



The household. Vol. 5, No. 6 June 1872

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, June 1872

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Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1872.

No. 6.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

Editor and Proprietor,

Crosby Block, - - - Main Street,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS: — \$1 00 per year.



WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;
Turn out the bright red clover,
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley:
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan or without a plan,
And your ends shall be shaped true:
Work, and learn at first hand, like a man—
The best way to know is to do!

Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet wild daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

Alice Cary.

LAWNS AND FLOWER BEDS.

THERE is nothing that gives a rural home a more beautiful lookout than a well kept lawn. The eye is never tired of looking at the velvety green. It is beautiful early in the spring, more beautiful in the last days of summer, and most beautiful when contrasted with the sere and yellow leaves of autumn. To enjoy the beauty of a lawn it is not necessary that it should cover acres or even half an acre. We have seen a lawnlet, a lawn in miniature, covering only some three rods square by the side of a house—there was no room in front for even a flower-bed—that conveyed to the eye all the beauty of a large area. It was well shorn each day, an iron vase with flowers stood in the

center, and two or three little oval flower-beds, filled with verbenas, heliotropes, and coleus, gave a pleasing variety. The great secret of a velvety lawn is frequent cuttings. The grass clings to life and in order to live must breath, and therefore sends out numerous leaflets near the surface, and the oftener it is mowed the more numerous are these little leaves. With a lawn mower the labor of clipping the grass once a week is slight.

Nowhere do flowers appear to so good advantage as scattered in little circular beds on a lawn, each bed containing only one variety of flowers and these perpetual bloomers. In the old style of making a flower garden, with all sorts of flowers growing promiscuously together, and walks to be kept clean, the labor is great, and when tended most neatly, the impression is of a swamp of flowers rather than of well defined arrangement.

But let the little beds be scattered here and there over the lawn, one filled with white roses, another with red, one with scarlet geraniums, another with portulaceas, one with verbenas, and another with petunias, one with coleus, and another with heliotropes, and the effect is most pleasing. There is at the same time unity and variety.

We have spoken of filling these beds with perpetual bloomers, for dead flower stalks on a lawn are anything but ornamental. There are some flowers, however, that come early in the spring and soon pass out of bloom, but they are so ornamental that we can hardly dispense with them on the lawn. Such are daffodils, tulips, lilies of the valley, etc. Some, as the lilies of the valley, have green leaves which are ornamental all summer; but others as the tulips, have dry, unsightly stalks. In the latter case the beds may be filled with two varieties of flowers, as tulips and portulaccas, the latter not making their appearance, till the former have passed their blooming season.—Ex.

FAULTS IN BUILDING.

Among the most prominent we may enumerate these faults in planning and erecting houses:

1. Cramping a house down to the smallest possible space, so as to make more yard-room, which will never be used.

2. Making no calculations as to the size of rooms or the location of furniture.

3. Building chimneys by guess so that one has to have a dozen lengths of useless stove pipe, or else place his stove in the most inconvenient location.

4. Arranging windows and doors so that one opens against the other, or in the very spot to be occupied by a piece of furniture, or so placing them that no fresh air can get through the house, even though the whole should be open.

5. Providing no means of ventilating

rooms, save by open doors or windows; hence all the impure air which is generated by breathing, cooking, fermentation, as it is rarified, raises to the top of the room, and there remains to breed discomfort, disease and death.

6. Nailing sheeting to the outside of the studding and clapboards (or siding) close to the outside of that, leaving small or no air holes between them; and as, in nine cases out of ten green materials for each covering has been used, they shrink and rot, soon making a honeycomb of the shell, though plastered with paint and cement.

7. Laying the floor directly upon joists, or at best, laying it with culls full of knots and shakes which are but little better than nothing, and as a consequence, the floor is always cold and uncomfortable.

8. In finishing, first laying the basis pilasters, and casing (perhaps green lumber), and then lathing and plastering up to them so that when they dry, large ori- fices are left to let in cold and moisture.

9. Letting the work out, as a whole, trusting to the honesty of the contractor to do it, without having plans and specifications properly drawn, and without having any one to oversee, or criticize, or direct it.

COATING FOR BRICK WALLS.

A good outside coating for rough walls of brick or stone is that used on government light-houses, etc. It is said to be a good water-proof as well as an excellent substitute for paint for outside walls. Take of fresh Rosendale cement three parts, and of clean, fine sand one part; mix with fresh water thoroughly. This gives a gray or granite color, dark or light, according to the color of the cement. If brick color is desired, add enough Venetian red to the mixture to produce the color. If a very light color is desired, lime may be used with the cement and sand. Care must be taken to have all the ingredients well mixed together. In applying the wash, the wall must be wet with clean fresh water, then follow immediately with the cement wash. This prevents the bricks from absorbing the water from the wash too rapidly, and gives time for the cement to set. The wash must be well stirred during the application—the admixture to be made as thick as can be applied conveniently with a white-wash brush.

It is stated that this cement wash will stand for years, that it is admirably suited for brick-work, fences, etc., that it is nearly water-proof, but it cannot be used to advantage over paint or white-wash.—*Artisan*.

—There is nothing like a good green turf around farm buildings to prevent dust from being blown into the parlor, kitchen or dairy room.



POLISHING WOOD.

HAVING had numerous inquiries respecting polishing wood, we propose now to give some plain and simple directions, which, if followed, cannot fail to secure a good result. In doing this, we shall not attempt to give all the ways by which wood is given a fine polish, to do which would extend the article beyond proper limits; but we will endeavor to give a method which is applicable to nearly all kinds of wood used for purposes in which a fine polish is desirable.

For general use, on hard or soft woods, there is nothing that, in the writer's experience, has proved so good as shellac dissolved in the proportion of four ounces of the gum to one and one-fourth pounds, apothecaries' weight, of 95 per cent. alcohol. Some have recommended the addition of gum sandarach, in the proportion of about one-half an ounce to the above solution of shellac, but we have never been convinced that it was any benefit. It is certain that it renders the polish less hard and durable, and, though it facilitates the work a little, had better, we think, be omitted.

A second preparation, to be used in finishing, will be given below.

If shellac, free from gritty impurities, cannot be obtained, it should be purified by dissolving it in alcohol to a thin solution, and filtering it through porous paper. To obtain a fine polish, the wood must have as perfect a surface as it is possible to give it with tools. The finest sandpaper obtainable should be employed. Some use old sandpaper, that was coarse when new, to which we decidedly object, as it is likely to have somewhere some coarse grains still adhering, which will make unsightly scratches.

In sandpapering, use a light hand and work in all directions of the grain till the wood assumes a soft, velvety fineness of surface, uniform throughout. If you have an old silk handkerchief, it is the best thing to wipe off the dust caused by sandpapering. In any case, the cloth used for this purpose must be very soft, and should be warmed, on the same principle that a hatter warms his silk cloth by which he lays the nap on a silk hat after pressing.

Have at hand a little raw linseed oil in a saucer. Take a piece of linen and tie up in it a wad of soft cotton wool to make a rubber. The size of the rubber should be proportioned to the work in hand; say from the size of a hickory nut up to that of a hen's egg. The cotton must be compressed in the linen, so as to form a soft, somewhat elastic ball.

To the rubber is applied the polish, taking care to avoid overdosing. Then another linen cloth is to be drawn over the ball, and pucker together to form a convenient handle. Now touch the outer rag with a drop of the raw oil from the saucer, and you are ready to begin the rubbing.

Now again use a light hand, especially if the wood has a soft texture. Rub in circles over a limited portion of the surface to be polished. When it is desired to squeeze out more polish, stop the rubbing, and press more heavily, till the polish oozes out through the outer cloth. Then proceed with the polishing till the cloth gets so dry as to risk marring the surface with scratches.

Thus cover the entire surface, putting from time to time more polish between the pad and the outer cloth and renewing the latter, if necessary. Let the work dry thoroughly, and then put on a second coat of the polish, and let the work stand a day to allow perfect drying and absorption of the polish. When you return to it you will find, if the work was properly done, the entire surface of a dull but nearly uniform lustre. A damp cold atmosphere, with plenty of dust floating in the air, are certain conditions of failure; avoid them.

Put on the third coat, and follow it by a gentle rubbing with a soft, clean rag, merely dampened with alcohol. The work is now ready to be finished.

The finishing coat should be given with one-fourth an ounce each of purified shellac and gum benzoin dissolved in one-fourth pound of 95 per cent. alcohol.

The rubber for applying this coat should be new and clean; and the finishing coat should not be applied till the third coat is perfectly dry. You may find that, after all your care, there are some dull spots. You may use "elbow grease" to remove them, as this last coat will bear much harder rubbing than any of the others.

Some practice filling the pores of open woods with glue sizing, but this never gives so fine a result, although it sometimes saves much labor. If a glue size is used, it should be made thin and of the best white glue. It should be well rubbed into the wood with a stiff brush, and after sandpapering and dusting, a second coat should be applied. But in polishing wood, as in other nice operations, no good, satisfactory results can be obtained without labor and painstaking. These and a little practice, combined with the knowledge we have attempted to impart, ought to give skill in making what is, in our opinion, the most beautiful finish that can be imparted to wood.—*Scientific American*.

GRUMBLERS.

Grumbling is a disease which, once caught, is seldom got rid of again; a habit that sticks like a bur and grows like a mushroom; a Nemesis garment, which, when put on, cannot be taken off and hung up in the wardrobe at pleasure, but which clings to the devoted flesh with immovable tenacity and resists every effort from the outside to tear it away. Nothing but the most resolute will conquers that habit when formed; but resolute will, though strong enough when dealing with other folk's weaknesses and tempers, is wonderfully incapable when acting as a curb on one's self. And when the question comes of doing anything disagreeable to flesh and blood for the good of one's soul, resolu-

tion is apt to melt away from marble to mud.

Yet if the grumbler only knew how disagreeable he makes himself! It is to be presumed that we like to be loved, save those few eccentric people who boast of their ability to live without the sympathy or charity of their kind. But, taking mankind *en masse*, and making no abnormal exceptions, we all desire the esteem and good feeling of our fellows, and the most of us condescend even to underhand meanness to insure consideration. But the grumbler, without intending it, makes all who come in contact with him so uncomfortable that they only long to escape him; and he wearies even the stoutest affection by time. So far from seeing that any cloud of his has a silver lining, to his way of looking at things the brightest silver throws a sable shadow; and instead of the longest lane having a turn at last, the shortest that he may have to traverse is as if endless.

Whatever good things he has are overtopped by their corresponding disadvantages, and his lean kine eat up his fat ones at a sitting. If you praise his children, he points out to you their faults; if you tell him his garden is pretty, he laments the trouble and expense of keeping it up; if you envy him the sunny aspect of his flower clad house he counts up to you the cost of the faded carpets and curtains which a southern aspect involves, and sighs over earwigs in his tea and greenfly on his roses. Whatever you see in his surroundings to admire or approve he is sure to expose to you the defects; and it he has to choose between admiring a flower and lamenting a weed, the weed will come in for the lamentation and the flower will go unregarded.

ALWAYS NEAT.

Some folks are very charming at evening parties, but surprise them in the morning, when not looking for company, and the enchantment is gone. There is good sense in the following advice to young ladies:

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury," or a "sloven," in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain; a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair-brush, nail-brush and tooth-brush. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide most of their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner-work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may not, or need not be anything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, should a stranger or neighbor come in. Moreover your self-respect should demand the decent apparel of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

—Among well-bred people a mutual deference is shown; attention given to each in his turn; and an easy stream of conversation maintained, without vehemence, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.

—Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.



THE PEONY.

THE peony is an old-fashioned flower, often found in the garden, or in front of the houses of rural dwellers, who cultivate no other kinds of flowers. The improved varieties of this plant produce splendid flowers, and some of them quite fragrant. The usual plan of growing them, as seen about the country, is in roots of single colors, usually red; but a mode giving a much more pleasing sight and effect, is to mass them, of different colors, on a raised, oval bed; and thus cultivated in deep, rich soil, they afford one of the most beautiful sights of the garden. Their hardiness, affluence in leaf and flower, brilliance and luxuriance, cause us to pause and admire them. The contrast and harmony of foliage and flower is very effective.

There are a large number of varieties of the old red, and improvements varying in color all the way from deep red to white. All are said to be hardy and will thrive in any good garden soil. Flowers of all varieties of this species of plant vary in size according to the soil they occupy and the culture. The richer and deeper the soil, and the better the culture, the larger and finer the flowers.

The peony is very easily propagated—no plants more so. The fall of the year is the best time to set them, although it may be done in the spring, if done quite early, but less advantageously than in the fall. Divide the roots with a sharp spade; a single bud with a root attached will make a plant, which, with good culture, will soon form quite a clump. Give them a deep, rich soil, one which does not suffer from drouth, ordinarily, and plenty of room on every side. Set in clumps in rich grass ground they look very fine. When once planted they should be disturbed as little as possible, as they grow stronger and bloom better as they advance in age. Set the crowns of the roots four or five inches below the surface. The different varieties blossom through May and June. The earliest is *P. teriifolia*, the foliage of which is fine cut and very ornamental, the blossom not double.

There are two principal sorts of peonies, herbaceous and shrubby, or tree. The herbaceous is the sort principally, or generally grown; although the tree peonies are splendid plants and are well worthy of a place in every garden. These have woody stalks, often two or three feet high, and produce single or double red or white flowers. In our bleak New England climate, if the clumps of the herbaceous sorts, are covered with three or four inches of manure just as winter sets in, and a portion of the fine worked into the soil in spring, they do all the better. Florists' catalogues will give lists of varieties from which you can select and hardly go wrong.

W. H. W.

FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

Select, if possible, an east or south window. Our days are short, plants need light, and as we can give them at best only a few hours of light, it is important that there should be as much of brightness and warmth in it as we can furnish. If an east or south window cannot be had, then a west window is better than a north.

The room should be one where the night temperature does not fall below 40 deg., and, if possible, is not maintained much above 70 deg., by day; also, it should be one not usually occupied by the family in the evening; for at night we draw the curtain, stir up the fire, light the lamp or gas, and increase the temperature several degrees above the average temperature of the day. But plants require that when the daylight fades the temperature should decline. Night is their time for rest, but they cannot rest if the temperature is as high or higher than it is during the day. The effect is similar to that produced upon a human being by depriving him of his wonted sleep.

The room should not be one that is heated by a furnace; the air from it is apt to be too dry and too hot. If it must be heated by a furnace, set a pail of water in the register, and at night shut off the heat so that the temperature may fall gradually to about 45 deg. before morning. Again, gas-lighted rooms are bad for plants. Enough gas escapes in the evening unconsumed, though the flames seem never so perfect, to kill delicate plants, and to injure materially the most robust. If they cannot be kept in such an atmosphere, by closing a glazed door or sash so as to shut them out from the air of the room, then better not try to keep plants in the window at all.

Arrangements should be made for giving the plants fresh air whenever practicable. The most convenient way is to have the upper sash movable and let it down at the top, taking care that the plants do not stand in a draught of cold air, and admitting it in a quantity proportioned to the weather outside; when it is very cold and frosty, very little or none at all, and more when the weather is moderate.

The leaves of the plants need washing in order to remove the dust that gathers on them and fills up the pores. Geraniums, and like hairy and soft leaved plants, are best washed by taking them to the sink, and syringing them thoroughly through a fine hose. Glossy leaved plants, such as Camellias, require to have the leaves sponged off one by one. In all cases, soft and tepid water should be used. The washing should be done often, say once a week.

In watering, use tepid water and learn the requirements of the plants, so as to adapt the amount to need. An Ethiopian Lily will rejoice in watering that would kill a Cactus.

The drainage of the pots should be perfect, so that surface water can escape through the hole in the bottom of the pot. If the pots stand in saucers, pour off the water that runs into them, and not let it be soaked up into the pot again. Yet this rule, though of very general application, need not be observed in the case of aquatic plants.

A very common error in window gardening is that of attempting too much. Too many plants are crowded into the little space at command, so that it is

impossible to give each the air and light it should have. Again, plants of too diverse characters are brought together. It is not uncommon to see tropical plants that require stove heat, and plants from the temperate zone, if not even Alpine plants, all crowded into the same window, and subjected to the same temperature and treatment. Better far to have one healthy, well-grown plant, that will yield its flowers in perfection, than a dozen sickly, feeble wretched plants, that have not beauty either of leaf or of blossom.—*Canada Farmer*.

TREATMENT OF ROSES.

In replying to an inquiry as to the management of roses, one well versed in their culture says:

In the first place I look well to their setting, making the soil in which they are placed deep and rich with well decayed manures, preparing for them with something of the same care which should be given to the making of an asparagus bed.

From the first appearance of the leaves in the spring, I give them sprinklings of hellebore, and whaleoil soap, to thwart the insects and to preserve them in a healthy condition. Two sprinklings of hellebore is usually enough, but the whaleoil soap I continue through the summer. What is left over from these sprinklings I give to pear and plum trees, and they seem very grateful for this stringent bath. When the June buds make their appearance I go out with my scissors and subject my hybrid perpetuals to a thorough process of disbudding, cutting out half or more than half the buds set. "Don't, don't, don't!" people say who see me at this work; but two months later these same persons will linger at my gate and say: "What do you do to keep your roses in bloom?"

At the period of disbudding the world is full of June roses. I only want my perpetuals for a few finer blooms. Furthermore, I never allow the hawm to remain on the bushes. As soon as a blossom begins to shed its petal, it is removed, and if I have a pair of scissors or knife about me the whole flower stem goes by the board—a pruning process which stimulates the growth of the flower stem. This is not work. My necessary expeditions to the flower garden to admire new beauties are all that is needed. While I take note of the new blossoms, I remove the old. But I sometimes find work, and that of a decided kind among my rose bushes. Through the rich soil I find creeping, with serpent-like persistence, a strange foot root, and I discover that my prize is a budded rose.

Sometimes in the very midst of my precious blossoms, an unwelcome head appears budded and ready to bloom—a foreign shoot that has escaped me. Then I think I will never buy roses again that I do not know to be on their own roots. Some varieties are a little difficult, perhaps, but I have been accustomed to find the most difficult kinds—Jules' Marzettein and others—on their own roots in purchasing east. There is much choice among perpetuals in selecting free bloomers. The best of care will not make all remontants free bloomers. But whatever the rose you purchase, you will not get fine blossoms without care, and the best of care will not make all remontants free bloomers. So that this is a very important consideration in making selections.

THE TUBEROSE.

FROM REYNOLD'S FLORAL GUIDE.

The culture of the tuberose has become general. Still there are some who do not succeed with this beautiful and delicately fragrant flower. "What shall I do to make my tuberose blossom?" "Why don't my tuberose blossom?" are frequent inquiries. These difficulties are partly imaginary, for the tuberose may be grown as easily as early potatoes.

Remember that the tuberose cannot be always successfully grown in the latitude of Rochester, N. Y., in the open border, unless first started in a frame. The reason is plain—our seasons are too short—the frost killing the flower stalk just as the buds are expanding. Farther south they attain their full perfection out of doors, and if planted in rich soil and well watered, give ample satisfaction.

The first requisite is to get good bulbs, with a firm shoot, and not rotten at the heart. If you wish a succession of bloom from July to November, fifty bulbs will be required.

About April first, plant bulbs to bloom in July, again the last of April and about the middle of May. With these plantings you can have tuberoses in blossom most of the summer and autumn.

Before planting bulbs remove all small offsets, as they weaken the bulb, and never bloom. Having prepared a hotbed when the heat is up, procure seven inch pots, good loam and well-rotted manure, and if convenient, sand, peat and charcoal dust. Mix the peat, loam and sand in equal parts, adding a little manure and charcoal. Fill each pot half full of well-rotted manure, gently pressed down. Then fill the pot with the prepared soil, settle it well, place the bulb in the center, with the crown even with the top of the soil.

Set the pots close together in the hotbed, and fill between them with light, rich soil. Give a good watering, pull on the sash and the work is done. Should the heat be fierce, and weather sunny, cover the sash with boards. As soon as the green tips of the shoots show, give more air and water, removing the cover from the glass. Maintain a warm, moist atmosphere, and the plants will grow rapidly, and will want sufficient air to prevent their becoming drawn.

As the weather becomes warm, on sunny days remove the sash, not forgetting to replace at night, until in June, when they can be left off day and night.

As the flower stalks develop tie to neat stakes painted green, and when the flowers expand the pots may be removed to the parlor, piazza or balcony.

By this mode, spikes of the tuberose produce from forty to fifty flowers, instead of the few weak blossoms under ordinary culture.

ABOUT HOUSE PLANTS.

There are many trifling operations connected with house culture of plants that produce important results. Liquid manure may be applied to many plants with benefit—such as roses, geraniums and fuchsias may be stimulated with such liquids, and by this means produce more flowers and a better growth than if mere pure water is used. A barrel should be placed in some out-of-the-way place, and filled with coarse manure, through which water should be filtered to furnish the requisite supply. The liquid used on parlor plants should not be rank or pos-

sess any offensive odor; and still, if properly filtered, it will contain sufficient fertilizing materials, although not apparent in color or odor. Liquid manures should not, however, be used too frequently, but only once in two or three weeks.

Many species of plants, such as camellias, oranges and oleanders, are liable to be attacked by scale-like insects, (*coccus*), and these should be carefully removed by washing the leaves and stems with warm soap suds, using a soft sponge or brush for this purpose. All dead and decaying foliage should be cut off and the plants kept clean and in handsome shape, either by pruning or tying up the branches.

Whenever the weather will permit, carry the plants into the open air or into some room where they can be watered overhead and their leaves cleaned of dust, if it cannot be done in the place they are grown. This cleaning of the leaves of house plants is far too generally neglected by ladies who cultivate only a few specimens because it is too much trouble, and water is not just the thing to scatter over carpets and furniture. We can hardly expect to improve on nature's method of watering plants; and she pours it upon the leaves first, and the roots get their share all in good time. One of the principal reasons why the plants cultivated by professional florists in their conservatories thrive so much better than those cultivated in common dwellings, is that they are frequently showered overhead, and the atmosphere in which they grow is kept constantly moist. Heat, light, and moisture are the essentials to insure growth of seeds and plants; the richest soil or the best attention being of little value without them.—*Rural New Yorker*.

VERBENAS.

I have two semicircular beds in which I have verbenas. These beds are covered with bloom from the middle of June to the middle of October, and they have been very little trouble, and no expense for the last four or five years. Previously I had purchased a new supply of plants every spring, and of course had many beautiful varieties; but I find my present method so much more satisfactory, that I now rely upon it, and the beds are the admiration of all visitors, and a pleasure to myself.

Early in the spring, about the middle of March or first of April, or whenever the warm sun and the condition of the soil make working in the garden a necessity to us old lovers of the earth, I pull up all the old verbena-vines, pile them and all the leaves that have collected around them in the middle of the beds, set fire to them, and when they are burned rake the ashes well into the soil. A few shovelfuls of rich earth or well-rotted manure is good.

About the first of May the verbenas begin to come up from self-sown seeds, and when they are two or three inches high I thin them out until they stand about four inches apart; they will grow very rapidly. As soon as the blooms appear all that are not satisfactory are pulled up. The richest purple, the purest white, the most intense crimson, the most glowing scarlet, the softest lavender, and the rosiest pink will delight your eyes, and there will be no straggling stems or ugly patches of burnt-up soil visible, but masses of color and foliage, and material all summer

long for innumerable bouquets.—*Hearth and Home*.

SUCCESS WITH FLOWER SEEDS.

If the following simple rules are attended to, success is almost certain in growing flowers from seeds. But if neglected, failure is almost equally certain.

1. The seeds should not be sowed until about the time of planting cucumbers and putting out tomatoes. If sown too early, the frost will destroy the choicest varieties.

2. Cover the seeds with fine dirt, and only about one-quarter of an inch deep, as a general rule. Large seeds may be covered a half inch.

3. Shade the bed with a board, or in some other way. Sprinkle on water every day unless it rains, and keep the surface of the bed constantly moist until the plants come up. Then remove the shade and give them the sun. But still continue to sprinkle the bed every evening or early in the morning, until the plants get a little strength of root.

4. In very dry weather, during the summer, until they blossom, give them a showering occasionally. This should be done just before evening, or the sun will dry out the moisture too soon, and cause the ground to bake hard.

Failure is not because the seed is bad, as a general thing. But is caused in most cases, either by covering the little seeds so deep, the germ can not reach the surface, or by the ground becoming dried below the point where the seeds are located; in which case the plant with its roots is destroyed.

By following the above directions, these difficulties are avoided; and beautiful flowers will amply compensate for the care and labor bestowed.—*D. Cope* land.

THE ZINNIA.

This beautiful annual does not receive the attention which it richly deserves. The plant is very hardy, requiring no special care, comes into bloom very early, continues in flower the whole season, and constantly increases in size and beauty. The blossoms are usually double, very large, of many colors, and are excelled by no flower of the garden except the dahlia. Last year our zinnias were unusually admired; for many long weeks the garden was gay with their bright colors, in nearly every shade of crimson, with pure white, splendid scarlet, deep yellow, buff, pink and salmon.

The only objection which can be made to the zinnia is its stiff foliage and bushy habit, which requires more room than most annuals.

It is admirably adapted to a large flower garden in the country, and quite indispensable where a brilliant display of flowers is desirable with but little labor. Why it does not receive a special premium at horticultural exhibitions we cannot tell. Plant the seeds in a box of earth near the door, where it can easily be protected in case of late frost; when the plants are two inches high, transplant to the garden, setting each one one or two feet apart. This method has always given the best possible results.—*Journal of the Farm*.

—For mildew on rose bushes, dissolve a pound of soft soap in a gallon of rain water, and sprinkle the upper and under surface of the foliage with this solution.



QUEEN FASHION.

No monarch ever had so many devoted subjects who were ready to sacrifice wealth, health and life to satisfy the requirements of their sovereign, as the tyrannical goddess Fashion. The majority of females, especially, are devoted to the last extreme of martyrdom. A great deal was written during the last war about the patriotism of our northern women in consenting to their husbands, sons, and lovers going into the army to fight and die for the Union. Like Artemas Ward they were willing all their relations should spill their blood for their country; but their loyalty to fashion is still greater, for, to satisfy her whims, they will sacrifice not only the health of their sons and daughters, but their own lives are laid an offering at her shrine.

Is it not strange that a woman should be more willing to give up a husband or a son than to sacrifice a little of her pride? I do not wonder that sensible men ridicule the weakness of females in conforming to the monstrous style of dress now prevalent; loading themselves with all the ridiculous trumpery, fuss and feathers of the present day. God made woman as, in infinite wisdom, He saw fit. He knew precisely what form was best adapted to the situation she would be called to fill. But fashion ignores the wisdom of the Almighty, and says her God-given form is not right. So strong cloth, whalebone, steel and stout cords are called in requisition to produce a form to suit the whimsical goddess. The willing slave of a fickle tyrant submits without a murmur. The cords are drawn tight, tighter, tightest. The lungs sound an alarm; the heart rebels against so tight a pressure and thumps loudly for more room; the blood can hardly force its way to and from the seat of life through the tightened channels, and in consequence becomes somewhat stagnated, and there is not a proper circulation; the feet grow cold, and there is a general disarrangement of the whole system. Various diseases are caused by the disarrangement, and, sooner or later, death is the result. But what of that? The victims are voluntary subjects of the idol queen; they have sworn allegiance, and must obey her most unreasonable demands. But she is not done with them yet; they have been condensed, now they must be enlarged. Chignons, cotton batting, panniers and high heels finish the work of perfecting the form of woman, and when the work is complete she looks about as much like the woman which God made as a dromedary looks like a noble horse.

We leave the form which fashion has provided for her followers, and examine the style of dress requisite to admit the wearer into what is called genteel society. But who can describe a fashionable lady's dress when in full rig? The fashion plates in the Ladies' Magazine give some idea of the enormous sacrifice of time and money it requires to dress a lady! It would take too long to give a list of the different materials which compose that bit of a bonnet with its flowers, feathers and ribbons; or count the different stories of her "suit" with its overskirt, flounces, ruffles, bows and ends,

but we can imagine the fluttering there would be if a high wind should suddenly strike one of these many-winged butterflies.

That the women of our nation, instead of trying to force their way to the ballot-box, would declare their independence, and rise in rebellion against the absurd and unreasonable demands of fashion. They might in that way bring about a reform which would give health, wealth and happiness to thousands.

The extravagance now indulged in by the women of these United States is fearful—perfectly reckless—it is ruining the nation. If it was confined exclusively to the rich it would not be so bad, but the poor are proud as well as the rich. The wealthy merchant's wife dresses rich and stylish. The wife of his clerk is perhaps her equal in intellect and accomplishments, and why should not she go into as good society? But if she does, custom requires her to dress rich and stylish too, and every nerve is strained to keep "in style." The mechanic's wife is too proud to be left far behind the wife of a clerk, so the hard working mechanic's purse is emptied to put his wife in style.

So it goes; and the wave of pride and popularity sweeps away out into the country among the farmers, and their wives and daughters are influenced by the same spirit; and they work themselves sick, and perhaps run the poor farmer into debt, trying to imitate in dress some city belle who has floated out into their midst. There is more than one "martyr of the period." If the leaders of all this wicked extravagance and foolish display could know how much suffering and heartache they cause, or if they could be made to realize how much good they might do with the money which is worse than wasted, I think they would set a better example.

Dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD band, will you be governed by this tyrannical goddess? Will you not rebel against some of her most unreasonable demands? You may not be like the rich Mrs. B., who spends one hundred dollars for a dress which she does not need, and three hundred for a shawl. The most of you make your own dresses, and when they get out of fashion you make them over, and turn them and sometimes dye them to save buying. Very well so far. I am glad that you are prudent, for the husbands and fathers in this vicinity begin to look anxious, the times are so hard and their expenses so great; but do you not work too hard and injure your health trying to keep in style? Do you not strain your eyes and get a headache sewing hours by lamplight? And do you not sometimes have to neglect higher and holier duties? Do you get time to visit the sick and suffering; and carry the oil of consolation to the afflicted and bereaved? There are aching hearts all around sighing for sympathy, have you time to speak a kind word of encouragement? Give up that extra flounce and take the time to visit some poor afflicted soul. Try to lighten the burden of some sorrowing heart—kind words and deeds pay better than ruffles and flounces.

We are commanded to bear one another's burdens, and there is sweet satisfaction in obeying the command. Do you ever feel discontented because you have not the means to buy all the pretty things you want? or do you feel that your lot is a hard one? The very best remedy for discontent is to visit the poor, the unfortunate and suffering; it makes

us realize our own blessings. We are placed here to do good as well as get good, and there is better employment for body and mind than striving to outdo each other in dress. But I must close my long letter, although the story is not half told.

OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

PUTTING THIS AND THAT TOGETHER.

OBTAINING PATTERNS, ETC.,

As very many of the lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD are, doubtless, interested in the dressing room department, we propose to give a few hints, to such as may need them, on cutting and making their own and children's clothing, and doing so at the best advantage, taking into consideration the general styles in vogue. Especially are we thinking of those of THE HOUSEHOLD residing in country places, remote perhaps from dressmakers and fashionable shops, and who yet, without aiming to keep up with all the city modes, wish to be clad in a presentable manner. For there is no virtue in dressing odd and *outré*, and one can adopt certain prevailing styles without being either extravagant, or being slaves to fashion plates.

There is much, as any lady knows, in repairing, and making over dresses, either for one's self or for children, which requires close calculation and not a little tact to do it in the best possible manner. And as intricate, and full of quirks, and quirks, and puffs, and ruffles, and no one knows what as the "dress of the period" certainly is, yet the variety worn renders it comparatively easy to make almost anything one has at hand serviceable in the dress making line, while black, of almost any material, can be used to advantage and with good taste.

Suppose, for example, that you have in your wardrobe a black dress of alpaca, silk, or grenadine, as the case may be, which is out of date, as it is, for a dress. Perhaps there is no overskirt, or at least only a scant one, with a good underskirt. Now of this you can make you a handsome polonaise, or an overskirt and basque if you want a street or visiting suit, and this you can wear with a plain underskirt of almost any goods you may have, or choose to get. There is that plaid, or plain, or striped dress, which is minus fashionable decorations, and which you hung away for good as gone for nice wear. Now it just comes in play to wear with your black outside "fixings;" and indeed, you can wear the black over colors, or white, or whatever best suits the occasion and the weather, and so have a variety, with few full suits after all.

Then as hot weather approaches, there is a white dress that can be made into an overgarment to wear over black or any skirt you prefer, and the girls, especially, will favor this making over old "as good as new." The dresses of ladies or older girls can thus be worked up for the little ones, and even if considerably worn you can select the best from two old dresses and will be surprised to see how handsome a suit you have made.

Remnants of two kinds may also be procured cheap, for children, and where economy must be studied this affords an excellent way of making the most of a little. An underskirt may be slightly trimmed with the material of the over-

skirt and waist, while the outside garment may be trimmed with the material of the underskirt, especially for children, where pieces of black or any plain goods can be used with bright plaids or colors to good effect.

It is predicted that blos waists will continue in fashion, more or less, for children and misses, and for ladies also for home wear. These are often of different material from the skirt, and pieces one may have, or a small remnant, may thus be economically used.

"But," says some of my readers, "of what use is all this general outline, when we do not know how the polonaise, or the basque, or blos waist must be cut this season to be in good style? There are the fashion magazines giving us plates and descriptions thereof for regular city belles, but of little use are they, with all their superfluous trimmings and expensive material, to guide plainer people, who must plan for themselves of more common goods?"

Yes, that is just it. We know how it is, and for that reason are writing this article. And now we would say to any lady who has not a dress maker to assist her or whom she may consult, that there is no help better than Harper's Bazar, and if it cannot be afforded the year around, occasional numbers may be procured at the dress making season, and thus very many valuable suggestions gained, while the charts given are of great assistance, and, after a little practice, can be readily used.

"But," says my country friend, who likes to be well dressed if she has no particular desire to show off, "even the Bazar frightens one from attempting to do without a shop full of goods at hand, and a long purse for trimmings."

Yes, we say again, it is so, if you think you must exactly follow its pictures. But it is very plain in its directions and it gives hints suggestive enough so that one can get a general impression to go by without following all the minutia. If the pattern given has six rows of trimming you can reduce them to your own taste and means, and if you do not like the given number of puffs in your overskirt you can make from a plainer pattern, as there are such varieties that you can scarce be out of style.

In case you do not have the Bazar, or if you do, you may like other modes, and also prefer not to attempt cutting your own patterns, there is nothing better or more practical than to obtain whatever patterns you need from the Harper's, or from E. Butterick & Co. If you only know what you want, you can obtain it readily by sending to the above named firms or to any of their agencies, which can be found in all large towns and villages. Suppose you want an overskirt, sacque, or blos-waist pattern for your little Nellie six, eight, or ten years old as the case may be. You send for it with age and size, and, for from fifteen to thirty cents, you have anything you want, with the most minute directions for making. Or if it is Johnny that wants a summer suit, you can get patterns and make them in as good style as if he lived on Broadway, where the patterns come from. And so with patterns for yourself, and for either dresses, cloaks, under-clothes, or whatever you may need.

The best way before sending for patterns is to send for or ask of the agent, one of Butterick's Catalogues of fashions, which are issued quarterly, and furnished

free on application with stamp to pay postage. There you will see in miniature (if you never have seen one before) hundreds of patterns suitable for all ages with brief description and price of each one given, and from this you can select what you like best or whatever you can use to the best advantage. It is altogether cheaper to do this than to attempt to cut patterns "by guess," for your pattern is perfectly accurate, with directions not to be mistaken. And in this you get the general "cut" of the garment, and can trim according to directions or not, as you prefer.

I have not written this because I have any interest in either the Bazaar or in Butterick's patterns, but only because I know there may be many among THE HOUSEHOLD who may not be acquainted with these works, and who may be thankful to know, especially, how and where reliable and desirable patterns may be obtained and too at slight cost. Large patterns for a ladies full suit of course cost more than small ones, but they are so very reasonable that few would begrudge the price for so valuable a help. These are not only for dressmakers use, but for the people in general, while many of the fashion magazines are almost useless except for the use of a skilled modiste.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO THE GIRLS.

Dear me, girls, aren't you heartily sick and tired of so much fussing about dress? and don't you agree with me that it's quite too bad for the old people, who "have been through the mill," to scold us so unmercifully? I want to have a little talk with you on the subject, and tell you just what I think of it.

It's of no sort of use to deny that we dress, as we do many other things, in a great measure to please the young men. Of course we all agree with Miss Muloch that marriage is woman's natural destiny, and "single-blessedness" an unnatural state of affairs, so we like to please the "lords of creation." But I do believe we are going the wrong way to work, and injuring our own cause, by so much extravagance in our dress. The young men may admire us, but they know they can't afford to marry us, so long as we change with the fashions every month or week. I don't believe in dressing shabbily, not that at all, or even very, very plainly; for I think we ought to try to look as pretty as we can at all times. But I do think we could get along, and look pretty too, with half the dresses, and hats, and sacques, and shawls, and sashes, and ribbons we "positively must have," not considering the loveliness of the statue.

By-and-by the eccentricities of our friend are a little exercised. She cannot abandon them without a vast humiliation and confession that she was wrong; and as she is already singular, she may as well be wholly so. "In for a penny, in for a pound." Unless she be more than mortal, she soon feels a little isolated, and shrinks from society. Then she is annoyed in the streets. The woman who stands this, and feels no cynicism growing up, and remains sweet and good-humored and gentle and tender through life under such circumstances, is very little short of a saint. She has secured for herself the conditions under which such virtues are most difficult, almost unattainable; and all for the sake of a more comfortable hat, a shorter skirt, or a stronger pair of boots. To any one who regards the matter coolly "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

But it is only the fault of public opinion that any penalties at all follow innovations in themselves sensible and modest. To train this public opinion by degrees, to bear with more variations of costume, and especially to insist upon the principle of fitness as the first requisite of beauty, should be the aim of all sensible women. Can anything be in worse taste than to wear clothes by which our natural movements are im-

me long to do something to prove that we girls are not what we seem.

Of course we don't all expect, or desire, to be famous publicly; but we can all prepare ourselves suitably to fill that highest sphere of earthly happiness—perfect wife and mother-hood—fit queens o'er a little household, infinitely difficult to rule rightly. If we succeed in bringing up noble men and women how blessed shall we be!

Some of us are to be "exceptions," are to lead lives of lonely maidenhood; but we can prepare ourselves to fill even that niche, so that we shall be loved and honored, ornaments to society, and welcome everywhere. If we have to struggle against adverse circumstances, doubly sweet will be our record if successful.

Then let us rise up in a body scorning to be such petty slaves to fashion, and show that we are not mere dolls to be dressed up and look pretty, but that we have hearts and brains.

Let us think earnestly and soberly of these things—strive to do our very best and noblest, so that by and by, when our hair is white, our eyes dim, and our steps feeble and tottering, we may not have to look back sadly and sorrowfully over a wasted life and sigh, "It might have been."

A GIRL.

YOUNG LADIES' DRESS.

To advise a young lady to dress herself with any serious eccentricity from the prevailing fashion of her day and class, is to advise her to incur a penalty which may very probably be the wreck of her whole life's happiness. A girl begins, perhaps, with some moderate and really rational piece of originality; but it makes her look "odd." She is less welcome in the drawing-rooms of her friends, and less comfortable when she is there. Men sneer at her, and perhaps allow themselves coarse jokes at her expense. Women are so busy defending her little eccentricity, that they have no time left to estimate her positive merits. She is like Gibson's tinted Venus. Every stupid spectator criticises the tint, not one in a thousand thinks at all of the loveliness of the statue.

By-and-by the eccentricities of our friend are a little exercised. She cannot abandon them without a vast humiliation and confession that she was wrong; and as she is already singular, she may as well be wholly so. "In for a penny, in for a pound." Unless she be more than mortal, she soon feels a little isolated, and shrinks from society. Then she is annoyed in the streets. The woman who stands this, and feels no cynicism growing up, and remains sweet and good-humored and gentle and tender through life under such circumstances, is very little short of a saint. She has secured for herself the conditions under which such virtues are most difficult, almost unattainable; and all for the sake of a more comfortable hat, a shorter skirt, or a stronger pair of boots. To any one who regards the matter coolly "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

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peded and our purposes, of whatever sort, thwarted by our own habiliments. It is, in the strictest sense, barbaric, like a Chinese woman's foot, to load ourselves with long, trailing skirts, when we wish to take a brisk walk, or to run up and down stairs. To wear bonnets which give no shade to the eyes, under a summer sun, and need to be supplemented by the imperfect aid of the parasol at every moment, is another fallacy of taste.

Still worse is the folly of pinching the feet into thin, tight boots, which permit of fatal damp and chill to the feet, and cramp the limb into a pitiful little wedge of flesh, with the distorted extremities crunched up under it. Not one modern European lady's in five hundred could be looked at if placed in an antique sandal. It is certainly a small aesthetic gain to lose the beauty of the human limb to improve the elegance of the shoemaker's manufacture. Worst of all, an evil for which no words can be found strong enough, is the evil of women's stays. Why American and European women are tormented by these abominable machines, which the lathsome women of the East have never borne, it is hard to imagine. If we desired to find a type of woman's weakness, moral and physical, its cause and its effect, we could hit on no better emblem than a pair of stays.

—Putnam.

THE MOTH PEST.

In no way is the adage, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," more truly illustrated than in the constant efforts necessary, at certain seasons of the year, to keep upholstered goods, carpets, etc., free from the inroads of moths. In the spring, and all through the time that the moth miller is flying about, the little fellow should be hunted down, and killed at sight, if seen; otherwise the egg will be left to make trouble afterward. These eggs are laid in cotton cloth, or in the cotton or wool stuffing of chairs, sofas, etc., and there they are hatched, to work in the wool and hair, and multiply indefinitely so long as they are not disturbed. To prevent the moths from secreting themselves and depositing their eggs, as well as for dislodging both, constant examination of chairs, etc., is recommended, with brushing out of the seams and fissures where the cloth overlays; not once in a week, or semi-occasionally, but as often as time can be found to do it. Neglect will cost more than constant examination.

The washing of floors, and the saturating of the cracks therein, with a solution of chloride of lime, is of great service also, as a precautionary measure, as is the use of camphor in a small room or closet where upholstering stock is kept; while cedar boxes are good to keep furs and woolen fabrics in. If the latter are packed away in boxes of cedar, or other woods, it is well to do them up in newspapers first.

If moths are present in chairs, etc., there is nothing that will kill them like benzine, and this may be used to the fullest extent in terry and hair cloth goods, without injuring them, and the same is said also in regard to plush goods. The cloth and inside stuffing should be completely saturated, even if gallons are needed for the purpose. The moth must be drowned out thoroughly. And the benzine has the admirable property of evaporating without leaving a trace of its former presence behind. The

steaming of furniture has been practiced to some extent, but the results have been often unsatisfactory, for the steam cannot be directly applied to the place infested by the moths without ripping open and tearing away the cloth coverings.

While upon this subject, it may be said, that another pest which troubles housekeepers, the bed-bug, can be exterminated by making a freezing mixture of ice and salt, and dipping therein the ends of bed slats, with swabbing of the cavities in the bedstead by a sponge, tied to a stick, and wet with it. Linseed oil, and benzine as well as coal oil, have also been used for the same purpose, as is well known.—*Cabinet Maker.*

UNDERCLOTHING.

A lady having ample opportunity for observation writes thus from a country district: "I truly believe that more than one-half the colds caught, and influenzas from which the women of farmers' families suffer so much, are traceable directly to an insufficiency of underclothing. Nothing like the use that city people make of flannel is common in the country. Many neglect the matter from a mistaken supposition that 'such things are all a matter of habit, and that to go somewhat thinly clad hardens the constitution.' I know wives and daughters of farmers in good circumstances who make almost no change in their clothing from summer to winter. If they add to their calico or delaine dresses a cotton underwaist and baste some cotton linings into the sleeves, it is considered sufficient. Occasionally a canton flannel underskirt is indulged in, but real flannels are eschewed; a vague notion being entered that they are heavy and burdensome to carry about."

The writer above quoted adds: "The women are scarcely ever thoroughly comfortable except when about their work in a seven times heated kitchen, and they all complain that it takes them most of the forenoon to get warmed up, even there." This is all wrong. To be in a chill is to open the door to disease.

Underwrappers, to be most serviceable, should be made of light and soft, but not thin flannel, and should be moderately close fitting. Many prefer to buy the woven merino jackets, which are nice when new, but, unless washed with great care, will shrink in a manner to compress the chest. There is nothing better than soft, flexible red flannel, even though its old-fashioned claims as a specific for rheumatism be disallowed. They should be cut to come below the waist, sloping a little on the hip. The other undergarments should reach below the knees, drawers gathered at the hem, skirts gored to avoid too much weight. The union of warmth with lightness is the most desirable thing to secure. Thus protected and with feet well shod, a woman will have no need to invest herself in sack or shawl every time she goes to the wood house for a stick of wood, or on to the front piazza to look down the road. Her teeth will not chatter at the sudden opening of the door, nor her arms roughen to goose flesh every time the fire falls a little low.

Do not suppose that simply wearing a warm outer dress is enough for the requirements of health. Let no woman who wishes to preserve either her health or her good looks to a period past middle age neglect this important matter of warm underclothing.—*Mrs. Helen L. Bostwick.*



WOODEN LEGS.

Two children sat in the twilight,
Murmuring soft and low:
Said one, "I'll be a sailor-lad,
With my boat, ahoy! yo ho!
For sailors are most loved of all
In every happy home;
And tears of grief or gladness fall,
Just as they go or come."

But the other child said sadly,
"Ah! do not go to sea,
Or in the dreary winter nights
What will become of me?
For if the wind began to blow,
Or thunder shoot the sky,
Whilst you were in your boat, yo ho!
What could I do but cry?"

Then he said, "I'll be a soldier,
With a delightful gun:
And I'll come home with wooden leg,
As heroes oft have done!"
She screams at that, and prays and begs,
Whilst tears, half anger, start,
"Don't talk about your wooden legs,
Unless you'd break my heart!"

He answered her rather proudly,
"If so, what can I be,
If I must not have a wooden leg
And must not go to sea?
How could the Queen sleep sound at night,
Safe from the scum and dregs,
If Eng. ish boys refused to fight
For fear of wooden legs?"

She hung her head, repenting
And trying to be good,
But her little hand stroked tenderly
The leg of flesh and blood!
And with her rosy mouth she kissed
The knickerbocker knee,
And sighed, "Perhaps—if you insist—
You'd better go to sea!"

Then he flung his arms about her,
And laughingly he spoke,
"But I've seen many an honest tar
With legs of British oak!
O darling! when I am a man,
With beard of shining black
I'll be a hero if I can,
And you must not hold me back."

She kissed him as she answered,
"I'll try what I can do—
And Wellington had both his legs,
And Cœur de Lion too!
And Garabaldi," here she sighed,
"I know he's lame; but there!—
He's such a hero—none beside
Like him could do and dare!"

So the children talked in the twilight
Of many a setting sun,
And she'd stroke his chin, and clap her hands
That the beard had not begun;
For though she meant to be brave and good
When he played a hero's part
Yet often the thought of the leg of wood,
Lay heavy on her heart.

SPRING.

THE Winter-King, my dears, has three sons, of whom he is a little proud, for they are very clever, and have learned a great deal. The youngest, named Spring, is really not much larger than you; the second is called Summer, and the third Autumn. But they do not live with their father; it would be somewhat to cold for them up there; so, down deep in the earth, they have built for themselves a spacious house, with splendid great rooms, and in it are very many tall Christmas-trees, full of lights, which their father has given, that day and night may both be beautifully bright to them.

The little Spring has a lovely, rosy face, and such wondrously beautiful eyes, that it is a joy to look into them; moreover, he is always full of gladness, and

his old father loves him dearly. Then he can make the loveliest things; for instance, charming flowers, violets, snow-drops, primroses, little tulips, daisies, cherry, plum, apricot and apple-blossoms, and pretty, fresh green leaves besides.

Now when the Winter-King has completely covered the ground, and the winds are putting the bunches of white flowers in all the windows of the poorest as well as the finest houses, the sons are working away in their secret dwelling, as busily as you can possibly imagine, for it is not a little of what they are making that they will presently need, with which to decorate the whole earth. And Spring teaches all the birds which the good God has given into his charge, during the cold weather, wonderful songs. Only notice, while you are out walking, in May, how the little lark sings in the morning, the gentle nightingale, the merry finch, and the sociable hedge-sparrow in the evening.

Many a one thinks, maybe, "Who can have taught the dear little things all those delightful songs?" Now you know that the clever teacher's name is Spring.

When he has finished all the hundred thousand buds, leaves, flowers and slender grass-blades, which he needs each year, and must cut out so nicely, he pulls gently, very gently, at the white snow-covering that his father has spread all about, then more and more vigorously drawing it in some spots quite away, and pushing forth hastily in its place a couple of green grass tips, a bit of moss, or a stout little bud. At sight of this Father Winter laughs, seldom resisting, and the bold Spring keeps on pulling and pulling, laughing too, so mischievously, that he takes one's heart completely. Sometimes, indeed, when he begins too soon, the Winter-King is vexed, and orders his servants, the winds, to shake down fresh feathers on the earth, and they, not daring to risk a second bidding, mercilessly overthrow the little buds, or break them entirely off, and destroy everything which has on a green garment. This grieves poor Spring to the heart. He comes creeping up, seats himself upon the nearest hill, and weeps so heartily for his dead darlings, that his warm tears, flowing down like a rivulet, spread farther and farther, softening all the earth and melting the snow-feathers everywhere. Then even his father can no longer be angry, but gives orders that the icicles shall be broken off and packed away, carefully removes from the waters their covering of ice-glass, and says to his son, "Well, come and have your play out. I will not again interfere with you." No sooner does Spring hear this than he starts up, drying his tears quickly, and goes running through the land in great haste, as though feeling that he has hitherto been neglectful of it. He flies up on high, and chases the clouds, leaps into the water, and sets the waves a dancing, climbs the trees, and hangs white, yellow, and rose-red blossoms all over them, with here and there a delicate leaf between, lets loose all the birds and butterflies, and fills every spot that he can discover, even the smallest, so full of grass and flowers, that at most, only the least of beetles can find a narrow path through the midst of them. We with our big feet tread down ever so many in taking two steps only.

The sun itself travels more slowly when Spring is playing beneath. The good God is well pleased with the fresh, bright little fellow and the decorated

earth, and sends down delicious, warm light to make it still more beautiful; for without the sun nothing could live or have any beauty, not even the smallest leaf or flower.

But Spring's joyous sport is soon at an end. He is quickly tired, and by the time the first strawberries show their red cheeks, is getting drowsy. The violets, snow-drops and cowslips fall withered from his hand; the laburnum kisses with its long twigs, his fair forehead, and the nightingale lulls him to sleep with her last song; for when his eyelids are fast closed she can sing no more, and is quite silent. She does not fly away, it is true, but is glad no longer, and has forgotten all her sweet melodies.

Hardly has Spring fallen asleep among his joys and his darlings (as you have sometimes done in the midst of your play,) then a sound of rolling wheels is heard in the distance, and Herr Summer comes dashing along in his thunder-chariot. Of him I will tell you in another story.—*Christian Register.*

DR. KITTO'S BOYHOOD.

"If a man would succeed," said Sir Joshua Reynolds of painting, "he must go to his work willing or unwilling, and he will find it no play, but very hard labor." It is work, hard, persevering work that wins success.

"Destiny is not
Without thee, but within.
Thyself must make thyself."

Said the brother of Edmund Burke, after the latter had made a display of his marvelous attainments in the House of Commons, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent of the family, but then again I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." Edmund Burke made himself an orator in days of youthful toil. His brow was baptised with the sweet of solitary study, long, long before it was graced with bay-leaves. He waited his opportunity. It came. He rose in the political sky like a sudden light. Men called him a genius. He was nothing but a patient worker, a pains-taking, self-taught boy.

The boy who sows will reap, and reap what he sows, and success comes of the sowing. The boy who works will succeed, and succeed in the measure that he works, and success comes of the working.

But says some young reader: "I am poor and unfortunate. I would be successful, but I am hemmed in on every side." But God loves you. Trust in him. God is strength, He is comfort, He is hope. Trust, work, wait.

Give me your hand, dear reader, and let us visit in fancy the home of one poor boy. The place, Plymouth, England, with its smoky streets and foamy harbor. The time, the first part of the present century. The house, a hovel; the family tattered, distressed, with hungry faces, hopeless, woe-begone. The boy, John Kitto.

He is tender at heart, but he has no friends; he is a lover of books, but finds no teacher. He makes the best use of the few books that he has; he reads them, and spells them, and learns them with the quenchless zeal of one whose life is so sunless, so dreary. He spends his days in carrying brick and mortar to his father, who is a working mason. He is slender for such hard work, and young—only ten or twelve. There are no daisies walks for his bare feet, no fields sprinkled

with flowers and gladdened with birds. He sees little but the windy harbor, and hears little save the complaints of the wretched at home, and far off the moaning of the waves on the bar.

Poor little boy! He is thirteen now, and he works at carrying slate up the ladder to the roof, not an easy nor a quiet employment for a poor little boy. One day he becomes weary. In stepping from the ladder to the roof his foot slips, he loses his balance, he falls. Thirty feet fell that poor little boy with his burden of slate.

He struck on a paved court. They took him up and carried him home. They thought him dying, and said he would die. We should not wonder if they hoped he would die, for the family could hardly find bread for those who toiled from sun to sun, much more for the helpless invalid. Poor little boy!

Would you like to hear his own story of this accident?

"Of what followed," he said, "I knew nothing. For one moment indeed I awoke from a death-like state, and found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms, but I had no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

In this state I remained for a fortnight. Those days were a blank in my life; when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was from a night of sleep.

My hearing was entirely gone. I saw the people around me talking to one another, but thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. I asked for a book I had been reading on the day of my fall. I was answered by signs.

"Why do you not speak?" I asked.
"Pray let me have the book."

A member of the family wrote upon a slate that the book had been taken away by its owner.

"But why do you write?" I asked.
"Why do you not speak?"

Those around me exchanged looks of concern. Then the slate was handed me with the awful words, "You are deaf."

Poor, deaf, and little cared for!

He could not help his father now. But he resolved to work, even on the bed of pain. He borrowed books, and began to store his mind. This he continued to do until his strength in a measure returned again. His hearing never returned. The world was all silent to him like a dumb show.

But he lived; why, no one could tell. We think not because he was wanted in the world, for he was a burden. His parents were unable to support him any longer, and they made known their situation to the overseers of the poor, who took the deaf little lad away from his home and what little charms it had—it must have had some—and put him in the poor-house or work-house. Here he was taught to make shoes. He worked hard, and he trusted in God, and—he knew not why—he spent every leisure moment in improving his mind. He was next apprenticed to a shoemaker, a bad man who had no feeling for the sad-hearted, deaf boy, and who used him like a dog. He treated him so ill that the magistrates interfered, and took him away. He used to work sixteen hours a day, but in the remaining eight he took an hour for the improvement of his mind.

At last he began to write for a Plymouth journal, and his ability so excited public attention, that people began to feel kindly towards him, and to assist him. They lent him Greek books, and he learned Greek; books on modern tongues and the sciences, and he mastered them. He became a teacher, a traveler, a theologian, an Oriental scholar, and the author of books to be found in every library.

Reviewing the past, he says, "It does somewhat move me to look back upon that poor, deaf boy, in his utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could understand. When I was a shoemaker's apprentice, I worked sixteen hours out of twenty-four, and my heart gave way. Now that I look back upon this time, the amount of study which I did contrive to get through, under these circumstances, amazes and confounds me."

The world is full of disappointed men. The poor, deaf boy of Plymouth workhouse is not among them. He sowed in the darkness; he is reaping in the light. We doubt that any young reader of this journal ever had a lot like this. Work, trust, wait.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord! trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass."—Congregationalist.

HOW BESS MANAGED TOM.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at the age when a boy resents all meddling with his "rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course they often quarreled.

"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!" Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.

"What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hands in?" and Tom would whistle and march off.

"Tom I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week!"

"Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an hour."

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill!"

"Oh, don't bother me, I'm reading," Tom would say; and the boots refused to stir an inch, which, of course, was very naughty. And so it would go from morning till night.

But little sister Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes, when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill, she would say:

"Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see how comfortable it is to the feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled in a good-natured way about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would steal behind him and smooth it out in a way Tom liked so well that it was a temptation to let it go rough just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet, for the next three days, at least, he would take special

pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grew older, Bess, in the same quiet loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her; if she was going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her.

"I can't understand," said lady Nell, "why you should always want that boy forever at your elbow! He's rough and awkward as a bear."

"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his with a loving hug, while "the bear" felt a great warm glow at his heart, as he walked away with Bess, and determined to try harder to be "gentle as a kitten" for her sake.—*Picture Magazine.*

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether piped they:
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.
He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."
Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye;
Would that I might as trusting be!
—*Scribner's Monthly.*

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy at a window, looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."
"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes."

"Why would I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are. They were going along a road, talking in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world." "And I wish I had all the cattle in the world," said the other.

"What would you do then?" asked his friend. "Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land." "No, you wouldn't," was the reply. "Yes, I would." "But I wouldn't let you. You shouldn't do it."

"I should." "You shan't." "I will." And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser in your half-angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were?"—*Exchange.*

FAITH AND FEAR.

All parents will find, if they analyze their feelings towards their children, that faith or fear is dominant both in their conduct towards them now, and in their thought about their future. If you see a father and mother who cannot

trust to large and sweet principles in their family government, but must needs be perpetually interfering with this life that God has committed to their trust, tormenting the children and themselves with little snippety rules, regulations and exactions, cosetting their bodies, alarmed about their souls, weighing the jot and tittle of their conduct, and miserable because a simple freak of

imagination, by which the child has been led to make an amazing story out of whole cloth, seems to be sad evidence of an evil heart—there you see a father and mother in whose nature fear is the dominant power. Reverse this, and watch those who carry their conduct through long lines of a clear, shining confidence in the child's own nature, and the blessing of God upon them all, and in a perfect trust in such simple rules as are indispensable, and yet hardly thought of, they are so light and gracious, being like the ribbon that will turn a steed this way and that, on the mere motion of a lady's finger—there you have faith. Such parents deal with their little ones in faith; they raise them in faith; and they are children of faith as certainly as ever Isaac was.—*Robert Collyer.*

—If you expect good cattle, look first at the calves; if you wish good men, look carefully after the children.

—The first qualities wanted in all who deal with the education of children—patience, self-control, and a youthful heart that remembers its own early days.

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Money makes the mare go. 2. Washington Allston. 3. Multiplication table. 4. S(c)in-til(l)-late. 5. A-ban-don. 6. Car-pen-try.

7. E C H O 8. A B L E
C O I N B E A N
H I L L L A N D
O N L Y E N D S
9. Aristophanes. 10. IX. 11. XIII.

(Draw a horizontal line through the numerals and read each section separately.) 12. We parted in silence—we parted at night,

On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant pines their boughs unite,

We met, and we parted forever!
The night-birds sang, and the stars above
Told many a wondrous story,

Of friends long gone to the kingdom above,

Where the soul wears its mantle of glory!

13. Wheat, heat. 14. Gold, old. 15. Butter, utter. 16. Pear, ear. 17. Lowell. 18. Prior. 19. Moore. 20. Pope. 21. Poe. 22. Keep your temper, and always speak the truth.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of ten letters.
My 6, 8, 3, 4 is a favorite word with

lazy people.

My 2, 3, 4 is an insect.

My 6, 5, 4 is a domestic animal.

My 6, 7, 5, 3 is a race.

My 10, 2, 9, 7 is a Bible character.

My 6, 7, 2, 10, 1 is a division or ar-

rangement.

My whole is the delight of all.

M. ARNOLD.

2. I am composed of forty-one letters.
My 35, 27, 4, 13, 25, 1, 2, 20, 9 is a sea-

animal.

My 22, 17, 3, 15, 40 is one of the Generals of the last war.

My 8, 29, 7, 10, 21, 33 is a bird.

My 24, 37, 23 is gladness.

My 12, 13, 4, 39, 14, 16, 41 is more

than one.

My 37, 38, 36 is a bird.

My 26, 6, 31 is an abbreviation.

My 18, 19 is an abbreviation.

My 5, 28, 32, 30, 3 is the result.

My whole is the title of a poem and the name of its author.

MARTHA A.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in father but not in the sire; My second is in coals but not in the fire; My third is in house but not in home; My fourth is in brush but not in comb; My fifth is in dinner but not in food; My sixth you will find if the dinner is good; My seventh is in winter but not in the cold; My whole is a tyrant who robs us of gold.

MARTHA A.

CHARADES.

Towns.—4. A human being; a box; to mistake.

5. A parent; a prince; an exclamation.

6. A tree and part of the earth.

7. A fortress and a weight.

8. A pretence and a foundation.

9. A part of the body and a collection of water.

10. A Romish ceremony; indisposed; upon.

11. A body of water; of great extent; an exclamation; the title of a bird.

12. A fight; part of a knife; a city.

13. Used by ox-drivers; a garden herb; an exchange; known to printers.

14. Denotes association; an inclosure; an old woman; half of nine.

J. H. H.

ELLIPSIS.

15. T h e r d t t h t s g t b l n l l
s t s t l l t h t r ' h c m s t.

Supply twenty vowels, and learn there from,

A truth that many seem to scorn.

SIA.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

16. A furnace; a butcher. 17. Food for infants; a shrub. 18. Stain; horrible.

19. Near; a cow-house. 20. Grief; used. 21. To cease; a town once noted for witchcraft.

SIA.

ANAGRAMS.

22. Mæt mother R. 23. O no, Sam!

24. Poor Levi L! J. H. H.

CONUNDRUMS.

25. When is a seat at a concert like a bashful man?

26. What word expresses the hour at which you breakfasted?

27. What town requests your parental relative to inflict chastisement upon his daughter?

28. What is most admired by those who live in a garret? J. H. H.

SQUARE WORDS.

29. A vegetable; a state; a part of the house; is in the imperfect tense.

30. An animal; not twice; a pain; a quadruped.

ELLA J.

TUMBLES.

Names of rivers.—31. Bulomcia. 32. Welsi. 33. Laig. 34. Benasi. 35. Bha-

wsa. 39. Tolnosh. 37. Dysan. 38. Meaj. 39. Aneste. 40. Tifn. 41.

EGLEUMO.

ELLA J.



HUMANITY'S CALL.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often are we deaf to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn,
Is seldom more than an untrodden way;
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide;
They lead us all upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
And bear them where the stream of blessing
runs;

Instead, we look about, the way is wide,
And so we pass by on the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the year,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears;
I pray you listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your selfish pride,
Pass guiltless on the other side.

SPRING DERANGEMENTS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE idea is absurd and unphilosophical that there is anything in the climate of the spring which necessarily produces sickness, only so far as we disregard the manifest indications of the existing circumstances. It is equally preposterous to suppose that at this season of the year, when nature is putting on her best and brightest attire, and rallying her forces for a more remarkable display of her powers and her wonders, that special medication is needed and that only for human and intellectual beings. Indeed, with our wonderfully elastic constitution, the masterpiece of the workmanship of the great Architect, we are adapted to all of the natural changes of our somewhat fitful climate, and may so far train ourselves as to be able to battle with all of the climates of our globe.

But to understand the nature of the difficulties and derangements with which we so often contend in the spring, it should be remembered that the food appropriate for the cold and warm seasons and climates is governed by the same principles, controlled by the same laws which regulate our clothing — warm, thick and non-conducting for winter, and the opposite for the hot season. During the winter, while we are encased in our fleecy wrappers made of the materials admitting of the least escape of the warmth generated in the body, we also naturally adopt a kind of food corresponding with the same conditions, highly carbonized, the best calculated to elaborate the needed warmth by an actual combustion of carbon within, a burning of the fuel of our food. These are necessary conditions of enduring the chilling blasts, the frosts and snows of our climate. If we follow our winter appetites we shall consume an unusual amount of carbonaceous food — real fuel, in one of the three forms, starch, rich in the potato and the grains in general, the sweets, and the oils and fats; which ones we adopt makes but little difference so far as the matter of animal heat is concerned, though the last ordinarily

tax and derange the stomach far the most.

If it is true, therefore, that we positively need carbon in some of its many forms, as a part of our food, to promote animal heat in the winter, and the vegetables and fruits, food containing less carbon and more of the bland juices, as a means of eliminating the impurities of the blood on the return of the warm season, after the body has been so thoroughly carbonized in the winter, it is manifest that our food should be changed as soon as we commence to lay aside our thick garments, and for the same reason. But if we disregard all of these conditions, if we continue our winter food — a large per cent. of which is designed for warmth and not for ordinary nutrition — we must suffer as we should, under the same circumstances, by continuing our heavy garments on the return of hot weather.

As the spring time returns with its warm and debilitating breezes — made so to us on account of our abnormal condition — if we use the winter food, the same in kind and amount — at least one-third more than the summer demands — we shall as certainly feel an oppression, a superabundance of blood at the head, a commotion at the stomach — a superabundance of bile in the stomach to dispose of the superabundance of oily food — a general commotion in the whole body, as if its whole powers had been aroused to vigorous action to remedy some of the impending evils, to ward off some of the attacks made on the vital domain by this excessive supply of food when not needed, and of a kind not designed for this season of the year.

As an illustration of this principle it is only necessary to refer to a single dish in vogue in some parts of the country as the special spring diet. I refer to ham and eggs. Now whatever may be said of this dish in the winter, when the appetite is keen, the digestion vigorous, and the demand for more heat urgent, it must be obvious that when the powers of the body, with those of digestion, are sensibly flagging, such food, so rich in carbon and so difficult of assimilation, to say the least, is not needed under such circumstances. While more than five hours are demanded even under favorable circumstances for the stomach to dispose of the pork, and while it has been made still more difficult of digestion by the smoking, and while the eggs have been cooked in the worst manner, fried solid, it is not strange that the stomach rebels against such treatment, that its tears of sorrow and anguish flow out in the form of bile.

This is but a fair illustration of the course pursued by many at this time of the year. The appetite diminishes, as it manifestly should, and as certainly as it increases at the approach of the cold season, and "all sorts of pampering" are devised to continue the winter food as long as possible. Stimulants and provocatives of the appetite are brought into requisition, and the poor stomach is jaded, crammed, cajoled, coaxed, spurred, whipped and abused in a most shocking manner, treated worse than our dumb animals, for cruelty to which so many have been justly punished. It is strange that to so many the necessary diminution of the appetite in the spring should have such a terror, especially while they must know that its increase on the preceding fall was a necessary and desirable result as a means of promoting the comfort and preserving the health.

A little common sense, it might seem, is all that is needed without the use of "spring bitters." When the weather grows milder, attended with a diminished appetite, it is but necessary to conform to existing conditions, using our judgment so far as to use less of the heating food, the fuel — sweets, oils and starch — and not only to take less food, but the kinds calculated to give more strength and less heat. The kinds of food demanded by the appetite in the hot weather, the fruits, vegetables, sub-acids, grains, lean meats, fish, etc., will be specially useful and appropriate, to some extent at least, at the approach of summer.

A little extra cooling and bathing, less food and of the cooling kinds, less clothing, and less violence of exercise, will do for us what "bitters" never can do, saving us much "spring sickness," much suffering, present and prospective. Use medicine only when needed — when recommended by a responsible and intelligent physician — and common sense at all times, and do not attempt to force or do violence to nature.

MEDICAL DIFFERENCES.

Lippincott's Magazine for September contains an excellent article, entitled, "Shall we throw physic to the dogs?"

from which we quote the following paragraph touching medical differences: One fact in the history of medicine might well stagger the faith of the most confident believer in drugs. It is the co-existence of two systems of practice professedly antagonistic; each denouncing the other as absolutely ineffective or positively harmful, yet both apparently flourishing, both having enthusiastic and intelligent advocates.

At a time when human blood was flowing in streams both large and small, not from the sword, but the lancet — when men believed that their temporal salvation depended on being scarified, cupped, leeched, and venesected — an impudent Teuton, Hahnemann by name, broached the insane idea that patients could recover with less bloodshed, or even with none at all; and, strange to relate, they did so recover with unmitigated integuments, and, so far as human eyesight could determine, just as well unscarified as the reverse. At a time when no fact was better established in medicine than that in certain cases blisters must be applied to the shaven scalp and to the "spine of the back" and to the calves of the legs, this same German said to his tender-skinned followers, "Do not blister," and they persisted in recovering without blisters, but in direct violation of the orthodox rules of practice.

Moreover when hundreds of thousands were standing, hours at a time, spoon in hand, contemplating with rueful countenances the nauseous contents, and hesitating to make the dreadful plunge which should deposit the dose in its uncertain resting place, the Hahnemann before mentioned was tickling the palates of his patients with sugar pellets, and facetiously insisting that they were taking medicine. Some of them believed him, and from some inexplicable cause would recover from their ailments quite as frequently as under the old regime.

The wonderful burlesque on the practice which Solomon adopted, whether it has added anything useful to the Pharmacopœia or not, has at least added a horn to a dilemma. Either the ridiculously mild measures and small doses were useful and effective — which we

must be pardoned for saying we do not for a moment believe — or the ridiculously large and filthy doses and severe treatment which had previously been in vogue were useless, which we just as firmly believe. The inference is a fair one, even if it has not been absolutely demonstrated, that the virtue of drugs and their efficacy in healing disease had been over-estimated, and that recoveries had been ascribed to the action of medicine which were due to an entirely different cause.

BRAIN-WORK.

Dr. Williard Parker has been deprecating over-work. He says, "no man can work faithfully for more than four to six hours in the twenty-four. If that time is exceeded, all the phosphorus is carried off, and the man becomes irritable, broken down, and has softening of the brain." There is much of the Dr.'s usual good sense in this, only, those who are familiar with his own habits of intense activity, will judge that he does not take account of his own experience. There are many exceptions to be named, of such workers as Humboldt and Silliman, who took but four hours sleep in the twenty-four.

The brain is a delicate instrument, and may easily be ruined; but if one only knows how to use it rightly, and has a strong common-sense presiding over the will, a great deal may be gotten out of it, in the way of work, without harm. Versatility is a great safe-guard. There is such a thing as having too many irons in the fire; but the man who can turn his attention to various studies, and is not tied to one subject, can accomplish much more than four hours work a day. Lest any should make excuse for improper laziness of habit, let it be understood that there is considerable difference in what men call "brain-work."

A good deal that we have observed never could hurt anybody, nor make a single gray hair. Much putting with books, and no small amount of page-covering, which some folks do by the ream, are of this kind. To such, this dictum of Dr. Parker need give no sort of alarm. The phosphorous in their brain is in no danger of giving out. It is only the downright, hard, personal thinking, together with anxiety of mind, which draws on the vital powers and exhausts the nutrition. Outside of that, our mental operations are more of the nature of recreation than labor. Indeed, the mind cannot rest utterly inactive without mischief. There must be something to engage its attention, except during actual sleep. — *Christian Union.*

CURE OF STAMMERING.

The effectual cure depends upon the determination of the sufferer to carry out the following rule: Keep the teeth close together, and before attempting to speak, inspire deeply; then give time for quiet utterance, and after a very slight practice the hesitation will be relieved. No spasmodic action of the lower jaw must be permitted to separate the teeth when speaking. This plan regularly carried out for six months, cured me when twenty years old. I was painfully bad, both to myself and others. Without a determination to follow out the plan, it is of no use attempting it.



DINING ROOM NOTES.

THE chief art of "laying out" a table, says *Hearth and Home*, whether for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or supper, consists in arranging the plate, glass, and various dishes tastefully, contrasting the colors artistically, and presenting the food in a tempting shape. At breakfast the cloth should be pure white; the tray, with its cups and saucers, coffee and tea service, stands before the mistress of the house. The slop basin, milk jug, and sugar bowl, are arranged at the left; the urn, coffee or tea pot at the right hand; spoon cup directly in front, at the back of the tray. The chief dish is placed in front of the master, while at the sides are placed relishes and plates of toast, or hot rolls, the latter covered with a napkin. If "individual salts" are used, one is arranged at each plate, and in like manner "individual butter plates," which are a great improvement, as butter always softens too much on a properly-warmed plate. Dry toast should never be prepared until the family are seated at the table, as when cold it becomes tough, and if buttered is likely to be greasy.

Among the best savory dishes for breakfast are meat pies, griddled kidneys, ham toast, potted beef, cold or devilled poultry, and freshly-laid eggs, served in various ways. At a marriage or christening breakfast a bride's or christening cake occupies the center of the table, which at other times is filled with epergne, or a vase of flowers. If flowers are not obtainable, laurel branches, or evergreens, or sweet geranium leaves will prove an agreeable addition to every table.

Luncheons are very fashionable entertainments at present. The center dish, if an elaborate epergne is not used, may consist of an ornamental cake on a glass stand, or a dish of fruit, fresh or dried. The sides of the table, if the guests are seated, are occupied by the requisites for each guest—plate, knife, fork, and spoon and a napkin with a braided roll placed in its folds. Colored napkins should be used with fruit. The dishes always acceptable at lunch are oysters, fried, scalloped, steamed, or stewed; chicken and lobster salads; fish *mayormoese*, savory meat pies, scalloped sweet breads, cold game and poultry; sweet meats, fruits, cheese, crackers, and pickles. Wines are usually introduced, but it is to be hoped that the ladies of our chief cities will "consider their ways," and institute a reform in this respect. Handsome service, a few flowers, well-prepared dishes, and good company, with a hearty welcome from host and hostess, should be enough of good cheer without the wine-cup and the punch bowl.

The appearance of a dinner table does not depend so much upon the richness or profusion of the viands as upon the neatness, cleanliness, and artistic arrangement of the whole. The table should be waxed, and covered with a handsome colored cloth under the white one, or two damask ones can be spread, one over the other, as it is desirable to remove the upper cloth before serving the dessert. A large napkin should be

spread at each end of the table where the large dishes are placed to protect the cloth from drops of gravy. The plates are not placed for each person, but in front of the carvers. Knives, forks, spoons, tumblers, glasses, and napkins can be arranged as at luncheons. The center ornament of frosted silver and glass contains fruit, flowers, etc. Plates of jellies and salads occupy the sides of the table. Fish-knife and fork, carving-knives and forks, soup and gravy ladles, and spoons for helping the various dishes are placed in front of the places they are to fill.

At formal entertainments the name of the guest, written on a card, lies on the napkin, thus avoiding confusion. Sauces of all kinds, vegetables and radishes, should be placed upon the sideboard. A butler's tray is very desirable to hold the soiled plates. The silver not required for immediate use should be appropriately placed on the sideboard. The cheese scoop, salad spoons, grape scissors, and nut-cracker, should be laid close at hand; the knives in their proper place. Thus arranged, a single spoon, fork or knife can be abstracted silently, without disarranging the others. Finger-glasses for dessert are placed in the center of the side board. A glass dish filled with slices of lemon should stand near, from which a slice should be put in each finger-glass before setting it upon the table.

No two dishes resembling each other should be near the same part of the table. Soup is always at the head, but if there are two kinds they should be placed one at each end of the table. Fish also at the head, after removing the soup, but if there are two sorts, place the fried at the bottom and boiled at the top. Always serve fish on a napkin or a handsome netted doily. The third course consists of roasts or stews, turkey, beef, mutton, etc., with garnished ham, tongue, or fricaudeau for the sides, with ragouts, stews, fricasées, etc., at the corners, served in covered dishes.

Entries, or made-dishes, require great care in placing them upon the table, as the gravy is liable to be spilled over; therefore, it is better to serve them in a wall of mashed potatoes or rice, egged over, and browned; this keeps them hot also. If there is but one principal dish, it is placed at the foot of the table; if three, two of them are at the sides. The fourth course consists of game, delicious vegetables, and salads of various kinds. Then follow puddings, pies, creams, jellies, and a variety of "sweet dishes."

In removing the dinner dishes, knives, forks and spoons should be placed on trays, covered with napkins. When plates and dishes are removed, great care is needed to keep them horizontal; otherwise the gravy will injure the dresses of the guests. In some circles the finger-bowls are not placed upon the table, but are handed down on each side on salvers, and filled with water highly perfumed, into these the guest dips the end of a dinner napkin, and touches the lips and fingers.

When ices are served, preserved ginger often follows them, as it serves to counteract their chilling effect. At desserts, compotes are served in glass dishes, frosted fruit on lace paper, placed on plates, plain and fancy biscuits, fresh fruit surrounded with green moss or leaves, and olives. Each plate should contain a knife, fork, and spoon, arranged upon an embroidered doily.

Nut-crackers accompany the nuts. Coffee is the last thing served, and is usually handed round on a salver.

The great secret of laying out a supper consists in arranging the china, glass, silver, napkins, confectionary, substantials, trifles, flowers, and other articles, with regard to their color, size, material, and form. Dishes should not be crowded together.

The center of the table is occupied by an epergne, or a small fountain. A square block of ice, embellished with mosses, produces a cooling influence upon the atmosphere, besides being ornamental. If the dishes are disposed so that the contrast of colors is strong, whether it is produced by the combination of garnishes, viands, glass or silver, or by dishes alone, the effect is admirable; but the most sumptuous supper, badly served, or over-crowded, or in other respects tastelessly presented, will be a failure.

Beef tea is now often served just before the party disperses; and if it were made the chief part of the entertainment, it would, in many cases, be far more appropriate than the various sweets now considered so indispensable. Let us pay attention to the tasteful arrangement of our tables, knowing that by so doing we shall cultivate a love for the beautiful, but also take heed lest we belong to that class who

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives—that is, to dine.

And yet one is often forced to say with Peter Pindar:

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake man-kind."

WOULD'NT BOIL SOFT.

Charlton, Mass., like every other town, is full of reminiscences of past events. It has its curious characters, who have now nearly all passed away. A story is related that about a century ago a party of English gentry, on their way from Boston to New Haven, were compelled to remain there over night, as the only place where men and beast were accommodated. As many of the luxuries of life, such as coffee and tea, were almost unknown to the inhabitants, our travelers carried a supply of these things with them. Coffee and tea were given to the landlady that she might prepare them for breakfast. It was the first time she had seen these articles, and of course knew nothing about their preparation. Not wishing to be considered verdant she resolved to try. When the travelers called for their tea and coffee she came and told them: "Gentlemen the yarbs are done, but the beans won't boil soft."

CHEESE AS A DIET.

We are not a cheese-eating people. In England, in every town and village, are shops devoted to the sale of cheese exclusively. These are the cheesemongers, who, in London, form an ancient and honorable corporation or "guild," (of which the late Lord Palmerston was an honorable member,) for the purpose of mutual protection. There are also the cheese factors, or commission agents, all over the country, who touch nothing but cheese. The same system is in vogue in other European countries, and cheese is as regularly brought on to the table as the dessert, and often forms a substitute for meat.

THE DESSERT.

—An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make him holler.

—A Boston paper states that a society for the protection of children with bare legs from the cruelty of mothers is soon to be established in Boston.

—A sour old bachelor, who once had thoughts of matrimony, said he changed his mind when he found that the girl and all her people were against it.

—A philosopher says: "If you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow, apply while warm, place the boots in a closet, and go barefoot."

—A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old said contemptuously: "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive he would be a hundred and fifty years old."

—An English writer says in his advice to young married women, "that their mother Eve married a gardener." It might be added that the gardener in consequence of the match, lost his situation.

—"Sarah," said a young man, the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?" "Because I havn't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "Thank you, sir; you have done that enough."

—The last subject discussed by the Virgilian Debating Society, of Boston, was, "If you have to have a boil, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."

—A boozy individual at a late party, succeeded in disguising his condition until the apples were brought around. When he saw them his emotion overcame him, "What!" he exclaimed, "apples at this season? Are they ripe?"

—A countryman in Savannah observed a gang of darkies laboring on the streets, each wearing a ball and a chain. He asked one why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darkey, "heaps of thieves about here."

—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Post Office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said, "Guess I've done the thing slick, I seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the Post Office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

—A minister at a colored wedding wishing to make some humorous remarks, said, "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To this un-gallant remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied, "On such occasion as this it is customary to give the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."

—"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young woman at Boston, last week, to a salesman with whom she was talking about buying a sewing machine. "Always; are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The salesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.



THE POWER OF SONG.

Through the long aisles her clear voice rose and rang,
Thrilling above us to the vaulted roof,
Dying in fretted niches far aloft;
Borne on its wings our fancies heavenward sprang.

The loiterer on the sunny morning leas

Starts as a bird springs sudden at his feet;
Hears the fresh air awake to music sweet,
And turning dazzled eyes above him, sees

The brown wings flutter, hears the rippling notes,
Till bird and strain both vanish in the blue;
Then, from the fair world, bathed in light and dew,

His silent praise up with the cadence floats.

And, through the day's full hours, hot, hard, and long,

The magic of sweet sounds lulls brain and heart,

Haunting the court, the camp, the street, the mart,

With rare faint echoes of remembered song.

—Tinsley.

IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

A WRITER in Lippincott's Magazine gives the following account of a night in a city printing office which will be of interest to many of our readers:

It was the small hours of night, and all well-regulated people were sleeping quietly in their beds. On the third floor of a dingy brick building, in the crowded portion of a Western city, three slaves of the lamp, each seated at a separate desk, with a flaring gaslight close before his eyes, were silently pursuing their tasks. The reader is introduced to the editorial-rooms of a flourishing morning newspaper, and these individuals (the managing editor having looked over the proofs of the leading articles and gone home) are engaged in their respective vocations. The sanctum consists of two apartments, one opening into the other, and the managing editor (who stands somewhat upon exclusiveness) being absent, the intermediate door is thrown open, to afford these who still remain at work the benefit of fresh air and extended circulation.

The one seated nearest the door of the outer room, and whom the visitor would first encounter, is the night editor. He is intently poring over a succession of closely written diaphanous sheets of paper, the characters inscribed on which, at first appear to be cabalistic. They are the Associated Press dispatches, photographing, as it were, the varied doings of the world during the preceding twenty-four hours, and transmitted over the wires during the silent watches of the night to nearly every newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the land. Our night editor is now engaged infusing life and soul into these fast coming messages. One endless string of words, yet warm from the wires as they are flashed from San Francisco, occupies his attention. The United States mail steamer from China and Japan has just arrived at that port, and her budget of news has been hastily made up by the Press agent. To facilitate transmission, the smaller words are omitted, and paragraph after paragraph is run together without capitals or punctuation. In preparing this "copy" for the compositor, our night editor cuts each news item apart, pastes it on a

piece of white paper to bring out the marks more clearly, writes in a sub-head, supplies omitted words, underscores capitals, corrects the orthography of proper nouns, and, when the news is important, hastily writes a summarized account for insertion in the news column.

The second individual whom we beg to introduce to the reader is the city editor. An extensive fire has been raging in the oil region which, defying all the attempts of the city fire department to subdue it, has communicated to an extensive wooden ware factory, and the night is still illuminated with the fierce flames. A large amount of property has been destroyed, and this is regarded as a first class sensation for the morning issue. Twenty extra quires have been ordered upon the press, and the writer is driving his pencil with hurried strokes to get up a three column report of the disaster.

The third of the trio sits surrounded with a pile of exchanges, which he cons rapidly over, and from which, ever and anon, he clips an extract. This individual is the commercial editor, and he is preparing to "throw himself" into some financial speculations, which a few hours later will be read over with interest by half the business men in the place and then instantly forgotten.

The work of these individuals is pursued in profound silence, which is only interrupted by the hasty scratching of pencils, some impatient change of posture as the writer petulantly seeks some appropriate word which persistently eludes his memory, or as, ever and anon, one dashes across the room to place another installment of manuscript in the copy-box, and whistles through the speaking-tube to the devil on the floor above, who hauls it up and hands it to the foreman. This functionary, who has grown ascetic by long service, spreads the loosely scrawled sheets on the stone before him, and with an unfailing obtrusion on the "long-windedness" of the writers, proceeds to divide the copy into "takes" for each compositor, and then hangs it on its appropriate hook.

At length the various church clocks sound through the stillness of the night the hour of three. At this signal the harsh voice of the foreman is heard through the speaking tube, intimating that no more copy will be received. Thus admonished, our triumvirate dash off a few concluding scratches, and, making a simultaneous dive to the copy-box, deposit the hasty winding up of their several effusions. An interval of half an hour is now afforded them, until the matter is set up and the proofs sent down to them for correction. This interval they fill up by lighting their well-used meerschaums and drawing round the fire to exchange a few ideas.

WEBSTER AND HIS DICTIONARY.

On October 16, 1758, nearly eighteen years before the Declaration of Independence, a child was born in Hartford, Connecticut, whose after-life was to exert a wonderful influence on the lexical literature of America, and of the whole Anglo Saxon world. The son of a farmer and a magistrate in fair circumstances who attached a just value to education, he was prepared early for membership in Yale College, and graduated from that institution with honor in 1778. The law was his chosen profession; but the troubled state of the country at the close of

the war of the Revolution made success in that direction doubtful for a time, and he turned aside to do duty as a teacher. This temporary vocation of the young graduate from Yale gave an unexpected bias and employment to his whole after life.

As a teacher he began to improve the spelling-books then in use; and from this sprang the "American Spelling Book." This was not the first literary venture of Noah Webster; but it proved the most important that so far had engaged and taxed his thoughts. More than 50,000,000 copies of the "speller" have been printed and put into the market, and they are still produced at the rate of 1,000,000 copies a year. The influence of this single book upon American thought is wholly incalculable.

This prepared the way for Webster's lifework—the great and durable monument both of his genius and patient research—"The American Dictionary." It cost him from twenty to thirty years of unremitting labor before he carried this literary monument to the perfection in which he left it; but it will not fail to bear his name to distant generations. The first edition of twenty-five hundred copies was printed in this country in 1828, and this was followed by an edition of three thousand in England.

In 1841, two years before the author's decease, a revised edition of three thousand copies was published in this country. Since his death it has undergone two additional revisions, and the last has made it the most popular thesaurus of words and their derivations in the English language. The extent of its vocabulary is but one of its numerous excellencies. Its excellency in all things pertaining to a lexicon seems to be generally confessed, and has given it a world-wide circulation.

A computation, recently made in the New York Tribune, shows that about one hundred years of labor, by all parties, have been spent in the production of the latest revised edition; that it is probably the largest single volume ever published, containing six times as much matter as the Bible; there are ten abridgements, in whose publication there is an annual consumption of about two hundred and fifty thousand tons of paper; and that some of these abridgements have had a circulation reaching seventy-five thousand.

These statements show the high value of the work—it's appreciation by the public. It is estimated that a thousand persons receive their support from the manufacture and sale of the Webster dictionaries; and since the death of the author more than a quarter of a million of dollars have been paid to his family as copyright upon his works.

THE REVIEWER.

POEMS, by Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, author of "Sibyl Huntington," etc.

In this age of protest and assertion, of loud and oft-times dissonant appeals to our taste and our judgement, Mrs. Dorr's poems come to us in winning persuasiveness, leading us through quiet lanes and by ways into the cool, calm recesses of wood and valley, and into near communion with human hearts. She sends us a volume of poems most sweetly feminine, without one stroke of morbid longing, but filled with love—love of husband, of child, of sister, friend; love of bird and bee and all the subtle influences of nature. In her Dedication she crowns one with a chaplet worthy the brow of a poet-laureate. "Over the Wall" is an exquisite picture of Nature in her hidden retreats,

"There all day long, in the summer time

You may hear the river's dreamy rhyme."

"Without and Within," will help many a young mother to gird up her heart for the everyday watching and waiting which only mothers know.

In no respect is the poetic instinct of the writer so apparent, as in the natural and evidently unconscious power of isolation she possesses. She sings and if her strains do not reach the clouds, they are pure and very human—sometimes serious, but never hopeless; and often uttered as if she were wholly unaware of the strong pulsations which thrill all about her. It would be easy to believe that she sits in a charmed atmosphere. Be not deceived! Turn but a single page and you find that she is familiar with the great questions of the time and clasps hands with our most earnest thinkers! The "In Memoriam" series is beyond criticism—beyond praise. These poems are very tender and reveal a depth, a wealth of affection most rare

"Vashti's Scroll" and "Maturity" impress us as being the strongest poems in the book. The latter gives us a steady outlook and brave out-reaching into that future which does not always array itself in rosy hues.

"What though the autumn days come next?
They bring rich sheaves and ripened fruit,
And at their step shall I be vex'd
Even though the singing birds are mute?
God crowns all seasons with his gifts;
Each in its turn the fairest seems:
And many a heart to him uplifts,
Whose real is dearer than its dreams."

—M. J. B.

The April number of "Old and New" contains, among other matter of value and interest, some curious statements (in Mr. Hale's introduction) about the Japanese, and the letter of credence of the Japanese ambassador to this country from his Imperial Japanese Majesty, Moutscuhito, is correctly printed in the Washington Correspondence, while the address to the House of Representatives is given in the Introduction. Mr. John Burroughs, a singularly agreeable writer, discourses about early spring in "A March Chronicle." Dr. Bellows examines carefully and sensibly "The Break between Modern Thought and Ancient Faith and Worship."

There is a very taking statement of the wonderful wealth of the famous "Silver Islet Mine" on Lake Superior; and quite an elaborate history is given of a queer German controversy over two pictures attributed to Holbein. The three serials afford their usual unusual quantity of story materials. The Record of Progress contains some useful statistics of a practical tenement-house reform in Boston; and there is a good assortment of poetry interspersed. Attention should be paid to the attractive offer of the Publishers, who now begin furnishing to every new subscriber one of two striking and favorite chromo-lithographs, viz.: Raffaelle's famous picture of The "Madonna in the Chair," or *Madonna della Sedia*, whose lovely representation of the Holy Virgin and Infant Jesus within a circle will be remembered by very many of our readers; or if preferred, a group of two emblematic female figures, representing "Faith and Hope." Both are rich and warmly colored, and will form chaste and permanently agreeable ornaments to the family dwelling.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April opens with a graceful, picturesque poem by Longfellow, entitled "The Ballad of Carmilhan;" followed by another paper by Parton upon "Thomas Jefferson." T. B. Aldrich contributes a touching story of the war, entitled "Quite So;" Kate Hillard's dainty little poem, "The Brook's Message," makes a picturesque addition to the verse of the number; H. James, Jr., writes of "Taine's English Literature;" Hawthorne's romance, "Septimus Felton," grows in favor; and Holmes' Poet at the Breakfast-Table is piquant and spirited. The departments at the close are unusually full. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for April opens with a series, in one paper, of most exquisite pen-pictures of the ocean, entitled "Sea-Studies," followed by "A Ride through Oregon," written by the now famous "Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller, as we learn from the extract-sheet accompanying the magazine. This gentleman's unique prose sketches are rapidly acquiring that standard of fame which his forceful poetic effusions have already obtained, "South-Sea Bubbles" can easily be traced to the "Poet of the Tropics," Charles W. Stoddard, and seems to be a parting tribute on his recent departure for the Navigator Islands. We find the "flavor of the Far West" pervading this issue to an unusual extent in such papers as "Northern California Indians," no doubt from the pen of Stephen Powers; "Wants and Advantages of California," a practical article; "Yosemite Valley in Flood;" "Jaunita," an Arizona sketch, and an imitable outdoor paper, entitled "In the Shadow of St. Helena," which we attribute to W. C. Bartlett, judging from the character of his previous juicy contributions. "Mr. Rice's Romance" introduces the reader to a vivid picture of life in the early days of California. The Overland has become famous for these character-sketches, and

PARTED FOREVER.

Music by EDWARD CLARK.

Andante con espressione.

TENOR.

1. We parted in silence, we parted at night, On the banks of that lone-ly riv-er, Where the fra- grant limes their
 SOPRANO and ALTO
 2. But ere we sighed our last fare-well In wild and bit-ter sor - row, Our whispered vows, re-
 3. And now on the mid - night sky I look, And my heart grows full to weep-ing; Each star is to me a
 BASS.
 D.C. We parted in silence, we parted at night, On the banks of that lone-ly riv-er, Where the fra- grant limes their

Fine.

boughs u - nite, We met and we part-ed for - ev-er. The night winds sang and the stars a - bove Told
 mem - ber'd well, Spoke peace to the com - ing mor - row. The lips that ech - oed that vow of mine, Are
 seal - ed book, Some tale of the loved one keep - ing. We part - ed si - lent - ly and in tears, Be -
 boughs u - nite, We met and we part-ed for - ev-er.

*Fine.**D.C.*

ma - ny a touch-ing sto - ry Of the friends long passed to the realms a - bove, Where the soul wears its mantle of glo-ry.
 cold as that lone - ly riv-er, And the eye, the beau - ti - ful Spir - it shrine, Has shrouded its fire for - ev-er.
 side that swift-flowing riv-er, But the fragrance and bloom of those by - gone years, Will hang round its waters for - ev-er.

D.C.

they are a feature of the magazine, each number being enriched with one or more of these peculiarly interesting descriptions. A full and varied "Etc." and a number of fine book criticisms complete an interesting and valuable issue of The Overland. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, 409 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal. \$4 per annum.

THE ORPHEUS, a journal of Music, Art and Literature, published by G. D. Russell & Co., Boston, exhibits an enterprising progressive spirit,

and keeps its readers posted on music matters in general. It has reached its seventh volume, and has a wide circulation. Published monthly at \$1.00 per annum.

The April number of Peterson's is received and as usual is brim full of choice things in the literary and fashion department that cannot fail to be of great interest in every household that is so favored as to be visited by this excellent publication. Price two dollars a year. Published by Chas. J. Peterson: 306 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

HARPER'S BAZAR continues to grace our table, and is pronounced by the ladies just the thing. Each number continues to be filled with charming designs for ladies and children's dresses, hats, shoes, etc., while its reading matter is irreproachable. Every lady should have the Bazaar. Terms \$4.00 per year. Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for April, which is everywhere welcomed as one of the best friends of the young has among its contents the following, "A

Chance for himself," a story by J. T. Trowbridge; Poem by Harriet Hammond; "Tommy the Pedlar," by Sarah Chester; Poem by Edgar Fawcett; "Crusoe Life" by Rev. R. D. Carter; "A Few Dogs," by Fenny Bradford; "The First Baptism in Congo" by James Burton; "The Little French Girl of St. Suplice," by Alice Robbins; "Moths and Cocoons," by Kate Lorraine; Letters from Young Contributors and Our Letter Box concludes the list. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.



AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;

She would never endure an impudent stare,—
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—

Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!

They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—But stay—
Were the men all such rogues in aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?

And what should I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!

And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad

That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let me perish—to rescue some wretched young man!

Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

IN THE KITCHEN.

DR. FRANKLIN says time is money, and we may begin to conclude that the time of the overworked housekeeper is of some little value. To many of our readers it is not a question of choice whether they will use wood, coal or peat, but one of absolute necessity; we must therefore accept the condition of things as it is, and study how best to adapt them to our use. The demand for large size stoves, and those with extension tops for water tanks and tin heaters, has rapidly increased, and will soon be the most popular. The extra cost is but a trifle as compared to the amount of labor saved, and will in a few months more than pay the extra cost in the saving of labor.

In large families where help must be hired and where it is difficult to get it, all of these little savings are of importance. In the city the husband can step into one of the cross streets and order a wash-woman; he can go to the baker and order the bread and pastry, with baked beans for his Sunday dinner if he chooses. Not so with our readers in the country; they have no cross streets from which to obtain a wash-woman, nor can they step into a bake shop and order the bread and pastry; if there is no bread, biscuit or griddle-cakes must be made; if there is no wash-woman a girl must be hired, and then to get the girl is the question.

Now if we can, by the use of improved stoves and other apparatus, lessen the

labor of the kitchen, we shall in the same proportion increase the comfort of our wives and daughters.

Let us take things in detail, and see where by using a trifle more cash in the outlay, we can save more labor. A common cook stove has four holes; during the getting of the meal these are all occupied, and there is no place for the inevitable dish-kettle, and it must await the cooking of the meal. Breakfast or dinner is ready and the wife is busy putting it on the table, turning coffee and waiting on the family. After the meal is over the fire is to be replenished, and then the dish-kettle goes on; of course it is some time in getting hot; when ready the water is dipped out, and if it runs short a new supply must be put on, when further delay ensues. After the dishes are washed the kettle is to be taken off, the surplus water thrown out, and at the next meal we have the same round of heating the dish water; in fact three or four times a day the same unvarying round; to be followed day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year.

A stove with an extension top, cast iron water-tank and tin heater, in which to keep things warm, will cost ten or twelve dollars extra. Let us see if it will pay. Husband gets up in the morning, makes the fire, puts five or six pails of water in the tank, calls his wife and goes about his chores. The fire goes roaring up the pipes and on its way heats the water by the time breakfast is ready. After the meal is over the dishes are brought in, the dishwater is ready in no stinted supply; there is no putting on or taking off of the dish-kettle, but like a perpetual fountain is always ready for use. How long, let us ask the overtasked wife, will it take to refund the ten or twelve dollars of extra outlay. We fancy her answer, "Just twelve weeks, and then it will be mine free of any cost." We need not enlarge on the value of the tin heater, to warm the mince pie, to keep John's supper warm, when he comes home late from the distant market, or in which to raise the bread.

The dining room is a part of the kitchen itself; in this we want a folding extension table of six or ten feet, according to the size of the family. A table that can be folded together by any person a dozen years old. This will cost more than a common table or even the old style of "extension" table; but what of that when it is to save labor, for the money comes back again in the shape of wages. Mr. and Mrs. Jones often call in of an evening to have a social chat, and the question of the last evening was that of the common extension table. Mrs. Jones had seen a newly improved one at the house of a friend—who the maker was she did not know—it came from some large factory, and she came nearly on purpose to see if we knew anything about it. It could be folded up so easily there was no need of a rack for the leaves, for they all folded into a recess in the table, and could be extended as desired. Mrs. J. had a very good table as she thought until she saw this new one, though it always took her and Mr. Jones to pull it out, but then she could shove it together alone by making a battering-ram of it against one of the window frames.

It is true that Mr. Jones had been at the expense of patching the plastering about the window annually since the table came into the house, and on one occasion the hired girl had batted it

smack through the wall, instead of driving it against the window frame. Mrs. Jones insisted that it would be good economy to put the old table in the kitchen where it could stand for rough work, and to purchase one of the new ones; "it would save her a deal of hard work and annoyance." We agreed with her in this and promised to inquire where the new tables are made, and what they cost a foot, and of what sizes they could be ordered.

It would not be safe for us to discuss washing machines and we will pass the investigation over for the present; but of one thing no kitchen should be without, and this is a good wringer, and when we say a good one we mean nearly if not quite all the patterns made, for in reality there is little to choose among so many that are good. One that is easily and securely fastened to the wash-tub is the most desirable; get one of good size and it will save at least one-third of the labor of washing.—*Prairie Farmer.*

ANOTHER BILL OF FARE.

"What do you find to cook nowadays?" said Mrs. May to her neighbor, who had just dropped in for an errand, "It seems to me it is the hardest time in the year to have any variety on the table—I shall be so glad to have spring vegetables come."

"Well, it does tax one's ingenuity considerably. I have rung the changes on fried mush, fried hominy, and fried rice for breakfast until I really wish I could invent something else."

"Dear me, I have never thought of one of those—you have given me a new idea. Now we have had fish cakes, and hash cakes and potato cakes, until I am tired of making them."

"I think I will try them awhile for variety," said her visitor, laughing. "This morning for a change we had a dish of fried onions, and the family relished them very well. I think to-morrow morning I will have some nice fried fish. I shall put them in water about noon to-day, and they will be fresh enough by morning. Do you ever fry up your stale bread? Our people like it very well for a side dish. I dip the slices in cold water, and then lay them into hot fat, and they are brown and crisp directly."

"Well, I do believe it is a good plan to compare notes about these things—just let me note down some of your dishes, so that I can refer to them afterwards. Let us begin with dinner—what are you going to have to-day, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"I left a big pan of beans and boiled beef baking in the oven. It is much better than pork and beans, we think, and more wholesome. The children will take nothing else when we have baked beans; but I shall have mashed potatoes and boiled sweet potatoes besides, and a rice pudding for dessert."

"Dear me, it's enough to tempt any one's appetite to hear you go on. I have not made a rice pudding these three months, and all like it—I will have one this very day. But please go on and give me another bill of fare for to-morrow."

"I shall not tell my family beforehand, but I am going to give them soup to-morrow noon. They never know when it is coming, for I think it is so tiresome to have regular days for regular things, like army rations. Still I manage to have soup some day in the week, and a

very good wholesome dinner it makes, with a plenty of vegetables in it, and a sprig or two of thyme, and a few spoonfuls of tomato catsup. We have very nice turnips this winter, and when they are nicely cooked and a little cream added when you mash them, I think they are a very good vegetable. But any butter in them makes them very indigestible."

"Please tell me what you get for supper, and I will see if I cannot improve on my old round."

"You know we always have light suppers, bread and butter being the staple. But I always aim at having these as near perfection as I can. It is a hard matter now, as far as butter is concerned. Now that article is so high I make milk gravy a great deal, which the children like better than butter. Sometimes I shave down dried beef, and make a gravy over that, but oftener I fry a little pork quite brown, then take it out and add a bowl of milk to the fat, dredge in a little flour, add a little pepper, then cut the meat up fine and add it to the gravy. It makes a very nice and a very cheap salt relish. I always contrive to have some sort of fruit for supper, if only simple dried apple sauce, sifted through the colander, and perhaps a plate of little seed cakes or crullers. I do not often make rich cakes, as you know we are obliged to consult economy in our expenses, and I do not think my family would be any healthier or happier with them. I believe if we would occasionally confer together about these matters, we should be able to live better and cheaper. Every housekeeper, has her own plans and recipes, which would be new to her neighbor, however stereotyped they may be to her. But I must run home now, or Susan will forget to add water to those baked beans. I think we must contrive a cook book between us for private use, and hand it down to our daughters."

"I will begin mine this very day with some suggestions I have got from you—many thanks for them. I will set about practicing one of them right away."

The two friends did begin their cook books, and if they favor me with a second peep into them, I will promise to apprise my readers of it.—*Ex.*

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

Whatever kind of coffee you may use, the first condition is to pick it before roasting, and remove all things not belonging to it—as pieces of wood, stones, plumes, and above all, the mouldy, black beans, which will be found in every kind of coffee. The sense of taste is so susceptible, that the smallest addition of anything foreign will not pass unnoticed. The color of dark or dark-green looking coffee is usually given to it artificially, and such beans must be washed and then dried with a warm linen cloth.

The next important operation, on which the quality of the coffee depends, is the roasting. The beans should not be roasted more than to the point where they lose their hornlike quality, and thus become fit for grinding or crushing in a wooden mortar. The coffee contains some crystalline body, called *cafein*, the volatile nature of which makes it necessary that the greatest care be taken to retain it in the beans. The roasting, therefore, must be done slowly, until the coffee assumes a light-brown color. From beans roasted to a dark-brown, the *cafein* will be gone; and should

they have been roasted still longer, and become of black color, all of the principal components of the fruit are totally destroyed, and the drink made of them does not deserve any more the name of coffee.

The beans, made porous by the roasting—and thus subject to the influence of the penetrating atmosphere, will lose every day some of their aroma. To avoid this, strew some powdered sugar over them before you take them out of the hot roasting-pan—one-half ounce of sugar will be sufficient for one pound of coffee. The sugar will melt immediately and candy the beans, which are to be stirred and to be shaken. Their pores will be covered by the melted sugar, and thus be protected against the influence of the air. The coffee will lose nearly all its smell by this procedure, but the latter will appear again so much fuller at the grinding. More recommendable it will be still, to roast only such quantity of coffee as may be wanted for one day's consumption. An open frying-pan is preferable to a closed coffee-drum, as the former affords a better chance to watch the roasting.

The beans, when roasted, are taken from the pan and spread out on a tin plate, to effect their speedy cooling, then stored on a dry place, and they must not be ground or crushed until used for making the coffee. This is best done in the following way:

Take three-fourths of the coffee-powder which you want to use, and let it boil for ten minutes in such a quantity of water as you wish to turn into coffee. After ten minutes boiling add the fourth part of the coffee-powder left. Then remove the pot from the fire at once, cover the vessel and let the liquid settle for five or six minutes. By stirring it easily then, the small quantity of powder swimming on the surface will soon go to the bottom; and by pouring carefully the brown liquid into a clean pot, you will have the best coffee that can be produced.

The usual method of making coffee leaves often more than the half of the dissoluble parts of the beans in the grounds of the coffee.

To have the same good opinion of the coffee prepared in the described way, as I have myself, it is necessary not to judge it by the taste of the coffee made in the common way—but to observe the wholesome influence which it exercises on the organism!

It is quite usual to attribute to the coffee exciting qualities, and there are many persons who avoid it for this reason. But these exciting qualities are solely attributable to the volatile substances produced by the destruction of the components of the coffee by the roasting.

The coffee prepared by the above method is not exciting, and I have convinced myself that it may be taken after dinner without disturbing the digestion, which latter is nearly always interrupted by the taking of strongly roasted coffee.

—Professor Liebig.

STONE PAINT.

A German recipe for coating wood with a substance as hard as stone is as follows: forty parts of chalk, fifty of resin, and four of linseed oil are melted together, and one part of oxide of copper is added, and afterward (very gradually and carefully) one part of sulphuric acid. The mixture is applied hot.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

ABOUT HARD SOAP.

In my chat about "House Cleaning," I touched upon the soap question, by saying that hard soap was much to be preferred to soft for this work, especially the nicer parts of cleaning. So also, as we well know, it is better for washing flannels and prints, while most any lady who does any washing, without a machine especially, will find it much pleasanter for the hands than putting them into soft, lye soap.

But many families in the country, make their own soap, hence, as a matter of economy, use lye soap for almost all purposes, or, from force of habit, scarce think they can do otherwise. This, however, is a mistake, for families can make their own hard soap, if they take a little pains to do so, and especially in saving fat for this purpose. There are various methods of manufacturing it from soft lye soap—separating the lye by using fine salt, and other ways. A nicer article may also be made of good clean grease and quick lime, but this method is laborious, as is the attempting it from soft soap, and for this reason most would prefer to buy the hard soap than to take the trouble; or if they do not do that, use only soft soap.

But there is an easy way to make your hard soap, and that is with prepared potash, such as is put up in packages on purpose for this use, and sold by grocers or druggists, in most any respectable sized place. The kind that we prefer is called the "Penn. Company," and in pound boxes, selling for about thirty cents, and one box making ten pounds of good hard soap. This, if you have saved your clean grease, will give you an excellent article at a trifling expense, while the manufacture of it is perfectly simple and easy besides. Complete directions are given on each box; you can make it in a pail kettle over your kitchen stove at any season of the year, and with very little labor indeed. If this kind is not to be found near you, there are others put up in the same way, and common potash can be used, in case these boxes cannot be found.

About saving your grease; you will of course have during the year considerable clean grease, drippings not good enough perhaps for cooking, and this can be carefully saved by itself, and if possible kept from moulding. A cask, or stone jar, containing lye to put grease in, will keep it nicely, and the grease can be separated from the lye very easily by dissolving the whole and putting in cold water, when the grease will raise to the top and harden, and be just the thing for your hard soap. In any case, you will need to melt, and it is also a good plan to strain your grease before mixing it with the prepared lye for soap, so as to remove any substances that may defile it, and then, if you follow the directions given, you will find your task an easy one to finish, and be rewarded with a good article for all common purposes.

Where families burn coal, or partially use it, and yet do not choose to dispose of their soap grease, this is also a great saving, as it enables one to make soap, when otherwise they could not conveniently do so. The boxes give directions for making soft soap also, but we do not consider that desirable, as the article thus made is neither hard nor soft, and

does not keep nicely like common lye soap. It is better if you use these preparations, to make only the hard soap, and reduce that to soft if you choose when needed for use. These hints are for young housekeepers, who may find it easy to learn to make their hard soap and agreeable to use that article for any purpose.

CHEAP FOOD.

Dr. Dio Lewis in his talk to those who live in Boston says some things which are equally appropriate to people who live in the country and especially in large villages. The following is a specimen:

You must have meat every day of the year. Your children should have some animal food during the autumn, winter and spring. But meat is very high. A sirloin steak costs in our market from thirty-five to forty cents a pound. And even this is not the most expensive part of the animal. But do you know that in an ox which dressed, weighs eight hundred pounds, only a very small part brings this high price? And do you know that that small part is neither the most nourishing nor the most palatable? While certain portions of the animal sell from thirty to forty cents a pound, there are portions not one whit less palatable than the tenderloin (when properly cooked,) that can be bought for a very small price. Take, for example, what is called the shank; the very best can be bought for three cents a pound, and a single pound cooked in a stew, with dry bits of bread, will make a meal for yourself and your entire family. The French soldier understands better than anybody else the secret of getting much out of a little.

When you go to market for meat, don't buy tenderloin, but buy what are called coarse meats. Purchase for your dinner five to eight cents' worth, or say ten cents' worth of the cheap, coarse bits. Among our foolish people the competition is so slight over these coarse parts, that the butchers have to put all the price on the small part which is in active demand, and sell all the rest for a mere nothing.

I cannot go on to tell you just what pieces you should buy, but buy such pieces as are sold in this Boston market—the highest market in the United States—for three, four, five or six cents a pound. Good solid meat is sold for these figures, and only needs to be steamed, or to be made into a stew, to be as tender and delicious as the expensive parts of the creature. The neck of the chicken is the most delicious part of the fowl. The neck of a beef, when made tender, comes near being the most delicious part of the animal.

Leaving the meats, let us speak of the vegetable food. Oat-meal in the form of porridge, or in the form of cakes, is one of the most nutritious of vegetable foods. A pound of oat-meal is worth, as nutriment, six pounds of superfine white flour, and pound for pound, costs less than wheat flour. It is most substantial and nutritious food.

Cracked wheat, or whole wheat, when properly cooked, is really one of the most delicious articles of food ever eaten by man. One pound of cracked wheat will give as much strength of muscle and nerve as seven or eight pounds of common baker's bread.

Hominy, samp and hulled corn are some of the most substantial and lasting

of human foods, and very cheap compared even with wheat.

One pound of cheap meat to rags with a quart of white beans, and eaten with brown bread, will make a dinner that a king might luxuriate upon. Your family of seven persons would not be able to consume such a dinner.

Butter, poultry and potatoes are most expensive articles of food. A single bushel of beans, properly cooked, with condiments, will furnish not only more palatable food, but will furnish more nutriment than ten bushels of potatoes.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

I am almost vexed, in these fine days, to see my neighbor-women, just in sight of my door, trying how nearly they can kill themselves working, and not quite die. Women are so foolish in wasting their nervous energy this way. Instead of tearing and hauling everything out of the house the first sunny day, and heaping it up and stringing it out on palings, and fences, and clothes-lines, with whoop and a hurrah, and a scowling brow and dishevelled hair, and a cold dinner eaten off one's lap, let one room be cleaned at a time, and in a way so quiet that the very slumber of the cat is not disturbed. It is the way and manner in which we do things that makes hard work of it.

Some women cannot empty and wash a feather-tick without making a commotion that is felt all through the house. It may not be amiss to tell how I do it: Rip open the end of the tick as far as is necessary to get the feathers through easily, then have a clean tick ready, baste the two ends together as far as you have opened, then shake the feathers from one into the other.

When you have shaken them all down as well as you can, pull out the basting-threads and baste up the end of the tick you have just emptied, and then wash, scald and rinse it, and you will have all the down and loose feathers saved, that would be wasted by turning and shaking, and with much less trouble. When your tick is dry and ready for the feathers again, empty them back in the same way. We never use feather beds except in the coldest of the winter, but use husk beds instead. We made our own. The men hauled a lot of corn into the barn and husked it there, saving the inner husks, which they slit into strips on an old hatchel. Husk beds are as clean, and fresh, and sweet-smelling as a bed of dry maple leaves; but they will accumulate dust. Quiet days, when there is not much wind, I empty the husks out on the grass, and toss and beat them up with a limber piece of lath, to lighten, and freshen, and free from the dust.

When carpets are taken up they are rarely handled as carefully as they should be. I have seen nice carpets hanging on pointed garden palings, or jagged fences, and roughly whipped and jerked about, and more damage done, and wear and tear, than would be in one year of good, honest service on the floor. We always clean ours satisfactorily by spreading it on the low grass, and sweeping it lengthwise and crosswise, and well on both sides, and then hanging it over a pole and whipping it with a smooth switch.

All breaks should be nicely mended before it is laid down again.

Well-trained and kindly-treated husbands, sons and brothers, are always

glad and thankful to lend a helping hand at such work; and where a man refuses to do it, or "forgets" it, or tries to shift the labor on some one else, you may be certain that he is a selfish, unmanly man, or that the women of the household are not all they should be to him—or, at least, don't know how to manage him.—*Home Magazine*.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—As a genuine home paper for valuable information and pleasant instruction as well as interesting reading matter, there is no journal of the kind, in the opinion of the writer, really deserving of comparison with, or so nicely representing the true meaning of, THE HOUSEHOLD, as that truly ennobling paper itself. Chaste throughout all its columns; we read it with delight and consider it not only suitable for the perusal of ourselves and children, but highly essential to our mental culture and domestic development. We separate it into its respective parts or subjects to breathe upon each one a word that will approximate what it really merits, and lo! they all merge into one grand whole, and we find ourselves involuntarily saying, "we are satisfied!"

We have in this country writers whose scintillating pen in stories of romance holds us in wonderful fascination; but show us the person who prefers that kind of reading to the soul-lifting truths to be seen in every issue of THE HOUSEHOLD—who, indeed, does not lay it down in sheer disgust with himself, and we will point to the person who has neither the brain to appreciate, nor the mind to take in and retain the intrinsic beauty and jewel of modern literature. These we find in THE HOUSEHOLD; and we hope its salutary influence may be seen in every home in the land.

No home can grow so well in moral integrity without it; and, although it nestles among the cold, snow-clad hills of Brattleboro, we feel assured in saying the pulsations of so warm and genial a heart as that of THE HOUSEHOLD, must be felt from Maine to California, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

From Yours Respectfully,
NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR CROWELL:—I am a new subscriber to your excellent paper. I wish to say that I am very much pleased with it. I think that through the medium of your paper, housekeepers can attain many useful ideas, by which they may add to the comfort and happiness of home. &

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I commenced housekeeping under very unfavorable circumstances and know how to sympathise with young housekeepers who, like myself commence housekeeping without knowing anything about the various duties that must be attended to by one who wishes to become a good housekeeper.

What a "great and awful mystery" then seemed the art of cooking. I was young then—I can now look back and laugh at things that then filled my soul with dismay.

Three meals a day must be prepared, here was a *must be*, as neither my husband nor I expected to lead a long and happy life with nothing to eat, however romantic our ideas may have been about other things. In vain did my good and practical husband say, as one failure

after another worried and perplexed me "never mind the cooking buy some bread—get a picked up dinner—we shall get along some way." Alas, man cannot live by bread alone especially baker's bread, and how can one pick up a dinner with nothing to pick from? A re-hash of yesterday's failure will be, only a reminder of troubles past.

And then when friends came, the first thought instead of cordial greeting was—will they stay to dinner or tea? and a constant fear that something would be wrong and they would have occasion to pity my husband for having such an inefficient wife.

I don't think I could have lived through that trying time and have become as happy and free from care as I now am but for the help of a friend that came into the family and seemed to set everything straight and plain, not by doing the work but by telling me just how to do it. That friend has remained with me ever since and by her help my life has become comparatively happy and free from care. I'm no longer afraid to say to a friend who happens in "do stay to dinner or tea with us," for I know that although the meal may be of the most simple kind it will be good and if anything more elaborate is prepared I am almost sure it will be faultless. I wish that every young housekeeper had in her possession the Young Housekeeper's Friend by Mrs. Cornelius, for it is just what its title indicates; from it I send a rule for temperance mince pies which is excellent, saving many a flurry when some one comes in to dinner unexpectedly and you have neither time to make a pudding or pie, for they will keep well all winter.

Boil ten pounds of meat in water enough to have two quarts when it is done; chop the meat very fine when it is cold, and add a half pound of suet, or butter, seven pounds of sugar, five of chopped apple, five of box raisins, two of sultana raisins, two of citron, and a pint of syrup of some kind of preserved fruit, add salt, nutmeg, and powdered clove. To mix the ingredients, have the meat mixed with the spices in a pan, put the other ingredients into a kettle with the juice of the meat, let it boil a few minutes then pour it boiling hot upon the meat and stir it together, add it you choose the juice and pulp of three lemons.

SISTER SUE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When I read the article from Constance in the May number I was inclined to censure a part at least, of her remarks as some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD afterwards did. I thought she knew little of the hurry and confusion of a farmer's home where there is often a great deal of work to be done in-doors and only one pair of hands to do it.

But since she gave us her experience

I am sure she knows whereof she affirms and I agree with her that a soiled dress is demoralizing. One of the unpleasant, unpoetical things about farm life is, there is work to be done in which it seems impossible to look neat and tidy but then with a little effort (sometimes it requires considerable) one can

usually dress up a little for the afternoon or the long evening. If I see a wife and mother habitually at these times in a soiled dress and slatternly worn, I conclude that her children will never look back with fond recollections to the home of their childhood and with love and

veneration to the mother who bore them.

I will close by narrating what happened to me recently. I had often been asked to "come in and spend a friendly evening" at a place where I am not in the habit of going. I concluded to accept the last invitation though with some apprehensions as to the result. It was a pleasant evening the latter part of the week, it had been washing-day with the mistress of the house who has a small family, all adults. I will not attempt to describe the particulars of her toilet but evidently there had been no change during the day. The lamp might not have been cleaned for a week and the odor of kerosene is never pleasant. Not being endowed by nature with the gift of conversation on all occasions and under all circumstances although my would-be-entertainer was profuse in apologies I did not find it easy to get over the embarrassment of these surroundings.

AGNES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I'll not stop to expend half the time I might in acknowledgment of your manifold excellence coming, as you do, into our family circle like a very sunbeam bringing a faint breath of sweet peas and mignonette and all things lovely.

Suffice it to say that forthwith we are trying charming experiments in window gardening or fashioning fabulous frames wherein photographs and chromos of foreign scenery look out from surroundings of our own woodland treasures.

Then again, some night, a lady presides, with shining eyes, at a tea-table whose bread rivals the snow for delicacy with a dish of tempting sponge cake or cream cakes and, in her heart, she acknowledges indebtedness to the kind hints of THE HOUSEHOLD contributors.

Of course we feel wonderfully well acquainted with you, dear HOUSEHOLD and even with some of your contributors. Mrs. Dorr's articles challenge our hearty appreciation and especially a late one, for I confess to a need for the "beauty nap" and thanked the dear lady, under my breath, that there was no absolute necessity laid upon me to rise before the sun in order to sustain a good, domestic and moral character. I believe her face is a sunny one with a shading of soft brown hair—am I taking liberties?—and full of a goodly charity!

And Miss Olive's—you know her—is that of a bonny brunette with eyes that glow as she condemns her asp'ring sisters to the washtub or the misery of stove funnels. Ah, dear Miss Oldstyle, the wheel is turning with progress at the hub, you know—and woman seems to be coming up. I confess that I feel unprepared for any exceeding changes, such as receiving the ballot, but already the air is clearer and the sphere of woman, the true, legitimate sphere of woman, very much enlarged.

Do not think me one of those unbalanced creatures who go about the world with disheveled locks and weird faces prating of "rights" in confusion and ignorance, but only a simple soul watching "while God is marching on." And now can it be said that "Olive and I are out?"

With many thanks for favors from HOUSEHOLD friends, I am yours truly,

HESTER H.

LIQUID GLUE.

The following recipe for "prepared

glue," the discovery of a French chemist, is selling about the country, as a secret, for various prices, from one to five dollars. It is a handy and valuable composition, as it does not gelatinize, putrify, ferment or become offensive, and can be used cold for the ordinary purposes of glue in making or mending furniture or broken vessels that are exposed to water, etc.

In a wide mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of best glue in a half pint of water, by setting it in a vessel of water and heating it till dissolved. Then add slowly, constantly stirring, two and a half ounces of strong aqua fortis (nitric acid.) Keep well corked, and it will be ready for use.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—I will send you my recipe for soft gingerbread, which we make and eat by the yard. It is easily made and is excellent. One-half cup of butter, one cup of boiling water poured over the butter, two cups of New Orleans molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one egg, and flour enough to make it a trifle thicker than cake.

N. L.

Evanston, Ill.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a nutmeg, one pound of fruit, and a teaspoonful of soda.

HARRISON CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two cups of raisins, four cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of soda.

ALICE B. F.

FRIED CURLS.—One egg, three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cream, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and nutmeg or extract of lemon, mix it stiff enough to roll. Have pine sticks made round, seven inches long, and half an inch through; cut and roll the dough in strips about as large as a pipe stem, pinch one end on the stick, roll or wind around the stick, and fasten with a pinch to the other end. Have the rolls about a quarter of an inch apart so as to allow for rising. Three sticks are sufficient. When the curls are done you can slip them from the sticks. Don't wash the sticks, but roll them in paper and put them away.

MARION.

RICH CREAM CAKE.—Having lately become a subscriber to your paper, in which I find many very useful recipes, I thought perhaps some from the little state of Delaware would be acceptable to you. I will first send you a recipe for a rich cream cake. Put two well beaten eggs into a teacup, fill it up with sweet cream, then take one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one small teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, beat well together and flavor to taste. Bake in a shallow pan.

DELAWARE.

BEEF CHEESE.—Have a beef shin well broken, put it to cook in boiling water; cook till the meat drops from the bone, take out the meat and bones, leaving the water boiling, chop the meat fine, and skim the pot thoroughly. If the water is boiled down to two quarts or a little more it will do; mix the meat and water from the pot together, season as you like with salt, pepper and sage, pour it into deep earthen dishes to cool; next day it will cut nicely, and will, I think, be liked by all who try it. I cook pig's feet the same way, and think it the best way to cook them.

COCOANUT PIE.—Peel the dark skin off, grate the meat upon a large grater, (such as is used for green corn,) beat one egg light, add a cup of milk, and sugar to taste. If a large cocoanut, add one-half the grated meat; if a small one, the whole. Bake with one crust.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Rub a cup of sugar and one-third of a cup of butter together, add one egg, one-half cup of milk; stir into a cup and a half of sifted flour a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and add to the other ingredients, and

when well beaten stir in the grated cocoanut, the whole of a small one or half a large one. I drop the mixture into pans, allowing a scant spoonful for a cake. Do not let them touch before baking. When done separate them with a knife, putting them on a sieve or platter to cool.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Put about a pint of milk on to scald; beat the yolks of two eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of corn-starch which has first been stirred up with a very little cold milk, stir well together and add to the milk carefully that it may not lump, and as soon as it thickens well pour it into the dish designed for the table, and add a teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Put some water on to boil, (I prefer a spider for it,) then beat up quickly the whites of two eggs until they will pile, put a spoonful at a time into the boiling water until you have what can be cooked at one time. A few seconds will cook them. Don't turn them. I take them out with a skimmer, one at a time, and lay them carefully on the dish of float. This is a very pretty dish for the tea-table. I dish it out in saucers or small deep plates.

The recipe for corn cakes, in the February number, was very nice, and in return I send the lady my recipe for finger cakes, which I think she will like:

FINGER CAKES.—Beat two eggs light, to which add a cup of sugar (granulated is best), all but about a tablespoonful; mix with sifted flour half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and stir all together. Stir in flour enough to make a stiff dough, knead well, roll it thin, and sprinkle the top with the sugar that was left out, just a light roll with the rolling-pin keeps it from dropping off; cut the dough into strips about the size of the middle finger, it is better to cut the dough with a pastry knife as it makes a prettier edge, but if you do not have one take a common knife. Do not let the fingers touch in the pan. Bake them in a quick oven, but watch them as they scorch easily. These cakes will keep a long time.

MRS. S. L.

ARTIFICIAL HONEY.—Four pounds of common sugar, one pint of water, let them come to a boil and skim, then add one-fourth ounce of pulverized alum; remove from the fire and stir in one-half ounce of cream of tartar, and one tablespoonful of extract of rose, and it is fit for use.

CREAM BEER.—As the warm weather is near we begin to think of refreshing drinks. I have a famed recipe which I give. It is an effervescent drink, but far pleasanter than soda water inasmuch as you do not have to drink for your life to get your money's worth, the effervescence being much slower. Two ounces tartaric acid, two pounds of white sugar, the juice of one lemon, three pints of water, boil together five minutes; when nearly cold add the whites of three eggs well beaten, with half a cup of flour and half an ounce of essence of wintergreen. Bottle and keep in a cool place. Take two tablespoonfuls of this syrup for a tumbler of water, and add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda.

DELICATE CAKE.—Will Mrs. A. M. try my recipe for delicate cake. One coffee cup of white sugar, five tablespoonfuls of butter, not melted, the whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, three cups of flour, and extract of lemon to flavor.

S. A. K.

SPONGE CAKE.—I send you a recipe for cheap sponge cake which we think very nice: One cup of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two spoonfuls of butter, one egg, one pint of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar stirred well in the flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Flavored with lemon. Cut in squares, and sprinkle thickly with sugar before baking.

OLDIE.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Seeing an inquiry in THE HOUSEHOLD for scalloped oysters, I will send you my recipe, which we think very good: Take a quart of oysters, and crush a pound of Boston crackers. Have ready a large sized pudding dish, put in a layer of cracker and a layer of oysters, seasoning them with salt, pepper, butter, and bits of lemon, then add milk enough to soak the crackers, and so on until the oysters are all in, having a layer of cracker at the top. Bake forty minutes. It is best to prepare it a little while before baking, so the cracker may become thoroughly soaked, to prevent its burning.

BROWN BREAD.—Here is a very good recipe for brown bread: Take three cups of Indian meal, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, and a little salt dissolved in warm water, then add enough cold water to make a pint and a half. Mix it all well-together, then add one-half cup of molasses, mix well, and bake about two hours.

J. N.

COLD SLAW.—I noticed in your last paper that a reader wishes a recipe for preparing cold slaw. I have one I consider very nice, which I enclose for the benefit of some one: One heaping teaspoonful each of mustard and salt, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, yolks of two eggs, well beaten, stir all together and set on the fire, stirring constantly until it thickens, then pour on chopped cabbage.

MINCE PIES.—A subscriber writes to know how to make mince pies without brandy or wine. I send my rule: Two pounds of roasted beef, one pound of chopped suet, two pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of good apples, one and one-half pounds of good currants, three-fourths of a pound of good citron, one pound of brown sugar, one pint of molasses, two nutmegs, one-fourth of an ounce each of mace, cloves, allspice, and cinnamon. Sliced oranges put on the top of the pies are very nice.

AUNT MIRA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—A subscriber asks for something made of Indian meal, baked for tea. I will send her a recipe that I use, which we think is very nice, but perhaps it is not what she wants. Take one quart of nice Indian meal, sifted, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, three well-beaten eggs, one cup of cream, sour milk sufficient to make a rather soft batter; dissolve the soda in a little water and add it the last thing before baking. Butter your baking pans, set them on the stove, and when hot pour in the batter and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a quick oven. If you wish them plainer omit the cream and one egg, and it will be nice.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil one pint of milk, stir in one cup of sifted meal while boiling, remove from the fire and add one-half cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, a little nutmeg, one pint of cold milk, and one egg well beaten; pour into the baking dish while warm, and bake one hour. We use cream and sugar for sauce with this, but it is very nice without any sauce.

MRS. H. A.

HONEY RECIPES.—*Mr. Crowell.*—Noticing a request in THE HOUSEHOLD from K. A. C. for a recipe for making artificial honey, I thought I would send mine.

Artificial Cuba Honey.—Ten pounds of good brown sugar, one quart of water, two pounds of old bee-bread honey in the comb, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one ounce of gum arabic, three drops of oil of peppermint, and two drops of oil of rose. Mix well and boil two or three minutes. Have ready one quart more of water in which an egg is put well beat up, pour it in, and as it begins to boil, skim well, remove from the fire, and when a little cool add two pounds of nice bees' honey and strain. This is really a nice article, looking and tasting like honey.

Domestic Honey.—Ten pounds of coffee sugar, three pounds of water, two ounces of cream of tartar, two tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar, the white of one egg well beaten, one-half pound bees' honey, ten drops of Lubin's extract of honey-suckle. First, put the sugar and water into a kettle and place upon the fire; when luke-warm stir in the cream of tartar and vinegar, then add the egg, when the sugar is nearly melted put in the honey, stir until it comes to a boil, take it off and let it stand a few minutes, then strain, adding the extract of honey-suckle last; let it stand over night and it is ready for use.

Excellent Honey.—Five pounds of good brown sugar, one quart of water, bring to a boil, skim well, and when cool add one pound of bees' honey and four drops of peppermint essence. If you desire a better article, use white sugar, one-half pint less water, and one-half pound more honey. If it is desired to give theropy appearance of bees' honey, put into the water one-fourth of an ounce of alum.

FLORENCE A. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir.*—Will some of your correspondents please inform me, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, what will remove moth patches from the face? and oblige,

MAY.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one please send a recipe for preserving oranges? I have tried several times, but with as many failures.

S. L.

Will some of your obliging correspondents inform me what will erase pecan and persimmon stains from cotton clothing? and oblige,

A READER.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please give me a recipe for curing catarrh in the throat? and oblige a lover of THE HOUSEHOLD.

SARAH.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some one please tell me how to keep field moss throughout the year for hanging baskets? and oblige,

CORA BELL.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD be so kind as to send a recipe for canning horse radish, and at what time of the year is best? I have been a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD for nearly two years, and find all the recipes good that I have tried.

MRS. E. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one please give me a recipe for a boiled batter plum pudding, lemon pie with raisins in it, and raised doughnuts? and oblige,

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Will you please tell me, through your columns, what to do with my canaries when they neglect their young ones while they are too young to feed themselves? Sometimes they let them starve before they are a week old. And oblige,

E. E. F.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one please inform me through your columns how to make good Graham bread? and oblige a subscriber,

MRS. F. J.

Can some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to crochet, or make in any way, lamp mats and tidiess of zephyr?

I would also like to know how to curl mohair. I have seen it curled to look almost as beautiful as real hair. I have tried it, curling on iron, but it soon blows out when exposed to the wind. Any information will greatly oblige,

A READER.

MR. CROWELL.—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make nice smooth frosting for cake, and how to put it on in letters and figures so that it will stay in the right shape? I would like to know how to make warm frosting as well as cold.

Also, how to make blackberry wine?

M. G. H.

MR. EDITOR.—Will some of your contributors please give me a recipe, or some information, how to kill or remove corns? and oblige,

M. J. R.

Will some of your readers please tell me how to make nice soda crackles? and oblige,

MRS. M. W. R.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me through your valuable paper to express my interest and thanks for its many useful hints and practical ideas, for from its varied recipes one can improve their own stock of information. Now after thanking M. E. H. for her very excellent recipe for raw potato yeast, (taken from last September number, and which I have thoroughly tested,) I would like to ask her, or any of your contributors, how to make tomato soup from the canned fruit to taste to "our husbands" like that found in some of the Boston dining-rooms?

Is there any preparation that will entirely destroy the colored figures from thin cotton fabrics that have partially faded?

I would here like to throw out a suggestion for the benefit of young, inexperienced housekeepers. It is, that those giving information

be more explicit; tell how to manage the materials, the length of time required in cooking stated articles of food, and so on. "A little saleratus, add some water, stir in flour until stiff enough." These directions are too indefinite. Many a disappointed look, and oft-times complete failure, might be saved. A NOVICE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Will you accept a line from me and give it a place in your valuable paper? I will not call it a letter, for I shall be very brief, lest I should weary your patience in the beginning. Having been a reader of your paper for some time, questions have many times occurred to me to which I should have liked to have asked an answer through your columns. I always read the "Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD" with interest, often receiving valuable information from them.

H. S. asks how to remove the lime-coat from the inside of her teakettle. If she will, now and then, on wash-day, boil her flour starch in it, she can afterward with a knife, or other sharp instrument, easily remove it.

I would say to New Subscriber, I think her cucumber pickles will be all right if, when she soaks them preparatory to using them, she puts them in cold water and allows it to become gradually scalding (not boiling) hot. I am at present using some which looked just as she described hers, that are now as plump as when first taken from the vines.

Will some one please tell me how cucumber pickles are prepared in vinegar, in large casks or barrels, as we find them in the grocery?

MRS. H. M. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—This is the third year we have received your visits and always think the last the best, and think the dollar that secures them wisely spent, and after reading send them to a friend in another state who prizes them quite as much as we do. I wish Mrs. Dorr and others would favor us with some letters on the government of children. I am sure all the young mothers would join with me in thankfulness for them.

Will some of your readers inform me, through your columns, how to get rid of cockroaches?

Mrs. A. M. requests a recipe for delicate cake. I will send mine which I have always found very nice: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of milk, two cups of flour, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

MRS. B.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send a remedy for weak eyes? and oblige,

SADIE REX.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir.*—I have read your valuable paper a little more than a year, and think I like it better each month; there are so many useful hints to us young housekeepers. In the February number, 1871, there are directions for making a husk door mat, which I wish to make, but do not understand putting in the strings and husks. If the directions could be made a little plainer it would greatly oblige a constant reader.

MRS. C. H. T.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me if any one can raise just as good plants from double petunia seed as they can from the slip?

Also, will the lady that says carbonate of ammonia will kill the worms in flower-pots tell me if it will injure the plant if it gets on it, and if spirits of ammonia would do as well? and oblige,

K. A. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I noticed in my last number that a subscriber of your valuable paper wanted a recipe for making artificial honey. I will send you mine, which I think most excellent. I paid one dollar for the recipe, and feel that it is well worth it.

RECIPE FOR GOLDEN HONEY.—Put five pounds of sugar and two pounds of water in a kettle, bring them to a gradual boil, then take it from the stove, and while cooling add one pound of honey, stir well and strain the whole through a coarse cloth, and it is ready for use. You can keep it in any common jar for years.

I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD since last June, and value it very highly indeed, and when I ascertain where I shall be settled long enough to renew my subscription, I shall certainly do so.

MRS. J. D.



NEARING THE SHORE.

An old man sits in a worn arm chair,
White as snow is his thin, soft hair,
Furrowed his cheek by time and care,
And back and forth he sways;
There's a far away look in his dim, dim eye,
Which tells of thoughts of the long gone by,
For he sits once more 'neath a cloudless sky,
And in childhood merrily plays.

He rests his cheek on the head of his cane,
And happily, smilingly dream over again
Of that home, the brook, the meadow, the lane,
Dreams all with a vision clear:
Then childhood yields unto manhood's place,
And he looks once more in a bright, bright face,
And down in the starry eyes he can trace
A love remembered and dear.

Then he wakes and sighs: "It seems but a dream,
That comes to me now like a golden gleam,
Or the shimmering glow of the sun's last beam,
But 'tis pleasant to think it o'er.
That youth was so sweet but now is past.
Those days of love were too precious to last,
But over yonder their pleasures are cast,
And I am nearing that shore."

He is gliding on in his little boat,
O'er the calm, still water they peacefully float,
But echo full oft brings a well-known note
From the land he has left behind:
But time will row back for him no more,
And he gazes away to that other shore,
And knows when this voyage of life shall be o'er,
That his dream beyond he will find.

The seeds of good which in youth we sow,
Adown thro' the isles of the future will grow,
And shed on age a beautiful glow,
As they come in memory's gleams.
Loved faces will come to a dimming sight;
Sweet words will echo in day dreams bright,
And circle old age with their halos of light,
As they mingle in beautiful dreams.

—Laura Oakwood.

RISE AND FALL OF THE MALONEYS.

THE last rays of the setting sun shone down upon the village of Northstream; now sheening the silver-leaved poplars along the quiet street; now causing the house windows to glitter with rainbow colors. They passed out at last to a narrow stream beyond the village, and rested finally upon a broken bottle by the water's edge.

On a steep bank above the stream was the owner of the bottle—Terrence Maloney—a red headed, red whiskered, red faced Irishman. He stood gazing upon the wreck of his property with a perplexed look of inebriate astonishment, as though to get through his muddled brain the full scope of the calamity that evidently had befallen him.

"Och, worra, worra," he groaned; "there's a pint o' Mr. O'Toole's b'ist whisky gone to smithereens, an' niver a cint in me pocket to buy more wid. Bad cess to me for not kapin' bether hold on the bottle an' not be drappin' it as though whisky was as chape as that water be-yant!"

Mr. Maloney felt the indignation his language seemed to imply, and indeed he had cause therefor. In his inmost soul the loss of the whisky did not trouble him more than the fear of meeting a certain Mrs. Peggy Maloney, on his return home. Her fiery indignation he well knew; and he had expected to find in "Mr. O'Toole's b'ist," that oblivion which would render him impregnable against any and every feminine assault. Now he was defenceless.

That morning as he was leaving his palatial shanty by the railroad side, for

his work, Mrs. Maloney had approached him.

"Now, Terrence," she had said, "an' ye'll be comin' home drunk to-night, as ye did last night an' the night afore that agin. The more shame to me for marrying ye, whin I might o' had me pick among the daeint men in the ould counthry."

"No, Peggy," he had replied, "niver ye fear for me. I'll come sober as a judge, wid a bit o' mate an' a wisp of p'ratis for supper."

"An' will ye kape away from that O'Toole's? (the murtherin' villian—I wish I had the fingerin' of his gullet for delutherin' away poor peoples money.)

"Indade I will, Peggy; you may depend on me."

And this was the way he could be depended on. Mr. Maloney was not so intoxicated as to forget Peggy's remarks and his own promise of the morning. Here was the result. No meat, no potatoes, no money; and by an unfortunate stumble his bottle gone to "smithereens" over the bank. How and wherefore had this last unparalleled disaster come upon him? Mr. Maloney placed his hands in his pockets, leaned back against a post, planted his feet firmly in the sod and tried to reason the matter out. He looked at the bottle; first with his right eye, then with his left, then with both. Then he closed them to reflect.

"Bedad, an' its aisy to see how I did it," he said. "It's because I cudn't kape hould of the bottle," he added with mauldin conviction in the truth of this conclusion.

Once more he turned to look at the object of his cogitation, and this time he gave a start of surprise. The bottle was broken short off through the center and standing right end up. As the rays rested upon it, its owner discovered that considerable of the whisky remained. Mr. Maloney's heart bounded in his manly bosom.

"By the powers, an' there's a quill to half of it lift," he muttered, as he moved with unsteady step to the edge of the bank.

But alas, how fallacious are human hopes. As his foot rested upon the edge, the treacherous sod gave way beneath; and with an accuracy of aim no workman could hope to excel—Mr. Maloney made a straight shot for the bottle. His feet reached it first. The bottle, unable to withstand the pressure of a number 12 brogan, was overturned, and the remainder of the precious fluid lost in the earth. Mr. Maloney did not stop to consider. No, indeed. Propelled by an invisible power he hastened onward, until in six feet of water the kindly stream gave him a resting place. Completely immersed and somewhat sobered by his bath, Mr. Maloney made no delay in floundering to the shore.

"Out on me for folly—instid o' whisky I got wather—bad luck to the same!" he exclaimed, as he stood on the bank wringing his wet clothing. Then as the comic side of the case struck him, he added: "If Father Matthew was prisint he'd be greatly pleased at me converzion to could wather princ'pils." Mr. Maloney laughed at the conceit.

"But what will Peggy say?"

At this dire thought the look of merriment disappeared from Mr. Maloney's countenance and he worked away at his garments in reflective silence. After considerable shaking and wringing he concluded he was presentable and started homeward. His step was not the steadi-

est, nor his head the clearest; yet as he drew near his abode, the portly female figure standing in the doorway at once caught his vision. He knew there was no concealing his condition from her, so he walked boldly forward.

The lynx eyes of Mrs. Maloney at once noticed the deflection from a bee line her liege lord made in advancing, and her mind was instantly made up. As Mr. Maloney attempted to pass by her into the house, she stopped him, and courting with mock gravity, said:

"I beg yer parding, sir! an' isn't it mistaken in the house ye is? This is where Mr. Maloney lives—a daeint man, who is comin' home purty soon wid mate an' p'ratis."

Mr. Maloney nearly jumped out of his skin in astonishment.

"Why, Peggy, don't ye know me? It's yer own darlin' Terrence I is," he said, and he tried to put his arm about her neck.

His attempt at securing recognition was a complete failure, for Mrs. Maloney flung him out of the doorway.

"Be off wid ye for an' impostering daeiver!" she said. "Jist as if I didn't know me own husb'nd from the likes of ye—ye drunken baste."

"Indade Peggy, I—"

"Out on ye! I'll hear no more o' yer blarney. Didn't me Terrence plidge me his word that he'd come sober the night; so in coarse ye can't be him! Whin he comes he'll break ivry bone in yer body for takin' liberties wid me."

Having delivered herself of this conclusive opinion, Mrs. Maloney looked up and down the road as though anxiously expecting her legal protector. Not apparently seeing anything of him, she entered the house, closed the door and locked it behind her.

"Bedad! an' she don't remimber me at all, at all—the ould one fly away with the wimin onyhow," was the comment of Mr. Maloney as he looked blankly at the house. Comments did not seem to have much effect however, and he sat down on a log to define some plan of action. Suddenly he started up with a bright idea—walked up to the door and rapped loudly.

"Who's there?" came a voice from within.

"A gentleman as wants to see Mr. Maloney!"

"Mr. Malony is absint, as yit."

"Well, thin, wid yer permission I'll be stepping in, an' he'll come prisintly."

But the door did not open, and the very ingenious artifice fell through. What should he do next? Mr. Maloney did not know; but he went round to the back of the house and tried the door there. Then he peeped in at the windows, calling, "Peggy! Peggy!" in most pleading tones. No answer was vouchsafed him.

"I wudn't give a cint for a thousand such wimin onyhow. They disrember wid one ear and forgits wid the other—bad cess to 'em!" he said, disgusted at his ill success. Then giving up further attempts for the present, Mr. Maloney meandered elsewhere.

Meanwhile Mrs. Maloney had gone about her household duties regardless of raps, calls, and endearing promises. Her lips were compressed, and her motions quick and nervous as she moved among the kettles and pans that rattled at her approach. She drew out the table for supper. She gave little Tom and Maggie such a scrubbing that those youthful Hibernians squaled lustily. Then see-

ing nothing more to do, or that could be done, she sat down and waited. Some little time had elapsed since Mr. Maloney had made any effort to obtain entrance. An hour passed away and the silence outside remained unbroken. At length Mrs. Maloney arose.

"I'll not be spilin' the supper by waitin' for the likes o' him, onyhow," she muttered. Then she called Tom and Maggie to the table, and sat down herself, ever and anon glancing at the door or out of the window to hear or see something of Mr. Maloney's return.

But Mr. Maloney did not return. The supper was eaten, the table cleared off, and Mrs. Maloney, after putting the children to bed, took some rags to cut for a carpet, and sat down in front of the fire. Hour after hour passed away—eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve were struck by the clock, and found Mrs. Maloney "consuming the midnight oil" in shape of a "tallow dip"—waiting the arrival of Mr. Maloney. At length she laid aside her work and prepared to retire. Just as she had extinguished the light to get into bed, a rap was heard at the door accompanied by a coaxing voice.

"Peggy! Peggy!"

"Well, what d' ye want wid me?"

"An' yes let me in, I'll niver tech a drap o' the crathur agin—by me soul I won't! I'll take yes an' the chil'der to the fair, too, next wake comin'!"

Mrs. Maloney had not much faith in his reformation, but the promise of the taking her and the children to the fair caused her to relent. For some weeks previous, the great topic of conversation in village circles had been the Annual State Fair, to be held the following week at the County Seat. Great posters adorned the village fences and tavern bar room, announcing the premiums to be given for fat hogs, fast horses and the like. All Northstream was agog. Not a farmer but had an unwieldy porker, or wonderful pumpkin to exhibit; while the ladies were busy with astonishing cheeses or anomalous bedquilts, for the same purpose. Mrs. Maloney partook of this general interest, although she was not to be among the exhibitors. She had requested Mr. Maloney to be ready to take her and the children, but that worthy man had responded: "Be aisy wid ye now! what wud the likes of us do at this countr'ly fair?" Yet Mr. Maloney had intended all the while to go, and his apparent forced consent was not hard to give.

Mrs. Maloney arose, unfastened the door, and her crest-fallen lord entered. No words were spoken by either, but speedily getting into bed, they were soon lost in slumber. Not a sound disturbed their repose save that which came from the nasal organs of "the gentleman who wanted to see Mr. Maloney." For a wonder Mr. Maloney kept his promise of total abstinence during the week following. He steered clear of O'Toole's, worked regularly, and as regularly brought home his wages to Peggy. At last the day of the Grand Opening arrived—clear and beautiful. The country roads were crowded with vehicles of all kinds and descriptions, on their way to the city. The Maloneys were early astir, and the children from judicious use of soap and water, were made to shine like two round, Spitzenburg apples. Mrs. Maloney was resplendent in a new dress, and Mr. Maloney in drab pants, blue coat with brass buttons, tall hat, clay pipe, and brass-headed cane—looked as

Mrs. Maloney expressed it, "like a rale ould country gentleman."

Not being the owners of a carriage, the Maloneys were obliged to make the trip of five miles to the city on foot, although Mr. Maloney jocularly offered to convey his family in the wheelbarrow. "Be off wid yer nonsense!" Mrs. Maloney had replied to this suggestion, whereupon Mr. Maloney stole up behind and took a kiss from her round, plump cheek.

"She looked so wholesome," he said.

Then they started off down the road, Mr. Maloney in advance with the blue smoke curling gracefully over his shoulder; Mrs. Maloney following, and Tom and Maggie bringing up the rear.

"That State Fair" was an event long remembered in the Maloney family. It is not our purpose to give a descriptive catalogue of all the Maloneys saw on this memorable occasion. They improved the opportunity. They saw all the horse races and foot races, fat cattle, mowing machines and big squashes, prize loaves of bread, and astonishing potatoes. They visited the side-shows; drank in with delight the sweet music of the hand-organ inside the tents, and gazed with awe upon the terrific monsters pictured on the outside of the same; then listened with profound attention to the oratory of the man at the door, who had "the greatest collection of living curiosities ever brought to this country—just returned from a foreign tour, having been exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe, etc., etc." They saw the fat woman, and the living skeleton, the "Australian Giant," and the "Madagascar What is it?" They looked with surprise at the *feats* of the man without arms, who, as Mrs. Maloney expressed it, "could make a better hand-write wid his toes, than she could wid her two hands." No doubt of it!

But at length toward the middle of afternoon, tired and worn with much sight-seeing, they turned their steps toward an unvisited portion of the fair ground. Alas, that fatal step! We read about "fatal steps" in intemperance stories, and know from an attentive perusal of such literature, the sad consequences that may result from a misplaced footing. We also know that fortune decides matters very unexpectedly for us, sometimes.

As the Maloneys turned a corner of a building, they met a sight beside which all they had seen during the day sank in the shade. This was a balloon, that some enterprising individual had brought to the grounds, and so fastened with ropes to be lengthened out or drawn in at pleasure, that short ascents could be made. The Maloneys had never seen a balloon, and as the car attached to it danced lightly above the ground, as though impatient to be off—Mrs. Maloney grasped her husband's arm with a feeling akin to fear.

"The Saints presarve us! Terrence, what's the likes o' that?"

"Faix—be the powers—I'm thinkin' it's a blather filled wid wind, I can't know," answered Mr. Maloney, surprised at the unexpected sight, and not knowing what else to say.

"Hoot! Where wud they git the blather the size o' that, unless they killed an elephant?" triumphantly, and at the same time scornfully asked Mrs. Maloney.

Not being skilled in the sciences, Mr. Maloney could not answer, so he discreetly made no answer at all.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen!"

shouted forth the proprietor, as he walked around inside the rope enclosure erected to keep the crowd at proper distance. "Walk up and take a short—boy keep off them ropes—aerial voyage. Only ten cents, ladies and gentlemen, for a magnificent panoramic view of this great—I'll skin ye alive, boy, if ye don't git—temple of industry, and the surrounding landscape. Walk up—only ten cents!"

Both the adult Maloneys wished very much to know the name and nature of the strange machine before them, yet, Irish like, dreaded to expose their ignorance by asking questions. They stood for some time watching small parties of the rural population make the ascent, hoping in some way the mystery would be fathomed. But nothing happened of an enlightening character, and at length Mr. Maloney drew near.

"If ye plaze, sir," he said, addressing the balloon man, "In coarse I've seen hundreds an' thousands of them—them—" here Mr. Maloney scratched his head in a perplexed way, as though to recall something forgotten.

"Balloons," suggested the proprietor. "B'loons—yes, that's it! An' isn't it surprisin' in the likes o' me, who's made so many excursions wid 'em, to be disrememberin' that same, whin me father made so mony o' 'em?"

"Your father?"

"Yis," said Mr. Maloney, growing bolder; "me father used to kill elephants in ould country to make b'loons wid lor the quane. He blowed up the blather wid a goose quill."

"What! filled balloons by blowing through a goose quill?" asked the exhibitor, astonished at the assertion.

"Yis, an' to be sure an' he did," answered Mr. Maloney, discovering that he had made a blunder, though he knew not how; "an is there onything onrisible in the likes o' that?"

"Why, man you don't know what you're talking about! balloons are made of silk and filled with hydrogen, or coal gas."

"Out on yes! Jist as if I didn't know the differ betwixt an ould country an' a this country's b'loon," scornfully replied Mr. Maloney, fully determined to uphold his end of the conversation, as he saw he had "got his foot in" beyond easy extrication.

"An' sure an' didn't me father make 'em of silk, framenti, for the Emperor of Afriky, an' sind me to carry 'em home across the says? An' as fur filin' 'em wid gin—bedad, an' the ould g'ntleman swallowed the gin himself, an' filled up the b'loons wid his breath. He know'd better than to be wastin' good potheen on the likes," and Mr. Maloney laughed at the idea of his respected progenitor doing such an absurd thing.

These astounding statements, made by so distinguished an aeronaut as Mr. Maloney claimed to be, completely silenced the balloon man, and he knew not what to reply. He was relieved from his dilemma, however, by a freckled-faced youth and two buxom damsels who came forward wishing to make the ascent, so he paid no farther attention to Mr. Maloney, who walked around the balloon, inspecting it with the patronizing gravity of one thoroughly experienced. We are very sorry that this conversation was interrupted, as Mr. Maloney would probably have thrown much new light upon the subject of balloon ascensions; whereas in its sudden termination, science has likeiy met with a

national loss. Having demonstrated his superior knowledge and learned all that he could the meanwhile, Mr. Maloney returned to his waiting family.

"Well, what do they be callin' it?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Maloney, as he came to them.

"It's a b'loon," lucidly began Mr. Maloney. "Some felly wid a great dale of ganius has noticed that whisky an' the likes makes a man become 'elevated,' so he's made a big silk bag an' filled it wid gin—strong enough to elevate three or four at wanst widout their swalleyin' iver a bit o' potheen thimselfes. An' isn't it a wonderful invitint intirely?"

"Indade, an' it is," answered Mrs. Maloney, as she gazed with interest and increased awe at the elevator before her.

Mr. Maloney did not fully share with this awe on the part of Mrs. Maloney, as his first feeling of surprise had been somewhat modified by a personal inspection; though the "whys" and "wherefores" remained as much a mystery to him as ever. Yet he saw others go up and down in the balloon in safety, and he became possessed with the desire to make the ascent himself.

"An' no one iver is hurted," he said, partly addressing Mrs. Maloney, and partly soliloquizing.

Mrs. Maloney looked at him, questioningly.

"Be the powers, Peggy, an' wouldn't it be a grand thng to spake about, intirely, that we'd make a thrip th'ro' the air widout usin' stame or anything but a bag full o' gin?"

Mrs. Maloney thought this indeed would be a feat worthy of relating, but felt reluctant of earning the ability to do so. Mr. Maloney proceeded to urge the matter, while Tom and Maggie, to whom a ride in the air was not to be given up without effort, added their entreaties, and Mrs. Maloney yielded. The consent of his better-half having been obtained, it did not take Mr. Maloney long to transfer the requisite amount of currency to the balloon man, and then seat himself and family in the light but strongly made car. The ropes were loosened, and the monster of man's invention slowly but surely raised its human freight above the earth's surface. Ten minutes was the time allotted by the proprietor for each ascent, and the Maloneys employed it well in gazing about them, commenting on the moving throng beneath, on the city, a little to the west, with its towers and steeples, on the forests, fields and rivers stretching out beyond, and turning their attention, too, toward Northstream, which could plainly be discerned in the distance. Maggie declared she could see their house, and being pressed by her father to point it out, identified it with:

"An' I know it's our'n, by our black cat playin' wid a mouse on the door stip."

To which conclusive remark Mr. and Mrs. Maloney laughed.

So pleasantly passed the time, until a movement of the ropes warned them the ten minutes had expired.

"Sure, an' I wish—" began Mr. Maloney; but the remark was not finished, for he heard a crackling sound as though something had given away, and the balloon tilted to one side. Then another sound of similar nature came, when the balloon righted, but immediately sprang upward into the air.

"The holy vargin protect us! an' what's the manin' o' that?" asked Mrs. Maloney, as she sat pale and trembling.

Mr. Maloney did not answer, but look-

ing hastily over the side, tried to discover the cause. He saw a large crowd below, shouting and gesticulating as they gazed upward, while hundreds were rushing to the spot from all parts of the fair ground. He saw the long ropes dangling from beneath the car, and the great beads of sweat gathered upon his forehead as the force of the appalling catastrophe came upon him.

The balloon had broken loose.

Mr. Maloney sank back in his seat almost speechless with fright and astonishment, as he discovered this, but his terror-stricken wife looked at him so beechingly, that he managed to utter: "It's all up with us now, Peggy!"

It was no intention of Mr. Maloney's to perpetrate a pun, but it was all *up* with them sure enough. By some means, whether the ropes had been cut or broken never was fully ascertained, the result was the same, the balloon had escaped—bearing four of the "finest pisin-thry in the world," on a voyage, they knew not whither. Mrs. Maloney did not need further words from her husband to learn what had happened. The moving balloon told the rest, and she gazed into Mr. Maloney's face, and he into hers, in silent amazement—neither finding speech suitable for the occasion. Mr. Maloney recovered his voice first.

"Bad cess to the ould bag o' gin, onyhow, and bad cess to the mon that in-vinted it!" he exclaimed, as he shook his fist in impotent rage at the globular silk above him.

"An' how is we to git down out o' this?" asked Mrs. Maloney, with severity, her mind taking a practical turn, yet a reproachful one toward her husband. "An' yes got me an' the childer elevated, ye'd bether be takin' stips to git us down, widout yes intend to murther us intirely."

"Och, whist, Peggy!" answered Mr. Maloney, brokenly. "An' yes know I niver would do the likes o' that at all, at all. I'd take yes down at wanst, if I could find the manes. The murrain seize me for bringing you here!" he added, in self condemnation.

Mrs. Maloney was softened and said: "Don't frit, Terrence, me darlint," then she relapsed into silence.

Meanwhile the balloon, without any guidance but its own wayward will, passed to the westward, over the city. The Maloneys could plainly see the people gathered in the streets, on the house-tops, and the crowds on the corners, gazing with anxiety and consternation at the voyagers beyond all aid but that of Almighty power.

"Faix! an' they takes a dale of interest in us, now we're risin in the world," said Mr. Maloney, with a ghastly attempt at witticism.

It was no time for joking, and Mrs. Maloney did not return even an answering smile, but spoke some low words of encouragement to Tom and Maggie, who had crouched down, sobbing, on the bottom of the car.

On, on they went, leaving the city far behind, and passing out over the open country, drifting hither and thither with the shifting wind; now falling a little, causing the hopes of the Maloneys to revive as they thought of escape; now rising again, driving those hopes back to despair, yet all the while reaching a higher and higher altitude as the time dragged slowly on. It began to grow colder, too, and the little family drew their summer clothing more closely about them, in hope of shutting out the chilly,

cutting air. Mr. Maloney produced his pipe, filled it, and puffed away in gloomy abstraction, but the rest not having this consolation, sat silently shivering.

"An' ye musn't go to slape any of yes," observed Mr. Maloney, withdrawing his pipe and blowing out a cloud of smoke; "if yes do, ye'll fraze to death, intirely."

"I'm thinkin'," said Mrs. Maloney, meditatively, as though revolving some perplexing question, "I'm thinkin' as the praste tould me, if ye'd kape goin up ye'd rache the north powl, and that's what's makin' it coulder. How's that wid yer schoolin', Tom?" she added, giving that young gentleman a nudge with her foot.

But Tom was too much absorbed in his present trouble to care about the geographical position of the north pole, so he did not reply.

"I dunno about that, Peggy," said Mr. Maloney, becoming interested as to their probable destination. "I heard a schoolmaster say wanst, that if ye kape on in ony given direction, ye'd come out in Chany, where they're all haythens, an' ates people as falls in wid 'em."

Mrs. Maloney sat aghast under this appalling announcement, and then cast an involuntary glance over her portly person, as though to see what kind of roast Hibernian she would make for the "Heathen Chinee."

"It don't make much differ whether we're ate up or fraze to death," she said, mournfully.

"Niver a bit, but before we do aither, I'd like a swalley of gin out of that old bag beyant, it would be warmin' us," answered Mr. Maloney, as he pointed to the balloon above his head.

"Och, Terrence, now don't be spakin' in that way," Mrs. Maloney said, with unwanted earnestness. "An' sure, isn't it whisky has brought us all the trouble we iver had? an' isn't God's curse on it intirely; an' would yes be gittin' drunk whin yes may be in the other world afore long? Sure, now, may be if yes'll re-pint an' promise niver to drink again, the good Saviour'll take us down safe."

Mr. Maloney was silent for a few minutes, apparently thinking seriously of his wife's remarks, then, with a look of resolve on his face, he said, "Peggy, sure an' ye'r right! God save us, an' if he will, I'll niver swally a drap o' the sthuff agin—niver!"

"D'y'e raily mane that, Terrence?" asked Mrs. Maloney, eagerly.

"Indade I do."

"Well, thin, may God save and protect us!"

"Amin!" was the fervent response of Mr. Maloney, as he rose to his feet in the solemnity of his new resolve.

The word "amen" had scarcely passed his lips, when a loud, rushing, roaring sound was heard overhead. Frightened and awe-struck by the unexpected noise, Mrs. Maloney turned to her husband for explanation.

"Murther! Terrence, what's that?"

"Sorra a bit can it be stame, I wonder?" Mr. Maloney answered, looking upward with a questioning, dubious glance. But ere he had a chance to discover its cause, Mrs. Maloney broke forth joyously:

"Oeh, an' the Vargin be praised! Look—the b'loon is coming down!"

Mr. Maloney did look, and the balloon was swiftly descending. The reason was easily explained. When Mr. Maloney rose to his feet in response to Peggy's warning against intemperance, he un-

consciously caught hold of the rope connected with the escape valve, and of course as the gas came rushing out, the balloon fell. It did not take the Maloneys long to find out that pulling the rope had something to do with this, neither did they make an injudicious use of the discovery. Soon they came into a warmer atmosphere, and then reached the earth, where, after bumping about for some time over the surface of the ground in efforts to make a landing, they succeeded at last in leaving their unpleasant conveyance, which being relieved of its burden, instantly sprang upwards, but was caught in a neighboring tree. They were not far from home, as they found on inquiry, and tired and worn with the day's adventure, they turned their steps thitherward. Their hearts never were so grateful, or their home more pleasant, than that evening as they entered the house just as the sun sank down out of sight in the west.

The story of the balloon ascension was circulated far and wide, and the Maloneys found themselves objects of attention wherever they went, and in after years it was repeated at many a fireside, but never with more zest than at the little store on the corner bearing over the door the sign—"Terrence Maloney, Grocer."

We like a story that has a good ending, so are happy to add that Mr. Maloney firmly persevered in his resolve of total abstinence; that never again, either in indulging in ardent spirits or balloon ascensions, did he go on a "high."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-five.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Beef-steak is a good thing. Indeed, it may perhaps be safely asserted that it, or its equivalent, is an absolute necessity to most constitutions. Most of us like our coffee; and think, if we have reached manhood or womanhood, that we can hardly do without it. And as for bread—good, light, sweet, properly baked bread—does not all the world know that that is the staff of life?

But who of us would like to be confined long at a time to a bill of fare consisting only of beef-steak, coffee, and bread? Admitting that these three articles are all palatable and good for the inner man, would not the man be likely to grow tired of them after awhile, and to hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt, or—anything—by way of a change?

God did not make bread and meat alone, and then say to the human race, "Eat ye of these and be filled, or go ye and perish with hunger." In His vast larders fish and fowl alternate with the "cattle upon a thousand hills." He gives us not only wheat and corn, but all vegetables in their season, and the endless procession of fruits from the early strawberries, the plums and peaches, the apples, pears and grapes of our northern clime, to the figs and oranges and dates that are brought to us by white-winged vassals from beyond the seas. He knew—this wise and good and beneficent Father of ours—that in a physical as well as in a spiritual sense, man cannot live healthily on bread alone. He knew that to each different part of the human body must be apportioned its own peculiar nourishment. To the brain, the muscles, the flesh, the bones, the blood, must be dealt out the "portion of meat in due season," or they waste away for want of

nutriment. And in His far-seeing wisdom, His exhaustless beneficence, He made provision for every want and supplied from His great store-house every need. God never forgets and never makes mistakes.

* How is it with us?

I never venture to dispute with you, my dear Sir Oracle, for the very best of reasons. You would silence me in just ten minutes. A woman's tongue is proverbial for its length; but mine, nevertheless, is not long enough to enable me to argue with a bearded man, with the slightest hope of success. But sitting here, in my own privileged corner of our HOUSEHOLD fireside, I want to make a suggestion or two over which you can ponder at your leisure.

Did it ever occur to you that that little thirteen-year-old daughter of yours, whom you love so tenderly and in whose educational advancement you justly take such pride and pleasure, has vague wants and needs and yearnings which beef and bread, in the shape of mathematics and the languages, are utterly unable to satisfy?

Now I am not going to sentimentalize, nor "talk poetry." I am going to confine myself to the region of downright, commonplace fact. When God made the girl He did not make a mere mathematician, a mere linguist, a mere historian. He created a complex human being, with a heart and a soul as well as a body and a brain. And that brain is not a unit. It is not pure understanding, pure intellect, pure reason. It is part imagination, part fancy. Is it unfair to assert that one faculty of this brain of God's making is just as essential as another to the symmetry of the whole? Shall we dare apply our tape measures to this wondrous temple? or try to sound this deep sea with our poor plumbets? In other words, shall we declare ourselves to be wiser than He who reared the temple and made the sea?

But do we not do this when we presume to improve upon His work? When we assume that we know better than He the powers and faculties that make up a rounded and symmetrical character? He places in our hands the growing, plastic minds of our children. Is it for us to say that we will make much of the understanding and starve the imagination? that we will cultivate the reason to its utmost extent, but let the fancy die?

I am not generalizing, Sir Oracle. I am speaking with a definite purpose. You said, the other day, that you would not allow your children to read stories; that you dreaded the sight of a story-book within the four walls of your house. You even went so far as to say that you were tempted to forbid their drawing books from the Sunday-school library—so many of them were mere trash. I admit that many of the books last named do belong to a very poor order of literature, and may justly be quarreled with on the score of taste and culture. But your objection to them seemed to be based simply upon the fact that they were *stories*. Your daughter has no time for such nonsense, you say; and you will not have "Harper" or "Scribner" in the house because the child "will read the stories."

Of course she will—just as she would eat a slice of bread and butter if she were hungry: or a cooling, juicy peach if it fell in her way when her lips were parched with fever-thirst. I tell you, Sir Oracle, there is a part of her nature

that requires nutriment just exactly as much as you require beef-steak and coffee; and it cannot find it in Eaton's Common School Arithmetic, in the Elements of Algebra, in a French Grammar, nor in drawing parallels of latitude. It may find a crumb of comfort in History,—if it is properly taught and the dry bones of chronology are clothed in the flesh and blood of a personal humanity. It may and will find it, by and by, in the study of English Literature and the wonderful story of Art—provided you do not taboo the legendary lore it has garnered up. But now she is too young to fully appreciate this banquet; and yet she needs something to keep her imagination from starving. It craves food with an unceasing craving for which she is no more accountable than she is for her natural appetite. Did you ever think of this?

I hold that this insatiable hungering after romance, fiction, fairy tales, and whatever is picturesque and dramatic, would not have been implanted in the child-nature save for some wise end. In our systems of home education have we any right to ignore or condemn it altogether? Should we not, rather, guide and direct it?

And this brings us to another point.

Ah! there are so many bad stories!

Well, admit it. But because your child asks for fish, does it follow that you must give it a scorpion? Because it begs for sweets, are you compelled to give it the vile, painted, poisonous stuff sometimes sold under the name of candy? Because it is athirst and calls for drink, shall you give it whisky?

I should by no means recommend a course of Charles Reade for your daughter;—or for the daughter of any other person. Probably you and I were alike sorry when a recent novel of his, which shall be nameless, appeared simultaneously in two of our foremost periodicals. He says that he does not write for children and "bread-and-butter misses," but for men and women, who are, according to his theory, beyond contamination. But it may well be asked if any author, however great his genius, has a right to forget that nine-tenths of the stories that are read at all, are read by the young and undisciplined. Neither would I throw Wilkie Collins powerful but sensational books in her way—nor those of many others that might be named. But he who chooses to seek for them can find to-day plenty of pure, good, strong stories for the reading of old and young

—books that from one lid to the other contain nothing that is not sweet, wholesome and nutritious; books that cultivate and stimulate one's whole being, intellectual, moral and spiritual; books that will make girls *think*, and will set before them such standards of lofty living as they can find in no mere text book. These stories are teachers, educators, in the best sense of the word; teachers of the truest truths and often of the profoundest philosophy.

Yet I beg that you will not suppose for a moment that I am advocating indiscriminate story-reading. On the contrary I would as soon give a young daughter of mine poison as to give her the free range of most circulating libraries. I would not throw wide open the doors of the magnificent palaces of poetry and romance, and bid her explore them unguided and unattended. I should fear lest she might find in either one of them the gate through which the soul passes to the second death. I would go with her myself, and lead her only

into the grand corridors wherein the mighty masters hold converse with the ages; or into the sunny chambers where the sweet singers and story-tellers of all time speak to the very heart of humanity. For it cannot be denied that there are apartments within those palaces where the air is murky with passion and dense with sin; in whose foul atmosphere faith in God, and trust in the purity of woman or the honor of man, can no more live than the flame of a candle can live in the deadly gases of an unclean well.

But remembering who made the human soul with all its yearnings and all its marvellous possibilities, and recalling the fact that He who spake as never man spake chose to utter His profoundest truths in parables, we may well ask why He did so. It was surely because He found in the parable, the story, the most powerful vehicle for the conveyance of moral and spiritual truth; and the human nature of to-day is identically the same with that which walked and talked with Him by the sea of Galilee.

The grasp of the real, the actual, the material is very strong. We can see it and feel it and measure it. But the greatest preacher of all time told us ages ago that while the things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal. Let us give our children insight as well as out-sight. Let us teach them that faith and hope and love can and do take hold of truths that are beyond the grasp of the understanding. They must learn mathematics; they must learn something of the history and philosophy of language; they must not be ignorant of the sciences; they must understand the structure of the earth and know what has been done by the countless generations that have lived and died upon it. Life and the conditions of our being demand this. But there is a deeper knowledge yet to be gained; a knowledge that has to do with the infinite, the eternal, the absolute. With this knowledge the understanding has but little to do. It comes to us through that part of our curiously complex natures which we call the spiritual in contradistinction to the purely intellectual; it reaches us through what we call the imaginative faculties rather than through the reason.

It has been well said that mere understanding never painted a picture, molded a statue, or wrote a poem; that it never fully comprehended God, nor the universe.

My dear Sir Oracle, cultivate your child's reason to any extent that pleases you. But for her soul's sake do not forget that there is something higher than reason—something that to all the glory of life shall add

"The gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAID.

Number Four.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Did it ever occur to you that the sermons one hears from the pulpits are but a very insignificant portion of all that are preached? Why, bless me, if all the sermons were printed that we preach to ourselves the world would be deluged, overwhelmed! we should wallow in a sea of paper and printer's ink. What odd texts, what queer construction, what immoral morals we might find! Well, it is fortunate, perhaps, that the effort required to give

ideas conciseness and order before they may be communicated to others prevents much thought from expression, yet who knows how much that unexpressed thought is worth, or what force it may exert in action? Fluently spoken sentences are no proof of a person's strength of character. It is often found that he who speaks least, thinks most; and he who thinks most, acts best.

When I used the term unexpressed thought, I meant unexpressed by words, for in a certain general sense all thought is expressed. One is whatever he does. Ideas make the man, because his actions are the result of his beliefs, and belief is the deduction of educated thought. Some one suggests, perhaps, that one obtains religious belief through faith alone; but even faith is educated thought. A little child runs to his parents for protection when he is frightened, because his infant mind assures him that no harm has ever reached him through them. A grown up child finds his religious beliefs through similar analogies. He is surrounded on all sides by impenetrable mystery. Nothing human conceives the vast wonders of creation. Neither science nor philosophy can give him any clue to the principle of life. The vital spark enters into earthly bodies, and leaves them—it comes and goes, but what is it? Behind the beginning of all things there must have been a controlling power. The world exists either by chance or design. Would any man of reason attribute the universe to a chance arrangement of atoms. To carry out this idea, he must allow that the atoms possessed powers of attraction and repulsion among themselves, and how came they invested with such powers?

Whether we believe that all the living inhabitants of the earth started from one protoplasmic germ endless ages ago, or that there were different creations, something must have made the germ and endowed it with a power of progression, or if there were creations, there was a creator. Whether we believe that men make their own lives, or that all their actions are fore-ordained; whether we look upon human beings as puppets or immortals, one stern fact can never be denied, we came into the world without volition of our own and we shall leave it in the same manner. Here is the common ground on which believers and skeptics meet. Here is that proof of a mighty power outside themselves which most appeals to all men—that the beginning and end of their own lives is beyond their control. All metaphysical and religious speculation clusters around this central idea.

To some life here seems incomplete, and its fulfillment and perfection is believed to lie beyond the grave; to others life on earth is one long progression towards perfection here, the souls of all past generations living in those that succeed. To others life is a great gift to be made of practical benefit to its possessors and to all with whom they come in contact; what they believe to be good seems to them the only thing worth living or dying for, and whether death is life or endless sleep, they leave for death itself to determine. To others life is a cup of sparkling stimulus to be drained to the dregs, then when the contents are consumed they believe that nothing remains but the cup, which is as valueless as a nut-shell without a kernel.

But when I began to speak of sermons, I had in my mind a little discourse

that I delivered to myself this evening concerning gas. Mine burned well enough when I came up from supper, but in a few moments it dawned upon me that the room was growing dark—it darkness ever dawns upon one. There was only one burner lighted, and the flame was slowly and steadily diminishing. I lighted another burner to see it go out by, and sat down to watch the process. Instead of going out, however, it came up a little and began to dance and flicker. It made my eyes feel twisted, but still I watched it with a sort of fascination. Oh! for the days of tallow-dips and innocence, I sighed. Life then was simple and calm. But all is progress. From monkeys to men, from cannibalism to civilization, from rush-lights to gas, so the world goes on. What is the mild splutter of a candle, the feeble, fragrant brightness of kerosene, to the glorious effulgence of gas? What is the placid monotone of commonplace existence to the glare and flare of pretentious display? Let us all go up in a balloon, boys, and stay up till it bursts. That is the motto that makes men of us.

I passed two little ragmuffins on the street the other day. One, apparently the elder, was giving the other a glowing account of a free fight in which he had whipped everybody. "O, what a gassy cove you be!" said his somewhat skeptical listener. Still he looked up at him with admiration, and no doubt wished he could tell as good a story. Human nature is very much the same the world over, whether it is little or grown up, I commented, as the picture of the "gassy cove" with his shabby companion rose before me.

Pretension, if there is persistence with it, accomplishes a good deal, sometimes. I know a man who is emphatically—a man with a presence. He walks with a grand, lordly air. He looks like a prince, or as if he thought he was one, and all this tells. To be sure he has smartness, considerable of it, behind to back his pretension, but his manner makes a profound impression upon a great many, and inclines them to believe that he is an extraordinary man, whereas he is only remarkable in the matter of self assertion. The world's justice seems doubtful to reason. Men and women frequently obtain credit for being more than they really are, because they insist that they are more, and simply persisting an assertion is, to many, strong evidence of its probability. Men are often boosted by circumstances into higher positions than they are fitted for; others seem dogged by an opposing fate. Man makes his own luck in a great degree, but there is a power beyond his control which may raise or crush him, and to this power are often attributed the many failures which result from his own neglect and want of consideration.

On the whole I honestly think that gas helps us wonderfully about rising in the social atmosphere—a moderate quantity of course, just enough to convey the impression that one is a very fortunate person and knows it, but not too much lest one should burst and collapse. Too much of a good thing is worse than none, as a New Englander is sometimes convinced after his Thanksgiving dinner, and there is no denying that gas is very plentiful. Look at the gassy men who swell and strut as if the weight of the nation were on their shoulders; look at the gassy women who dress and simper and believe that men love pretty fools (as they do very

often); look at the popular clergymen who are so eccentric and original; look at the women who seek notoriety for the good (?) of the sex; look at the politicians who grow rich by hard work; look at the men of straw who live on other people's money; look on any side and there is plenty of gas. Still it would be very dark if the gas were turned off. We go to the theatre and know that it is all illusion, but we enjoy it nevertheless.

All is not gold that glitters, but the glitter dazzles the senses just the same, for it is the surface of things that first impresses us. No matter if all is vanity, vanity pleaseth. No matter if this world is but the mammon of unrighteousness, it is the best world we know anything about as yet, and we may as well make the best of it, gas and all. So turn on every burner. Give us plenty of light and heat and glare. Gaslight is more becoming than daylight, as every woman knows, and there is a great deal of the time when we must stand in the daylight of the sun and of facts when the stern discipline of life compels us to see things precisely as they are without illusion, without equivocation, without gas!

OLD MAID.

"A VALUABLE WIFE FOR SOMEBODY."

"A young lady recently sheared twenty sheep, and cooked dinner besides, all in one day! A valuable wife for somebody!"

Yes, "a valuable wife," that is all! Nobody says, "She can make her own living," or "she can take care of herself." Nobody advises her to "stick to her shearing" and lay up something for a rainy day, but every one holds up both hands for exclamation points, and cries, "What a valuable wife for somebody!" just as if a woman was "somebody's wife," or nothing.

Wouldn't it be possible for Miss Tennessee to follow shearing, year after year, and be quite as respectable as those who marry Smith or Jones, "because it is so hard for a woman to get along alone?"

"Twenty sheep and dinner besides!" says widower Podge to himself. "Maria never could do that. It took her about all the time to get the meals, and see to the children. Such a woman could help a man. Why, she'd save hirin' one hand, and board and wages together; that is considerable in a year."

So he puts on his best suit and drives over, not to say as an honest man would, "Miss Tennessee, I have heard that you are a splendid worker and that you can shear twenty sheep in a day, and get dinner too; so I came over to tell you that I'd like to marry you, for I have a large farm, but it is not all paid for yet, and lots of cows and hogs and sheep, besides five children, and I want a woman who can work hard to help me get along in the world." Ah, no, he knows better than to begin that way; so he puts on his very sweetest smile, and wonders if her "father could be induced to sell that roan horse," and he calls several times before he finds Mr. T. at home, and every time he talks about—well, everything but work, and that he never hints at, except to feel so sorry that "Mrs. Meek has to work so much beyond her strength," and to fear that "Fanny Gregg is sewing herself into a consumption," and he is so good that tired Miss Tennessee thinks it would be so nice to have a husband who would know when

a woman had done enough; so she "falls in love" with the wooer and marries him, and he takes her home, and is much disappointed to find that she does not cook or wash dishes a bit faster than other folks. And she does not wash, and bake, and mop, and iron, while he is doing the morning chores, but takes two days for it, just as Maria did, and he begins to believe that he has been cheated!

Then he thinks that he will hurry her up a little, so he gathers up all the sacks on the place and wants them washed and patched, and then he says, "Can't you milk that heifer? She is so afraid of men;" and when she hints that she would like to have a new carpet he thinks that "so smart a woman can make her own carpet," and, woman like, this "valuable wife" tries to do all that is expected of her, and in a few years she is all broken down; "not what I expected her to be at all;" says the astonished husband.

Mrs. Podge herself looks back regretfully to her sheep shearing days. "I used to do some great day's work then," she says; "but it was not drag, drag, all the time, for if I was very tired, I rested next day and got over it, but since I've been married I haven't had a minute's rest. If I do leave the work and the children, I have them on my mind all the same. And I used to lay up a little money, too, but I have not saved a cent since I got married. I boarded Hopkins a good while, but that went on a horse Podge bought of him, and although it was called my horse it was traded with others, for a threshing machine, and that was traded for something else; and so it goes, whatever I earn.

Oh yes, Podge take care of me when I'm sick, and gives me victuals, and pays my doctor's bills, but he has not the least idea that I have a right to it all, and growls that women don't care how much they are sick, for it all comes out of men's pockets.

Well, if I hadn't married I might have had enough money to take care of myself, when I'm sick, without asking for it, and I should not have worked half so hard for it, either. If I had my married life to live over I would have more help, because help costs no more than doctors do. I believe Podge thought I was made of cast iron and never would wear out. I only wish that I had known enough to take care of myself before it was too late."

There is any number of "valuable wives" for any number of husbands, but how many can keep "a valuable wife" after they get her? — *Western Rural.*



WAY NOTES.

Number Ten.

ROME, Dec. 21, 1871.

After a pleasant sojourn of three weeks at Florence, I left that city on the afternoon of the 14th, reaching Pisa the same day, and devoted one day to a visit to the famous Leaning Tower, Baptistry, etc. The former is about 170 feet in height, and is composed of eight stories supported by over 200 pillars. Its inclination from the perpendicular is

nearly fifteen feet, and is supposed to be owing to the settling of the earth and foundations when the work was half completed. It is ascended by a circular stairway of 220 stone steps, and the outlook from the summit affords a fine view of the surrounding country, the city of Pisa, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The work was begun in the latter part of the twelfth century, about 1174, by Bonanno of Pisa, and Guillaume of Innsbruck, and was completed about the middle of the fourteenth century by Thomas, son of Andre de Pisa, and is perhaps one of the most remarkable edifices of its kind in the world. Its inclination from the perpendicular is said to have furnished Galileo with data from which to experiment upon the laws of gravitation. The oscillations of the great bronze hanging lamp in the adjacent cathedral also suggested to the great philosopher the theory of the pendulum. Descending the tower I passed round the cathedral into the Baptistry, a circular building built a few years prior to the construction of the tower, and the peculiar feature of which is the wonderful echo — *l'echo harmonique* — to illustrate which my guide sounded three notes of the scale successively and which, blending into a harmonious chord, filled the air with "sweet sounds" lasting nearly a full minute. The elaborate mosaic work of the floor and the sculptured figures about the pulpit are contemporaneous with the construction of the building, and are wonderfully preserved.

From Pisa to Rome is a ride of about ten hours, and during a great part of the way the road skirts the Mediterranean coast; the isle of Elba, memorable for the brief captivity of the first Napoleon, is distinctly visible from the cars. At Orbitello a halt of nearly half an hour is made for dinner, and passengers seat themselves at the long table in readiness and enjoy at their leisure a complete and comfortable dinner, in marked contrast with the hurried five or ten minutes system of our American railways. From Civita Vecchia but a single stop is made until we reach Rome, about half after nine o'clock. Not having telegraphed for rooms, I was obliged to drive from one hotel to another until I found one which was not full, the "season" being now well under way, and the demand for accommodations very great.

The Monday following it was announced that the Colosseum was to be illuminated with Bengal lights, and at an early hour the crowd began to collect. The Corso was filled with the representatives of every class, on foot and in carriages, wending their way past the Capitol, the Forum and the Arch of Titus, to the vast arena of the ruined Colosseum, which was lighted imperfectly by torches. The moon clear and bright shone down upon the arches and niches of the old ruin, renewing a scene which has so often kindled the enthusiasm of the artist and poet. At eight o'clock, precisely, a rocket drew its fiery trail athwart the dark blue vault, and burst in rainbow showers above the immense assemblage. A second followed, and in a moment, as if by magic, every niche and arch of that vast pile of ruins was lighted with green, red and violet hues, while sulphurous fumes filled the air as if in one vast conflagration, and completing a scene which no pen can adequately describe. It is estimated that 100,000 people had gathered to witness this imposing spectacle, which was thrice repeated,

when the surging mass turned homeward. As they approached the Arch of Constantine a flame suddenly shot up the right wing of the monument, and crossing the central arch ended in a brilliant star, the light from which illuminated the surroundings like a calcium light, continuing nearly five minutes before it died away. Farther on a new surprise greeted us; the vaulted arches of the Basilica, each being lighted up and each a different hue; lastly in the old forum and the tower behind it the same spectral lights appeared, revealing more clearly than the day the sculptured pillars and darkened ruins of the place which once re-echoed with the eloquence of Rome's great orators and statesmen. Thus ended an evening whose memory will long be treasured by the multitude of citizens and strangers whose privilege it was to witness a spectacle the equal of which is rarely seen.

Yesterday, with a special permit, I visited the halls of the Vatican, whose vast museums have till of late been open to the public. Since, however, it has become the prison-house of the voluntary hermit Pontiff, its museums have been opened only on certain days, and then but an hour or two at a time on special permit to be obtained from the Ambassador. I made good use, however, of the short two hours, and saw among others the original Laocoön group of statuary and the Apollo Belvidere, which alone are worth a voyage across the Atlantic. One statue of the Emperor Nero, a full length, was remarkable for the mild expression of the face, one which would never be selected as belonging to such a monster of cruelty as his later years proved him to be, but still in harmony with the records of his earlier years, which were wholly opposed to the brutal character afterward developed.

Many of the groups and statues are minus an arm or a leg, and some were found in the bed of the Tiber and are greatly disfigured, though bearing sufficient of their original lines to indicate the genius of their author.

27th. Christmas day opened bright and clear, hardly a cloud floating in the heavens, and the air was mild as a June day. Gay crowds of pleasure-seekers filled the Corso, and here and there a Roman matron in bright colored silks and jaunty bodice added a picturesque effect to the scene. In the morning I visited the Statuary Gallery of the Capitol, where I saw the Dying Gladiator, whose authorship is unknown, but whose origin is traced back prior to the Christian era. When discovered it was in broken fragments, which were carefully put together, in their original position, and the missing arm supplied by Michel Angelo. The prostrate figure reclines upon the right arm, the face, cast down, expresses the agony of approaching death, and the beauty and symmetry of limb and muscle in this relic of an age long past, is still the admiration of the artist and the connoisseur. Passing on I lingered awhile before the famous "Venus of the Capitol," the ideal conception of Grecian beauty, but scarcely equal to the Venus de Milo of the Louvre, or the equally famed Venus de Medici, in the "Salle des Tribunes," at Florence. In another hall were the gilded statue of Hercules, the Centaurs, the infant Hercules, Esculapius, and an array of busts and collection of antique Roman coins. My musings over these evidences of a bygone civilization were interrupted by the announcement of the guard that

the hour for closing had arrived, and making a hasty note of the Latin inscription over the fountain in the court, wended my way through the Corso past the old fortress of St. Angelo to the spacious court of St. Peter's, the fund for the construction of which your readers will remember was largely made up from the corrupt sale of indulgences throughout Europe, and which perhaps more than any other cause contributed to fan to a flame the kindling indignation of Luther and his zealous followers, and to consummate the development of a purer religious faith and a wider religious freedom, which spreading from its home among the German hills, has found its way throughout the realm of Christendom.

Entering the vast interior, I found grand mass had already been celebrated, and remained awhile to examine the paintings and statuary of this great temple—especially the bronze statue of St. Peter, with which all are familiar. One devotee was engaged in kissing the toe, and on a closer inspection I was enabled to verify the truth of the report that the latter was actually worn down by the frequent acts of devotion to this inferior member.

As few comparatively have any practical conception of the dimensions of this vast edifice, it may be interesting to give here a few figures. The length of the church is over 186 metres, or nearly 600 feet, that of the transverse nave over 135 metres, or over 400 feet, and the height of the nave about 140 feet; the cupola or dome is about 130 feet in diameter, and about 430 feet in height. In the broad arches supporting this immense dome one reads the following inscription.

"TU ES PETRUS ET SUPER HAUC PETRAM AEDIFICABO ECCLESIA MEAM; ET TIBI DABO CLAVES REQUI COELORUM." (Thou art Peter; and upon this rock will I build my church; and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.)

The Pope remained throughout the day secluded in his palace. The usual public benediction was withheld, and after the usual morning services all enjoyed themselves as best they could. The evening being generally devoted to dinner parties of families and friends, the usual illuminated Christmas tree recalling to us wanderers the associations of home and friends especially strong on this occasion of general reunion and merry-making. G. W. T.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

There is an article afloat in the papers entitled "Golden rules for wives," which enjoins on the ladies a quiet submission to their husband's wills and whims. But the art of living together in harmony is a very difficult art; and without confuting the positions of the author of the aforesaid rules, we offer the following as a substance of what a wife likes in a husband.

Fidelity is her heart's first and most just demand. The act of infidelity a true wife cannot forgive; it rudely breaks the ties that bound her heart to his, and that tie can never more exist.

The first place in her husband's affections no true wife can learn to do without. When she loses that, she has lost her husband, she is a widow, and has to endure the pangs of bereavement intensified by the presence of what she no longer possesses. There is a living

mummy in the house reminding her of her loss in the most painful manner.

A woman likes her husband to excel in those qualities which distinguish the masculine from the feminine being, such as strength, courage, fortitude and judgment. She wants her husband to be wholly a *man*. She cannot entirely love one whom she cannot entirely respect, believe in, and rely on.

A wife dearly likes to have her husband stand high in regard of the community in which they reside. She likes to be thought by her own sex a fortunate woman in having such a husband as she has. She has a taste for the respectable, desires to have a good looking front door, and to keep up a good appearance generally. Some wives, it is said, carry this too far, and some husbands we know, are dangerously complaisant in yielding to the front door ambition of their wives. But a good husband will like to gratify his wife in this respect, as far as he can, without sacrificing more important objects.

Perfect sincerity a wife expects, or at least has a right to expect, from her husband. She desires to know the real state of the case, however it may be concealed from the world. It wrings her heart and wounds her pride to discover that her husband has not wholly confided in her. A man may profitably consult his wife on almost any project; it is due to her that he should do so, and she is glad to be consulted.

Above most other things, a wife craves from her husband appreciation. The great majority of wives lead lives of severe and anxious toil. With unimaginable anguish and peril to their lives they become mothers. Their children require incessant care. "Only the eye of God watches like a mother's," says Fanny Fern, in that chapter of "Ruth Hall," which depicts with such power and truth a mother's agonizing anxieties. And besides her maternal cares a wife is the queen-regent of a household kingdom. She has to think, and plan, and work for everybody. If, in all her labors and cares, she feels that she has her husband's sympathy and gratitude, if he helps her where a man can help a woman, if he notices her efforts, applauds her skill, and allows her deficiencies, all is well. But to endure all this, and yet meet with no appreciating word, or glance, or act from him for whom and for whose she toils and bears, is very bitter.

A wife likes her husband to show her all due respect in the presence of others; she cannot bear to be reproved or criticised by him when others can hear it. Indeed, it is most wrong in a husband thus to put his wife to shame. We cannot help secretly admiring the spirit of that French woman, who, when her husband had so wronged her, refused ever again to utter a word, and for twenty years lived in the house a dumb woman. We admire her spirit, though not her mode of manifesting it. Husbands owe the most profound respect to their wives as the mothers of their children. No man has the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman who is not more scrupulously polite to his wife than to any other woman. We refer here to the essential of politeness, not its forms; we mean kindness and justice in little things.

A wife likes her husband to be considerate. Unexpected kindness and unsolicited favors touch the heart. She appreciates the softened tread when she is sick; she enjoys the gift from a distance,

and everything that proves to her that her husband thinks of her comfort and good.

Husbands, reflect on these things. Your wife has confided her happiness to you. You can make it unspeakably wretched, if you are ignoble and short-sighted. Let the contest between husband and wife be this—which shall do most for the happiness of the other.—*Life Illustrated.*

—Goodness always enriches its possessor.

—Labor brings pleasure; idleness, pain.

—Guilt is ever suspicious and always in fear.

—He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

—Do a thing well and nobody will ask you how long you were about it.

SYMPOTMS OF CATARRH.—Discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick, mucous, purulent, offensive, &c. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, constant desire to clear nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, indigestion, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, &c. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents.

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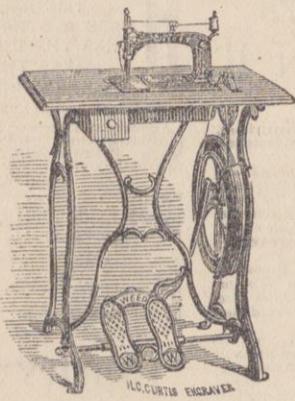
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4-36

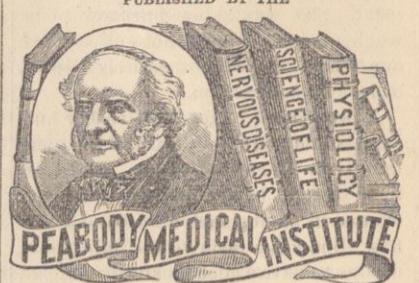
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2-12

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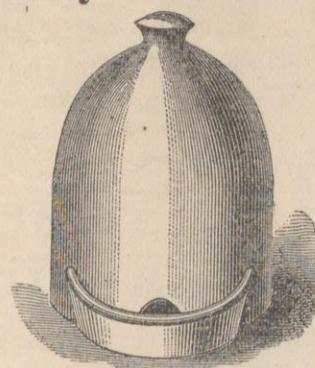
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Leave Hoo ac Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston 6:30, and 9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for Boston 9:30 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield can go to Boston and return same day, having 5 hours in Boston.

The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

O. T. HUGGLES, Superintendent.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 1, 1872.

TRAIN GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 9:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 a. m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grout's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:05 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) 4:45 a. m., Brattleboro 8:41 a. m., South Vernon at 9:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:30 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 2:50 p. m.

TRAIN GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 9:55 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Express leaves Grout's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 9:55 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m., connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 p. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grout's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Kennebec & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. John with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

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names and P. O. address of each club, or the date of sending the same, before forwarding a premium. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

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