world put too much flour in their bread to make it eatable." And I can say from experience, that my bread is best (and I have tried every way in search of perfection) when it is molded quickly and lightly having the loaves too soft to hold themselves up when placed in the pans. Poor bread I have never had, and when just right, the loaves are light and spongy.

Will some one send me just the proportions for pie crust (that is flaky) for two pies?

JESSIE BENTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you allow one of the grateful brides to contribute just a mite for your bountiful columns? I would not be so brave but Olive Raymond's warm, sympathetic talk seemed to admit me with all my ignorance and failings, to THE HOUSEHOLD Band at once. I am so glad others have found the first year a trying one.

I want to be a true, earnest helpmate, but it seems as if the jolts in our matrimonial cart were nearly all due to my quick temper. But I am learning to make the first advances in "making up," and can appreciate Tennyson's beautiful words:

"O blessings on the falling out,
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears."

How much nobler, than continued silence or bitter sarcasm. For the principles upon which husband and wife base their conduct, are the foundation principles of the home.

My home is in western Iowa, and when I feel cross or discouraged, I have only to look out over the broad, rolling prairie which stretches all around, its grand outline lost in soft blue haze, and the quiet simplicity which pervades it, makes me ashamed of my petty turbulence, so I go back to my little inconveniences, with more calm strength than before, and to make me completely tranquil, I have only to take THE HOUSEHOLD from the paper rack, and find in it plain directions to help me out of my difficulties, or some beautiful sentiment which cannot help but elevate my own thoughts.

I have what I call a poetic nook in my little home. It is in one corner of the parlor and its charm is due to a book case filled with my favorite authors, a low, easy rocking chair, and the window draped with cream colored curtains, throws a softened light over all. It rests me even to look at it. It is so nice to have one corner which is coaxing you to something higher than a mere drudging machine. I used to look upon housekeepers as the most prosy, humdrum creatures in existence, but I am beginning to find that no ambition will afford the true pleasure which a wife and mother's duties give to a true woman.

DON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to send you a line from this far-away region, feeling, if any thing, more like it than ever, now that I am so far removed from New England. I left Maine the 29th of March, and am a new comer here. I expect at least to spend the summer here. I received my last HOUSEHOLD here, and it seemed more precious than ever, because of my situation so far from familiar haunts.

This is a very fine-looking country. Champlin is on the west side of the Mississippi river, directly opposite the city of Anoka, and eighteen miles up the river from Minneapolis. The country here is not one vast level, but just slightly undulating, or "rolling" enough to break the monotony. It has been warm and pleasant ever since I arrived, and now the trees are beginning to put forth, and it is quite summery. Leaving about two feet of snow in Maine and about three inches down in Illinois and Iowa some 500 miles south of here, when I got here, I found the ground all bare, dry and dusty.

As soon as the ground gets bare here, people can go to work on it, at least in many places, as there is no frost to hinder. The soil here is a rich, black, mellow loam and very productive.

But farmers here do not go in for the buildings they do in New England. They build very small barns, and accompany them with a long string of out-houses which are not much larger than so many dog kennels, a fact that I cannot account for, when many such places are started by New England men. Two-thirds of their hay has to be stacked out of doors all winter, and large wood-piles are exposed to the elements the year round.

But there is no mistaking that this is a fine country for agricultural operations, no rocks to bother with, and in most places no dressing required, although farmers are beginning to put

on what they have, a wise foresight to guard against future exhaustion. This is a beautiful country in summer, to say the least, but its beauty is of a different nature from that of New England. It is not so picturesque as New England, on account of the lack of hills, valleys and mountains. Such extremes do not meet here, and no such variety is presented. And verily the poet sang truly when he said,

"There is no spot on all the earth,
More beautiful, more grand,
Than this fair home we love so well,
New England's sunny land."

We love thy craggy, sea-beat shore,
Thy charming streams and rills,
Thy valleys, and, above them all,
Thy dear old granite hills."

But it occurs to me that a woman wrote thus, and I think I should have said poetess, though I cannot say surely. However, New England is a very picturesque and beautiful country, filling a place that the west cannot fill, but its hills are hard to climb, and the unbroken plains of the west are liable to become monotonous, so each country has its advantages and disadvantages, and not only in this respect, but in many others.

If New England economy could be inaugurated here, it would work wonders. I mean on the farms. I think the farmer's wives are, perhaps, as frugal as those of the east, but farmers themselves, as found here, are more slack, which is needless, and do not look after the odds and ends, and the little leaks of which every farm has so many, and which, in many instances, are the chief source of actual profit in agriculture.

Champlin, Minn.

A. P. REED.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BAKED HALIBUT.—Cut the fish in slices an inch thick. Pile upon a large, square cloth alternate layers of fish and sliced bread. The bread should be dipped in hot water and generously buttered, and each layer of fish sprinkled with salt and pepper. Make the pile a cube as large as the quantity of fish will allow. When the material is all used, tie the cloth up over the top, put in a baking pan with water in the bottom, and bake an hour, basting occasionally with the water in the pan. Two pounds of fish cooked in this way makes a dinner for eight persons. It is very nice when cold, cutting into beautiful striped slices. Fresh cod, salmon and blue fish, are also nice cooked in this way.

YEAST ROLLS.—Take equal measures of liquid yeast, new milk and warm water, and sugar in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each cup of yeast. Add flour sufficient to make a thin batter, and set it in a warm place to rise. When full of air bubbles, drop in an ounce of butter for each cup of yeast, and a pinch of soda. Then stir in more flour and knead the dough smooth. When the dough is smooth and springy, cut off strips, roll them into rolls the length of the width of a sponge-cake tin, and put them close together in the tin, with melted butter poured between each two. Let these rise an inch or more and then bake. If you have more dough than you wish to bake at one time, set it away in a cool place, taking the precaution when you do use it, to add another pinch of soda. It may be kept a week.

NELLY BROWNE.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Two eggs, one cup each of sugar, sour milk and raisins, a small lump of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Make a stiff batter with graham flour and steam two hours. Eat with milk or cream.

ALICE URCHURCH.

OYSTER STEW.—Put one quart of oysters in a kettle over a hot fire, the hotter the better, with just water enough so they will not burn, about two great spoonfuls is enough, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and pepper and salt to taste. Put on the cover and let them cook fully ten minutes, then put in your milk and just let it scald. Be very careful and not let it boil. When scalded turn out in a hot dish and serve immediately.

BROWNE.

PUMPKIN PIE.—As no Thanksgiving table is complete without the golden pumpkin pie, the following method may be new to many readers: Pare and cut the pumpkin in pieces convenient for steaming, instead of cutting in small slices and stewing in water. Put it in a steamer and steam it till soft, mash fine and prepare in the usual manner. Separate the eggs used, putting in the yolks with the pumpkin. When done, have ready the whites whipped to a froth with a little white sugar, and spread this over the pies, leaving them in the oven with the door open for a few minutes.

A READER.

GOOD SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One-half cup each of molasses, sugar, sour cream, and sour milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, salt, cassia and cloves, and two cups of flour.

GINGER-SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of sour cream, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of

soda, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, salt and cloves. If you don't have cream, use three-fourths of a cup each of butter and sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

TO SEASON SAUSAGE MEAT.—To one hundred pounds of meat, use fifty ounces of salt twelve ounces of sage, four ounces of black pepper, and one-fourth ounce of cayenne pepper. The cayenne pepper not only gives it a good flavor, but assists digestion.

I have tried all of these and know them to be good.

LU.

TO COLOR BLACK.—An Old Subscriber asked for recipes for coloring a good black on wool goods with extract of logwood. Here is one I've tested. The extract of logwood I used, was bought at a druggist's, put up in a small box, one-fourth pound I should think, and looked like hard coal granulated. One heaping tablespoonful each of extract of logwood and gum arabic, one teacup of soft soap, and one pail of rain water. Dissolve the logwood and gum, mix with the soap and water, and when boiling hot put in the goods. Let them simmer twenty or thirty minutes, and stir thoroughly so they will not spot. Take from the dye, drain, shake out and partially dry. Iron on the wrong side while quite wet. Do not rinse. The quantity mentioned will color a pound. It will make old alpacas or cashmere look as nice as new, color dark shades a beautiful jet black and will not crack.

EVA.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup each of sweet and sour milk, two cups of meal, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and one-half cup of molasses. Steam three hours or longer. The water must be boiling when the brown bread is placed over it, and must not cease boiling till the bread is done. Put in enough water to steam at least one hour before being replenished. When I have nice buttermilk I use two cups of it and three teaspoonfuls of soda.

P. C.

CORN CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Three cups of corn meal, rather coarse, one cup of wheat flour, one tablespoonful each of sugar and shortening, one teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix all well together, add one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in warm water, mix to a stiff batter with milk. If buttermilk be used little or no cream of tartar will be needed according to sourness, and no shortening.

PARIS CAKE.—Eight eggs beaten separately, one-half pound each of butter and sugar, a tumbler of milk, the juice and rind of a lemon, a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and flour enough to stiffen. Bake well.

TASTE THAT WILL KEEP A YEAR.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will make it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps, stir in as much powdered resin as will stand on a dime, and pour in a few drops of oil of cloves to give a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. In a few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel, let it cool, lay a cover on, and put it in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written upon.

COM.

OAT CAKES.—Did any of you ever make oat meal cakes? They are very nice baked in iron gem pans or spread thin on pie tins. Make it the same as you would johnnycake, but use oat meal instead of corn meal.

MRS. M. E. S.

CAULIFLOWER WITH SAUCE.—Trim off the outside leaves and boil in salted water, until just tender, but no longer. Make in a saucepan a white sauce as follows: Put butter, size of an egg in the pan. When it boils, stir in one-half cup of flour, and stir till cooked, then add two cups of thin cream or milk, season with salt and pepper, and stir till smooth. Pour the sauce over the cauliflower and serve.

EGG PLANT.—Cut into slices half an inch thick, sprinkle over them salt and pepper, and let them stand for an hour, then dip each slice first into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs and fry in hot lard or butter.

FRIED APPLES.—Cut tart apples into thin slices. Fry some slices of salt pork, then in the same hot fat fry the apples and serve hot for breakfast.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

GREEN TOMATO PIE.—Take six large sized tomatoes, or twelve smaller ones, and pour boiling water over them, and let them stand until cool enough so that you can cut out the poor spots, if there be any and chop fine, put in a stew kettle and let them come to a boil, then add

one-half cup of molasses and sugar to taste, and one rounding teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and a large portion of a nutmeg. Let it cook ten minutes and bake between two crusts. This quantity makes two pies.

Connecticut.

MRS. C. M. D.

MUSTER GINGERBREAD.—Ed. Household:—In the recipe for muster gingerbread given in the July number, the quantity of butter required was omitted. It should read thus: Three cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda, one even tablespoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, and milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together and add the other ingredients. Roll it out in thin sheets, and moisten with molasses and water before they are put in the oven. They require a very moderate heat to bake them as they scorch easily.

M. L. H.

JELLY PIE.—A favorite pie is made thus: One tumbler each of jelly and water, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, yolk of one egg, a small tablespoonful of butter. Boil jelly, butter and water together, then thicken with the egg and corn starch wet in water. Pour into a pie tin lined with nice crust, bake till the crust is done, then beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, adding a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, spread over the pie and set in the oven till a delicate brown.

WOLVERINE.

POP CORN BALLS.—Fill a buttered pan with nicely popped corn, and pour over it molasses which has been boiled not quite hard enough for candy, stirring as you pour that it may be all nicely covered and when cool enough to handle make into balls. If you wish them white use sugar instead of molasses.

COM.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup each of molasses, sugar, cold coffee and butter, five cups of flour, one large cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. This makes two loaves, one in a common cake tin, the other in a narrow one.

POVERTY PIE.—One large cup of milk, yolk of one egg, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and flour, and a little salt. Cook by setting the dish in a sauce pan of boiling water, stir until scalded, remove and let it cool, flavor with lemon, have your crust ready baked, pour in the mixture, and frost with the white of the egg and one tablespoonful of white sugar. Set in a hot oven and brown slightly.

EGG PANCAKE.—Two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of flour, four or five tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little salt. Have your spider hot. Put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut, pour in the batter, brown and turn like any griddle cake, and serve hot. With us they are a common breakfast dish, and preferable to meat in warm weather. A little white sugar sifted over them is very nice.

LOTTIE N.

STEAMED BATTER PUDDING.—Stir together one-half cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter, then add two eggs well beaten, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of any kind of fruit and flour enough for a thick batter, steam in a three-quart pan for two hours, then serve warm with sauce made as follows: One cup of white sugar, one-third cup of butter, and one teaspoonful of vanilla stirred to a cream.

LEMON COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one half cup of warm water, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon essence, and use just flour enough to roll out; bake in a quick oven.

MRS. G. E. SCOTT.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter rubbed together, one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, and flour enough so that you can roll it out, place it in the pan, indent with a teaspoon, put a little speck of butter in the cavity, and so on through the dough, making these dents an inch apart, then sprinkle on cinnamon all over the top, and over that sprinkle granulated sugar, taking care always to have the sugar last. If you do not have sour milk, take instead two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with one of saleratus. Please try this.

MRS. S. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell C. (in June number) that gasoline will take wheel grease out and leave no stain.

EVA W. COLLIER.

Bedford, Mont.

Sadie Lee, La Belle, Mo., you can remove the tarnish from a brass lamp by scouring it with Bristol brick dust. Moisten the dust with soft soap, and apply briskly with a damp, woolen cloth, then wash in hot suds; take a soft flannel, dip in dry brick dust and polish. Your work

will give satisfaction I am sure, though you will occasionally need to rub it, it will keep bright a long time.

HATTIE H. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me a recipe for spiced pumpkin butter? It is spiced with all spices but don't know what kind they are. And also a recipe for vinegar sauce, and a recipe for chicken pot pie?

IDA.

Colorado.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask if a white oil-cloth table cover, which has become brown and dirty looking from use, can be renovated for less cost than a new one and how?

CALIFORNIA.

I will be greatly obliged if some one will inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to preserve lime juice for summer use. I believe there is some way of preparing it as a syrup to use in water for a summer drink.

AN INEXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.

Tugonia, Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to whiten organ keys that have turned yellow? Also, what will take the bad smell from feathers picked from dead ducks?

E. L. F.

Will M. P. K. please tell where fish scales can be obtained for making flowers? And will Eva M. Barker sell bulbs of the *imatiophyllum* she described in the October HOUSEHOLD? I fail to find it in the catalogue, and wish one very much.

MRS. F. O. WILLIAMS.

Cohocton, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will any one of the sisters tell what to do to remove the kerosene oil spot in my carpet? It is not a small one, I have washed and aired it but without success.

HANNAH SCHAFER.

C. will find that lard will remove wheel grease.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To the lady who asks how to keep woolen cloth from looking wrinkled after dyeing, I would like to say that she cannot help it looking so unless the cloth is all wool. Mixed cotton and wool, or linen and wool are sure to be wrinkled because the cotton and wool do not shrink the same. Any fabric all wool or all cotton can be dyed and pressed as smoothly as new goods.

MRS. J. N. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to preserve citron to put in cake? I have been told that watermelon rind could be prepared the same, but I do not know how to do either.

JULIA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell G. H. T. "Finnan haddie" is a fish, the haddock, which is prepared by a process, with which I am not familiar. They are salted slightly, and have a delicious flavor. They were originally prepared in Scotland, and the name refers to the part they came from. You can get them in Chicago or Milwaukee. They come mostly from Portland, Maine, and they are cooked as follows: Heated slightly, until you can take the skin easily. Then cut in large pieces as you would steak for broiling, and broil first on one side, then on the other, until they are heated through, then put them on a hot platter with a piece of butter on each slice, and I am sure you will like them.

Ethel M., of Maine, one way of making pillow shams is to make a deep hem all around and work in the center an initial with red embroidery cotton. If preferred, an edge of cheap lace can be added, or an outline figure substituted for the initial. These look well and laundry easily.

Clinton, Iowa.

MRS. C. L. GATES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one tell me what ails my pickles? My cucumbers after they have been salted for pickles, taken out of the brine, freshened, scalded in weak vinegar and water with a small piece of alum, this first vinegar and water poured off, put into self-sealing glass jars and cold vinegar poured over them, will not keep well. The past two years my experience has been, the cucumbers grow so soft they have to be thrown away. I wish some one would tell me the cause of the softening and why there is a white scum forms on the vinegar.

Another request I have to make or to learn about through our paper. The staining of floors. Something not too expensive, and that can be got in a country village.

MRS. E. J. ELDER.

Mississippi.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—J. S. Cole asks how to remove mildew from muslin. An old lady told me not long ago that jimson leaves tied in a cloth and boiled with the clothes, would remove mildew and stains of all kinds. It is very simple, and would not be hard to try.

BETH.

Will some one please give us table etiquette for passing tea and sauce? Who should be waited on first?

WOLVERINE.

The Parlor.

THE NAMELESS BABY.

BY ELIZABETH LANE YOUNG.

What shall we call this little one,
This lovely, tender flower,
Which sure the angels must have brought
From heaven's fairest bower?

What name in all the wide, wide world
Can be one-half as sweet,
As those blue eyes and sunny curls
And rosy, dimpled feet?

We pondered o'er a hundred names,
But still we could not find
One 'mongst them all that seemed to be
Just suited to our minds.

So month by month the baby grew,
Without a name as yet,
Except those coined by loving hearts
For every household pet.

Alas! one day in early spring,
Our darling baby lay,
Its white hands folded on its breast,
A lifeless bit of clay.

There is a little flower-strewn grave,
O'er which sad tears oft fall,
And on a stone these words are traced,
"Our Baby,"—that is all.

Perhaps the angels bright, who walk
The golden streets of heaven,
Unto our nameless little one,
A heavenly name have given.

But he will only "Baby" be
To us forever more,
Until we clasp him in our arms,
Upon the other shore.

HILDA'S WORK.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

"I WILL be with you Saturday," wrote Arthur Kent to young Jack Lorimer, who had besought his friend to join him at his father's home in Mapleton, for a few days, at least, before the latter's return to college.

Notwithstanding some disparity in years, a warm friendship had long existed between the two; and Arthur was glad to accept the lad's invitation. He would have welcomed any reasonable excuse for running away from the city. He was tired of it, tired of his work, tired of society, tired, he almost thought, of life itself.

He was received most cordially by the Lorimers, who were united in the endeavor to make Jack's friend as happy as possible during his short stay with them. The evening passed pleasantly, with music and conversation. Yet when Arthur was at last left alone for the night, he found that the old demon of weary unrest was by no means exorcised by change of place, as he had hoped it might be.

He excused himself from attending church next morning, saying that while the family were absent, he would take the opportunity to stroll about and look at their pretty town. Jack, however, insisted on accompanying him; and while the bells were ringing, the two set out, somewhat soberly, for Jack was sorrowing because Arthur never would go to church, or feel an interest in the things which he, Jack, had from childhood been taught to reverence. Arthur was such a good fellow; he had been so generous, so kind to him (Jack) at all times, that it was a real grief to the warm-hearted lad that they could not be more in sympathy on this one point.

Arthur was recalling the glances of surprise and questioning turned upon him as he made known his intention regarding his disposal of the morning, and was wondering why these good people must look upon him as a black sheep, unfit to be trusted, because he could not think as they did on all subjects, and followed his own convictions. He was conscious of as upright a walk in life as theirs; and he harmed no one by his convictions, he seldom expressed them. Why could they not let him go his own way in peace?

"Look at those people!" he said, irritably, as they passed the churches, now filling with a decorous, well-dressed throng. "What do they go to church for? To worship God? Not a bit of it. They go to worship themselves and their fine clothes, and envy their neighbors who chance to have better ones; to hear the singing and criticise the preacher—any thing except their ostensible object. How many do you think devote their hearts and souls to the Christ they profess to worship, even for the short space of time they are there—or have any intention of doing so?"

"I think some do, and show it in their lives," said Jack. He had never heard Arthur talk like this before.

"Poor, mistaken creatures!" with a bitter laugh.

"Well," said Jack somewhat shyly, but growing bolder as he went on, "if they are mistaken, they are happier for it now—yes, in spite of the self-denial—I never saw happier people. And supposing they are mistaken, when the end comes, they will be no worse off, will they, than if they had known it all their lives and been made miserable by it? What have you better to offer in place of it?"

"Nothing! nothing!" said the elder man, vehemently, and slashing with his cane at a daisy that peeped up from the side of the walk. "I was a fool to speak of this at all. Don't let it trouble you, my boy."

Jack made no answer. It did trouble him. But he could not preach to a man like Arthur Kent, in whose nature there were heights and depths which he could not hope to fathom, though he felt their influence. And so they walked on in silence.

The young men were now approaching the outskirts of the town, which, small for a city, was yet too large to be called a village. It possessed some of the characteristics of both. The houses they passed were small and low, but set apart in country fashion. The people they saw were poorly dressed, though usually clean and tidy. Most of them were hastening toward a little chapel, which the young men presently saw before them. It was small and plain, but tastefully designed; and standing as it did, on a large green, against a background of firs and maples, it made a pretty picture.

"This is the mission chapel, under the care of our rector," explained Jack. "Mr. Christen, a rich old gentleman who lives in the big house you see on the hill yonder, gave the site on condition that a chapel should be built. It seemed such a generous gift, and the place so suitable, that every one became interested in it, and the money was soon raised. The mission was really needed, and is doing good work."

"Is it?" said Arthur, with a smile which he tried hard not to make cynical.

At that moment their attention was drawn to an old woman who came hobbling along on crutches. With her was a child, five or six years old, whose pale, wrinkled, old, young face and languid movements told a sad story of disease and want. Fearing to be late, as the last bell had now ceased ringing, they tried to hasten their steps. But the woman, whose strength was barely sufficient for the exertion of her usual walk, now stumbled and slipped helplessly. One crutch fell to the walk, and its owner came near following it, but saved herself by clinging to the palings at the side of the walk. The child clung to her dress and began to cry, not with the loud self-assertion usual to a child, but under its breath, in a frightened, hopeless manner, pitiful to see.

Arthur picked up the crutch, but kept it in his hand, while with his own strong arm he helped the poor, panting creature forward to the church.

Jack, with a "Here you go!" tossed the baby into the air until something like a smile dawned on the little wizened face, and chased the tears away. Then Jack put him down beside his grandmother, and the two passed in, out of sight.

"That child has death in his face," said Arthur; "and the woman must find life a burden. Does your 'mission' help such as these?"

"Yes," declared Jack, stoutly. "They are better and happier for coming here, aside from the fact that they receive material aid when in special need. But it can't give that old woman sound limbs, or cure her grandson of hip disease caused by a drunken father's abuse."

"Can it not?" said Arthur, satirically. "If the Christ you depend on could do such things once, why not now?"

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever," quoted Jack, musingly. "Perhaps he would, if we had the same faith. How can we tell? No one who believes in Christ ought lightly to declare it impossible."

They were still standing near the chapel. The simple organ voluntary which amateur, but not unskillful, fingers had been sending forth, now came to an end. The young men roused themselves from the reverie into which both had fallen, and walked on for a little time. But as the way soon led directly into the country, and they had already walked some distance, they turned and retraced their steps. As they drew near the chapel, the sound of the organ was again heard. Then came a sweet, thrilling, penetrating voice, ringing closely out on the air.

"We praise thee, O God! We acknowledge thee to be the Lord."

Jack started. "Let us go in," he said, with sudden courage.

Arthur was about to refuse; but that glorious voice went on:

"All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting. To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein."

What full, wonderful jubilation in the tones!

Music was Arthur's passion. He had run after many a fine voice. He had heard the greatest singers of our time, but none had ever seemed to draw him so potently, irresistibly, as did this one.

Mechanically he turned and went up the steps, Jack following in pleased surprise.

Now exultation had changed to trusting, prayerful entreaty, as the sweet voice pleaded:

"O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage. Govern them and lift them up forever."

Arthur, as if compelled by some power outside himself, knelt by Jack's side in the pew assigned them. When had he done such a thing before? When he rose to his feet his eyes sought the singer. He saw a slight, fair girl, of perhaps nineteen or twenty, as he thought, standing by the organ, which was placed near the reading desk. She was dressed simply, naturally, as one might say, with no affectation of either fashion or plainness. Every thing she wore seemed a part of her.

She must have been beautiful at all times; but now, with her great, gray eyes dilated and dark with feeling, her face rapt, like one in a vision, she seemed to Arthur much more than beautiful. He could not take his eyes from her.

A young clergyman, with a face marked by amiability rather than intellect, delivered the sermon. Arthur could not have told whether it was bad or good. He was waiting for the singing, impatient of every thing that delayed it. And when it came, though others sang, he heard only the one voice, leading, controlling, dominating all the rest.

Service over, he could not help noticing how all the congregation, men, women and children, crowded about the girl, each as it seemed, with something of special importance to ask or tell.

They lingered a little in the narrow vestibule, watching the people depart, as they had come, until the young curate joined them. He seemed greatly pleased to see them, and had much to say about the mission, its work, its hopes and plans. At last Arthur found an opportunity to speak of the singing which had so enchanted him.

"You are fortunate," he said. "A voice like that cannot be usual in a mission chapel."

"You mean Miss Saybrook. Yes, she has a fine voice. She is a great help to me in my work here."

"I think I never heard any thing so joyous, so absolutely exultant, as her voice in the 'Te Deum.' She seems to sing with her heart as well as her lips."

"She has reason to give praise—dear child."

"What do you mean?"

"For years she was a helpless invalid. Health was restored to her at last, after she and her friends had almost lost all hopes of it. Since then she has felt it both a duty and a privilege to devote herself to the Lord's work. Would you like to speak to her? She is looking out the hymns for evening service with the organist. I know she will be glad to meet you and tell you more of our mission than I can."

He disappeared within, and Arthur turned to his friend with a questioning glance.

"Yes," said the latter: "you see that she is young, beautiful, gifted in many ways. She might take any position she chose. She might be an acknowledged leader in our little city, at least. But she spends her time and strength and means working here among these poor people, besides singing for them every Sunday. No wonder they love her. That prig of a preacher says she is a great help to him. She does more for the mission in one week than he does in a year. He is not as much help to her as he ought to be."

Jack seemed a little indignant, but there is little Arthur could not have forgiven the young man at that moment, as he reappeared with Miss Saybrook, and gave him—what he had not dared to ask—the privilege of speaking with her.

"I have taken the liberty to say that you will tell Mr. Kent something of our work here, our aims, and plans for the future," said the clergyman.

"Ah," said the girl, with a smile at once bright and gentle. "There seems not much to say, just the old, old story of disease and want and sin. I suppose it is the same everywhere, and you have heard it a thousand times. Not much to say," she added, thoughtfully; "but we find plenty to do."

"So I understand," said Arthur, "and I think it is that I wish to hear. What is it you do? What can you do to meet such conditions, such needs, to do the wretched people any real good?"

"It is not in human power to meet adequately all the needs of soul and body which cry out for help; and that is our great grief. But we do what we can."

"But is it possible that you can do so much for them, lift them so far out of their wretchedness, make such abiding change in their moral or even physical conditions, as to be worth the sacrifice you make?"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed!" she cried, frankly meeting, and understanding the grave, searching, almost pitying glance he turned upon her. "I do not feel it a sacrifice; and if we do the best we can with the means in our power, our duty is

done. We have nothing to do with the result. We have no right even to be anxious about it. We must leave it to a higher power than ours. That will not fail. It is God who gives the increase. We have only to plant as He teaches us."

"But have you a right so to take your life into your own hands? Have you a right to withdraw it so entirely from the happy, social life which seems so natural for a young girl?"

"It is not my life," she interrupted with her gentle smile. "It is His life. I have not taken it into my own hands. I have put it into His."

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure."

They had passed down the steps, and were slowly walking along the quiet street, Jack and the clergyman following at a little distance.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur, after a short silence. "I had no right to speak to you in such a way."

"Do not apologize; there is no need. I know that to many, my life seems strange and unnatural. To me it seems the only right life—even the only natural life—for me. I cannot judge for others. You"—she hesitated, "you do not know, perhaps, what my life has been."

"No. I should be glad to know, if you will tell me. I was told that you were an invalid for some years, that is all."

"I was never strong, and ten years ago my health entirely failed."

"Ten years! Then you were only a child."

"I was sixteen."

"I beg your pardon—I thought—I did not know—"

The girl laughed.

"You thought me not so old? I am, but I do not feel so. That long illness was like death, and my recovery a new birth into a new and beautiful life. No one who has not passed through such an experience can possibly understand it."

"I think I can guess a little of it," said Arthur gently.

"I was a careless, thoughtless child, living only in the pleasure of the moment; and when the terrible accident came which put me on the sick bed from which no one thought I would ever rise again, I was all unprepared either for death, or the life I had to live through. I cried for help, but no help came. And I—oh! I suffered."

She looked out into the soft September haze, with dilated eyes. Arthur saw a slight shiver pass over her. But she quickly recovered herself, and went on.

"My heart grew hard. The dim, matter-of-course belief in God and His providence, which children imbibe without much thought, could not suffice for the needs of such a life as mine had come to be. It did not help me, and little by little I let it go, and believed it was all a mistake, that there was no hope in God, no help in prayer, that the bible story was a tradition, an allegory—what you will—valuable only for its literary merit, and some bits of Hebrew history. I was very wise. I prided myself on my wisdom and philosophy; and I rather pitied those poor souls who were yet in the bonds of their ignorant belief. But I was not happy. I seemed so helpless, so alone, without hope or object in existence. I began to wish that I could believe in God's love and protection, in His thought for me—me individually—even if it were not true. I even—and this seems absurd, does it not? for one who did not believe in prayer—I even prayed that I might be shown the truth. And then—I cannot tell you how it all came about—I hardly know myself. But at last I came to feel, to know, that my Father was with me, his arms about me; and in spite of weakness and pain, I was happier than I had ever been before, and at rest."

Before this I had not cared to live. I had only wished that I might die and be free from suffering and the burden of life which seemed too heavy for me to carry. But now all was changed. I longed to live and work. I prayed that I might be allowed to do so. At last health came back, slowly, but surely. Two years ago I could not walk. To-day I am as you see. For a year I have been well, quite well. Such a year as it has been!"

She was silent for a moment, then went on with sudden passion.

"He has given me back my voice, shall I not praise him with it? He has given me health, shall I not use it in His service? Does he not give us every thing—every thing we have? You may call it superstition, or what you please; but I believe God gave me health because he had work for me to do, and I was willing to do it. And I feel it my duty, my privilege, my life itself, to devote all my powers to His work."

"And you believe," said Arthur, after a pause. "you believe this, and this only, is His work?"

"I believe it is His work for me."

Arthur sighed. It was all so evidently real to the girl; her life was so founded upon her simple, childlike faith, that in spite of himself, he was impressed by it. Then the doubts, the thoughts that had come to her in those days of darkness when she had lain suffering and, as it had seemed, forsaken, were they not the same that walked with him, day by day, and took all zest, all real interest from his life?

Through her very despair, she had found a way into the light. Was it light? or was she mistaken? She was happier—that was evident. She had found a way out. Would he ever do the same?

They were now at Miss Saybrook's door. After a few more words they parted, and Jack and his friend walked silently homeward.

Jack had the rare good sense to refrain from any allusion to Miss Saybrook, and when Arthur spoke, it was of something quite apart from that day's experiences. He had not forgotten them, however. He longed to see the girl again. He would have liked to go to her the next day, but refrained, fearing she might think him intrusive if he sought her so soon. Tuesday morning a telegram announced his mother's sudden and apparently serious illness.

He went home at once; and for some weeks the care and constant occupation this illness brought drove all other thoughts from his mind. But when his anxiety was at last happily removed, he thought again and constantly, of Hilda Saybrook. Her voice rang in his ears; her eyes looked into his. The words she had spoken would not let him rest. He tried to shake off the impression. He laughed at himself for a weak simpleton, and fought against the impulse that would have led him back to her. But the end of it was that when Christmas came, he delighted Jack Lorimer's heart by going with him to Mapleton to spend the winter holidays.

As soon as he could, he sought out Hilda Saybrook. She remembered him, and seemed glad to see him. And as he availed himself of every opportunity of meeting her, with or without excuse, they were much together, and became very well acquainted in those few short weeks of holiday time.

Little by little, and almost against his will, he found himself laying bare to her all his proud heart, showing without reserve the bitter doubt, the hopeless depression and unrest, which made his life so aimless and weary, and asking her aid like a tired child.

She remembered when her own soul had been flooded by these bitter waters.

She remembered, too, how deliverance had come, and she well knew what to say to him. She encouraged him, sustained him, pushed aside with a strong and steady hand the obstacles that again and again blocked his way, until he saw the path stretch out clearly before him and his steps therein became swift and sure.

Sometimes as Hilda saw how he was coming to depend on her, she trembled at her responsibility. That this strong man whose powers of mind, as she thought in her humility, were as far beyond hers as his physical strength—that this man, cultured, wise in all the world's ways, should lean thus on her feeble words and imperfect knowledge, as his own sure hope and guide in life, seemed to her almost terrible. But she never tried to appear other or more than she was. What she felt and knew, she told him. What lay beyond that, she did not meddle with; and in this perfect sincerity lay her power.

One day as they were returning from a round of visits among those abodes of want and misery where Hilda was welcomed a spirit of love and beneficence, Arthur said:

"These people are rich and happy in comparison with the poor wretches who swarm in the dark by-streets and tenement houses of our great, rich city."

Hilda stopped and looked at him, her great, gray eyes misty with sudden feeling.

"Is there not misery enough here?" she cried. "Is there worse still?"

"Infinitely worse."

"And you—have you done nothing?"

"Not much, I fear."

"How can you see so much suffering about you and make no attempt to relieve it?"

"I do not mean that I have ever refused money when real need was brought to my notice. I hope you do not think that of me. But I have never gone among the poor as you do here."

"They need money, but they need other things more, if they could know it."

"They do not know it. Other gifts than money, or its equivalent, they would hardly thank you for."

"No," she sighed; "but it seems to me they might be taught, made to realize their need—their worst poverty—and be persuaded to accept that which would relieve it."

"Ah! if any one could persuade them, you would. Will you try some time?"

"I? My duty lies here; and I assure you, I find plenty to test whatever powers of body and mind I possess. I do not need to leave my native place to find all the work I am capable of."

He saw she had no conception of his meaning, of the over-mastering desire that had taken possession of him, and his heart sank. He could not tell her then, what he had meant to tell her. But just before his departure, he summoned to his aid the courage born of desperation, and asked her to live and work with him in the city, as his wife.

"It may be. I cannot tell you now. I must wait—and ask."

Arthur understood, and did not urge her further. It may be that this one act of sympathetic forbearance advanced his cause with her more than any thing else he could have done.

When he came to her again, pale with hoping and fearing, she put her hands in his, and told him in her own sweet, straight-forward fashion that she had found that in her heart which would not let her send him away, and she was willing to trust her life to him.

Thenceforward they worked together. Arthur was no longer restless or depressed. He had something to do, something to live for. The life he had once shrunk from as one of unavailing repres-

sion and self-sacrifice, he found brimming with happiness; and he was not apprehensive of discovering at the end that he had lived and trusted in a delusion.

ON A VISIT TO A FLORIDA FARM HOUSE.

"Come," said my friend, "Nellie, let us set out this morning on a drive of exploration 'among the natives;' here I have been a week in Florida, and you have not given me an opportunity to see the natives at home."

I paused to mentally make my arrangements for the day before I answered.

"Well, I really don't know that we will have a better time, so we will even go and visit one of my good old friends, whose ways are, compared to your ways, one hundred years behind the times, but whose heart is 'just right.'"

Accordingly, after leaving the needful directions as to the care of our kingdom home, and issuing the mandate that our gentle Fanny be hitched to the comfortable buck-board, we ere long were enjoying the fragrant odor of the hummock, which at this season is redolent with the mingled perfume of yellow jessamine, plum, hawthorn, and other sweet blossoms. As we drove by a large clump of saw palmetto my friend gave a scream of terror, and exclaimed: "There! see that alligator! Surely I saw an alligator pass under those low fans."

"Don't imagine, please, that Florida is one immense swamp inhabited by 'gators,' but just look down through that opening, see! there goes the very Florida rooster whose attenuated body, long snout, and leathery, piney woods color, gave you your fright."

After a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the scare we drove on, placidly enjoying the sunshine glinting through the arches of green over head, now and again catching sight of a pert mocking bird, a blue jay, or a cardinal; we even had the rare good fortune to be favored by the sight of a passing flock of paraquets whose green and golden plumage flashed in swift confusion for but a moment on our sight, when they dropped helter skelter, into the very depths of the hummock as it seemed, but as we knew, really, into an old field grown up in burdock. The burs are a favorite food with the paraquets, and it is really comical to see the plump little bodies waddling about among the bushes, climbing to the very top, cracking and eating the kernels, while the chatter of parrot talk, *i. e.*, their own talk, makes a perfect little Babel.

They are the most devoted of birds to each other, generally grouping in families, five to seven sitting huddled on one branch or limb, when they are at rest, two and two close side by side. The cry of one in distress is most plaintive and is quickly followed by the appearance of the remainder of the flock, which fact is taken advantage of by the shrewd hunter, who wounds one of the birds as a decoy, then securing it either in a cage or by a stout string, leaves it to call its mates who soon come to its plaintive, almost human cries. Alas, only to fall into the snares that have been so cunningly set. Generally a net is used, from which they are easily taken as they become entangled in its meshes. Thousands of these birds are thus taken, indeed, it has become a very rare sight to see a flock of paraquets in the interior of our peninsula.

Thus conversing we drove on, and at length reached our destination. Just before us lay a beautiful lake, clear as crystal, perfect in outline, a veritable gem. In the margin of the farther side, two stately heron were stalking, while near enough for a good view, sailed a covey of ducks. The view was most charming, and we hesitated to turn our eyes from so

much beauty, when we were interrupted with "Howdy, Mis Deveneau, howdy," giving us a fervent clasp of the hand. "I'm proud ter see yer. Howdy, Mis Iulliard?" as I introduced my companion. "I seed you out here quite a spell afore I 'lowed it mought be you, but finerly sez I to the ole man, 'I knows ez well's I want,er, that's Mis Deveneau en that northern lady, what's bin a visitin' there, 'n I'm gwine out and ax em in.'"

Assuring her that our intention was to call on her, we followed her hospitable wave, with "come right in, we're black ez we ken be here, allus is, kaint keep clean, don't differ how much I scour, these yer young uns, track in jes so much any how. I'm powerful glad yer come."

As we passed over the white cleansand of the yard, I thought of the care and labor expended in keeping that enclosure thus free from grass and weeds, but almost invariably do we find that white expanse of sand, preferred as a door yard, with here and there a clump of cape jessamine, a rose bush, or crape myrtle, but not a sprig of grass. A good old gentleman of my acquaintance, very much wished to try some Bermuda grass on his place, having heard of its being successfully grown by others, and knowing its nutritive value for his cattle, but his "old woman" would not agree to allow him to first introduce it in even a corner of her spacious door yard. "My yard's jest gittin' pretty 'n white now, en yer grass 'll ruin it," was her veto.

The house built of logs was composed of two large rooms at either end, with a roomy, open passage way between. These double pen log houses are very comfortable when well built and finished. This, however, is rarely the case. With a good fire-place, or "stick and dirt" chimney at one or both ends of the house and perhaps a "door shutter" roughly made and swung, they are considered quite complete. The open passage way is the general sitting room for the family. When the long nights of winter are at hand the fire of "lightwood" or pitch pine furnishes ample light and heat. The children gather around with their books, mother takes one corner of the fire-place with her sewing or knitting, while father and the boys discuss their arrangements for bringing in that bear "wnat's gittin' so sassy he'll cum to the house nex', tuk thet shoat a quarter uv a mile uv hyer t'other night, I'll be boun' we'll hev sum b'ar meat," and the "old man" drifts into reminiscences of long past prowess in that line, at which the children prick up their ears, and school books are forgotten. But how we have digressed.

"Penny, bring sum cheers," calls the old lady, to the girl of thirteen who comes from the kitchen—some yards in the rear of the house where she has evidently been engaged in looking after the dinner. We are greeted with a cheerful "Howdy," and a hand-shake from each member of the family. This form of greeting and the stolid, perfunctory manner in which the hand-shaking is performed reminded us much of the Indians in the west. With them it was always "How," as a salutation, but the "shake" was never omitted or even abridged.

"Now, Janey, you go 'n dig sum uv them Providence taters. I'll be goin' ter the kitchen an leave you uns ter rest a spell."

Against this we protested, so the old lady, nothing loth, led the way to the clean, freshly sanded room, with no furniture but a long, home-made table flanked either side by a solid bench equally as long, and a home-made hide-bottomed chair at either end for the convenience and comfort of pap and mammy. A couple of good sized store boxes nailed securely in one corner high against the wall, held the dishes, and on a shelf near

the fire-place, were ranged the pots and pans with various sized and shaped gourds, holding, one salt, another meal, still another a fresh grinding of hominy. At one end of the room was the fire-place raised nearly two feet above the level of the floor, for convenience in cooking. There were the Dutch ovens, frying pans, etc., each with its own fire, arranged so as to best cook the contents, and as the old lady with a dexterous handling of the "fire sticks" re-arranged each in turn the fire above and below the bake kettles, and under the pots and teakettle, I said, "Mrs. Long, how can you ever do the cooking for so large a family in this way? Do you not think a stove would be more convenient?"

"Well, I dunno, my ole man don't love stove vittles no how, he sez he'd a heap druther eat our ole-fashioned cookin', en so I jes don't mind hit. Messina Elizabeth go an' look up sum eggs fur mammy en bring sum uv that cassavar in with yer. I'll cook you up sumthin' nice ter sorter take the rough edge offen our coarse grub," with a good humored laugh at my friend.

So with much beating and stirring, and turning and tasting, interspersed with much good natured gossip and frequent calls for assistance to the waiting children, the smoking dinner was at length set on the table. The "piece de resistance" was a fine ham of venison, cooked "as it allers ort ter be," said our host, as he liberally helped our plates. "Sary Jane knows jes how ter brown it to my taste exactly, en then she allers puts in considerable uv red pepper en thet's powerful good to take with fresh meat."

The "Providence taters" proved to be a variety of the sweet potato more nearly akin to the Irish potato, in respect to mealiness and absence of the great quantity of saccharine matter, so largely developed in most varieties of this vegetable. This to our taste was very pleasing, and we made a mental reservation in favor of selecting a quantity of vines of that variety when planting time came again.

The pone of corn bread was broken into pieces by the good lady, and handed around with the remark, "My bread got a leetle mite too hot a fire to start with, en I reckon you better hev sum uv the biscuit."

These flaky, and each a little roll to itself, we had watched her manipulate so dexterously without the aid of kneading board or rolling pin, simply pinching off a small piece of dough, and deftly turning and kneading it into the requisite shape. Then by having the bake kettle quite hot, and arranging the fire above, *i. e.*, on the lid of the kettle, and below just right, her biscuit were indeed a success.

"Now, father, Mis Iulliard sez she never seed no conch peas afore, en I want yer to help her plate to sum uv 'em right now. Ther powerful good eatin' fur workin' folkses en we hez 'em nearly every day when we kin git 'em. Penny, child, you've clean furgot the clabber, you ken just bring them bowls out fer par en the kompany en get a pan fur the rest uv you all."

The clabber thus brought on was really a most delightful accompaniment to our corn bread. The cream on each bowl, well besprinkled with the amber crystals of home-made sugar, except in the case of our host, who poured a liberal flow of syrup on his share of the delicacy. The coffee we noticed he sweetened in the same manner, and the quantity of syrup, poured into their plates, by himself and youngsters, was simply alarming when one realized, that in this warm clime, the sweets with the gross animal fats, so largely made use of, are just the opposite of what is fitting and healthful. The

cassava pudding was a treat, and so also we pronounced the fig preserves handed around with the same.

"We aim to gether us a fine lot uv huckleberries this year, en put 'em down in syrup, they makes fust rate pies, en the juice is jest good enuff. Now can't you all cum out in huckleberry time, en we'll all go over to that strip that makes out inter thet bay yander, thar'll be slews uv 'em thar this year. Wall, cum in, we'll go en set in the cool awhile, en then I'll show you roun' the place sum'."

So saying, the old lady caught up her slat sun-bonnet and flung it on the top of her head, leading the way into the house. And here is where these detached kitchens so universal in the south, are so convenient, in that they can, if needs be, be left to themselves in disorder, without making one so uncomfortable as is apt to be the case when dining room and kitchen—in one room even perhaps—are a part of the dwelling house proper, and where the mistress is also maid of all work and would fain forget that fact for the hot hours following apace the noonday meal.

"Now we allers cook a plenty fur supper, en all we hev ter do is ter make a pot uv coffee en mabbe cook a little hominy, en so I hez the cool uv the evenin' ter straighten up my kitchen. O, I git along powerful easy with my cookin'. Now I'll get Messina Elizabeth ter show yer her palmetto hats, she's bin a makin' uv, she cured her up a right pretty lot of palmetto en set ter work, en she's made a right smart chance uv munny outen it, she kin plait en sew a hat in a day en a half out-siden what she hes ter chore aroun' en she kin sell every one uv them hats fur a dollar. Them northern people every one wants a couple of palmetto hats ter take home with 'em. Now here's one Mis Iulliard 'll fancy I knows, 'cause hits that white en pretty, en Messina Elizabeth did get a leetle mite better shape on it than sum's got to be shure."

Selecting one of the hats, and leaving an order for several of different sizes, my friend asked if they ever found any Indian relics, such as flint heads, arrow heads, etc.

"Wall, yes, the ole man brings 'em in sum times when he plows in that ole field yander, en there's bin many a curus thing brung outen it tew. Now here's sumthin' I sets a powerful store by, en it duz me a right smart uv good tew. Afore the ole man cum across hit, I never could hev nothin' big enuff to hold all my gyarden seeds en keep 'em like they ort ter be kep' frum the weevils en bugs, en now yer see, this is jest complete."

And she brought for our inspection a huge earthenware pot, made as was very evident by crude, unskilled workmen, yet of good shape withal, and most admirably constructed for fulfilling the purpose for which it was evidently designed, that of storage, as its almost spherical shape (being only slightly flattened at bottom and top) and the very small opening, made it a cool, dark receptacle for whatever the "noble red man" may have felt disposed to put away for safe keeping.

"This is just what I would like to take home to brother Gus', you know his passion for old curiosities. What could I offer the old lady in exchange?" said my friend, when Mrs. G. retired with her treasure.

"That depends on how the fancy strikes her I imagine," I replied, "just offer her a nice 'caliker gown,' and I think she will trade with you."

"O laws, I donno ez I orter let hit go, howsumever, I could put my seeds en sech, in a poke like I uster, I reckon. Lets go and see aroun' sum en I'll study on it. I don't guess but what you'd better stay 'long uv me ter night enyhow. The sun ain't more'n a hour high now."

This hospitable invitation we felt

obliged to decline however, so we proceeded to "look about sum enny how," preparatory to our departure for home. Of this it would be pleasant to write, but our article is already too long.

Riverside, Fla.

AMETHYST.

HINTS FOR "HARVEST HOME."

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

Perhaps some of the young ladies and children belonging to mission bands would like some directions in regard to the "Harvest Home," which is coming to be an annual festival in our churches. The Israelites were commanded to bring the first fruits to the priests, and to keep a feast seven days after harvest, dwelling in booths.

The "Harvest Home" festival is very appropriate for a country church, or one in a small village, where ripened grain, vegetables, fruit, nuts, flowers, plants and leaves, can be procured in profusion. I bring to mind a country church in western New York, set in the midst of a level country, its white spire visible for miles round about. For fifty years its bell has sounded out over the fields, now green in spring, now yellow in harvest. Many a happy scene has the old church witnessed since it was built in 1806, but suffice it to say that no happier occasion ever transpired under its roof than our first annual "Harvest Home," 1885. The audience room is square and lofty, the interior of the church modern and in excellent taste.

So much for the place, but imagination plays false to picture the decorations of the church, the evening of October twenty-third, 1885. It must have been seen to be appreciated. Back of the pulpit, around, above, on the sides, everywhere, was a wilderness of grain, branches of apple trees laden with fruit, shocks of corn, sheaves of wheat, festoons of fruit and vegetables, appropriate mottoes made of autumn leaves, while the main feature of the decoration was a mammoth pyramid before the pulpit of vegetables and fruits, crowned with blooming plants.

The members of the congregation loaned their choicest fruits and vegetables, afterward many of them found their way to the pastor's cellar, and one barrel of vegetables was sent south to a mission school, but we did not ask all these rare things to be given, only loaned for the occasion.

The chandelier was hung with festoons of gorgeous peppers, and there was nothing prettier than a string of onions which puzzled many because they resembled so many great white pearls. Many hands wrought this transformation in the church in one day. The children were busy everywhere, taking steps for the older ones. The decorations were left until after the next Sabbath, when the pastor preached a sermon in keeping with the season.

The exercise was obtained from one of the leading houses which publishes Sabbath school supplies. The young ladies represented the seasons and the children were dressed in white, carrying bouquets of grass and grain. The scripture, music, recitations and an original poem, were all in keeping with the harvest theme, and set in the midst of such novel decorations, impressed the beholder as a beautiful sacred scene. When the audience was hushed and the pastor's voice rose in prayer, giving thanks to the Lord of the harvest, for all His benefits, there was not one present but felt the hour a most holy time.

After the exercises a New England supper was served in the parsonage near the church. The young people served at table in the costume of "ye olden time," and the tables were set in rare bric-a-brac. The "Harvest Home" was under the direction of our mission band, and I have given these suggestions in hope that some other band will do likewise.

Our minister's wife, who is also our president, planned the "Harvest Home," and the band executed it. She is a born leader, and has great tact in organizing and training children. She is a talented musician, and likes nothing better than teaching the children, and they obey her as soldiers do a general. We should have done nothing without our "leader," so much can one spirit enthuse others.

In nearly every church some young lady can be found who possesses the grace of leadership. One such spirit can draw into every good work the children, the young ladies, the young men, and finally the whole community.

The children are already asking about our "Harvest Home" for 1886. We are gleaned ideas and laying plans even now, and with good reason, for the fields are gilding and "the shadows go over the wheat." All too soon the harvest will have ended, and nature will put on its brown, seared dress, but in the midst of "the beauteous, golden autumn days," we hope to make our second annual "Harvest Home" another flower along life's pathway.

MY GRANDFATHER'S PASTURE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

It seems to me there never was a fairer place than the big pasture on my grandfather's farm. Its swelling knolls and broad acres of feeding ground, with the clover and honeysuckle up to one's ankle, was a picture to gladden one's heart. It was full of wild, beautiful nooks and hidden places, secret enough for Robin Hood and his merry foresters. Two laughing brooks in whose dark pools the speckled trout made their home, dashed through it from west to east. At the farther end a wood stretched out far and wide, woods always full of music, and where bluebells grew with the red foxglove, and wild hyacinths, while adder's tongue grew at the roots of the trees, and cowslips hid their sweet yellow heads, the home of a dozen different kinds of ferns—one of the loveliest nooks in the world. On one side of the pasture ran the country highway for almost half a mile, along whose dusty length rolled many a market wagon and pleasure carriage, suggestive of caravans and endless traffic, for the sound of wheels hardly ceased at night. On the other side lay the rich, fertile fields of grandfather's farm, a fine old orchard, undulating corn fields where the yellow ears ripened in the September sun, clover fields where the bees and butterflies flew all through the summer days, and at the end of a green, winding lane up which I drove the cows at night, the big barn, with its sheds and its huge weather vane.

Only those born and bred on a country farm can ever know half its charms. Boyhood is the time of quick susceptibilities, with the keenness of appreciation that must gradually be blunted. I shall never forget those exhilarating spring mornings, when one seemed to drink in nectar with every breath, and the fields and pastures spread an ambrosial feast of berries and plums fit for the gods of Olympus. When I sprang up to dress, how light and nimble were my limbs. Oh, at that age one does not feel the heaviness of the earth of which we are made. When I opened the blinds of my little chamber, what elysium could be fairer than the scene that lay before me?

The sun shone, the birds sang, the soft air came in balmy and full of freshness and flowery odors, and all around the dew glittered on the grass and the leaves, the thin mists floated up from the distant meadows, the brooks in the valley ran on glistening in the sun, the upland slopes seemed to smoke in the morning light, and the lowing of cattle, the bleating of

sheep, and the cackling of poultry, all gave a life to the whole that made me eager to be out of doors. Every day I rose earlier and earlier, in the cheerful, dewy, sunshiny mornings, and every day I discovered something new and charming. There were green herbs and grasses shooting up under every hedge and wall; then came out the early flowers, arbutus, hepatica and violets, tender, dainty and sweet, as if they had been planted over night by the fairy hands of some wandering dryad or nymph.

How we hunted for flowers in that old pasture, and never hunted in vain, for over every square foot of the emerald turf, at some season of the year, gleamed a floral show. Daisies—the "day's eyes" of Chaucer's idyllic pages—raised their starry faces toward the sun on the higher ridges; in the meadows were found the golden chalices of the cowslips, and later on came dandelions, buttercups, and the flowering wintergreen. In the hot mid-summer season, all through the ruby days of hot Quintillis, we could find roses in the old lane, the parent stalk set there by grandfather's great-grandmother who brought the rose slip with her, when she came a bride to the wilderness from her girlhood's home near the mouth of the Merrimack; and in a little pool at the farther corner of the lot we could pluck whole handfuls of water lilies. Through September and October, the fences along the swamp and roadside were white with the woolly clusters of the clematis, and the golden-rod nodded its queenly head over the orchard wall.

How many times have we gone berrying through the old brown pasture, after strawberries that grew in thick red patches on all the hillsides and knolls, and along the brookside, or else after blackberries, when the lion ruled the sultry weather, whistling merrily like Whittier's barefoot boy, and coming home with pails and baskets filled, and our fingers rosy as Aurora's, or the henna-dyed digits of an oriental odalisque. Every place in the lot knew our footsteps. Down by the winding brooks we had fished for trout, landing many a speckled beauty on the bank among the willows and birches. Hither we came for birds' nests all through the summer months, plundering the homes of blackbird, thrush, crow, partridge, and bang-wicket alike, with a conscience as remorseless as any Bedouin of the desert. There under the maples, amid fragrant bunches of sweet fern, I lay at full length one summer's day, and read Homer's *Odyssey*, from Minerva's descent to Ithaca, until Odysseus's return to his home, and the slaughter of the cruel, haughty suitors who had been revelling on the substance of his house.

Never did there grow trees elsewhere so tall and stately and so umbrageous as in grandfather's pasture, and I loved them all. Each tree had a language of its own, and I soon learned it. Many a lovely story did the beech trees tell me of the classic times when every hamadryad had a tree, and *Ænone* and *Paris* loved each other, and *Corydon* piped to *Amaryllis* beneath their shady branches. The oaks whispered of the golden days of Rome, when its conquering legions wore coronets of their leaves, and of *Dodona's* oracles, and the ship *Argo*, sailing with its crew of fifty swart mariners, sons of princes and of gods, through the dangerous seas to golden *Colchis*. The pines sung of the dark slopes of *Ida*, where gods and goddesses revelled in those glad old days, and of the ships of *Æneas* creeping out from the bay to carry the hero to a friendlier coast, of viking cruises and the wild shouts of Norse sea rovers as they lifted their raven flags on southern coasts—the chestnut slopes of *Italy* or the olive groves of *Spain*. A grove of

chestnuts on the hillside, with each rustle of their leaves, sang of dark-eyed Moorish girls, of ill-fated *Boabdil* and *Granada's* doom, when the dusky-cheeked sultanas went out from the *Alhambra* forever. To lie under the cool foliage among the flickering shadows of the dancing boughs was a boon on a burning July or August day. We can hear the voices of the naiads yet, and as we write there is a natural revival of the old light-hearted enjoyment of the days when weariness and sleep only came together, and came then with a sweetness to which our very pleasures in the after years had no pretence nor likelihood.

OCTOBER.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

The poet's lines run:

"And what is so fair as a day in June?"

Surely, perfect days belong to early summer, and life is fresh with sweetest charms at such a season. But somewhat of June's brightness returns with October, the rare, translucent atmosphere, deep blue heavens, and exultant influences, seem nearly the same. Flowers are more brilliant, roadsides are prolific, gay-winged insects wax numerous, and caressing breezes woo the senses most deliciously. The unseen artist paints the landscape vividly, almost deluding the beholder as to lovely nature's decession.

The memory of even one fine October, however, is treasurable to the mind. It need not die when once we have appreciated. We may look back upon the exhilarating period with pleasure, and there comes time when we may likewise look forward expectantly to its peculiar gifts.

The beauty of the season is something which all who are blessed with keen perception can enjoy immeasurably. Association has much to do with the memories of enjoyment, and we may delightedly remember that in either this or that month we participated in certain pleasures with special friends, so that the recurring season bring stronger thought of those whom in our heart we cherish.

October is a golden month. This sketch is in itself a memory of ideal loveliness, pleasure and exquisite happiness. Because ideal, it is no less real. It stands—the memory—for what may, or may never again, bless the participator in like manner.

There are times when all things conspire to favor mortal desire, and even to sacred human anticipation. If change come darkly over the future horizon of a living soul, memory need not be blighted. Blessed be happy memory! One may create a peaceful world out of many such, and dwell therein, whereas, without them, life would grow weary and its liver desperate.

Providence has provided many a way of escape from misery and "will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able." But we are creatures of free-will. It lies with ourselves whether or not we shall make the best of ourselves and of our lot. The cheerful, energetic liver meets with every assistance on the way. Others feel the touch of such a spirit and respond with more or less willingness to the influence. Thus the bright world becomes brighter, the strong world stronger, while doubt and despair are left as portion to those who have not courage, even when assisted, to rise beyond them.

October is not the ending of earthly activity because outward manifestation is no more when itself has disappeared. The silent, subtle forces are still in harmonious obedience to natural law and perfect order. The spirit which is in ourselves, as well, has every incentive to steady, highest action. We may make of

ourselves as worthy a memory to others as we have of the bright month. We may hold June in our hearts of freshness. We may reveal beauty in our deeds of love and of kindness, like October. Blessing others, we but bring blessing tenfold upon ourselves, and our glory rests with the King All-Glorious, "eternal in the heavens."

May the present October fineness be an earnest of the beauty and blessedness which await us in the realms supernal.

WOMAN'S WORK.

It is often said in disparagement of women that they have not originated or invented much. They have not; but it is their devotion to the minor details of life which has set men free to distinguish themselves, and in all men's achievements women have an acknowledged part.

Home, especially the English home, has inspired volumes of poetry and floods of oratory. It is a subject on which we can all speak from the heart. But when we come to consider any one home in particular, we soon realize how entirely its essential character, its home-likeness, depends on the details of comfort supplied by the women who care for it. The family sense of well-being does not consist in the romantic surroundings, or architectural beauty, or artistic furnishing of a house, so much as in the cleanliness, the order, the serving the meals, the homely work—in fact, the stocking darning of the establishment. It is impossible to conceive of perfect family love permitting a state of perpetual discomfort, or of mutual affection remaining unruffled and undiminished amid the friction which such a state would occasion. That home only can be serenely happy where the daily homely duties are well done—not intermittently, not in a whirlwind of bewildering activity that scares the male population from the scene, but—I need not say how; I appeal to the inner consciousness of woman. What dignity, what beauty and delight it gives our humblest work to think of it as essential to the peace and comfort of English homes, and as enabling those to labor undisturbed who win our bread, and create our literature, and rule and teach our people.

And verily women need some such consolation. Consider how much of their work perishes in the day that it is done, and has all to be repeated day after day, and then say whether it is matter for great marvel that some of them have been ill-advised enough to talk occasionally about their "narrow sphere." The changes are rung on washing, and ironing, and cleaning, and mending days, while every morning the same familiar objects demand washing or dusting, that have been washed or dusted thousands of times before. Tangible results are not what woman chiefly accomplishes, and she often works long and hard without having "anything to show" in the end. There is poetry in her life, it is true, but there is an enormous amount of prose. And sometimes I wish, when a man expresses horror at some woman's escaping from her housework to a wider field of action, that he would try a long-continued course of dusting, washing up, and mending stockings, and see if he ever found it at all monotonous.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

A SUMMER CHANGE DEMANDED.

A great deal of good-natured fun has been made of those who leave their elegant and spacious city homes for more confined quarters during the summer months in the country, but these light satirical shafts do not always hit the mark. It is true that few who go to the country or the seashore to board have the

freedom that they would have in their own houses. That is not to be expected, for they have to consult the convenience of their fellow boarders as well as their own; but they get the change which the human mind demands, and which it will have in some form or other. The mind needs to be rested by being taken out of its old ruts, and amid strange scenes it will find new thoughts to occupy it, which will give much needed relief.

Even the grumbling which one often does because his rural accommodations are not all that were desired or expected, gives the mental faculties a stimulus that makes them forget for the time being more serious matters that have perhaps been weighing heavily on the brain and placing a strain upon it that it could hardly bear.

Then, again, a change of air is always beneficial, providing one removes to a salubrious locality, and one can put up with some inconvenience to breathe what Mr. Whittier calls the iron of our northern breeze amid the hills of New England, or to take in long draughts of the healthful sea air along our pleasant beaches. An absence from the city, too, satisfies one's love for the picturesque and enlarges his views of nature, and if he has to give up some comforts it makes home more attractive by contrast after he returns. One tires even of the best things, and the belongings of our own house become somewhat monotonous and wearisome when they are viewed every day, year in and year out. We have all heard of the man who was tired of putting on his shoes and stockings every day. If he could go bare-footed for a while he would doubtless return to his foot-covering with renewed zest. So, too, we will all love the old roof-tree more if we leave its shelter for a while. Therefore, let all who can go into the country for a time to get that variety which is the spice of life.—*Exchange.*

CURIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

In 1828 a paper was published called the Cherokee Phoenix, which is interesting on more accounts than one. It was published in English and Cherokee, the latter portion being printed with characters invented after years of patient labor and thought by one of the Indians, whose curiosity had been excited by the "speaking leaf," as he called a newspaper which he one day heard a white man read with surprising readiness and facility. After producing his alphabet, he taught it to the other members of his tribe, and eventually, with the assistance of government, was enabled to start the Phoenix.

Very similar was the Sandwich Islands Gazette, first started in 1835, and boasting of woodcuts, for which the publisher received a license from the king, worded as follows: "To Stephen D. Mackintosh.—I assent to the letter which you have sent me. It affords me pleasure to see the works of other lands and things that are new. If I was there, I should very much like to see. I have said to Kivan, 'Make printing-presses.' My thought is ended.—Love to you and Reynolds.—By King Kainkeaguoli." This paper was of eight octavo pages, and was published in English. The present ruler of the Sandwich Islands shares the liberal views expressed in the above letter of his predecessor.

Since that time the practice of publishing papers in the native tongues has spread rapidly; and in India alone at the present moment no fewer than three hundred and thirty newspapers, with a total circulation of more than one hundred and ten thousand, are printed in the languages spoken in the different provinces.

A most curious paper is the official Chinese paper, called King-Pan, which claims

to have been started as early as 911, and to have appeared at irregular intervals till 1351, when it came out regularly every week. At the commencement of the present century, it became a "daily," at the price of two *kehs*—about a halfpenny. By a decree of the emperor, a short time back, it was ordered that three editions were to be printed every day—the first or morning edition, on yellow paper, is devoted to commercial intelligence; the second or afternoon edition contains official and general news; and the third, on red paper, is a summary of the two earlier editions, with the addition of political and social articles. The editorial duties are performed by six members of the Scientific Academy, who are appointed by government. The circulation is about fourteen thousand daily.

One well-known American journal has even purchased a steamer and fitted it up as a regular floating newspaper office. The editors, sub-editors, and journalists all live on board; and by this means, news which has been picked up during the voyage can be set up without loss of time; whilst the details of any incident can be fully authenticated by the steamer calling at the scene of action. This steamer plies between Memphis and New Orleans, distributing its papers on its journeys, and collecting every item of news current along the banks of the Mississippi.

Before the 67th regiment left England for British Burmah, the officers spent a sum of money in purchasing a printing-press and types, with which they published a paper called Our Chronicle, soon after they landed at Rangoon. The editorial staff and compositors were all connected with the regiment, and the journal was regarded as a phenomenon in the annals of the press.

Another military journal deserving mention is, or was, the Cuartal Real, the official organ of the Carlists, published during the war on the almost inaccessible summit of the Pena de la Plata.

Though America is the land of big things, in newspaper matters it can boast of possessing the smallest paper in the world. This diminutive journal is the Madoc Star, which very properly has for its motto, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." It is published weekly. Its dimensions are three inches and a half by three inches; and it consists of four pages, the first being devoted to foreign news, the second to mining notes, the last two to local news.—*Chamber's Journal.*

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Sometime, somewhere we came across an article giving advice to brothers concerning their sisters, which so struck us that we cut it out, and we give it entire, hoping that our young folks will read it, and heed it.

"Young men seldom realize how happy they can make their sisters by small acts of courtesy. How many brothers offer to their sisters the little attentions which they instinctively give to other girls or women? Nay, how many are there who do not feel themselves justified in venting upon their sisters the irritated feelings which they have felt obliged to conceal in their intercourse with the world? A brother who would not wrong his sister of the very least of her rights will yet inflict upon her the grave and almost irreparable wrong of rudeness—a wrong as irreparable as it is dastardly. For rudeness hurts—hurts grievously and lastingly; and what man is worthy of the name who hurts a woman? Brothers do not realize how far a want of courteous conduct at home may go to wreck their sister's future lives. They wonder at the unaccountable liking of girls for men whom the brothers know to be unworthy

—men whose very attentions they feel to be almost an insult to a woman's good sense. Do they not see that it is the courtesy of these men—their 'company manners,' if you please—which makes them agreeable to women? Women so seldom have a high standard of manhood! They so seldom see the best of the men they know the best. How should they not be deceived, and mistake that outside veneer of courtesy which makes pleasant the present hour for that inward truth of character which shall be a benediction to all their future lives? Brothers, if you would have your sisters love worthily, let them at least be accustomed to gentle manners, that when they see them in strangers they may not be so dazzled as to become incapable of distinguishing a true man from a sham."

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.

There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offence is imagined. If they meet an acquaintance on the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some mood personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fact of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult.

There are people in this world who have something to do besides talking, joking, and complimenting. There are persons who get too weary to answer foolish questions repeated again and again. There are persons who now and then appreciate the privilege of a moment's thought or silence, and it is not needful for over-sensitive persons to construe weariness, and care, and labor into indifference, unkindness or contempt. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings and not suppose a slight is intended unless the slight is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree, from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious towards us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint, and in this way the chance of an imaginary offence is vastly increased.—*Health and Home.*

THE HEALTHFUL HOME.

In planning a house especial regard should be paid to the accommodations for children. Many recognize the fact that a properly arranged nursery will diminish the doctor's bills, and yet the experience and forethought which might prevent disease, are too often wanting. The word prevention is a large term, and it is not always possible to ward off disease. To quote Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "There are people who think that every thing may be done if the doctor, be he educator or physician, be only called in season. No doubt; but in season would often be a hundred or two hundred years before the child was born, and people never send so early as that." We may not know the cause of some maladies, but we can check or prevent a great many of them. If individual householders were more willing to recognize this truth, and would look out for the sanitary condition of their own homes, the public authorities would have much less to do. Too much attention cannot be bestowed on children's sleeping rooms, especially in the matter of pure air and sunlight. It is, above all,

important to prevent foul and steamy vapors from the kitchen and laundry, damp emanations from the cellar, and the impurities from gas and other lights from concentrating there. Some means of ventilation are indispensable in every dwelling to prevent the rising of impure atmosphere toward the roof. Shut off the children's bedrooms from the rest of the house and open a window somewhere near for the escape of the impure air.—*Babyhood.*

SPEAK A CHEERFUL WORD.

Did you ever go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed spread all over the world? But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened. Every child dropping into your house on an errand has brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," the world over, and good words to such hearts are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Even strangers we meet casually, by the way, in the travelers' waiting room, are unconsciously influenced by the tone we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom strangers in strange lands apply for advice and direction in their perplexities. Take it as a compliment if some wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or which train to take; your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust. It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our own hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another. When you have no opportunity to speak a cheerful word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing, absent friend by sitting down and writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove the thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Don't be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you." What strength is inspired! What hope created! What sweet gratitude is felt! And the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters."

—Many Christians do greatly wrong themselves with a dull and heavy kind of sullenness; who, not suffering themselves to delight in any worldly thing, are thereupon oftentimes so heartless that they delight in nothing.—*Bishop Hall.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL.—*Respected Sir:*—I have used Dobbins' Soap ten years. I always found it satisfactory and even more than represented to be. I have recommended it to many of my friends and they have also found it satisfactory. Yours respectfully, FANNY COOPER.
Cheyney Post Office, Delaware Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I have sent twenty-five wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for one of their pictures. The soap needs not pictures or music to recommend it after one trial of it. I use no other for the laundry when I can get this. Very respectfully yours, S. D. PRESTON.
Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and like it very much. I think it is the best soap I ever used. I do not have to boil my clothes. I have to rub them but a very little. One bar will do two washings for five people.
Stonington, Conn. MRS. E. BROWN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I never have used any thing to be compared to Dobbins' Electric Soap. Washing is nothing but a pleasure since using it, the clothes come out so beautifully white, with so little labor. I have tried a great many kinds, but this far excels every thing. I will use no other since trying this.
MRS. CHAS. H. SMITH.
East Billerica, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I wish to state, and you may accept it for what it is worth, that I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for nearly three years past, after trying many other kinds, including some very highly and favorably recommended ones, and I am convinced beyond a doubt that it is immeasurably superior to all others tried. I know the foregoing praise may seem exaggerated, but I assure you that my experience with said soap fully warrants the employment of stronger terms even than they are. I remain, respectfully yours, MRS. JOHN VAN TASSEL.
365 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. CROWELL.—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for many years, and like it very much. I have tried others but like Dobbins' best of all. I sent twenty-five wrappers of Dobbins' Soap to I. L. Cragin & Co., for one of their panel pictures.
MRS. MARY A. TAPLEY.
Tapleville, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR.—I have tried Dobbins' Soap, and truly say I prefer it to any soap I have ever used. I have recommended it to a great many, and find they are as much pleased with it as I am.
MRS. G. H. SEYMOUR.
Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap more or less for several years, and I think it the best soap I ever used. I first saw it advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD, and sent for a sample bar. Since then I have recommended it, and had my grocer send for it. I have just bought a box, and enclosed the wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, and wish music as they advertise.
MRS. LYDIA LATTIN.
Otto, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will Mrs. E. C. LaBruce send full address as soon as convenient to MRS. D. H. MCKEAN.
Cobham, Warren Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—If Cinderella will send sample of the Crochet Lace, given in the August number, to Mrs. T. D. Butricks, 605 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn., and her own address, I will send postage and also a sample of beautiful lace.

THE TEST BY RESULTS.

When George Stevenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was about to start out on his first trip, his declaration that the water in his boiler carried a power that would revolutionize the carrying trade of the world, was by many regarded as the idea of an enthusiast, who had become partly crazed in his experiments. He was not led to abandon his undertaking, however, by any lack of faith in those about him, but he persevered and improved his machinery until he saw results which not only satisfied him, but all who looked at them, that his fullest faith had been more than justified. The same test which decided the merits of the claims for the powers of steam is a fair one for to-day, and it is one of the wonders of the age that many powers undiscovered hitherto have now come to the time of ripening and unfolding. One of the most striking of these developments is Compound Oxygen. For a while it also met with incredulity. The idea that it could be stored in water and transported long distances, met with the same doubt that had greeted every other new statement as to the powers in nature. But the same perseverance that has in so many fields won success led to patient endurance of the test by results. It was declared that the object to be attained by this new power was the curing of disease, and trials made of it by sufferers from chronic diseases in every State and Territory in the United States have amply demonstrated the fact that it accomplishes its object. The letters received and on file in the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, from these patients, report cures in asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, dyspepsia, eczema, epilepsy, dropsy, cancer, hay-fever, heart disease, diseases of the eye, of the ear, consumption, rheumatism, diseases of the kidneys, headaches, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases. Nervous prostration, from mental strain and overwork, has in many cases given way to renewed powers and enjoyment of life.

Address Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, for the history of the Compound Oxygen, which is sent free.

MIGHT AS WELL DIE ON THAT AS ON ANY THING ELSE.

WHEN one has suffered on, month after month, consulted all the best "medicine men" within reach, tried all the remedies suggested by sympathizing friends, still suffers on, becoming weaker and more wretched, it is little wonder that such an one becomes despondent and cries out, "I might as well die on one thing as another, and will, therefore, try any thing, even the Compound Oxygen."

Mr. Alonzo Clark, Chief salesman in the large business house of Davis, Collamore & Co., of New York, was so greatly reduced by long-continued lung trouble, proceeding from malaria, that the doctors gave him up. They said, "If you have any business affairs to arrange, you had better arrange them soon for you cannot live long." He had all the symptoms of advanced consumption. By this time he thought the doctors had done all they could for him, which they verily had, at the rate of ten dollars a visit. Somebody dropped a hint in his ear about Compound Oxygen, and he thought he might as well die on that as any thing else. But on taking it for a little while he found that he was not going to die, but to live. To make a long story short, Mr. Clark is again at his post in the store on Broadway, and attending to business with his old-time regularity. He is, as might be expected from his experience, a very firm believer in Compound Oxygen.

A history of Compound Oxygen is embodied in a very interesting two hundred page treatise, which is sent by mail on application. Please address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Card.

If the ladies who wrote essays on the Dover Egg Beater for THE HOUSEHOLD, some years since, in competition for the prize, will send their names and present address to the Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass., they will receive by mail, a Dover Beater, complimentary.
Boston, Mass. DOVER STAMPING CO.

—Wife—"The flour's out." Husband—"So is my money." Wife—"The coal's gone." Husband—"So is my credit." Wife—"Well, we can't starve." Husband—"Can't we? That's good; I was afraid we should."

Balmy odors from Spice Islands,
Wafted by the tropic breeze;
SOZODONT in healthful fragrance
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth it whitens, purifies;
You will use it if you're wise.

One Great Merit

of that Beautifier of the teeth, SOZODONT, is that its effect upon the mouth is refreshing, while as a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath, it stands alone.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, purifying and enriching the blood, improving the appetite, strengthening the nerves, and invigorating the system. It is, therefore, in the truest sense, an *alterative* medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

—The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult.

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, *always* giving me full satisfaction.
MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

—Time is the rider that breaks youth.

It has Proved a Wonderful Success.

For Wyandotte, Langshan, P. Rock and Brown Leghorn Chicks. Address, with stamp, H. C. PORTER, West Liberty, Iowa.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is highly commended by all who have used it, for washing or cleansing purposes. It cleans the fabric without the tedious process of rubbing. Sold by grocers.

Invalids, as well as Children, find Mellin's Food a most satisfactory and nourishing article of diet. Its method of preparation adapts it to the most delicate stomach, while its strengthening properties are wonderful.

A fine head of hair is an indispensable element of beauty. Ayer's Hair Vigor maintains youthful freshness and luxuriance, restores to faded and gray hair its original color, prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures scalp diseases. It gives perfect satisfaction.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

"THE MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call *especial* notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equaled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country. We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Umar, as - - "Yum-Yum."
Misses Umar, Foster and St. Maur, as
"Three Little Maids from School."
Kate Foster, as - - - - "Pitti-Sing."
George Thorne, as - - - - "Ko-Ko."
Courtice Pounds, as - - - - "Nanki-Poo."
Frederici, as - - - - "The Mikado."
Fred Billington, as - - - - "Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each, but to any one who uses our soap, and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post-office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and free of charge.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
No. 119 South Fourth St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

—Johnnie was kicked by his pony. "What made him kick you?" inquired his sympathizing aunt. "I don't know," sobbed Johnnie; "I didn't ask him."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion. Is equally good for both sexes.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

Invalids should remember that the causes of sick and nervous headaches may be promptly removed by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills speedily correct irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and are the mildest and most reliable cathartic in use.

GOOD HEALTH BY GOOD FOOD.

The advertisement of The Health Food Company has appeared in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD for many years. The products of the Company have been used from year to year by the Editor, by many of the regular contributors, and by a goodly array of its readers. One and all have testified to the usefulness of these improved Foods in health, and to their great value in sickness. Hundreds of mothers have announced their satisfaction at the welcome discovery that in the many perfect cereal products of this Company, some palatable and attractive nutriment could always be found, so prepared as to be easily digested by the feeblest infant or invalid. The work of The Health Food Co. is founded upon a genuine and scientific food-philosophy, and recognizes the fact that foods must differ in different conditions, and that no single food can supply a universal want. The entertaining and instructive pamphlets of the Company should be carefully read by all, and may be obtained without cost by addressing The Health Food Company, 74 4th Ave., New York, or its agents in the principal cities of the country.

See Dover Egg Beater Advertisement.

The wonderful popularity of this thoroughly effective Egg Beater is due solely to its absolute merits. More than four millions are now in use while the demand is constantly increasing. Each one has been sold with a warrant and not one has ever failed to give delightful satisfaction. The housekeeper never rejects a Dover Egg Beater. Never parts with it. She is fully satisfied and would be if it cost five dollars instead of fifty cents. No other article for the kitchen has ever deserved or achieved as great a success as this. It is the one genuine labor saver. Aside from its great practical merit it is one of the neatest made and nicest finished articles in the world. Watches are not made with greater precision nor do they work more smoothly. No matter who you buy the Dover Beater of, it is warranted to thoroughly please and satisfy you. The Dover Stamping Co., Boston, are sole manufacturers and will furnish circulars with cuts of all the sizes, to all who ask for them.

Between disease and the many cheap preparations which are palmed off under the name of blood purifiers, take your chances with disease until you can procure Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the only reliable blood purifier. Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

WHEN THE BIRDS WAKE UP.

An enthusiastic ornithologist has amused himself by investigating the question at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He says: The greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the blackcap begins, and the quail apparently awakes up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon before the real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally the house sparrow and the tom tit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much-celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise till long after chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about for some time.

—The man who has to carry a bundle can never have quite as high an opinion of himself as he might otherwise. It unsexes any man who is compelled to keep it up. There are few things which make a man appear so confoundedly awkward as to go pushing through the street or into a vehicle with a bundle under his arm and his pockets bulging out with others. It is like trying to find the pocket in one of the modern and fearfully made dresses for a man to handle a bundle with ease and grace. A woman may be so heavily loaded with packages and bundles that no one would recognize her, and yet she would carry them in a graceful, if not an easy manner. A man can't carry one bundle with any sort of grace or ease. He puts it under one arm, and it works its way out and slips down. He tries to catch it on the calf of his leg and totters over. Two to one he loses his hat, or perhaps falls flat on his face. Picking up the bundle he puts it under the other arm. It either works its way out or the string gets untied and the contents fall out. If he gets into a car with it he is sure to drop it. Stooping in a crowded car to pick up any thing is not a pleasant job, and is seldom accomplished without some calamity following. Then a man can never find a place to put a bundle, no matter how many receptacles there may be in sight. He will hold on to a bundle if he has to drop a baby. Any wife who will insist upon having her husband load himself with bundles every time he goes to the city might as well put the petticoats on him first as last. That's what he'll come to if he has to keep up the custom.

—Yes, laugh—laugh as much and as heartily as you can. Laughter exercises several sets of muscles, it lightens the heart, it refreshes the mind. And while it benefits one's self, it also cheers one's neighbors. Laughter is the exclusive privilege of the higher animals—therefore, it should be a part of our pride and dignity to laugh. But let us beware, one and all of us, where, when and how we laugh. "There is no surer index of character," says a great writer, "than the things one laughs at."

—Overheard at midnight on a Cunnard—small boy: Ma! Ma! My dinner won't stay swallowed.

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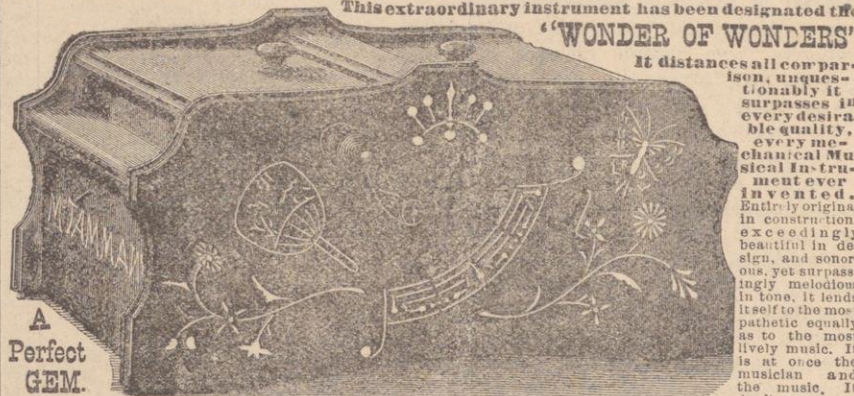
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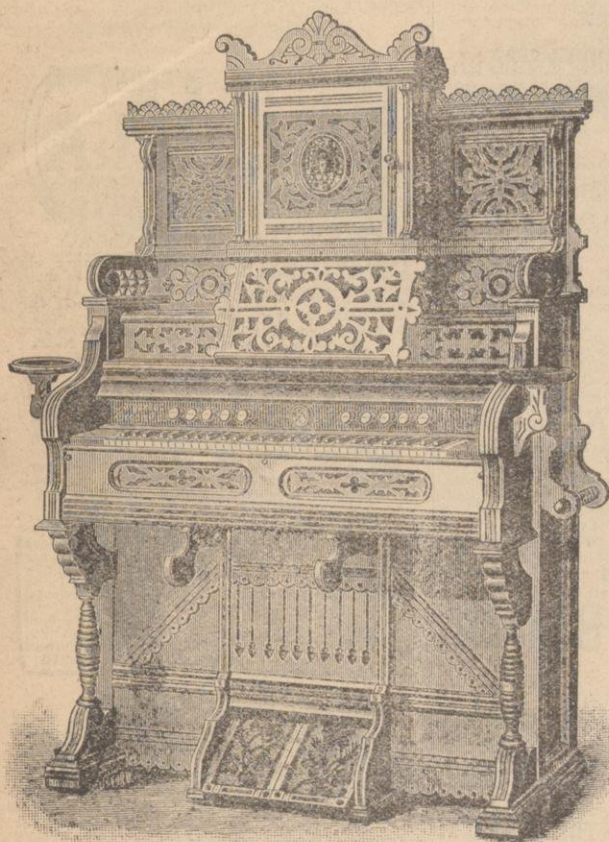
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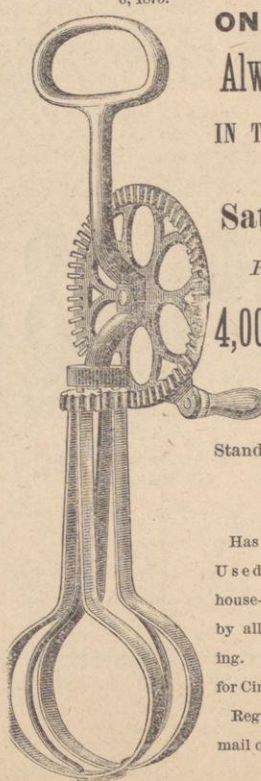
Every housekeeper desires to have her collars, cuffs, and shirt bosoms, stiff as a board and shine like silver. Send 50 cts. for complete directions for starching, and securing a Superior Laundry Polish on linen. **MRS. I. TROY, Lock Box 212, Youngstown, Ohio.**

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THE ONE THING Always Needful IN THE KITCHEN.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING ESTABLISHED 1866. Takes the lead, does not corrode like tin or iron, nor decay like shingles or tar compositions, easy to apply, strong and durable at half the cost of tin. Is also a SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. CARPETS and RUGS of same, double the wear of all others. Catalogues and samples free. **W. H. FAY & CO., CAMDEN, N. J.**

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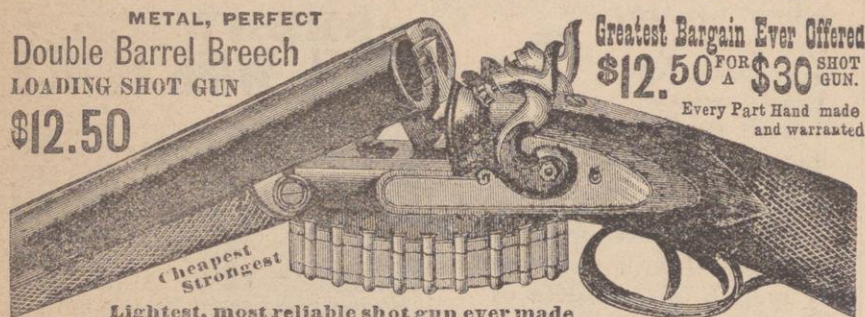
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New Patent Method of doing Stamping. NO PAINT—NO POWDER—NO DAUB!
Instructions can be had only with this outfit, as they are copyrighted.

Description of a few of the patterns:—1 set of initials for towels, hat ribbons, &c., worth 50c; 2 large outlines for tildies, 25c; 1 design for tinsel embroidery, 5 inches wide, for end of table scarf, 25c; 1 tidy design for ribbon work, 2c; 1 large clover design, 7x11, 25c; 1 large thistle, 6x7, for Kensington painting, 25c; 1 stork and 1 large butterfly, for lustre painting, 25c; 1 pansy design for ladies bag, 10c; 1 design for thermometer case, 2c; 1 elegant spray of golden-rod, 6x11, 25c; 1 Martha Washington geranium, for plush petals, 6x10, 25c; 1 half wreath for hat crown, 15c; 1 design for top of umbrella case, 15c; 1 spider's web, and 1 new disk pattern, 25c; 1 tidy design, owls on a tree, 25c; 1 vine of daisies and ferns, for end of table scarf, 15c; 1 wide braiding pattern, 25c; 1 large bunch of daisies, 20c; and 75 or more other designs of roses, elephas, autumn leaves, outline designs, &c., &c. Besides the patterns the outfit contains: 1 box black and 1 box white powder; 2 distributors; illustrated instruction book, TEACHING STAMPING, INCLUDING NEW METHOD, all the stitches, &c.; 1 tidy, all stamped and ready to be worked, with silk to work it, and our Catalogue and Illustrated Price List, with over 3000 pictures, and description of patterns, new fancy work, table covers, key holders, &c., and prices of silks, felts, satins, chenilles, tinsel, &c. We are the largest dealers in these goods in the world. PRICE LIST FREE. T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

The "WOOLWICH"

METAL, PERFECT
Double Barrel Breech
LOADING SHOT GUN
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Greatest Bargain Ever Offered
\$12.50 FOR A \$30 SHOT GUN.
Every Part Hand made and warranted

Lightest, most reliable shot gun ever made
NOW OR NEVER IS YOUR CHANCE!
to get the best handmade, reliable shooting gun ever manufactured.

In the great gun factories of the world continual experiments are made to obtain the greatest strength with other needed qualities in gun metal. After innumerable trials they at length hit upon the kind of metal used in this gun, hence it is named the "WOOLWICH," in honor of the Woolwich Infant, the most powerful Rifled cannon in existence. But not only is the metal the best in the world, but it is made by the most skillful artisans to be found in any gunsmith's shops anywhere. It is

The Grandest Triumph of Intelligence and Practice.

It is made for service, not show, although very handsome. No other breech-loader begins to have anything like the same powerful action. It is centre fire, 16 or 12 bore, 84 in. long, 4 in. diameter, 100 lbs. weight, with a Steel Lock, blue, and an automatic shell ejector suits either paper or brass shells handsome case hardened mountings. Barrels 28, 30 and 32 inches.

It Shoots Perfectly at 80 Yards and Will Kill at 150 Yards.

This illustrates a Target with both Barrels' Target 24 inches in Diameter. Distance 65 Yards.



It is one of the strongest arms ever made weighs from 7 1/2 to 9 1/2 pounds. It has all the best qualities found in a \$30 Shot Gun. The instant your eye spots this gun you will admire it and the first trial will convince you that you never took sight over a better or truer piece. We intend to be permanently engaged in the sale of the WOOLWICH Gun and for this reason we put it, for the present, at so low a figure, as we are satisfied that every Hunter and Sportsman will concede it to be the best shooting gun furnished at any price. So satisfied are we of the great merits of this gun that we will send C. O. D. on receipt of \$3.00, subject to examination. Balance of bill to be paid at express office. As soon as enough of these guns are sold at \$12.50 to make them well known to the shooting classes we shall put the price up to \$25.00 knowing they will readily sell at that wherever known. Now is the time to be sure of getting this excellent Gun at \$12.50. A good gun like a good watch is always valuable and will often sell for more than its cost. To any one sending \$12.50 at once, full amount of cash with order WE WILL GIVE FREE A SPORTSMAN'S BELT of fine water-proof canvas and 25 Shells extra.

Our patented solid brass shells, which prevent charges and wads from falling out, furnished at 60 cents a Dozen, \$4 a Hundred. Paper Shells 75 cents per Hundred, \$2.00 will buy full set reloading tools.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD SHOT GUN AT A MODERATE PRICE BUY THIS.

Send money by Post Office Order or registered letter.

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Our 1887 New STAMPING OUTFIT!

This Outfit is the largest, best and cheapest ever offered. It contains more new and original designs than any other, and it is to be obtained only of us. All our patterns are thoroughly made, the outlines are clear and distinct, and it is no trouble at all to use it.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

By doing your own Stamping—By doing it for your friends.

Our New 1887 Outfit for Stamping is guaranteed to give satisfaction, and contains all the following designs—

- | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 Chicken | 1 Boquet Daisies and Forget-me-nots for Tidy | 1 Boquet of Roses and Buds, 12 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Half Wreath | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Wild Rose, 3x3 | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Horse's Head, 4x5 | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Tinsel Design, 7 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 bunch of Fuschias | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 bunch of Strawberries | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 vine of Forget-me-nots and Daisies | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 single Daisy and Forget-me-not, 2x2 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Boquet of Daisies and Forget-me-nots, 5x5 inches | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig of Bachelor's Button, 3/4 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 scallop with sprigs of Lily of the Valley | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 vine of Daisies and Ferns, 5 1/2 inches wide | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 growing design of Violets, for Lambrequins, &c., 6 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig of Daisies, 4 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig of Bachelor's Button, 3/4 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 single Rose and Bud, 2x2 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 vine with scallop, 2 1/2 in. wide | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 design, Two Owls on branch | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig of Golden Rod, 4 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 bunch of Roses and Buds, 3x3 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 cluster of Strawberries, 2 1/2 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig of Forget-me-nots, 1 1/2 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Peacock Feather | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Cat | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Fish | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Daisy | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 2 Stars | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Pansy | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Arrow | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 3 Sparrows | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Buttercup | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Tulip, 5 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Little Bird | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Sprig Pink | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Golden Rod | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig Violets | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Flying Bird, 5 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Kitten, 3 1/2 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Pull-blown Daisies | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Little Girl, 5 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 large bunch Daisies | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Bachelor's Button | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 large bunch Pansies | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Wild Rose and Bud | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Vine of Flowers, 8 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Bird on a Branch, 4 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 Half Moon with Face | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 branch of Roses, 9 in. | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 large spray of Wheat | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 sprig Forget-me-not | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 design of Child's Face | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
| 1 design of Child's Face | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high | 1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high |
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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
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5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife.	.75	3
6	Sugar Spoon.	.75	3
7	Autograph Album.	1.00	3
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10	Half Chromo, May Flowers.	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife.	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book.	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household.	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife.	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons.	1.50	5
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17	Carving Knife and Fork.	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings.	2.00	5
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20	Six Teaspoons.	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk.	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box.	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick.	2.25	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon.	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case.	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives.	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks.	2.75	7
28	Gilt Cup.	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album.	3.00	7
30	Spoon Holder.	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler.)	4.00	8
32	Pie Knife.	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle.	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife.	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork.	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons.	4.00	9
37	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles.	3.75	10
38	1 doz. Teaspoons.	4.50	10
39	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler.)	5.00	10
40	1 doz. Tea Knives.	5.00	10
41	Sheet Music, (agent's selection.)	5.00	10
42	Carving Knife and Fork.	4.00	12
43	Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g.	5.00	12
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45	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat.	5.50	12
46	Syrup Cup.	6.00	12
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48	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles.	6.00	14
49	Caster.	6.50	14
50	Cake Basket.	6.50	14
51	Croquet Set.	6.50	14
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57	Card Receiver, gilt, fine.	7.00	16
58	Celery Glass, silver stand.	7.50	16
59	Fruit Dish.	8.00	16
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62	Spoon Holder.	7.50	18
63	1 doz. Tablespoons.	8.00	18
64	1 doz. Table Forks, medium.	8.00	18
65	Photograph Album.	10.00	18
66	Caster.	8.00	20
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68	Cake Basket.	10.00	20
69	Elegant Family Bible.	10.00	20
70	Telescope and 50 Views.	10.00	20
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Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
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A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

Unauthorized use of the name of Dr. Mott, late Government Chemist, by the Royal Baking Powder Co.

The statements published by the Royal Baking Powder Company as emanating from me and reflecting upon the purity of "Cleveland's Baking Powder" are false. I never knew of such publications until I saw them in print on the fifteenth of this month, January, 1885.

I have, on several occasions during the past few years and without the knowledge of the manufacturers, analytically examined cans of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder purchased by myself in the markets, and I take pleasure in recommending it to public favor as a baking powder that can be relied upon for purity, wholesomeness and strength, as I have never found it to be adulterated with Lime or to be impure in any sense whatever.

New York, January 16, 1885.

Dr. H. A. MOTT,

Professor of Chemistry New York Medical College, &c.

Misrepresentation of the New York State Board of Health by the Royal Baking Powder Co.

At a meeting of the State Board of Health held February 11th, 1885, it was

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Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '83. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE.

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TRADE MARK
FITS EASY
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Owing to the diagonal elasticity of the cloth will fit perfectly first time worn. Requires no breaking in. Money returned by seller after being worn 10 days if not found the most PERFECT FITTING.
Healthful & Comfortable Corsets ever worn. See that the Yatis stamp is on inside of Corset. Sold by all dealers. Price by mail, prepaid, \$1.35 and upwards. Mention this paper.
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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

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ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES
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The parrots and the paroquets? Our Susy saw and asked mamma
The blue-jays and flamingoes As they were passing by them,
And all the brightly colored birds Did all these birdies grow so bright
With labels in dead lingo, Or did LEWANDO dye them?

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