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

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1875.

No. 4.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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MARCH.

Oh, March is a tricky fellow—
A tricky, troublesome sprite;
He will be as mild as a lamb by day
And fierce as a lion at night,
He rushes about with a clatter and bang
And makes the echoes ring,
And lays his mouth to the door of the flowers
And roars, "Come out! I am Spring!"

But the flowers, they know better;
They smile and wink in the dark,
And nudge each other and whisper low:
"He is trying to cheat us. Hark!
How he shakes the ground with his heavy tread
And croaks as he tries to sing,
We know better, don't we dears,
The voice of the real Spring?

We know April's lulling music,
Wild as the wood-dove's catches,
And the sound of her dainty finger-tips
Fumbling about our latches,
And May—the dear, delicious May—
When we hear her joyous laughter,
Quickly we jump and out we troop
In gay procession after.

But this obstreperous fellow,
This noisy, mischievous thing,
Need not think he is going to take us in
By leaving his card as Spring.
Lie down again, violets, darlings,
And crocuses, you keep quiet:
Spring may come with a serenade,
But never with a riot."

CONCERNING FRONT DOORS.

Second Paper.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

AND then there is Miss Gossip, whom you may not always wish to welcome in your kitchen, or even your pleasant sitting room, but prefer she shall sit in your parlor where there will likely be the least possible material for her to talk about at the next house at which she calls on visits. It is much pleasanter we sometimes say, and thus some writers insist, to happen in upon a friend just where they are and take them as you find them; and so it is in particular cases, both for hostess and guest. You say you like to have your call or visit where the family are, it is

so much more homelike and you like to see the plants and birds in the sitting room, to see the books and papers that are on the table, and even enjoy a sight of the children's toys, or my lady's work basket, much better than to be ushered into the more prim and company-order parlor. And often this is just the hospital friendliness which we may like to extend to a guest; and again it is not. Suppose, as Gail Hamilton puts it,—I do not recall her words but only the idea—that you are busy with your sewing in that very room and have an overskirt on one chair, a basque on another, and a skirt on a third which you are examining, separately and collectively, to see whether to make it over for Jennie a suit or to turn and remake it for yourself. And besides, Jennie has her boxes and band boxes around, seeing what she can do about fixing up a hat for common wear, so that altogether you have scarce an empty chair to seat a friend, should one enter now. But if your friend or acquaintance rings at the front door you can invite her into the parlor on the other side of the hall; for while you are not ashamed of your efforts at economy in dress and hat making, and likely will be proud to show her your work when it is done, you do not wish her to see the process as it is going on, or to note the soiled spots and rents in what you intend when repaired will be a handsome or at least respectable suit.

And then if Mrs. Grand calls, who has a room purposely for the children's play-room, you do not care to have her see a menagerie, or a four horse team of chairs or a doll's party in your sitting room although you consider it very proper they should be there, rather than not to have the children enjoy their sports in their own way. If it is Mrs. Easy who calls, and whom you know will not be annoyed by the confusion but rather enjoy it, then you perhaps allow her to sit down by you, while you take up your work basket and go on with your sewing, mending or darning as placidly as though no one were present.

And so we believe in front doors, and in any housewife having the privilege of letting her guests into no more or no less of her family arrangements than she chooses to do. In case there is a ring at the front door, and your parlor is not warmed—as it may not be advisable for all to be to that expense in cold weather—you have the privilege of allowing your guest to remain at the door a moment before having the bell answered, and in the mean time you can hastily put your dress and hat-making into the bedroom or clothes press and thus escape, if you choose, having your oc-

cupation noted and made comments on. But if your visitor must come to your back door to have any prospect of admission, as they must often at houses in the country, then they are upon you before you are aware and you must make the best of the dilemma.

We are quite sure that it is for the most part the fault of country housewives that these things are so, and if they care little for it themselves their daughters grown to be more discreet in such matters, heartily wish that people would learn to go to the front door, though such is the force of habit, that their friends and neighbors come in and go out at the kitchen door as from time immemorial they have done, however much the daughters may wish it otherwise.

But if housewives really care for this, or if they do not, if they care to please their daughters—for why should not the country girls be favored as well as any—the matter might in time be adjusted, or at least a beginning made towards having the latch-string out at the front door. In the first place let the front of the house look as though it were inhabited, have a curtain or blind open somewhere, and then coax up *pater familias* to put in a bell, which if he will not do, you can sell eggs enough to purchase one and get it put in yourself. Next the walk can be unobstructed, the door itself left hospitably open in mild weather, the parlor aired so that it will not seem like a dungeon, and by these means your friends and visitors will learn into which door you would have them enter, and will arrange perhaps for like entrance to their own front doors for others."

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

All kinds of forest trees can be obtained in this country at the mere expense of digging them up, while fruit trees of all classes can be had at low prices. Ornamental trees and shrubbery have also grown reasonably cheap, the cultivation of them has become so general. Then, it is principally a matter of labor, to ornament your homes in a style which will make you rich within a few years. If you expect to remain on your homestead, it is of greatest importance that you delay not another moment, but plant now, that you may enjoy the full growth for the longest possible period of time, and if you desire to sell your place, remember that every dollar expended judiciously in ornamenting it with trees and shrubbery, will soon enhance the value to a purchaser ten fold. Do not delay, then, this necessary step longer than this spring.



THE ART OF HOSPITALITY.

IN the prosperity that, despite the hard times, is more general in this country than in any other, wealth is so well distributed that the majority of our people have comfortable homes, and an immense number of them have homes in which they are able to dispense a pleasant hospitality. They invite company to these homes accordingly, they entertain them to the best of their ability while they stay, and they—thank heaven devoutly when they are gone. With all their means of making it pleasant, and with all their good intentions, they find the process as "having company" an intolerable bore, and not only that, but a complete bondage. Their fine house, their pretty treasures, their gardens, their books, are not for them but for their company—their company who enjoy all these things, which they have no time to do; they must live sparingly at other seasons because they must live sumptuously when they have company; while the company lounge at leisure in the parlor, they must be hurrying in the kitchen to get up some dainty as if it came from pastry-cook's; if there is not room in the carriage for all to drive, they must stay at home, because company must go; dressed as some care and superintendence of work requires, they are put to the blush by the elegant toilettes of company—in short they feel themselves to be literally the inferiors and slaves of company. It makes no difference that their turn comes, and that they may be company themselves—all householders are tolerably sure that though they may be company at the rate of three weeks in the year, they will receive company at the rate of three months in the year; which fact upsets any such theory of compensation. Glad as they would be to see their friends and enjoy their society and their gossip on neutral ground, in a hotel, or at some other friend's house, rather than invite them under their own roof every year, after one or two experiences, they would possibly prefer to have no friends, not to say house, at all!

The fact is, that the greater part of the hospitably inclined in this country understand too little the art of hospitality. We take it for granted that our guests come to us merely to have a good time, and we exert ourselves so, to be sure that they shall have it

that we do things which would make them shudder if they knew about them.

Every people varies somewhat in its ideas of hospitality. With the Arabs the life of your worst enemy is secure after he has partaken of your salt; with the Indian the person of the guest is sacred, he is given the best seat in the wigwam, he remains unquestioned as long as he will, and departs unhindered; and in ancient Greece a stranger was bathed, clothed and entertained for nine days before an inquiry was addressed to him, and individuals entered into compacts of mutual hospitality, not only for themselves, but for their prosperity. Yet that absolute abandon to the ideal of hospitality was in dark ages, and is now to be found, openly professed, only among half civilized or wholly barbarous peoples. The world has arrived at what seems to be a more correct standard in the matter—more correct because it is not fashioned on a fancy or a prejudice or a superstition, but is the result of reason.

Hospitality then, it is coming to be understood, does not consist in throwing yourself underfoot and letting the guests walk over you; it consists simply in treating your neighbor as yourself, and not as beyond yourself. To suppose that people come to visit you for the sake of lolling in your easy chairs and eating of your sweetmeats is to insult them; if they do not come to see your simple self, there is no reason why they should come at all. Fine houses, velvet chairs, pictures, books, horses, are to be had for the money; you are not to be had for any money. It is entirely enough that you introduce them into your home.

For think a moment, and say what is home. It is, or is supposed to be, the shrine of all that is most precious and sacred to you on the earth. There are the beings that belong to you and not to the world; there are the objects that reveal your tastes, your idiosyncrasies, your ambitions; there is daily intercourse rendered free and secure by mutual confidence; and there is the customary exhibition of all emotion and sensation of your nature: there is the Holy of Holies, there is the Ark of the Covenant; the very penetralia of the temple of some great religion is in no truth no more sacrosanct than the interior of any home that has the least pretension to being a home.

It is thus the highest honor, the greatest dignity possible to confer when you ask a person into your home—into your real home, that is, and not into a disguise which your real home puts on before a stranger, a disguise of better food, nicer habits, greater pleasures, than belong to the home in its natural condition. In the one case you are giving yourself to your guest indeed; in the other you are giving only so much money—which it is not unlikely might be laid out more satisfactorily if you handed the guest your purse.

The art of hospitality then, it may be admitted, consists in taking your guests into this adytum, not in vulgarly lavishing expense upon their entertainment, not in treating them differently from your family, but in admitting them to your home just as it

is, and making them members of that family. If they come to see you at all, they want to see you as you are, and not as you make believe you are. And the first and only secret of that hospitality is to keep your home without any of that pretence to anything better than the truth which obliges you on investigation to live up to the pretence, and in suchwise, moreover, that you can take your friend into it without fear of deserving reproach. Then if you must be at work, your friend will go about with you or quietly await you without wishing to deviate from your routine; when you can be at leisure your friend will be glad to sit down with you.

Thus the guest will become a part of the home in which you live from day to day, will learn the habit of your house, your way of managing, of governing your children, of doing your duties, of taking your pleasure, will learn your manner with your husband or wife; will, in short, have the power to place you exactly, to think of you thereafter in your real aspect instead of in a false one. This then, to treat your friends not as strangers to whom you will not lift the veil, but to trust them sufficiently to receive them into your family without reserve, to spread before them the snare of no deceit as to your circumstances or as to the delights of your house, to give them not only the shelter of your roof, but of your individuality, to give them, in short, your home and yourself—this is the true art of hospitality, and there is no other.—*Peterson's Journal*.

TO PROTECT FURS FROM MOTHS.

The common practice is to put away furs in something perfectly tight, and to put into the fur all sorts of strong scented articles, such as camphor gum, tobacco, cedar, and even some using turpentine. All these have the effect to dry up and injure the fur, and is not the least protection from moths, as the furs are put into perfectly tight packages that no moth or miller could enter. Ladies are surprised upon taking out their furs in the fall to find that they are injured by the moths after all this care. The simple answer is that the embryo moth was in the furs when they were put away. The deposit of the miller is so small that it is not noticed, and the worm grows very rapidly, and does the mischief, the camphor and cedar having no effect on it. The moth miller has access to the furs before they are put away, and while it dislikes the smell of camphor and cedar, this is not applied to the fur until the miller has had access to it.

Furs should be thoroughly whipped with a small smooth round stick to get out all dust and the small deposit of the miller before putting away, and then put into something that is so tight that a very small miller cannot crawl into. A linen pillow case is a good thing to slip the box into. As it is possible that the furs may not have been whipped perfectly clean when put away, it is desirable to take them out, say in June, and whip them again, when if there are any moths in them they will be in the form of worms and may easily be whipped out.

Never hang furs out to air, but put

them back in the boxes as soon as they are whipped. If in whipping furs the fur is found to be loose, it is evident that there are moths in them, and they should be whipped until the fur will not fly.



THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—Jane Taylor.

THE ARTISTIC INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

BY C. DAY NOBLE.

THE increasing cultivation of flowers by women, especially by those remote from cities and towns, and isolated from most of the finer aids to culture which letters and arts furnish, is generally regarded as an evidence of refinement already possessed. Undoubtedly it betrays a love of beauty, perhaps a hunger for it, at any rate a

feeling after that subtle, ethereal something which is the essence of art, the warrant of aspiration here and of expectation hereafter. But it may be nothing more than a mere tendency toward this something which we will call the artistic spirit, or artistic state of soul, and not at all a possession of it. I am disposed therefore to call attention to the powerful reflex action which flowers themselves have upon those who love them and cultivate them, and which, in its choice and endearing results, evenly ranks with the educating influences of books, or music, or pictures, or brilliant society.

Of the two main elements of art, which are form and color, color is unquestionably that which takes precedence in creating an effect upon the eye, and subsequently upon the soul. It is that which first attracts and then elates the little child, and it is that which first feeds and moves the infantile, artistic sense in the soul of an adult. Its ancient significance and almost supernatural power over the affections has in later times been nearly lost sight of, even by artists themselves. Such thinking observers as Jarves and Ruskin, who are seeking to re-open the ancient wells of spiritual truth which feed and inspire all true art, have been newly arrested by the power of color. The author of "Music and Morals" has dared to go even one step further, and to suggest a possible spiritual and aesthetic property in color *per se*, and altogether irrespective of form, or anything hitherto recognized as an expression of Art.

It is this property in flowers which first re-acts upon the one who loves and cultivates them. It is the pure translucent color of the petals which thrills the eye and vibrates upon the soul like a supernatural vision. The excessive purity of color in flowers, with which gems can scarcely be compared in this respect, is that in which their subtle power resides. Color is here transfigured, fused into light, burning with a message which seems to come from beyond and above nature. I fancy that one who has ever seen a pomegranate blossom under sunlight has seen the best possible exhibition of what Ruskin calls naked color. It strikes the eye like scarlet lightning, and, to take the color which is next to scarlet in its power upon the eye, and deeper in its effect upon the soul, I have known the purple of a pansy's petal or of a hyacinth, or of the centre of a fuchsia, to give one an actual sense of infinity. Love of color and delight in it is, of course, at first merely sensuous. It is the child's sweet, hazy pleasure when his baby eye is drunk with the red worsted swung before it. But this feeling is the very soil and foundation of the artistic spirit, and consequently of all the final spiritual thought and elevation which may be produced from this spirit. After it comes the silent effect of the lovely curves, within which flowers almost universally develop, and which continually educate the eye into a knowledge of grace of outline, and the heart into a sense of the gentle but resistless power which accompanies expansion and trial in every right direction. If color gives one phase of infinity, the curve does another.

To these points in our subject must of course be added the growth in patience, skill and judgment, tenderness toward something that lives, industry, and self-sacrifice, which the faithful care of flowers will produce. But these things, although they every way help and prepare for the artistic spirit, are not generally recognized as technically belonging to it. They point however to the spiritual good to which this spirit leads, and to which all art is but a servant.

Perhaps the truth which I am endeavoring to set forth was never more forcibly presented to me than once in the backwoods of Ohio. A sturdy, plain speaking, motherly woman, of little education and no society, was showing her night blooming cereus, which was a large and rare plant. Now to me there is no greater enigma among flowers. Why such a revelation of heaven itself should burst out of such a horrible, infernal stalk I do not yet understand. This same feeling, together with all the existing, far-reaching suggestions which naturally accompany it, had evidently touched this woman, for with reverent and lowered voice she said, "It once had five blossoms the same night, and it was just awful to see them." The sight had affected her exactly as the Madonna affects some people.

But if this incident most forcibly presented the powerful influence of flowers to my mind, my wanderings the present year have more widely illustrated and confirmed it. In a flower garden among the woods of Alabama,

in one glorified by pomegranate trees in Georgia, over beds of pansies and mignonette among the Berkshire Hills, and now among the Christmas roses and heliotropes of Southern California, where this is written, this subject has been freshly pressed upon my attention. To the gardener of Alabama, a grave, grey-haired, sensible woman, whose bush of sweet briar had accompanied her in all her migrations since her Virginia childhood, her garden of really choice and most vigorous plants seemed to have given all the poetry and beauty her life had known. Their comforting, hopeful, tender atmosphere breathed about her and about the rude old plantation house in which she lived. It made her sensitive to a thousand impressions, cognizant of a thousand states and emotions, which she will never put into words, and will not even understand until she reaches the Art-world beyond.

Still more marked and definite was the educating influence of her garden upon my Georgia friend. Although she had access to music and some books, she literally lived among her flowers. Their curves and colors were her perpetual study and her eye had become remarkably delicate in discernment. The sunrise found her among them; she joined with the mulberry and pomegranate trees in protecting them at noon, and when, freshened at nightfall, they looked up, they found her loving face still over them. These were her pictures—she had no others—and they talked to her. They wrought upon her a peculiar quiet, listening, expectant air. From each of her tea roses she seemed to get a separate, wordless, surpassingly sweet thought. Her splashed carnations showered spice upon her of so fine a stimulation as to increase the sparkle of her eye. Each cape jessamine was a flood gate to ecstasy and had in it the richness of all the poets. Her scarlet pomegranates equally with the Easter lilies, of which I have seen a hundred blossoms at once, taught her purity, and the rosy crape myrtles threw over her little cottage the rosy tint and sheen of love. I could see a refinement in all her sensibilities, a depth and elevation in her domestic affections, continually the new opening of mental avenues and continual fountains—all opening out of the silent atmosphere of beauty in which she perpetually lived. Even her children had been unconsciously educated to a knowledge of color-contrasts and color-chords which art pupils are not always quick at acquiring.

And yet a rarer case than this I found among the Berkshire Hills. Thither I went direct from the Mechanic's Fair at Boston, and the marvelous finish and delicacy of handling which I found in some of the water color sketches of flowers there, I found here, first in the arrangement by the gardener of living flowers, and then in the transfer of their spirit to her soul, her dress, her surroundings, and her life. In all these I could see the influence and expression of artistic principles, and I knew that her flower garden had been her only school. Her hereditary love of color and fine sense of color-harmony, which now made her an unerring authority in the arrangement of flowers or of dress, had

been developed and matured mainly through work among the flowers. These must every way be put before the mountains, the valleys, and the sunsets, in which her little garden was framed, for although the spirit of these too had passed into her soul, until like Wordsworth's Lucy she breathed forth their very essence, yet they could not be so directly handled and carefully inspected as the flowers. Their effect was on the grand scale of a picture

ally towards the edge, which should be left white. When dry, take off the letters, and there we have the motto. These are very pretty for anything so easily made, and quite an ornament for the sitting room.

As will be seen, the beauty of them consists in having the letters placed aright, and nicely cut out; leaving no ragged edges. To get the letters, it would be well to cut printed ones from any paper, the size and style desired, and paste them on thin pasteboard, then cut out. The mottoes can be hung by a worsted card or braid, held at each upper corner on the wrong side, by strips of paper wet in glue, paste, or any mucilage. For all such purposes, the writer keeps on hand a bottle of gum-arabic dissolved in water, with a few drops of vinegar, to keep it from souring. It keeps good for months. NELLIE MAY.

section of a log hollowed out to receive the soil and plants, and covered with a round glass; or an oblong stand, which is in many respects the most convenient style, and suitable for both large and small cases. We give illustrations of both round and square ferneries taken from the *Home Florist*, a most excellent work on floriculture, published by Long Brothers, Buffalo, N. Y.

MIGNONETTE AS A TREE.

Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette or plant seed. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants. Pull up all but one; and, as the mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without any delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be vigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot must be attached to a slender stick. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of flower buds, that must be cut off entirely, leaving not a single bud.

The stock, in consequence of this treatment, will put out a multitude of young shoots, that must be allowed to develop freely until they are about three inches and a half long. Then select out of these, four, six or eight, according to the plant, with equal spaces between them. Now, with a piece of whalebone, make a hoop and attach your shoots to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom, support them by a second hoop like the first. Let them bloom, but take off the seed pods before they have time to form, or the plant may perish.

It will not be long before new shoots will appear just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little, the principal stalks, and also the branches, will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be an herbaceous plant, except at the upper extremities, which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, living for an indefinite period; for, with proper treatment, a tree mignonette will live twelve or fifteen years.

ORNAMENTS FROM SHELLS AND MOSES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one of your many interested readers tell me any way to use shells that shall be new and ornamental? The old "shell monuments" I'm tired of and THE HOUSEHOLD has given directions for "shell mounds," so I do not need those again. I have quite a collection of fine shells and wish to know a way to use them.

Also a pretty way for using or arranging wood mosses. Cape Cod produces a great variety and it seems too bad for the woods and fields to have the whole monopoly.

And who can tell me how to varnish autumn leaves in a way that they will not curl? I wish to preserve some for a winter bouquet. C. D. N.



ROUND FERNERY.

gallery, and did not train the artistic perceptions and faculties so minutely as study of the flowers. This lady seldom visits cities, hears little music, reads few books, shrinks from society, and lives a life loaded with care and hard work, yet there is in her and about her the very choicest artistic spirit. It beautifies her every thought and action. Its quality is like the tint and odor of the arbutus which she passionately loves. The fine, delicate aromatic nature of the mignonette, which she so successfully cultivates, surrounds her like a cloud.

And, finally, let me say that I think I may trace the same artistic influence of flowers among the women who love them and care for them on the sunny Pacific Coast, where this is written.

The fuchsias which climb to their cottage roofs, ring from a million scarlet and purple bells a silent music which I am sure passes into their faces and lives. And if here again the rosy summits of snow-capped mountains are to be taken into artistic count, still the lilies and the heliotropes are more continually studied.

I would rather see in a child the artistic foundation, and the artistic growth, finally leading up into spiritual strength and illumination, which a close companionship with nature, and especially with flowers, produces, than any education in the schools, which, apart from this, it is possible for him to obtain.

MOTTOES IN SPATTER WORK.

Cut out large letters from pasteboard or stiff paper, (which may be of as fanciful a pattern as one pleases, according to the taste,) to form the words for the motto chosen. Place the letters in shape of words in the center of a piece of bristol board, and with a fine brush dipped in ink, spatter all around them. This must be done evenly, with ink enough to make it quite dark around the letters, and less used until it is shaded out gradu-



SQUARE FERNERY.

management is to prop up the glass on one side, or entirely remove it for a short time daily after the morning dusting, and decaying flowers or foliage should be removed. Water should be given only when the surface of the soil becomes dry, which will not be often.

Ferneries are made in various styles, some of them of elaborate and costly workmanship, but they are usually simple in construction consisting of a



SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all my threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said: "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first
Though blind, I never felt assured.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait his will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

—From verses by H. H.

ABOUT GLOVES.

IN some northern countries there exists a custom for brides, on their wedding day, to present a pair of gloves of their own manufacture to each invited guest; and woe betide the unlucky bride who neglects a single one, for his or her revenge would follow the young wife throughout her whole life, however distant her home might be. To provide, therefore, for the utmost emergency, a girl begins early in life to lay by dozens and dozens of gloves of her own knitting ready for the eventful day. In most countries it is still customary to give white gloves to menials on a wedding day, but these need not be worked, stitched, or knitted by the bride's own fair fingers. It is also usual to give gloves at a christening; and abroad, especially in Switzerland, it is the god-mother who presents them, rather reversing the laws of gallantry. The custom of giving gloves at funerals is also very old, though now it is generally restricted to the mourners. Thus, in almost every age and country, the glove has been linked with love, marriage, birth, and death. It has also formed the theme of many a romance and poem, and it has more than once proved a powerful instrument of revenge in the hands of jealousy and hatred; poisoned gloves being at one time but too frequently used as the means whereby to

dispose of a hated rival. The Medici knew the fatal secret, alas! too well, and pitilessly used it to sate their cruel passions.

Cosmetic gloves, with a thick lining of paste whereby to soften and whiten the hands, were also much favored at one time, and, I believe, may still be had in these days, and are eagerly bought by some ladies, who regularly wear them at night, though where they are to be procured I cannot tell.

But let us return to every-day life and to gloves, as we find them. White kid gloves should be especially reserved for occasions of the greatest ceremony; on all other occasions they are out of place, common and vulgar, and white gloves must never be of any material but kid. Next to white kid gloves, straw-colored are the most dressy, for they look almost white by night, and may be worn when white may not for fetes, small evening parties, etc. Straw-colored gloves have often played considerable parts in fashionable novels, just as gauntlets did in old romances, and since Pelham headed the list, every novelist for a long period thought himself compelled to dress his heroes and heroines in straw-colored kids. But lavender has now usurped the place of straw, especially with gentlemen, who even have occasionally the bad taste to dance in them. I say bad taste, because every custom must be in bad taste, however fashionable it may be, if it be productive of damage or injury to others, and though gentlemen may not generally know it, lavender kid gloves often spoil their partner's dresses; who frequently cannot wear a second time a dress body after it has been held by hands encased in lavender.

Black gloves should only be worn in mourning, and never at any other time, under any pretext whatever. Ladies who are forced to study economy may select useful dark shades for gloves, but never black, black gloves being exclusively reserved for mourning. It was Count d'Orsay, I think, who used to say that the sight of black gloves made him shudder. *Apres* of Count d'Orsay, it is also said that he used to regularly wear four pairs of new gloves a day, of different quality and color, according to different times and places. Indeed, it is a popular belief on the Continent, that every gentleman wears at least three pairs of new gloves a day. I must here confess my ignorance on this point, therefore can neither affirm nor deny it; should it be correct, however, I should say that it must make a tolerably unpleasant inroad into many a restricted income.

As a rule, gloves should always be a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn, never darker; dark gloves with light dresses are most offensive to the eye.

To return to black gloves for a moment, I must here remark that abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus black woolen gloves are alone allowed under these circumstances. At the Burgundian Court gloves were not al-

lowed at all during mourning. It would appear by that that gloves were considered entirely as objects of vanity, like powder and rouge, which likewise were prohibited during mourning.

For general wear, neutral tints are the best for gloves, and above all, the Swedish kid gloves in its natural tan-color. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance, and economy. They may be worn at all hours, and with all dresses, excepting evening dress.

In the event of embroidered gloves or mittens returning into fashion, it will be as well to remark here that embroidery should always correspond with the natural shape of the hand-flowers and symbols, such as two hands united, should be scrupulously avoided. Lines and arabesques are the most appropriate pattern for glove embroidery,—lines tend to make the hands look narrow, and therefore are preferred to any other style of working.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact, the hands should be measured for gloves as the feet are for boots. In France it has long been customary to measure for gloves, and there are not a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion.

If a glove is not to disfigure a hand, it should be made of the softest and most elastic kid, that will lend itself to every natural movement of the hand; and the best color, as already stated, is the natural light tan-color of the kid itself. In former romantic days, young ladies wore gloves the color they wished their hands to be, and tried to imitate the rose-fingered goddess by wearing rose colored gloves.

The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed, there is an old proverb which says that it takes three kingdoms to make one glove: Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it. The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, though their kind is rapidly rivaling Spanish kid, and though they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting, consequently they are as yet unable to make good gloves.

Paris is the headquarters for the kid and colt skin gloves. The kid skins are collected in all parts of the world, while the colt skins come from Tartary, where the flesh of sucking colts is the staple article of food. The tanning, dressing and cutting out of the gloves is done in Paris, and thence sent out into the country to be sewed. The great bulk of the Paris gloves have always been sewed in the district of Alsacia and Lorraine, and now that Germany has acquired this territory, Paris to regain her glove trade, will be compelled very generally to adopt the sewing machine. By an ingenious application, skillful operators can afford to sew gloves 30 per cent cheaper with machine than by hand.

It would be quite impossible to find kid enough to supply the demand for gloves, so recourse is had to sheepskin, and it is asserted by several of our largest small ware folks that not 10 per cent of the gloves sold for kid are the legitimate article. The pelts of sucking lambs and colts are the principal material used. Rat skins are never used for gloves; they are too small and cannot be dressed soft and durable. Rat skins are tanned for coverings to jewelry boxes. A genuine kid glove is thin, fine grained, delicate and soft, yet very strong. A sheep glove is coarser grained, thick and stout, and, if shaven to the thinness to represent kid, it is flimsy and rotten.

The sheepskin gloves come principally from Naples and Vienna. About 300,000 dozen pair from the former place are sold yearly in Boston. This class of glove is very largely worn as a preference by many, as being about one-third the price of a kid article; the wearer can afford with better economy to wear a new pair of sheepskin gloves each day, and thus present a clean or unsullied glove, than in purchasing kid continually and replacing them when soiled.

The dressing of skins for gloves is somewhat ingenious. Lime for removing the hair cannot be used, as is done in preparing skins for boot leather, but it is done by soaking them in water and Indian meal, and afterward treading the skins in a rough trough until all of the meal is well out of the hide, when the hair peels off easily. The skins are then skived or thinned down, and the inner side laid upon a large, flat stone, and the dye or color applied with a brush to the outer side. The skin is then dried slowly, when it is ready to be cut into gloves.

This latter process is by laying a skin over a steel frame, the upper edges being sharpened in the shape of two opened hands, and striking with a padded club the skin. The strips between the fingers are cut from edges of skins. They are then tied in packages of a dozen pairs, and, with printed instructions accompanying each package, are sent out to be made. For ladies' wear they are made in ten sizes, from 5 3-8 to 8 inches, which also is an index of their numbers. This is the size of the hand they are to fit, measuring around the knuckle joints.

Gloves are put up in packages of a dozen, each a different color. Manufacturers are often at a great disadvantage in waiting for some one color to complete an invoice to be sent off. One of our Boston jobbers had a lot of 14,000 dozen making up in Paris, when the war broke out, that had been waiting shipment six weeks, delayed by the non receipt of a peculiar shade of green, one pair of each dozen. They were finally shipped with a different color, sorted to make up the count. This seemingly small matter of substituting one color, not specially ordered, ruined the lot, and the goods were sold as unmarketable.

The sizes of gloves in the United States are smaller than they were ten years ago; and the call is still for snugger fits on smaller hands. The smallest gloves made are sold to the American market, and now the sizes

7 8-4 and 8 are not put up abroad in the assortments for this market. For the first time, sizes 5 1-3, up to 6, are to be put up expressly for a Boston house. The colors now in use are lighter than formerly, as opera shades are very generally worn on the streets.

The very general use of kid gloves has almost driven lisle thread goods out of the market. These are a German manufacture, as are also our white cotton military gloves. It is cheap labor, that keeps this line of manufacture abroad. A very good kid glove is made in Philadelphia, and at Gloversville, New York; some of our retail small ware dealers have them in ladies' sizes. They are not so thin and soft as the French article, but are generally more serviceable, and if the trade would generally throw them into the market with a legitimate American brand, Yankee kids would be very generally accepted as a desirable article.

MODERN DRESS.

If Herbert Spencer's theory, that progress is from the simple to the complex, is correct, the attire of the American woman of to-day shows an amount of progress which ought to—and doubtless would—astonish Aspasia mightily. Man, however, reached his climax some time ago, in the matter of costume. Since Pepys confided to his diary the questions about buckles and ribbons which vexed his soul, and Goldsmith was dodging the tailor who made him his beloved "plum-colored velvet," man has retrograded into sober, simple costume. It is, perhaps, regret for his own vanished glories that induces him to regard women as unduly devoted to fixings and furbelows. It is probable that Sir John Lubbock wrote the sentence in which he stigmatizes love of ornament as one of the chief characteristics of savagery with subdued enjoyment, and that he showed it to Lady Lubbock—if such a person exists—with satisfaction and self-complacency.

The weaker sex certainly has not lacked advisers of either sex to show it the errors of its way and its wardrobe. The recent Women's Congress in Chicago discussed dress reform with destructive vigor. The foes of the corset maligned it by the hour and displayed their suspenders as proofs of their emancipation from prejudice and as foreshadowings of their coming to man's whole estate. More than one physician indeed, has advised a compromise garb, half way between the styles worn by the two sexes, and Lucca has shown in her page's attire as *Mignon*, that such a costume may be as dainty as heart could wish.

Such a sweeping change, however, must find footing in the far future, if anywhere. Reform moves as slowly in dress as in politics. Some English artists of high repute tried, some time since, to substitute certain tasteful designs of their own for the season's fashion-plates, but the scheme did not succeed. The famous art-firm with which is connected is said to contemplate ornamenting the persons, as well as the houses of its patrons, but has not yet carried this design into effect. One or two feminine artists

in London have lately done something in this way.

M. Charles Blanc, the brother of the ex-revolutionist, has just published a book on the art of dress. The work shows the French passion for generalization, as when M. Blanc observes that bonnets are worn large "when religion is the fashion," but it is full of shrewd sayings. The author discusses the color and form of the raiment of each sex, and plays barber, shoemaker, dressmaker, milliner, and tailor by turns. He objects to the expence of white linen revealed by a man's dress-suit, but fails to suggest a good substitute. That substitute is certainly not to be found in a vest cut close to the throat. A double-breasted vest is the only semi-graceful form of that ungraceful garment, and this is too heavy to harmonize with full dress, which, by an odd contradiction of terms must be lighter than half-dress. A man bisected by buttons from his waist up to his neck is not a pleasing object. M. Blanc puts his general theory into a nutshell thus:

"Adornments should serve only to make the woman thus adorned admired. Men often say, 'We have seen some beautiful dresses.' Ah! well, if the dainty dresses had been still more dainty they would say, 'We have seen some beautiful women.'"

There is to be said of the dress of to-day—it is picturesque. A lady of 1875 need not fear to step clad as she is, into a portrait which is to hang beside one of a lady of 1775. There is a rich and real beauty about the costumes which fits both for the mortality of canvas and oil. Midway between these years, however, there was a dull, stiff, ugliness of attire which makes those of its wearers who were unfortunate enough to be painted in that day ludicrously unpleasing now. A Grecian beauty of the olden time, when Athens had the Parthenon and did not have the Paris fashions, would outshine the belles of 1775 and 1875 together, not—let us say it with due deference to the rhapsodizing of M. Taine—because she was in herself more beautiful, but because the spectator would not have his attention distracted by yards of dress to inches of women. "The adornment serves only to make the woman thus adorned admired." The picture is not lost in the frame.

The exquisite classical costumes worn by the actresses in Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*, during its long run on the London boards, are said to have had a powerful influence in encouraging taste in dress in England. Their perfection deserved some such reward. Recent American fashions seem to show that some cause is working similar results here. It would be a consummation devoutly wished, for human ingenuity can devise nothing more beautiful than the simple yet stately garb of Greece.—*New York Tribune*.

DRESS REFORM.

In the Coliseum Hall, West Amesbury, Mass., a short time since, we were favored with a visit, from Mrs. H. K. Crane, the lady superintendent of the Dress Reform Rooms, 25 Winter Street, Boston. A large and enthu-

siastic assemblage of ladies, greeted her advent, and evidenced the deep interest felt here, on the subject of Dress Reform. The lecture was a mistress-piece of eloquence and research, abounding with information and suggestion, upon this most important subject. And the graceful attractiveness of the lady herself was the theme of universal admiration; many exclaimed "O, if we could look as nice as Mrs. Crane, we should adopt the Reform Dress, without hesitation!"

The lecture embraced the four departments, so admirably described by Fanny Steele in the January number of your valuable paper. The garments were adjusted upon a lay-figure and fully explained. To some of our ladies here, who have always had the independence to dress according to the "Laws of Health" and defy the tyrant, fashion, in her details, the subject was not quite so new. But to very many present, the ideas of Mrs. Crane were not only "a new departure," but "a new revelation."

Although the lecture was specially to ladies, from courtesy, the physicians of the town were invited, and at the close Dr. H. Cushing and Dr. Corken highly complimented the distinguished lecturer, and heartily thanked her, for the signal service she had rendered by her eloquent and deeply interesting lecture, on the most needed reform, expressing a hope, that, at no distant day, Mrs. Crane would favor us with another visit, and gather with her own hands, some clusters of ripe fruit, as the result of her lecture in West Amesbury.

We are glad to hear that the establishment, in 25 Winter Street, is now entirely in the hands of Mrs. H. K. Crane, with her efficient assistant, Miss Moon, where patterns of "chem-loons," gabrielle skirt, waist, over drawers, German strap circular skirt, boots, gaiters, etc., etc., may always be had.

W. D. C.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Ladies who deck their hair with mimic bloom have in general little idea of the way in which those false flowers grew. They wear them light-hearted in the gayest scenes, and think not that they are transplanted from the saddest. They put forth their leaves and delicate hues in stifling garrets, in fetid back kitchens, or hot, over-crowded factories, where the gas-burners are often without glass or shade, and gas stoves are set on the table to heat the tools, while a hundred women and girls, from nine years old and upwards, bend over their hot-house plants. Some hold the hand stamp which cuts through sixteen folds at a time of the muslin or silk that is to make the flowers. Others vein the leaves by pressing them between dies, or paint the petals separately with a brush when the center is to be left white. Most of them are busy with the finer work of constructing the flowers. They gum and wax, dust for bloom with potato flour, or with blown glass powder for frost; they twist paper or silk thread to the stalk, and make the foundation on which the petals stick. Slender wires are run through the blossoms, and a like it!

small coffering iron gives them their curl.

All this is straining and fidgety work, especially by gaslight, with blistered fingers, thumb-nails worn to the quick, and the dust of paint and other material inflaming the eyes and preparing patients for the ophthalmic hospital. The bright blues and carmine try the sight sadly, and the latter causes heaviness in the head. Arsenic green and verdigris blue are seldom used; but enough is used to poison the poor "flower girl's" existence. She works in London fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and sometimes longer. After thirteen hours' work, girls often take home sufficient for two hours more.

WEAVING HAIR.

In the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Maggie gives directions for weaving hair. My way is not quite the same. I take a box one and a half to two feet long, with one side open; then drive three nails an inch apart in one end, and one nail in the other opposite the middle one; next take a strong linen thread, tie a loop in the end and put it over the one nail, then bring it around one of the three, back to the first and so on until all the nails have threads on; place the box before you with the three nails to your left hand, take a small bunch of hair, have it even and smooth, put it over the threads on the lower nail, then under those on the middle one, and over those on the upper one, then bringing it down to the right hand, reversing the order, work in until it forms the letter M, bringing down the short end not over an inch long when done on the inside; with thumb and finger push it to the right hand. It should be solid and firm.

Then work in another bunch in the same way, and so on. When completed the thread should be cut off the three nails, tied and sewn so as not to ravel. If properly done it looks smooth and can be combed without shedding.

E. S. S. would like to know how to curl feathers. Take some hot embers on a shovel, sprinkle on some salt, hold the feather in the steam near enough to curl and not near enough to scorch.

L. E. A.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S SHOES.

A distinguished woman who not long since returned from Europe, told a friend of ours, of an interview with Miss Florence Nightingale. During the conversation she could not but notice the singular shape of that eminent lady's foot. She had never heard that Miss Nightingale was lame, or malformed, but certainly something was the matter. Her curiosity prompted her to inquire of some mutual friend, who at once explained that Miss Nightingale, despising the modern instrument of torture vended by fashionable shoemakers, is accustomed to plant her stocking foot firmly on a piece of leather, draw the outline of the figure it forms, and have her shoe made to correspond exactly



MAMMA'S LESSONS.

BY M. M. P.

Mamma busy as a bee
Doing many things that we
Deem so very little;
Never dreaming they may prove
Lessons, time may not remove,
Neither job nor tittle.

Mamma's words, and mamma's deeds
Drop around like tiny seeds,
Which sometime will grow;
Whether flower, or whether weed,
Kind after kind, in life, succeed,
Bringing joy or woe.

Children's hearts are fertile places;
Careless seeds will leave some traces,
Spite of later skill;
Then, O mother, be so careful,
And so watchful, and so prayerful,
Dropping nothing ill.

Mamma's life may seem most lowly;
Weary hours may oft pass slowly,
Doing homely duties;
Yet the future may disclose
Poetry, hid beneath the prose,
Full of shining beauties.

Life is not a pleasant stroll;
You are shaping heart and soul,
Either right, or wrong;
May you make them pure and true,
Show them noble things to do;
Make them brave and strong.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

Tis as impossible to "make" a chemist, or an engineer, or a naturalist, of a boy, if he has no special taste or aptness for these studies, as to make a poet out of a Digger Indian. It is no unusual circumstance for parents who have boys just entering upon manhood to come to us desiring counsel in regard to placing them in a chemical laboratory, that they may "learn the trade," as to their eyes the business appears remunerative. They have no special genius, no training in preparatory studies, no decided leaning towards chemical manipulation or research, but the desire is to have them "made" into chemists.

There is a mistaken idea, common to many parents, that their children are as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficient, and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pulpits, when they should be following the plow; forced into courts of law, when they should be driving the plane in a carpenter shop; forced into sick rooms, as physicians, when they should be driving a locomotive, or heading an exploring party in the Rocky Mountains; forced into industrial laboratories, when they should be in the counting-room or shop.

It is a wise provision of Providence that nearly every boy in the world has some peculiar distinctive capability, some aptness for a particular calling or pursuit; and if he is driven into channels contrary to his instincts and tastes, he is in antagonism with na-

ture, and the odds are against him. One of the earliest and most anxious inquiries of parents should be directed to the discovery of the leanings of their children, and if they find that their boy, who they earnestly desire shall adorn the bar or the pulpit, is persistently engaged in constructing toy ships, and wading in every puddle of water, to test their sailing qualities; if he reads books of voyages, and when in a seaport steals away to the wharves, to visit ships and talk with sailors, it is certain he is born for the sea. Fit him out with a sailor's rig, put him in the best possible position for rising to the honorable post of ship-master, and you have discharged your duty.

If, on the other hand, he is logical, discriminating, keen, fond of argument, let him enter the law; if he is fond of whittling, planing, sawing, constructing, and neglects his studies, turn him over to a good carpenter, to learn the trade. If he begins early to spend his pennies for sulphur, nitre, oil of vitrol, aqua fortis, etc.; if he is such a persistent experimenter that you fear he will kill himself, or set your buildings on fire; if his pockets are full of abominable drugs, and his clothing so charged with the odor of stale eggs that you refuse to admit him to the table at meal times, why, the chances are that he is a "born" chemist, and it will be safe to start him off to some technical school for instruction.

The question is, not what we will make of our boys, but what position are they manifestly designed to fill; in what direction does nature point, as respects avocations or pursuit in life which will be in harmony with their capabilities and instincts? It is no use for us to repine and find fault with the supposed vulgar tastes of our boys. We must remember that no industrial calling is vulgar; every kind of labor is honorable; and it is far better to be distinguished as a first-class cobbler or peddler, than to live the contemptible life of a fifth-rate lawyer or clergyman.

There are thousands of boys born into the world possessing scarcely a trace of ambition. Such do not care for distinction, or even for wealth; if they can procure the humblest fare, by constant toil, the aspirations of their boyhood, and subsequently of their manhood, are fully met. They are negative characters, happy with nothing, and suffer no elation or depression, whether in sunshine or under a cloud. These boys, who often afford mortification to ambitious parents, fill a most important niche in the world; in fact, the world could not do without them. They constitute the great army of men who build our railroads, tunnel our mountains, load and unload our ships, cut down our forests, and manipulate the red-hot iron masses which come from our blast furnaces. Scold and fret as we may we cannot alter the temperament or proclivities of such boys.

Nature is stronger than we are, and well is it for us that this is so. If our boys are born to live in subordinate or humble positions, we can hardly help it; we may hold them in a false position by the power of wealth, or strong controlling influences, but

when these fail they fall at once to their place, in obedience to a law as irresistible as that which Newton discovered in the fall of the apple.

What shall we do with our boys? Study to learn what they are capable of doing for themselves; aid them, encourage them to do well whatever work is suited to their natures. Regard every calling as honorable, the labor of which is honorably performed and thus insure happiness and prosperity to our offspring.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Eighteen.

Those parents make a grave mistake who commit the mental training of their children entirely to the public school. It should begin early at home, and under the most careful supervision. As soon as the child opens his eyes, and puts forth his little hands; as soon as his senses come in contact with the material world, the mind begins to drink in knowledge, and expand by means of its own activity. The foundations of the man's education are laid mainly in the home of his childhood, and before he has reached the proper school age. Faithful, early home training is, therefore, of the utmost importance.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Neglect, or improper instruction now may result in waste and failure, in riper years. The "twig" must be properly "bent," that the tree may be developed in symmetrical and stately proportions.

The tree grows by its own vitality, but the shape and direction of its trunk and limbs depend upon its trimming and training. So, also, in education. Self-culture is the only means of sound mental development, but this must be inspired, directed and controlled, during childhood, by parental fidelity and wisdom.

And first of all, and mainly, home training should consist in the discipline of the observing faculties. Books are to be little used at this period, except so far as they may aid in directing attention to the real objects by which the child is surrounded, and in explaining their qualities and uses. The mind of the child opens upon a world of objects and the educators of childhood must impart mainly object lessons.

A thirst for knowledge is inherent in every human mind, and is early manifested. The infant observes and soon learns to distinguish its own friends and benefactors from strangers. It watches, with intense interest, every motion that comes within range of its vision; it grasps every solid object which is placed within its reach—the watch, the pencil, the knife, the toy, and bears it to its mouth, seemingly to make more sure the knowledge of its peculiar properties, by the aid of two senses at once; and as soon as this infant has gained

the power of locomotion, he goes in search of objects to the extreme limits of his little dominion. When the power of speech is gained, he hastens to call everything by its proper name, and to ask endless questions as to its nature and utility.

Here, then, is the parent's opportunity to commence the important work of education. First, it is the instructor's duty to remove from reach and sight all objects which the child may not handle; secondly, to select such toys for his use as are proper and the most interesting; and finally to be ready to answer all inquiries and impart such instruction as each subject will admit. Another important thought in this connection—the child should have the earnest sympathy of the parent in all his efforts to gratify curiosity and gain knowledge, in all his sports and games. The parent should give attention when delighted the child holds up his new found treasure; he should smile upon his expressed enthusiasm, and encourage his search for truth.

Kind looks and gentle words have a magic power over childhood under such circumstances.

Among the first practical lessons to be imparted in the examination of the objects which occupy the attention of the child are the names, parts, qualities and uses of these objects. For illustration, take the object *dinner bell* with which every child is familiar. What are its parts? It has a handle, tongue and chain. What are its qualities? It is hard, smooth, and sonorous. What are its acts? It rings, strikes and sounds. What are its uses? It calls to dinner. A *sheet of paper* is another object. Its parts. It has ends, edge, surface, and lines. Its qualities? It is smooth, limber and pliable. Its uses? To write and print upon, and make books. Next we may call attention to the idea of number, form, size, color and weight. For example, take the object *cat*. The number, one, its size large; it has the form of a quadruped; is of a black color, and weighs ten pounds. What are its qualities? It is hairy, smooth, playful, cunning. Its uses? Good to catch mice. Again, let *boy* be the object. Number, many. Form, like a man. Size? Small. Color? White, Weight? Thirty pounds.

The idea of size, measurement and weight are determined by comparison with a unit of measure, and accuracy in measuring with the eye is acquired only by practice. Then, give the child a measure, and teach him its use; drill him, at every opportunity, to judge of the bulk and distance of objects around him; the size and weight of a stone; the length, breadth and height of the table, the box, or the room itself. Accustom him to distinguish the colors of the different objects that meet his eye, and the various sounds that greet his ear; and he will gain much practical knowledge, and also acquire the habit of observation and accurate judgment. By such home training, children are prepared for the future prosecution of their studies, or the duties of business life.

EXPERIENCE.

THE WAX-DOLL BUSINESS.

A correspondent of the New York herald, writing from Sonneberg, gives the following account of the way wax dolls are made:

To make a real wax doll or one of papier-mâché is quite a long process. First of all the limbs have to be made.

The legs, either of pot or cotton, have to be filled out with moss and sawdust, and the same process is gone through with the body and arms, the task being intrusted to a number of young women. The head is more difficult to make. First comes the molding, from a kind of whitish-brown paste, which when hard is almost indestructible. The head is molded in two halves, the back and front, and then the two parts are joined together with the same sort of paste. The heads are made by the thousand, of all shapes and sizes, and left for the moment unpolished and sickly-looking. Then these frame pasteboard heads are carried to the wax-room, where they are passed through some severe ordeals. The papier-mache model heads are dipped into boiling wax, and thus have the appearance of real wax dolls.

But the genuine article, the real dolls of wax, are made thus: The boiling wax is poured into a plaster mold; it adheres to the sides as it becomes cold, and when the mold is taken apart there is the beautiful wax head, but simply a shell, and of course very weak. The head is cast complete, and only a small opening is left in the crown of the head. Then a workman takes the wax shell and very carefully lines it throughout with a kind of soft paste about the thickness of cardboard, which soon hardens and gives the head its strength and durability. After this process the head is placed over a hot furnace, the wax is permitted to melt to a very slight degree, whereupon it is dusted with powder made of potato meal and alabaster, to give it a delicate flesh tint.

In another room the head is provided with a pair of eyes, and it is no easy thing for the workman to select two exactly alike. Sometimes, as the children know, dolls squint, and this proves that the workman who puts them in was not very careful in his work. Another very skillful workman then receives the head, and finishes off the front appearance of the eyes, scooping off all the wax and affixing the lids in a charming manner. Then eyelashes have to be affixed, and then the little lady has to be provided with teeth, which are put in by a skillful workman one by one.

A still more interesting study is the hair-dressing room of a doll manufacturer. All the dolls that come into this room are complete as far as their heads; there they are quite as bald as some old gentlemen of eighty who don't wear wigs. The hair for these heads is first worked on to a mesh, which fits the doll's head so nicely that one cannot tell but that it is a natural growth. Then the rough head of hair, with the doll, is sent to the female hairdressers, who are armed with combs and brushes and hot curling tongs, have no small amount of taste, and would, I am sure, make excellent ladies' maids. The hair is made up in the most beautiful manner, in imitation of the very newest fashions, and then when the doll is thus combed and curled it is provided with a delicate chemisette and placed, with a hundred or more companions, in a huge basket, and transported either to the great store-rooms or to the doll milliner who provides it with clothing

and costumes fitting it to appear in the great world.

This will only give you a faint idea of how the wax dolls are made. I have omitted many interesting parts of the process, I am sure, such as how the baby dolls are made to open and shut their eyes and to cry "papa" and "mamma," but I am also sure that nearly all children have at one time or another looked into these mysteries of doll life, and a description would be superfluous.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

With the Editor's permission I will tell the children of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, a few stories of different kinds of animals. The first shall be of a dog named Bose Bonney. He was celebrated in all northern New Hampshire, as a great dog for bears, and fifty or sixty years ago his services were in great demand.

One day a man from a neighboring town came to his master to see if he could get the dog for a day or two. For several nights there had been a great bear in his cornfield, and he had not been able to get a shot at him. Squire Bonney called the dog, and pointing to the stranger on horseback, said, "Here, Bose, you must go with this man and catch a bear." That was all, but appearing to understand as well as a human being could, the dog followed the stranger, as if he had been his own master, until they reached home.

That night, the man called the dog, and when everything was still, they went down to the cornfield. There was the bear, almost hidden among the stalks of corn. Quick as possible he dashed through to the open field, and started for the woods, but Bose was on his track and in a few moments the man saw them, a few feet apart, the dog ready to spring the instant the bear turned to the woods. So there they sat facing each other, until a shot from the man's gun stretched the bear dead at his feet. The next day, man and dog might have been seen going into the village of Littleton, with the quarter of the bear Bose had as his wages; he met his owner and looked up into his face with an air of having done his duty right manfully.

The next story will be of a pair of steers my father owned when a boy. He had raised potatoes on a little piece of ground given him, and bought them when small. He told me all about it a few days ago, how he would let no one else feed them, and they grew to love him with an almost human affection. He trained them to the yoke and they would follow him anywhere. But when the summer days came, he was obliged to drive them off to pasture some miles away.

Every week he used to go to give them their salt and see that they were safe and had not forgotten him. He said that everytime when he left them they would stand by the bars and let him prolong the parting as he would, one of them would stand with great tears running down his cheeks, while both looked as if in despair at the thought of separation.

Now comes a goose story of what I saw with my own eyes. When I first set up housekeeping I had two geese,

one old and dignified, the other young and flighty. One day when they had been sitting on their eggs two weeks, waiting for signs of life beneath them, the young goose, tired, I suppose, began to beguile away the weary hours by a continuous tapping on the partition between the two nests. The other bore it patiently awhile and then emerging from her division of the house, seized the offending sister, drew her out of doors and administered a thorough drubbing with bill and wings until justice was satisfied. Then the young goose with a subdued air, went back silently to her nest, while the other stepped proudly and with an appearance of dignity maintained and of duty done.

Sometime, I may tell you mere of the curious things I have seen and heard among animals.

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:—1. Delaware—Liberty and Independence. 2. Wealthy.

3. R O S E 4. H O M E
O V E N O V A L
S E N D M A L T
E N D S E L L A

5. Snow. 6. Alfred Tennyson. 7. Sombre, ombre. 8. Shallow, hallow, allow. 9. Scowl, cowl, owl. 10. Grace, race, ace. 11. Strain, train, rain. 12. Please, lease, ease. 13. Smart, mart, art. 14. Grave, rave, ave. 15. Score, core, ore.

16. There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for any one to say,
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself,
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out
And shuts the shadows in.

17. A
 A D A
 A D A M S
 A M Y
 S

18. Whittier, Tennyson, Longfellow, Byron, Burns, Bryant, Scott.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fifty-two letters.

My 24, 15, 40, 43, 4 is a book of the New Testament.

My 8, 3, 49, 23 was judge of Israel.

My 25, 45, 16, 8, 41, 47 was a province in Asia Minor.

My 51, 50, 27 was a prominent woman of the Old Testament.

My 1, 36, 4, 42, 27, 2 was one of the twelve disciples.

My 14, 7, 16, 22 was what Pharaoh saw in a dream.

My 2, 20, 36, 31, 44 overshadowed the mercy seat.

My 46, 51, 23, 52 made Abram feign his wife to be his sister.

My 9, 13, 40 entertained two angels.

My 34, 4, 32, 12, 28, 10 Christ healed on the Sabbath.

My 37, 52, 29, 5, 17, 31, 1, 33, 18 there are many in the world.

My 6, 19, 13, 39, 21 is what God called his people.

My 26, 48, 39, 15 and 30, 49, 35, 51, 11 were plagues.

My 15, 9, 38 was the father of Hophni and Phinehas.

My whole is from Proverbs.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in meadow but not in lawn, My 2nd is in lost but not in gone, My 3rd is in edge but not in rim, My 4th is in branch but not in limb, My 5th is in man but not in boy, My 6th is in modest but not in coy, My 7th is in heavy but not in light, My 8th is in war but not in fight. My whole is a beautiful tree.

METAGRAM.

3. Entire I am the value of anything; change my first and I am a short space of time; behead me and I am a plant; change the first of this last and I am a small cube; change again and I am pleasing; change again and I am a fault; behead me and I am cold; change the first of this last and I will be found in a pack of cards. ST. AGNES.

ANAGRAM.

4. Awr dna velo rea tegsarn pecemors, Raw deshs ebolt, nda elvo hessd reats, Wra sah paress, dna vloe ash rats, Arw kreabs adhes, nda veol rasebkh athers.

PUZZLE.

5. Down in the earth my first is found, But ne'er is seen upon the ground; Be sure my second must be neat, Whenever "Home, sweet home," you hear;

In Niagara, my third Makes its presence felt and heard; To kings and queens, my fourth's unknown,

Yet claims a part in every throne; In every day, in every year, My fifth, most surely will appear; My sixth in water, sparkling, bright, And in the snow-flakes pure and white; In hovel low my seventh waits, As also in the halls of state; My eighth in diamonds doth dwell, And in the onyx, too, as well; My ninth in Vermont finds a place, But ne'er can Massachusetts grace; My tenth of grief and gladness forms a part, Yet finds no entrance in the human heart.

In sunny France, eleven stands, Or roams o'er Afric's burning sands; My twelfth in Europe, finds a home, But never into Asia comes.

In threat'ning scowl, and winking smile,

My thirteenth lingers for a while; My fourteenth dwells in every land, And forms a part of THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

In Huron's depths, my fifteenth lies hidden, Or comes from Superior, when 'tis bidden;

My last you see, when I bid you "Farewell;" Place these aright, and the name they tell

Of one, whose works we all like well.

SQUARE WORDS.

7. A piece of money; always; a cruel ruler; a steady pace.

8. A running plant; a thought; not far off; organs of sense.

JUMBLES.

Names of Flowers.—9. Peterihole. 10. Nodsprow. 11. Pruskral. 12. Trainstoun. 13. Dolygram. 14. Hotlypansu. 15. Napeljona. 16. Lymret. 17. Welerpikin. 18. Shoonk-dom. 19. Vexfloeg. 20. Widertorps. 21. Loveit.



AN AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

"I am more than half sorry that our friend Olive has touched upon the question of table customs, in the January number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*," said I to Leonidas, as we were having our after-dinner chat, "because she almost constrains me to say a word upon the subject in return."

"Upon knives and forks and cups and saucers?" quoth Leonidas.

"Yes," I reply, "for I can hardly imagine how any one prefers to eat with the knife instead of the fork, whatever custom may dictate in the matter. And I am sure I should make sorry work trying to turn my coffee into a saucer, and should not relish it cooled in that manner, were it ever so fashionable to do so."

"Tastes differ in that matter," replies Leonidas, "and each one to their taste, and liberty for all in this land of freedom. It is very evident, as you see, that Olive Oldstyle likes the old ways better than the new, and has she not the same right to her opinion, as have you and others to yours?"

"Most certainly she has," I reply. "But because habit has made eating with the knife most convenient to her, and to many others, is that any reason why they should advocate that such is a better way; especially in the hearing of all the young people of our great *HOUSEHOLD*? Is it not better that this generation should grow up into what is considered the most approved table customs rather than going back to manners which, in good society, are fast passing away? For it is habit more than anything else that makes a custom individually agreeable; and it is habit also which makes the use of the fork natural, instead of forced and awkward."

"Yes," said Leonidas, "it is something like the affectation that some would-be-thought-genteel people practice in talking when in company—their very speech betrayeth them. And so does trying to use the fork where they have always been accustomed, at home, to taking food from the knife. And for such, I say, let them be independent, and keep to their old way, instead of making themselves uncomfortable and ridiculous by trying to practice unaccustomed ways. That is what our friend Olive contends for; as I take it—she wishes to eat in peace, and not be called vulgar for so doing; and she is right there."

"All right for her, is what I say too," I reply, "because that is her habit, and a change would not be agreeable or seem natural, if undertaken. But does that make it the best way for others? That is what I am contending for. Because, till within the last score or more of years, few ever thought of taking food from the fork, does that prove that the knife is to be preferred in this period of the world? If you please," I continue, "just look over the last years *Scribner's* on the table, and find Dr. Hol-

land's editorial upon 'Table Customs,' which is quite to the point, if I rightly remember."

"Here it is," says Leonidas, after a moment's research among the magazines, and turning to the page in which it is found reads as follows:

"While certain forms of table etiquette may seem altogether conventional, the forms usually observed are founded on good sense, and adapted to general convenience. Table etiquette is not, as is often alleged, merely a matter of fashion, although some things that were in vogue a generation or two ago are no longer deemed polite. The reason is that manners and table furniture have undergone so many changes, have really so much improved as to require a mutual readjustment. For example, everybody was accustomed twenty or thirty years since, to use the knife to carry food to the mouth because the fork of the day was not adapted to the purpose. Since the introduction of the four tined silver fork, it has so nearly supplanted the knife that the usage of the latter, in that way, is not only superfluous, but is regarded as vulgarity."

"That is just my opinion," I said, "except that I would not go so far as to call using the knife vulgarity, especially its use by somewhat elderly people, or others who have been brought up to no other way. But I do think there is no excuse for young people, who have always had forks of three or four tines,—be they steel or silver ones—forming the habit of putting the knife into the mouth, as a general thing, when the fork is so much pleasanter to use, and so much more agreeable to see used than the knife.

Beside, I advocate using the fork as a matter of health, as one way of preventing people eating too fast. If we are obliged to 'chase the food around the plate,' though I see no need of so doing, we are giving ourselves a moment's time to masticate the mouthful taken before; whereas, if the food is 'shoveled in' with the knife, it is likely to be taken in larger quantities, and also eaten much faster than with the fork. And fast eating is one of the sins of the world, especially of such as pay little attention to either hygiene or etiquette in the matter. There are some things that it is difficult to take upon the fork, and then common sense, as well as good breeding, will not hesitate to give the knife a chance to do duty instead, or take a spoon in the place of a fork."

"But how about the health idea in taking tea and coffee hot from the cup?" asks Leonidas, who, when in a hurry, frequently turns his coffee into his saucer, and swallows it down at a gulp.

"It is just here," I reply, "if we take it from the cup, we sip it, or take only a small quantity at a time, thus enjoying its delicious fragrance, and not over-loading the stomach with a saucer full of fluid between every few mouthfuls of food. Cold water, even, is better, and gives better satisfaction to be taken in dainty morsels than to be drank by the glass, or half glass at once. With warm food one needs little drink, in any way, while the luxury of coffee is in having it steaming

hot, and sipping coyly, in fragrant mouthfuls, from the cups. Thus there is no danger of scalding the mouth, or of having the table cloth stained with coffee, spilled in turning it from one dish to another."

"Yes," said Leonidas, "that is Dr. Holland's plea for taking drink from the cups—that it saves the table cloth," and then reads aloud the next sentence, which deals with butter-knives, and runs thus: "The habit likewise of putting one's knife into the butter, arose from the fact that the butter-knife proper had not been thought of. Such customs as these, once necessitated by circumstances, are now obviously inappropriate."

"There I agree with Dr. Holland to a T," said Leonidas, "for if there is anything that is disgusting at the table it is seeing people take their knife from the mouth and put it into butter, or use it to cut meat on the platter, or dipping it into various dishes of vegetables, instead of using the proper knife or a spoon for such things."

"And yet there people who contend that it is only a foolish fashion to use a butter knife, while the use of individual butter plates are considered affectation in the extreme," I say, in reply.

"They are convenient," says Leonidas, who thinks the table not half set if the little butter plates are missing, "for who wishes their butter melting on the plate with their hot food, or who wishes hot food on a plate cool enough to keep butter in good order. At tea it is no matter but for dinner the fashion, if so it is to be classed, is not to be ignored; or, in absence of extra butter plates, than a butter knife, and people brought up to use it, if they have any regard for good manners at table, or for the sensibilities of others."

Then turning to the closing sentence of Dr. Holland's article Leonidas reads: "These and kindred matters are trifles; but social life is so largely composed of trifles that to disregard them wholly is a serious affront. We can hardly realize to what extent our satisfaction or dissatisfaction is made up of things themselves insignificant, until their observance or non-observance is brought directly home to us."

"Just so," I reply, as he closes the reading. "And in another *Scribner's* you will find," I say to Leonidas, "an article on hyper-gentility, which is a sensible protest against carrying genteel table notions too far."

"Haven't a moment's time to stop longer, now," quoth Leonidas, looking at his watch. "If you have any more curtain lectures, they must wait till another day, while you may set yourself down to be, as usual,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

CARE OF TABLE KNIVES.

Table knives should be thoroughly cleaned or polished at least once a day, and the best time, perhaps, is after dinner, as then the morning's work is finished or should be, and more time may be given; and secondly, if circumstances have not allowed getting a second or tea set, these will be in good condition always when company comes.

The best material for scouring that

I have found is soft brick, such as may be purchased at the stores, used with a flannel rag and a little soft soap if the blades are in a bad condition. A small potato with one end cut off is good for this purpose, as it furnishes sufficient moisture and the juice assists in removing stains.

Where the knives have got rusty by neglect rub the blades over thoroughly with sweet oil; allow this to remain as long as possible, a day or so at least, then rub the steel with finely powdered unslaked lime or pumice stone. To keep them from rusting when not in daily use, dry them thoroughly and roll up in a flannel cloth and keep it in a dry place.

THE DESSERT.

—Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

—What one of the planets is supposed to have the most specie? The moon; because she is continually changing quarters.

—A rabid hater of puns lately declared that every man who dared to pen a pun, should be sent for punishment to the penitentiary.

—"Have I not offered you every advantage?" said a doting father to his son. "O, yes!" replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking advantage of my father."

—Says a modern philosopher in a discourse to young men: "Marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow money to do it."

—A lady who was urging some friends to dinner felt disgusted when her eight year old son came in and said, "Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no bread, and Mrs. Fox ain't to home so I didn't get any butter." The friends thought they had better dine elsewhere, and the lady thought so too, but she taught that boy that the way of the transgressor was hard.

—One of a party of Eastern men recently offered a miner a half dollar for showing them through the Nevada Silver Mines. He looked at the money a moment and then turning to the Easterner said, "May I ask how much you are estimated at home to be worth?" "About twenty-five thousand dollars," was the reply. "Well," said the miner, "I guess I won't take your half-dollar. I made a quarter of a million here last month."

—An exchange tells us "twenty years ago Leland Stanford arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate a trifle of ten millions." We do not know Mr. Stanford and of course are wholly unable to say whether he has a remarkable weakness for getting his clothes dirty; but, even supposing such to be the case, we cannot imagine how he can possibly find use for ten million shirts! Supposing, for instance that Leland wore them all once every year, that would give him 27,397 shirts a day, or 1,141 an hour, or about 19 every minute. Mr. Stanford then must work very hard all the time, taking off those shirts and putting them on.





"CONCEIT KILLS, AND CONCEIT CURES."

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

OME years ago a young man, who had been studying medicine with an excellent physician whom we will call Dr. X., began to think of practising what he had learned on his own account. As he was bidding farewell to his old tutor, the old doctor said to him:

"There is one thing my young friend that I have never told you. It is an important secret which but few physicians fully understand."

"What is it?" asked the young doctor, "I want to know everything in medicine worth knowing."

"The secret is so valuable," replied Dr. X., "that I cannot take less than £30 for it."

"Very well," replied the young man, "I agree to pay you that sum when you shall make it known to me."

"This then is the secret," said Dr. X., "Conceit kills, and conceit cures."

Dr. O. was somewhat chagrined at what seemed to him something of an imposition; but stifling his indignation, he paid the fee and quietly went his way. Several years passed and Dr. O. during a very successful practice often found occasion to remember the saying. He worked hard, made money and went abroad for a vacation. After spending some years in France he returned to his native land, where his reputation as "the skilled French doctor" found him plenty of patients and high fees.

In one of his long rides through the country he chanced one day to pass the house of his former instructor, Dr. X. The old gentleman was walking in his garden at a little distance from the house, and did not see his former pupil, who seeing him reined his horse up to the gate, and said in a very decided though low tone to a bright-eyed granddaughter of eighteen who sat knitting on the door step, "Take that gentleman into the house immediately, and take care of him, if you have any regard for his life. Do you not see how ill he looks? He has every symptom of a serious, and I fear dangerous illness, and I warn you to obtain medical advice for him without delay or I will not answer for the consequences." So saying he galloped away and was soon out of sight.

The family was soon alarmed, as the young girl communicated what had been said, to her mother, and others of the household. They did not like to tell the old doctor what had been said, but telling him he did not look well, they feared he was ill, etc., and persuading him to lie down, he soon began to think he was really ill, and the more he thought of it the worse he felt, until it was at last determined to send at once for the celebrated French doctor of whose wonderful cures they had heard.

The doctor arrived, shook his head in an ominous manner, examined the tongue and pulse, shook his head again, and pronounced it a bad case;

but said he would do all he could for him. Dr. O. was so changed in personal appearance that Dr. X. did not recognize his old pupil who now gave his name a French pronunciation and had altogether a foreign aspect.

Dr. O. ordered first a hot bath for his patient, and then leaving him two or three kinds of medicine to be taken every hour, left him, ordering perfect quiet and rest. Next day he called and pronounced his patient a little better but in a very critical state. Day after day he renewed his attentions and prescriptions, and Dr. X. as well as his family had begun to think this his last illness when one day Dr. O. pronounced his patient decidedly better. He now gained rapidly and was soon quite restored to health.

"Now Dr. O.," said Dr. X. one morning, "let me express to you the gratitude I feel for your devoted attentions during my illness. I feel that you have saved my life." So saying he handed him a check for £50.

Dr. O. took it and handing back £20 said, "Dr. X., I will take £30, which is just the sum I paid you some years ago for an excellent piece of information which you then gave me, viz.: 'Conceit kills, and conceit cures.'"

This story, which was related to me as a fact, serves only to illustrate the influence of mind upon mind; and also of mind upon health. In a former article called "Mind and Muscle," I have spoken of this subject, giving some of the causes and effects of different mental states, and the relation they have to the state of the health; I now propose to continue the subject, showing the effect that different emotions and passions have upon the health.

Fear has a very injurious effect. Those persons who dread any contagious disease are always much more likely to take it. Many instances might be adduced to prove this; the following case is one of the most remarkable I have ever heard. Certain convicts were told by some malicious person that they must sleep in the same bed in which some one had recently died of a contagious disease; I cannot now be certain what the disease was, as I have not the medical work at hand in which the anecdote was related. The result however was that the convicts actually had this very disease which they so much dreaded, although the information given them was false, and they had not been in any way exposed to the infection.

Other cases are numerous where persons have been exposed to most contagious diseases without taking them; seeming to be shielded by their cheerful and fearless frame of mind.

Imagination has a great deal to do with the health. The eminent Dr. J. of Boston says that a lady once came to him, complaining of various ailments. He studied her case and became convinced that although she was really ill, her illness was chiefly the result of imagination. He therefore determined to make use of the same means to effect a cure. Carefully preparing a box of brown bread pills he said to the lady with great apparent sympathy and concern, "Madam, I have a remedy which I believe to be just what you need. Take one of these pills regularly before each meal and report to me."

The lady took the pills and soon came back saying, "Doctor, I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your prescription. Those pills are the best I have ever taken. They have cured me. I must have another box of them, for henceforth I will never be without them."

Nearly all the patent medicines so loudly puffed in the newspapers owe their curative properties, if they have any, to the influence they have upon the imagination of those who take them. They may and often do effect cures simply because the patient has such faith in them that he is in just the right mental condition to be cured by anything, and a dose of cold water or of brown bread pills would produce the same pathological result. It is well for the patient if he hits upon a medicine which is largely composed of molasses and water, or other equally harmless ingredients, but alas! many of the quack medicines of the day contain active poisons, which afford temporary relief only to pave the way for worse diseases. One remedy which has been puffed in the newspapers until it has attained a world-wide reputation as a cathartic pill is composed principally of common soft soap; several others are composed principally of alcohol.

Strength of will and determination do not accomplish everything, but they accomplish much—more than is generally supposed. A friend of mine who was suffering from a feverish attack, said to herself, "I will cure myself with cold water." So directing two glasses to be half filled with fresh water, as if to dissolve some homeopathic medicine, she told her nurse to give her a teaspoonful every hour. This was done regularly and soon the fever abated, perspiration appeared, and a cure was effected. You may say "all this would have taken place probably without the water;" but that remains to be proved. I believe she was cured partly by the direct agency of the water itself, which is a medicine not to be despised; and partly by faith and force of will and imagination.

The patient who has confidence in his physician, or his remedy, is already half cured. And the physician who is able to inspire this confidence is almost sure to succeed. But it is difficult for one to inspire confidence in others unless he has confidence in himself. The best way to obtain confidence is, be sure to have a thorough knowledge of one's business and this implies not only a knowledge of remedies but a knowledge of human nature. A good workman must not only understand the use of his tools but he must understand the nature of the materials he has to deal with.

The course that would cure one person might kill another. Thus one person might be cured by cold water and faith, while another would require medicines of a very different character.

With one class of people we can best reach the mind through the body and with another we can best heal the body through mental influences. A dose of rhubarb or gentian may relieve a fit of indigestion or colic which would have been prevented by a kindly word of encouragement administered in time.

The power that mind possesses over mind is sometimes really wonderful. We cannot be long in the society of an irritable, fretful, or restless person without danger of taking the same disease (for irritability is generally a disease). For example, fear, anxiety or anger, will cause indigestion; indigestion causes irritability, and so on. Thus mind acts upon body, and body upon mind.

A bright joyous spirit communicates life and health wherever it goes; while a feeling of depression or gloom is equally infectious. Since then, we are consciously or unconsciously exerting so important an influence upon the health and weal of those around us, let us cultivate those emotions and mental and spiritual states which shall be most conducive of health, and I cannot enumerate these in any better way than to refer to that celebrated prescriptions given by St. Paul in Gal. v, 22: "Love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

IMPURE WATER.

Few of us are aware of the deleterious effects of impure water, or how prone water is to imbibe the impurities of the air. Many of us think if the water is clear and cold, it must be perfectly pure, though it has stood in a close bed-room twenty-four hours; but this is far from being true. If a pitcher of water is set in a room, for only a few hours, it will absorb nearly all the respiration and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain these gases.

At ordinary temperature, a pail of water can contain a great amount of ammonia and carbonic acid gas; and its capacity to absorb these gases is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. This plainly shows us that water in a room overnight is totally unfit for drinking purposes, and should not be used to gargle in the throat; also, that a large pail of water standing in a room would help to purify the atmosphere, but should be thrown away the next morning. It also teaches us the reason that water from a pump should always be pumped out in the morning, before any of it is used. We are lamentably ignorant of many of the properties of air and water—two of the most important elements of our nature.

BEWARE OF DAMP CLOTHING.

Few persons understand fully the reason why wet clothes exert such a chilling influence. It is simply this: Water, when it evaporates, carries off an immense amount of heat, in what is called the latent form. One pound of water in vapor contains as much heat as nine or ten pounds of liquid water, and all this heat must, of course, be taken from the body. If our clothes are moistened with three pounds of water, that is, if by wetting they are three pounds heavier, these three pounds will, in drying, carry off as much heat as would raise three gallons of ice-cold water to the boiling point. No wonder that damp clothes chill us.



THE LIFE-CLOCK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on—and beateth on
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh, wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each hears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds and
flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warms of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen strokes of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate or wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast
Till that strange life is ended.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

IT is said that soon there shall be no new books published; that the periodical, ephemeral from its nature, is absorbing the time and talents of authors and the time and attention of the great body of readers.

That there is danger that this sad prophecy may in great measure become a fact can hardly be denied. For the price of one bound volume, upon a single subject, treated in a manner which may or may not entertain our individual taste, we may be furnished with twelve unbound volumes and containing a great variety of matter some part of which can hardly fail to interest each reader. In the one case the expenditure being immediate certainty, we know without delay that we like or we dislike the purchase we have made. In the other case we have a delightful uncertainty extending through the year. If we were not pleased with the September number of our magazine we may be so with that for October.

While under these circumstances it is not wonderful that book buying seems too expensive a luxury, it should not be forgotten that the best thoughts of authors, that is, their best considered, most carefully wrought out thoughts are embalmed in book form. Yet much as we may desire to share in these thoughts, the buying of twenty or thirty volumes in a year at prices ranging from \$1.50 to

\$6 and \$8 each, is a luxury which by most of us is not to be thought, of and many of us live too far from public libraries to avail ourselves of their advantage. Hence we welcome the book-club. Blessed device by which we can eat our own cake and keep it; spend our money and save it; read good, new books without borrowing!

Many years ago in the old town where I live the village fathers founded a circulating library; it started with about a thousand volumes, mostly valuable works, and about \$100 were yearly spent in adding to it. For perhaps twenty years this library was a means of cultivation and amusement to its subscribers, and its good effects are seen to this day. Then the old and faithful librarian passed away and no successor was found with enough firmness or carefulness to insist upon the return of the books at the proper time; so the volumes became scattered; there remained upon the shelves hardly one complete set; old subscribers became discouraged, new ones were not attracted and the old library followed its old librarian. Several times since its death spasmodic attempts have been made to resuscitate it. Subscribers would be obtained, and new books bought; for a few months all would go on well, but before the end of the year most of the books would be lost, for the subscribers were not numerous enough to afford to pay for the services of a librarian and none but a salaried one would devote the time necessary to the proper care of the books.

Then, in a fortunate hour we heard of book clubs; for the benefit of villages where they may not yet have been introduced I give the plan upon which ours is sustained. Twenty-three subscribers were secured at \$2 each per year; this provides us with twenty-three books which purchased at the usual publisher's discount of twenty per cent, allows us to get a few of the more expensive new books ranging at from \$3 to \$4 each. The larger the number of members the greater may be the number of high priced books. Another year we hope our membership will be large enough to enable us to indulge in eight and ten dollar books like Motley's John of Barneveld, or the Life of John Quincy Adams.

The books are all nicely covered and the names of the members are printed on a sheet pasted in the front of every volume. It is understood that each member shall send her book—in our club there is but one male member—to the name next below her own on the list. The twenty-three books are distributed on the first day of October. Each member keeps the book then given until the fifteenth of the same month when she sends it to the name next below her own on the printed list, and receives another from the name next above her own. The lists are arranged so as to give as little inconvenience as possible in transferring the books. In our club one member has to send her book a mile to the house of the member whose name is next below her own, but it is on the farmer's direct road to church, post-office, etc., while very few of the other members have to send their books more than the eighth

of a mile; a point of importance in a country neighborhood.

Punctuality in transferring the books on the first and fifteenth days of every month, carefulness in handling and a request not to mark the books with lines of admiration or of disapproval are the only rules.

At the end of the year the books are to be collected when each member may select, or draw lots for a book which shall be her own, or the whole may be sold at auction at one-half the cost price, for the benefit of the club, as shall then be elected.

The choice of books for the club is the point of most importance. Each member is invited when joining to mention any particular volume which would be preferred, but as a rule not more than a third of the members avail themselves of this privilege, so that the business of selection is left to the two or three active members who do their best to suit all tastes, without pondering to the sensational. For a club of thirty members the proportions of the sorts of books might be something like these:

One-third novels (ten will in general be found to exhaust the list of good novels published in any one year); three-sixths works of travel, like Baker's African and Tyson's Arctic Expeditions; and biography like the memoirs of Admiral Foote, of Mrs. Somerville and the Cary sisters; and the remaining sixth of popular historical and scientific works. Care should be taken to purchase no books that have been perused by more than two or three of the members.

Of course in selecting from a quantity of books that one has never seen, one is, in a measure, blindfolded, and a few unfortunate selections must be expected. But glaring mistakes need not be made if one will read attentively well considered criticisms as they appear in the various first class periodicals. To assist in forming correct judgments in regard to new books, a little monthly review, called the literary world, published by S. R. Crocker, Broomfield St., Boston, will be found of great service.

As it is not necessary to confine the club to books published within the year, it may be well to send to different publishers for complete catalogues. Many times a work printed five or ten years ago will be found more interesting and valuable than one that saw the light but last week. Indeed, it may be safely asserted that a book which has survived so long is possessed of merit, a thing which cannot always be said of last week's novel.

Finally, we have only to consider the immense importance of having good reading and plenty of it, and the facilities which the book-club offers for obtaining much for little, to impress us with the desirableness of having at least one such club in every township.

THE REVIEWER.

ST. NICHOLAS for March is received. One of the greatest pleasures which this magazine brings to its readers, is certainly the monthly chapters of Miss Alcott's story. This time we catch a delightful glimpse of the "Eight Cousins" at home and in the very midst of the confusion and riot produced by the return of their sailor-uncle.

Just as interesting, also, is the sight of Rose in her new fancy-costume, and the peep with her into that curious room never before explored, where she makes a great discovery. But Rose is not the only character in the March number who meets with a remarkable surprise, for in Mr. Trowbridge's serial the Young Surveyor is as completely astonished by finding his stolen horse when and where he does. If ever there was an ingenious horse-thief, the fellow who captured "Snowfoot" was he! It is a proof of his cunning, that Jack, after all his efforts to find the missing animal, and after his search has been at last so strangely rewarded, is not yet "out of the woods," and seems to be threatened with another unexpected adventure. Almost all boys and girls like narratives of wars and battles, and they will find a story of this sort in the poem called "The War of the Rats and Mice," which is every whit as thrilling in its way as the deeds of any favorite hero from Richard Coeur-de-lion to Jack the Giant-Killer. The illustrations by Stephens are admirable; one of them, a true "battle-piece," representing a tournament both exciting and novel. As for the rest of the number, we have several excellent stories by Frank R. Stockton, Amalie La Forge and others, sketches of travel and science with illustrations, an article by W. H. Rideing on the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a French story, two delightful poems by Lucy Larcom and Mary E. Bradley, and—besides other good things—the irrepressible Jack-in-the-pulpit, whose fun and jokes are always full of wisdom.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The March number is unusually attractive and enjoyable. The first two papers, "An Escape from Siberia" and "Australian Scenes and Adventures," are well written, very interesting, full of information, and handsomely illustrated. Then follow a few beautiful verses called "Forecast," by Charlotte F. Bates. The concluding chapters of "The Matchless One" are quite sprightly, suggestive, and humorous. "Munich as a Pest City" is a clever bit of description, full of facts showing particularly the bad points of the city. In a brief paper, "Among the Blousards," Mr. Wirt Sikes gives a somewhat vivid picture of the lowest class Parisians. A "Sonnet" by F. A. Hillard hints at a beautiful little impossibility. The present installment of Mr. Black's "Three Feathers" is well told and very captivating. "La Madonna della Sedia," a poem by Emma Lazarus, is far above the average of magazine poetry, and has much beauty and poetic energy well sustained throughout. Mr. Fitzgerald Hall very pleasantly describes some early traveling experiences in India. "Once and Again," a paper by Charles Warren Stoddard, will revive numerous pleasant recollections in the minds of all who read it. A brief sketch by S. Weir Mitchell on "The Scientific Life" is full of stirring thought, and is a true and touching tribute to the memory of one of our ablest scientists. "Playing with Fire," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is an interesting, absorbing, tragic little story. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope describes his "Recollections of the Tuscan Court under the Grand Duke Leopold," and "Our Monthly Gossip" is spicy and interesting as ever.

We have received Flower and Seed Catalogues from Briggs & Brother, Rochester, N. Y., a beautiful specimen of printers' work, B. K. Bliss & Son, and Peter Henderson & Co., New York City, Long Brothers, Buffalo, N. Y., Hoyle & Co., Washburn & Co., D. T. Curtis & Co., and Schlegel, Everett & Co., of Boston, and Henry Dreer of Philadelphia. A large number of novelties, in both flower and vegetable departments are offered this season which will be of interest to many. Most of these catalogues are free to any one sending for them and each one contains a large fund of practical information in relation to the culture of the garden and flower bed.

"THE BEETLE AND WEDGE" is the name of a monthly paper, just commenced by J. F. Rabardy, Esq., at Manchester, Mass., at 50 cents per year. The editor says: "An honest and sound opinion expressed in simple words, is stronger than pages of deceptive rhetoric." In the February number is commenced a History of Manchester, from the pen of John Lee, Esq.

"Shake Hands—Once More!" is the title of McNaughton's new popular song from the press of Pond & Co., New York.

THE SONG OF THE PANSY.

Words by MARY D. MERRIAM.
CANTABILE.

Music by EDWARD CLARK

1. My name is For - get-me-not! Un - der the leaves, O'er which old King Winter his ice-car-pet weaves, For ma - ny long
 2. But I'm com-ing, tho' now you can see on - ly snow, Where the beau - ti - ful flowers of summer shall grow; I am coming, and

mouths I've been shut from the light, And in vain have I longed for a sound or a sight! What tho' I have struggled and murmur'd? 'twere
 soon shall I rise from the sod, To teach you once more to trust in our God: Then you'll pick the fresh leaves and help me ex -

vain All ef - fort to has - ten the springtime a - gain, Tho' my heart of - ten beat for my dear summer friends, As I thought of the
 - pand, Or give me fresh drink if too dry is the sand; Then I'll tell you a - gain, as I'm tell - ing you now, Don't wor - ry or

joy which my presence attends. There are al - ways cold seasons in ev - e - ry year, When hearts seem too hard and there's
 fret at the frost or the snow.

CHORUS.

sor - row and fear; But pa - tiently wait, for kind friends are near, And unnumbered blessings your path - way shall cheer.



MENDING STOCKINGS.

BY REBECCA PERLEY REED.

It is an autumn afternoon,
Chilly with rain and gray with cloud:
Rocking, the while my needle flies,
I think and talk sometimes aloud.

Piled in my lap, a soft, bright heap,
Are crimson stockings, and white, and blue;
How little feet will dance them out,
Who but a mother ever knew?

Still is the house—my merry three
Out for a visit have gone to-day;
Here in the hush I sit and rest,
Tired with their rush and noise and play.

Ah! but two dear brown eyes will peep
Over my darn in this crimson toe;
—He is the only son we have,
And mothers love their boys, you know!

Over and under, out and in,
(My stocking mending is never done!)
Slowly across the lessening space
Threads of the soft blue worsted run.

Is it fancy?—Gentle arms
Creep round my neck in a loving wise;
Yes, my twin girlie, these blue hose
Bring me a thought of your azure eyes.

Easy it is to weave a web
Out of my youngest darling's hair,
Filling the space her rounded knee
Pressed through the stocking soft and fair;

Dancing with every tricksy bound,
Framing the happy sunlit face—
Lift up your lips, my rosebud, do,
Where for my kisses is sweeter place?

Hark! was that a step in the hall?
No—'twas a sweep of the wind outside.
Mending and darning—day has waned,
Twilight is spreading her mantel wide.

Ah! my mending is not complete
Now that the stockings folded are;
Soberer work have I to do—
Weaving whose issues are greater far.

Faint fall my hands. Help me, O Lord!
Take Thou the work, for these souls are Thine.
Sanctify, teach, mold, guide and bless,
Till in Thy likeness their spirits shine!

Darker it grows. The lonely house
Waits for the sound of their merry cheer.
Hark! they have come, with laugh and shout.
O, I am glad they are safely here.

Selected.

COOKING EGGS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

JMOST cheerfully accede to the request of L. M. B. to afford a little light on the matter of cooking the egg, since I love to treat of subjects connected with our diet, on which our health depends far more than we ordinarily suppose.

In the first place, it may be stated that it is a well established principle that liquid albumen—of which the white of the egg, and a certain per cent. of the yolk is composed—is always and necessarily rendered difficult of digestion by cooking or hardening. Hence, the raw egg is not only very nourishing but easy of digestion. The albumen of the egg, the oyster, cabbage, milk, etc., is always rendered more difficult of digestion by cooking, since it cannot be readily dissolved or penetrated by the forces of the mouth and stomach. When the egg is hard-boiled all must have seen that the white—which in boiling is certain to be cooked the hardest—is tough and hard and cannot be mashed

like the yolk, necessarily resisting the action of the saliva and gastric juices, which, to secure good digestion, must be permeated and dissolved by them.

Allow me also, to say that I have consulted standard authors and find no special disagreement on this point, not a respectable author favoring hard boiling at all, one says: "Albumen is highly nutritious, and, when raw, or lightly boiled, is easy of digestion; but when boiled hard, or especially when fried, its digestibility is considerably impaired."

Again, the experiment of testing the digestibility of the hard boiled white of the egg has been made and may be easily made by any one who will obtain a piece of the fourth stomach of calf (rennet) and dissolve it in water, adding a little hydrochloric acid, in which the food is to be placed, keeping it as warm as in the stomach. In this artificial digestive liquid it has been ascertained that such coagulated albumen, as the white of the egg, is dissolved with great difficulty. It may also be stated that the yellow or yolk, though it seems to become like meal, is still more difficult of digestion, on account of the oily substance contained in it, in addition to quite a per cent. of albumen.

To have something beside mere theory, I have subjected the egg to this boiling for twenty-five minutes, and am surprised at the result, in some respects. The white became exceedingly tough, solid and tenacious, somewhat resembling whit-leather. I was surprised that the yolk did not become more mealy and dry. Both parts, in appearance, convinced me that even if divided into small pieces, they would resist the action of the juices. And since all food must be penetrated by those juices, or dissolved, it is manifest that the stomach must be severely taxed when such food is taken. If it were true that this excessive cooking produces a mealy state of the egg, there would be at least an indication that the juices might penetrate the mass, but I am unable to see that any such effect is produced; on the contrary, the effect seemed simply to solidify both parts, rendering them more difficult to be penetrated, a matter of the utmost importance. Such solid masses, unaffected by both the saliva and gastric juices, must be undigested, remaining in the stomach till the fermentive process commences, of course producing that much dreaded "wind," or carbonic gas, always produced by fermentation and decay, or if ejected from the stomach undigested, the bile from the liver and the pancreatic juice must still fail, since they are intended more especially to reduce oily substances—changing them to soap—not affecting albumen to that extent.

In some future issue I may present a few thoughts on the great importance of the egg as an article of food, when properly cooked, or when uncooked.

WASHING DAY HINTS.

Seeing that one of your readers has so much trouble about, and on washing day, I thought of sending a few words about mine. That is, if you

think my humble effort worthy of notice.

To begin with, Sabbath eve Mr. H. draws the water, enough to put the clothes to soak; I separate the fine from the coarse, putting each in separate tubs, the towels in a place by themselves. It does not take long and there is no need of changing your dress if you are careful, and it does not detain us from going to evening services, if we wish to attend. Monday morning we are both up bright and early, thinking not of the terror but of the business and pleasures of the day. My husband, instead of lingering behind is usually up first, and while I am finishing my toilet, putting the bed to air, picking up odds and ends, etc., he kindles the fire and puts on the boiler (which is always kept in order) containing the Hawk eye washer.

Now it is hurry to get the first clothes ready for the boil, Mr. H. again makes himself handy by turning the wringer; I then soap the clothes rubbing a good quantity on the soiled parts, very hard. We lay the clothes lightly around the washer, which is so arranged as to give a good circulation of steam and water, loosening all the dirt. While one lot is boiling we get another ready; we allow each boiler full to boil twenty-five to thirty minutes. In odd moments I prepare breakfast which generally consists of coffee, baked or fried potatoes, bread, butter, and some sauce; and with the table neatly spread we are perfectly satisfied.

We get the first clothes out of the boiler, the water changed, the second lot on, leaving the first in clear, cold water, and go to breakfast which we eat alone, for Monday morning from habit the children lay abed a little later; we eat hastily, an error I know but I think that even Dr. Hanaford would do it if he had to do washing for a family of four or five. I then rub the clothes on the board, husband turning the wringer; we turn them into the rinse tub from there to the blue water, then I do my starching while he puts out the line and gets in coal for the day, then it is time for him to go to work and time too for a scramble which the children know and come where they can see papa hurry, trying to get on hat, coat, kiss children and me all at the same time leaving the children to help each other.

I go right along hanging out my clothes getting in in time to see that the little ones are all neat and clean, with hair nicely brushed for although they eat by themselves I do not think it a good plan to let them be negligent about their appearance. They are soon away to school that is, those that are old enough to go. I go back to my tubs and by ten a. m. my washing is out, my house is in order, and plenty of time to change my dress, comb my hair, wait on baby and get dinner. Husband coming home at noon has forgotten it is washing day only for the long line of clothes that confront and the children's broad grins at his morning capers. I will now close my over long letter hoping it may help some of our eastern friends with their washing days. L. S. H.

Peoria, Ill.

PAPER RACKS.

In the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mabel asks for explicit directions for making paper racks from cast off crinoline. Here is how we made them for ourselves and friends.

Take the springs of even width and break them into lengths of sixteen inches, it will want forty-nine of these; seven pieces five inches long, and two pieces eight inches in length; divest the whole of the woven covering. You will need annealed iron wire about the size of forty thread, and a pair of pliers and shears for cutting the wire. Take the sixteen inch pieces and spring them into the shape of the figure eight, the ends in the center on opposite sides, with the pliers hold them, while with the other hand you make a turn or two around them with the wire drawing tight, make five or six turns drawing with the pliers and fasten by twisting the ends; be particular to have the fastenings just in the center, all alike. With the two pieces eight inches long make two rings, also seven rings of the five inch pieces, fastening with the wire as before, it is more convenient to cut the wire into lengths of four to six inches before winding.

Take nine of the large pieces, shape of figure eight and fasten them together, side by side with the wire, fastening at the point they touch each as they are laid beside of each, now take the two larger rings and fasten one at each end in the center, this will form the bottom to the rack; measure around this, as it lies on the table and cut two more springs of this length, these are to go around the rack on the outside one at the top and the other at the bottom at the point where the wires meet. It will take twenty-eight pieces to form the sides; take two of them, to begin with, and one of the band pieces, and place them side by side, upright, against the bottom and wire two and band piece to one of the bottom, put up another and fasten the same, thus continue till you get across the nine bottom pieces, when you must make two fastenings to the band above, then one to the ring, and another two to band, and so on around; now put on the upper band, wiring, as the lower, and the body is done.

It will take twelve pieces and seven rings for the handle to hang it by, six pieces on each side three at the bottom, two next and one at the top. Seek the center of the rack and wire on three of the rings on each side, wiring them together at every point where they touch, to these fasten the handles; the one ring less goes at the top of the side away from the wall, where it hangs, to lengthen so the rack will hang true; fasten the top together with the wire. Now take black varnish and cover the whole, touching every point very carefully with a soft hair brush; and when dry cut strips of gilt paper one-fourth inch wide and paste around every place where the wires are wound covering them neatly so it will not show how it is fastened together. Some use thread, but wire is much neater and stronger.

A HOUSEHOLD Friend wants a pop-

corn pudding. Well, here is how we make them: Five pints pop-corn meal, four pints sweet milk; soak an hour keeping it warm; after cooling add sugar, spice and raisins, to taste. Set on a hot stove and boil one minute, or more, stirring. Bake one hour.

W. H.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

If we were called upon to put an inscription upon the tombstones of a large number of the graves of our women, we would simply put,

DIED FROM OVER WORK.

Why are they overworked? We answer, because they have not independence of character enough to say, "I will regulate my dress, the dress of my children, my household work, and all duties devolving upon me, by my own conscience and strength, and not by Mrs. Grundy's ideas upon those subjects."

Any one investigating the matter, will find that a large amount of the care and labor of women, arises from work which might be classed as superfluous. With the many improvements in machinery for lessening woman's labor, there are not many, except in the poorer classes, if their work was arranged upon the basis of common sense—to do that which is really necessary for the physical comfort of the family, and leave the other undone—who could not have the time, and be in such condition as to enjoy the evenings, at least, socially with their families. Those evenings dedicated in this way to the improvement of herself and children, mentally, morally and physically, would result in one year's time, in a vast amount of good. We would have fewer careworn, irritable mothers, fewer husbands and children seeking pleasure away from home, and above all it would give a woman an opportunity to keep pace with husband and children, so that with pride would they say, "my wife," or "my mother."

The question might be asked, what would we have to sacrifice in order to attain this? We should have to give up the idea that a person, especially a woman, was to be judged by her external appearance instead of the qualities of mind and heart, also the ruinous idea that a mother is to be sacrificed body and mind, to provide unnecessary luxuries, both at table and in dress, instead of educating her family to co-operative work, when each has his own duties to perform, and is willing if necessary to help perform the duties of others. In short (if you will allow the expression) to sacrifice our *uncommon* sense ideas, in regard to external appearance, dress, entertaining friends—in modern way—etc.

There is true beauty and utility in dress, but the women of the past few years have failed to find it. There is the highest of social pleasure in entertaining one's friends, but it is not in such a way as to tax to the uttermost, strength, time and purse. In fact there is a principal to live for which is higher than all these, the principle of making our lives, in every particular conform, not to fashion, but to the comfort, happiness and improvement of our own home circle, and through

them, all we come in contact with; in other words, let our duty to God, our families, our neighbors, and our own body, be the power to regulate our own work.

M. B. T.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

PICKLES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I will give N. N., of Loma, Saguache Co., Col., my recipes for pickles. I am an old housekeeper with experience and I do not think they will fail her if she gives them as thorough a trial as I have. I use the same every year.

Sweet Green Tomatoe Pickles.—One peck of tomatoes, after picking wash clean, slice and put into very weak salt water for twenty-four hours, then drain, then cook them in water sufficient to cover them and put into the water a bag containing three tablespoonfuls of ground ginger; cook until you can stick a broom straw through them then take them out and lay on cloths until they are quite dry, then pack in a crock and pour vinegar over them, in three or four days throw off and drain; then take one pint of strong vinegar and three pounds of sugar, heat until it cooks to a thick syrup; add two and one-half teaspoonfuls of cloves, three and one-half of cinnamon, two of allspice, put in bags, and pour the whole over the tomatoes boiling hot, throw on the top a few whole cloves, mustard, allspice and cinnamon, if this is not enough syrup to cover them you must add a little more vinegar and sugar. You will find the homelier your tomatoes the better your pickles will be, the smoother ones are tough, if they are partially ripe they are all the better.

For Cucumbers.—Pick your cucumbers and wash clean, make a weak brine and pour over them and let them stand forty-eight hours then throw off the salt water and pour on boiling water and wipe dry with a towel, and pack snugly in a crock, put in one common sized red pepper to a two gallon crock and a few bits of horse-radish, and one-half a teacupful of brown mustard seed tied up in a bag, this is to keep the vinegar; pour cider vinegar over it boiling hot, the last thing, enough to cover the pickles, put a few horse-radish leaves on a cloth over the top and place a plate over the whole to keep the pickles under. If you want them spiced tie up a few cloves, allspice and cinnamon, and throw them in while the vinegar is hot.

I have kept them this way for two years. THE HOUSEHOLD is a favorite with us and is looked for with pleasure every month by all members of my family.

MRS. G. A. N.

Arcadia, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I will give Little my way of preparing cucumber pickles which keep good as long as they last, one year or more. Every other day I cut carefully from the vines all that are the size I want; wash clean and put into a strong brine made of salt and water twenty-four hours, take out and rinse in cold water, and put into a jar or whatever you keep them in, scald enough good

every time you add new cucumbers, scald the vinegar when you put in the last, add a few small horseradish roots tie whole spices in a bag and scald in the last kettle of vinegar. Be sure to cover tightly the jar, when you pour in the hot vinegar so to keep the steam inside.

Good Vinegar in Six Weeks.—Put into a jug or keg three gallons of warm rain water, into that put one quart of molasses and one pint of good yeast; tie a piece of muslin over the bung to keep out dust; in summer sit the jug in the sun, in winter near the fire.

To keep Dried Beef in Summer.—Take a clean box or barrel and put in a panful of hard wood ashes, wrap each piece of beef in a thick paper and pack tight in the box of ashes put a layer of beef, then a layer of ashes, be sure the ashes cover the beef, I think you will find the last piece of beef will be as sweet and good as the first, ours is. Smoked hams can be kept in the same way by putting corn cobs between the layers.

Leyden, Mass. MRS. A. S. B.

DRYING CORN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—So we, all except a favored few, will have to do without canning our beans, peas, and corn. But, Mrs. B. N. J., and other sisters in trouble, we need not do without our corn if we cannot can it. Have you ever tried drying it? When properly prepared it is a most excellent addition to our winter vegetables. This is the way we do it.

When the corn is husked be particular to pick off all the silk, then with a sharp knife cut the corn from the cob. Lay papers in your iron baking pans, put the corn thereon and place in the oven and close the doors. Have the oven hot enough to cook the milk of the corn without browning it. Stir it occasionally that it may be cooked evenly through. Be careful not to put too much corn in each pan for if it is too deep it will not cook as evenly and thoroughly as in smaller quantities. We put it in from one to two inches deep, at first. When it has become thoroughly cooked the doors may be left open and it may be dried more leisurely, though until it has become pretty dry it is best to keep it hot as it can be without cooking. It should still be stirred occasionally. As it shrinks one pan may be filled up from another and more commenced, taking out the partially dried while the new is cooking; when thoroughly dry put into bags and hang in a dry place; it is often hung on a nail near the kitchen stove, in this section of the country.

Another way is to boil the corn just long enough to cook the milk, before cutting from the cob, then proceed as before, only with open oven doors and heat not sufficient to cook it. It requires constant watching and stirring at first.

It is not advisable to dry it in the sun as is sometimes done as it is apt to sour, and besides attracts many insects. I prefer the first method, although I have always used the second until last season. I think the corn nicer and with a fresher flavor; of course the sweetest, best corn is the best to use.

Perhaps there are some to whom this may be a new thing, and who would like to know how to cook it. Take two or three handfuls, as you may need, (remembering that it swells) put into cold or slightly warm water and set on the back of the stove about two hours before cooking. Boil half an hour and season with butter and salt.

MRS. A. E. D.

Bethany, West Va.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to express through you my thanks to our friend Mara, for her kind thoughts and comments upon "Criterions." I should be glad to learn her real name and address, and also the name and address of the author of those excellent "Papers for THE HOUSEHOLD." Number twenty-one I read with especial pleasure, because it coincided so exactly with my own ideas of "well-bred women." The article in the August number referred to, struck me unfavorably, not to say painfully, when I first read it, and in behalf of the class so mercilessly and unjustly attacked I offer most hearty thanks to the unknown writer who so ably, so justly, and yet so delicately and courteously comes to the defence. For years I have observed that those ladies who stand highest in the social scale are uniformly courteous, friendly and unassuming to those who are their inferiors as well as to each other. It matters not whether she be in the presence of the poor or the rich, the old or the young, the rude and ignorant or the cultivated and refined, a lady is a lady always, uniformly courteous, gentle, considerate, dignified and yet sympathetic. It is only those who are uncertain of their footing who fear a fall from stooping; they who stand firmly like the beautiful elm may bend gracefully when and where they will, without fear of falling or losing their position.

It is deeply to be regretted that exaggeration, misrepresentation and sensationalism so often of late take the place of truth. For example, I saw a few days ago in one of the ferry boats on the East river an act of rudeness and ill breeding. An elderly man of respectable exterior refused to remove a small parcel from the empty seat beside him in order to give a seat to a delicate child who stood near him.

"Will you allow me to remove this parcel," said the mother to him, "that my little girl may sit here? She has been compelled to stand in a crowded car for a long distance and feels very tired."

"It won't hurt children to stand," growled the man, "leave the parcel where it is."

Now suppose I enlarge upon this little incident, painting it in glowing colors and then say as an inference that the well-bred stylish men of the world are generally impolite. How absurd! and how far from the truth! The man in question was evidently anything but well-bred, and so far from such courtesy being usual, it is the only instance of the kind I ever witnessed. But I have not time to say more to-day upon this subject, but with thanks to the dear Aunt Leisurely,

between each layer sprinkle a seasoning of salt, pepper and when liked, a few grains of cayenne. Fill the dish sufficiently with meat to support the crust and to give it a nice raised appearance when baked and not to look flat and hollow. Pour in sufficient water to half fill the dish and border it with paste; cover the top with paste, slightly press down the edges and trim off close to the dish. Ornament the pie with leaves or pieces of paste cut in any shape that fancy may direct; brush it over with the beaten yolk of an egg; make a hole in the top of the crust and bake in a hot oven for about an hour and a half.

Beef steak pies may be flavored in various ways, with oysters and their liquor, mushrooms, minced onions etc. Suet may be used instead of butter and lard for the crust, and clarified beef-dripping answers a good purpose. Pieces of underdone roast or boiled meat may be in pies used very advantageously, but always remove the bone.

BEEF STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING.—Divide two pounds of rump steak into pieces about an inch square and cut two kidneys into sixteen pieces. Choose a baking dish about four inches in depth; line the dish with a crust made with suet in the proportion of six ounces of suet to one pound of flour. Leave the paste overhanging the edge of the dish for about one inch, then cover the bottom with a portion of the steak and a few pieces of kidney; season with salt and pepper—some add a little flour to thicken the gravy, but it is not necessary—and then add another layer of steak, kidney and seasoning. Proceed in this manner till the dish is full, then pour in sufficient water to come within an inch of the top of the dish; cover the top with crust, moisten the edges, press the two crusts together that the gravy may not escape, and turn the overhanging paste upon the tops of the edge of the upper crust. Wring out a cloth in hot water, flour it, place the pudding dish on it, then bring up the corners and tie tightly; put it into boiling water, and let it boil for at least four hours; if the water diminishes, replenish with boiling water. The pudding should be kept covered all the time, and not allowed to stop boiling; when the cloth is removed cut out a round piece in the top of the crust to prevent the pudding from bursting and send it to table in the basin, placed either in an ornamental dish or with a napkin pinned around it; serve quickly.

COLLARED BEEF.—Choose seven pounds of the thin end of the flank of a fine and tender but not too fat beef. Lay it in a dish and rub in two ounces of coarse sugar, six ounces of fine salt and one ounce of powdered salt petre. Let the beef remain in this pickle for a week or ten days, turning and rubbing every day; then bone it, remove all the gristle and coarse skin from the inside part and sprinkle it thickly with finely chopped parsley, one dessert spoonful of dried and powdered sage, a bunch of savory herbs also pulverized, one-half teaspoonful each, of ground allspice, and pepper. Roll up the meat lightly as one would roll a bandage and bind firmly with a cloth to keep it in shape; put in hot water and boil gently for six hours. Immediately on taking it out of the pot put it under a weight, without undoing it and let it remain till cold. This dish is a very nice addition to the breakfast table. During the time the beef is in pickle it should be kept cool, and regularly rubbed and turned every day.

BEEF CALLOPS.—Have two pounds of rump steak cut into very thin slices, and divide these into pieces about three inches long and two wide; beat with the blade of a knife and dredge with flour; put them in a frying pan with a little butter or clarified beef-dripping, and let them fry for about three minutes, then lay them in a small stew pan and pour over them the melted butter and one-half pint of gravy or of hot water. Add a teaspoonful of butter rubbed in with three teaspoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of capers, or one-half dozen pickled nasturtiums, and a finely minced onion if liked. Let the whole simmer but not boil for fifteen minutes; serve in a hot covered dish.

MINCED CALLOPS.—Mince finely one-half pound of rump steak and one onion; fry the latter in butter till of a pale brown; add to the beef and onions one ounce of butter or two ounces of clarified beef-dripping, salt, pepper, a teacupful of hot water, a

tablespoonful of lemon juice, or of mushroom ketchup, and a small bunch of savory herbs. Put all into a stew pan and boil gently for ten minutes; garnish with sifts of toasted bread and serve very hot.

BAKED HEART OF BEEF.—Put the heart into warm water to soak for two hours, then wipe it well with a cloth, and after cutting off the lobes, fill the inside with a stuffing made of finely chopped cold beef or veal, or bread crumbs well seasoned with salt, pepper, and savory herbs; fasten it in by means of a needle and coarse thread, put it in a baking dish with a little water in a moderate oven, keep well basted with beef dripping, bake for two hours and serve with a good gravy and red currant jelly.

HUNTER'S BEEF.—For a round of beef weighing eight pounds, allow one ounce of salt petre, one ounce of coarse sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one grated nutmeg and four ounces of salt. Let the beef hang for two or three days and remove the bone; let the spices, salt petre, etc., be reduced to the finest powder; put the beef into a pan, rub all the ingredients well into it, and turn and rub it every day for a fortnight, then remove from the pickle, mash, bind securely with strips of strong muslin and put it into a baking tin with one-half pint of water; mince some suet, cover the top of the meat with it, and put over all a close-fitting cover, bake in a hot but not scorching oven for six hours and serve cold. When glazed and garnished with jelly this is a handsome dish. The gravy that flows from this beef while cooking should be saved as it adds greatly to the flavor of hashes, stews, etc.

KIDNEY.—Cut one kidney into neat slices, put them into warm water to soak for two hours, changing the water two or three times, then dry them, lay in a frying pan with some melted butter and fry them a nice brown; season each side with pepper and salt and put them round the dish; put in the center a teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-half teaspoonful of powdered sugar, pour upon these a small quantity of strong beef gravy and serve very hot.

BRISKET OF BEEF, A LA FLOMANDE.—Put into a stew pan from six to eight pounds of brisket with four or five slices of bacon laid over and under the beef. Add two carrots, one onion, a bunch of savory herbs, salt and pepper to taste, four cloves, four whole allspice and two blades of mace, and cover with weak soup stock or water. Close the stew pan as tightly as possible and simmer very gently four hours, strain the liquor, reserve a portion for sauce and the remainder boil quickly over a sharp fire until reduced to a glaze, with which glaze the meat. Thicken and flavor the liquor that was saved for sauce, pour it round the meat and serve. Garnish with parsley, or carrot slices as preferred.

BEEF STEAK ROLLED, ROASTED AND STUFFED.—Sprinkle over two pounds of rather thickly cut rump steak a seasoning of salt and pepper. Make a forcemeat—according to recipe given below—and spread it over one-half of one side of the steak, roll up, bind and skewer it firmly that the forcemeat may not escape and bake in a hot oven one and one-half hours or longer should the steak be very thick; keep it constantly basted with butter and serve with brown gravy, some of which must be poured round the steak, and the remainder sent to the table in a turcien.

FORCEMEAT FOR ABOVE.—Soak two coffee cupfuls of bread crumbs in milk enough to cover them for half an hour, then remove and press the milk from the crumbs, put the latter into a stew pan with four tablespoonfuls of soup stock or strong gravy and set it on one side. Then put into a separate stew pan one ounce of butter, a slice of lean ham cut small, with a little minced parsley, one onion, two cloves, two blades of mace, and a little beef dripping and fry them gently over a slow fire; when done, moisten with two teacupfuls of soup stock, boil for twenty minutes and strain the whole through a sieve over the bread in the other stew pan. Place the whole over the fire, keep constantly stirring to prevent its burning and when quite dry put in a small piece of butter; let this again dry up by stirring over the fire, then add the yolks of two eggs, mix well and put on a cool plate till wanted for use.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—In looking over the February number I find Annie A. S. asks for a recipe for apple dumplings I will send mine that I learned of my mother-in-law and she is a Connecticut lady and knows how to do Yankee cooking.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Peel, and core sufficient apples for the family dinner and put them in a pressed tin stew pan with sufficient water to cook them, then make a crust as for rich cream biscuit and roll it about three-quarters of an inch thick and cover the apples in the stew pan then cover tight and cook twenty-five minutes not removing the cover until it is done, as that will make the crust heavy. This is the only way I can ever make dumplings successfully and my husband says they are delicious eaten either with butter and sugar or sugar and cream.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—Looks better than ever to me this year, it may be because I did without it last year. **A SISTER IN THE WEST.**

MR. EDITOR.—Having been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for several years I have noticed that almost every subject has been treated with profitable suggestions. But I have seen nothing on the subject of the best make of muslins for shirting and family use; which is the best make for families where through sickness, most of the sewing has to be done by the kindness of friends or by paid labor? Will some of your correspondents give me the benefit of their experience in bleached muslins. It has seemed to the writer that there has been a great deterioration in the quality of the muslins that were formerly considered the best. As I cannot make my own selection, and am dependent on the judgment of others, I am often disappointed in the quality of the goods purchased as the best the market affords.

INVALID.

Mrs. L. C. says she will send recipes for coloring cotton blue, green, and canary color if any one desires them. I should like them very much, if she will send them. Yours truly, J. E. C.

A new subscriber would like to know the best way of making and using yeast cakes.

Among the queries of THE HOUSEHOLD I find one as to the making of sponge cake without eggs. Now Rosa wonders if it is to her experience the lady refers when she asks this question, or if it was a faint shade of doubt as to the genuineness of the story she told in that August number that prompted the inquiry. With her most respectful bow she begs leave to inform all who may be interested that the cake referred to did not exist in the laboratory of her brain alone, but that she actually made it, as she has many another beside. The equivalent for an egg is one cooking spoon—not an ordinary tablespoon—rounding full. She puts in the snow the last thing before adding the flour, stirring briskly in the usual way and baking in an oven of the ordinary temperature. If the inquirer would like any more specific directions she would recommend the following recipe; though it is by no means the only one that may be used. One-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, stirred together, adding two cooking spoons well heaped with snow and about two cups of flour with which a teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been mixed, flavoring with lemon. A friend tells me that snow is a nice substitute for eggs in doughnuts; and have you ever noticed that biscuits are lighter if the sour milk used for mixing is chilled? For preserving these eggs to be used in the summer months, we await the further progress of science; remarking by the way that these, as well as the other kind, are nicest when freshly laid.

ROSA.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir:*—In the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Daughter of a subscriber asks what will take a white spot off a window sill caused by water from a flower pot? I have not seen an answer and will give her my method of removing it; also for white spots on furniture equally good. Wet a rag with water and dip it in wood ashes, rub lightly a minute then wash off with clean water. I would also say to E. S. that I have found no way of removing paint

from windows so easy as to rub them with a piece of flannel wet with alcohol.

I have a gold band china set, several pieces of which have turned yellow. Can any one tell me how it may be restored to its original whiteness, and oblige, MRS. E. W.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL.—I am a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD and I find it a very valuable help to me in my household duties. Will some of your subscribers furnish a recipe for Boston brown bread? and greatly oblige, NELLIE E. Boone, Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I have looked in vain for a recipe for frosting for cake. Will some of the good sisters please send one, stating how to make it when to put it on and how to put it on? and oblige, H. W. B.

DEAR SIR.—Will some of your numerous readers, please tell me from what kind of beet sugar is made, and how it is made? and oblige, A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD and like it very, very much. I have tried many of the recipes and found them very good, and I should like have some one inform me how to preserve and dry citron, fit to use for fruit cake; I have tried but failed, please to give all the particulars.

MRS. H. E. R.

MR. EDITOR.—I would be pleased to inform Jennie E. that Aurora Oil will clean soiled ties very nicely, and also kid gloves.

ANGIA S.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—I have read of a dish made of bread crumbs called brewis. Will some one tell me how it is made? And also how to starch calicoes, so that they will have the appearance of new? RUTH.

Will some one please give me an exact recipe for making Charlotte Russe, also hard sauce? and very much oblige one who has recently commenced housekeeping, and depends on the recipes of THE HOUSEHOLD very much.

L. J. H. M.

Can some of your contributors tell through your paper how to make cream cakes when the cream is put into them after they are made, like the baker's?—they are very light and very nice.

PHEBE W.

Will some of your many readers be kind enough to tell me if there is anything that can be substituted for sour milk, in making puddings, cake, etc., and if so what it is, as I find it difficult to get sour milk at this season of the year? also, what kind of baking powder is the best to use?

E. M. A.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—I would like to ask, through THE HOUSEHOLD, directions for making puff paste? hoping some one will reply and oblige, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR.—Will some member please tell me how to wash silk and preserve its brilliancy?

ALFRED WILSON.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—A. E. T. wishes a recipe to weave hair (combing) into switches, also how to comb the comings out straight?

MR. EDITOR.—Will one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me through its columns how to make good chocolate caramels? I have tried many different recipes, but have never had good luck. I have been a reader of your paper for some time, and like it very much. Yours respectfully,

Des Moines, Iowa.

W. G. T.

A reader of THE HOUSEHOLD wishes to know what will take a grease spot out of a white floor? please answer through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Also, what will take sweet apple stain from a white skirt? any information will be gladly received.

MRS. ANNELE A. P.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some one please tell me how to weave hair jewelry? I should like also to have Maggie tell what she knows about worsted flowers. And if any of the readers would like, I will tell how to make hair flowers.

Will some of the lady readers tell me how to can peas, or if corn can be canned with out putting in an acid?

G. A. H.

Springfield, Mo.



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses of glass,
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he is fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps for ought we know,
We've fitly to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
Before others' tell,
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own short comings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chicken "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

THEORY versus PRACTICE.

BY ANNIE F. BURNHAM.

WHAT have you been doing to those children?" queried pretty Kate Hazzen, as her sister entered the cozy sitting-room from which she had gone a few minutes previously to quell a rising insurrection in the nursery.

"Imitating the example of 'the old woman who lived in a shoe' so far as lay in my power. 'Whipped them both soundly and sent them to bed. I pity the old lady if her numerous progeny were as troublesome as mine."

If Kate Hazzen had a pet hobby, it was concerning the proper management of children. She proceeded to air her views with all the assurance of one who doesn't in the least know what she is talking about.

"I do think, Mabel, it is perfectly barbarous for you to punish those children for every little thing. Suppose they do quarrel sometimes, don't we? You snub them fearfully, too, when they ask questions; now how easy it would be to teach them when they are so eager to learn. Instead of that you put them off with 'Wait and see!'

Little Mrs. Liscomb leaned back half-wearily in the arm-chair; her face looked tired and troubled in the fire-light.

"I used to think just as you do, Katie, but Hal and Eddie are enough to provoke an angel, and I never aspired even to saintship."

"People ought to have a little gentleness with children," went on Kate, ignoring this deprecatory speech; "you punish them a great many times when it would be easy to make them remember by gentler means."

"For instance?" suggested Mrs. Liscomb.

"Eddie whipped all the buds off your cloth of gold this morning, and you whipped him for it. Now if you had taken him on your lap and kissed him and explained to him how much trouble he made you, he would have promised to let things alone in future."

"Yes, and broken his promise in five minutes," said Mrs. Liscomb, laughing a little in a vexed way, for Kate's curtain-lecture was not particularly agreeable.

"You don't know that," retorted Kate. "Kindness wins in the long run. Home is, or ought to be, a school where gentleness and patience are taught by example rather than precept. But—"

"What is all this?" cried a hearty voice in the doorway. "Kate discussing the ethics of home government, and Queen Mab playing the meek disciple! What's your idea, my bonny Kate?"

"Moral suasion," said Mrs. Liscomb laconically, answering for her.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Liscomb, "I'm afraid that wouldn't work at all with the two little sinners up stairs. They'd promise obedience quick enough but I doubt if they would trouble themselves to keep even the 'letter of the law.' That reminds me," he added, fumbling in his pockets and producing a ruffled envelope that bore marks in its soiled, creased surface of a somewhat prolonged stay in those unexplored recesses, "here's a letter I've been carrying round with me all day; sharpened my pencil on it this morning, that's what makes it look so."

Mabel was used to seeing letters look so, and took it resignedly as becomes a woman who has learned her husband's foibles and despairs of overcoming them. Her face lengthened visibly as she read.

"Let's see," said John, looking over her shoulder with conjugal freedom. "What a 'cat's-cradle' it is! Ten lawyers couldn't make it out. 'Dear Mab:—Do you remember our school-girl compact to act as each other's bridesmaid? You recollect that I fulfilled my part of it, and now, in spite of all your predictions of old-maidism my time has come at last, shall accept no regrets or excuses of any kind,' etc., etc., I can't read any more of the criss-crossed thing. Wonder who's the happy man!"

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate?" said Mabel. "Why couldn't nurse have taken a more convenient season for absenting herself?"

"Mab," said Katie, who had listened silently to this dialogue, "I've an idea!"

"Show us the curiosity," suggested John.

"Which is," said Kate, ignoring the interruption, "to take care of them myself."

"Them! who?" cried both in chorus.

"Stupid! Who should it be but those two little sinners up stairs, Hal and Eddie? I'd like to see anything else that would keep Mab away from Lu Darrell's wedding party."

"You take care of them!" repeated Mabel laughing.

"Yes, why not? You want to go, and I'm willing to stay. Besides, it isn't pure philanthropy, its just the op-

portunity I've been wanting to prove my theory."

John laughed.

"Why not let her try it?" he whispered behind his hand.

Mrs. Liscomb's eyes twinkled with quiet amusement.

"I've the greatest mind in the world!" she answered in the same way.

"Is it a bargain?" said Kate who had been narrowly watching this brief consultation.

"Ye-es," said John dubiously.

"I guess so," echoed Mabel doubtfully.

"Be off then to your packing!" responded triumphant Kate, ushering them out of the room with little ceremony.

"And now we will see," she remarked to herself when left alone, "how far remonstrance and suasion will take the place of punishment. It is my private opinion that Solomon was a bit of an old fogey, and didn't know so much about the raising of children as he might."

She prepared herself for trouble in the morning, and her stock of patience being fresh, succeeded in getting through the washings and dressings and curlings, and other preliminaries for breakfast with no greater wear and tear of temper than was evinced by an added accent of entreaty in her piteous appeal to the embryo consciences of the infants.

The first severe trial came with Bridget, who bounced into Kate's chamber with an indignant aspect which Kate knew nothing but the misdeeds of "the chilfer" ever occasioned.

"An' if ye plase, ma'am, Masther Eddie's been afferth pittin' all the spoons in the merlasses-jug!"

Kate groaned in the spirit. "But I won't scold!" she thought firmly.

She led the little culprits away and for the next half-hour devoted herself to the work of bringing them into that repentant frame of mind which, according to her theory was to be productive of such good results. After half an hour of pertinent questions and rather irrelevant answers, Kate concluded it wasn't a promising field for Home Missions, and sent them into the nursery with an injunction to be quiet until dinner-time. They were so very quiet that she had an uncomfortable consciousness of something wrong, though she kept on writing busily, Kate was something of a dabbler at writing, and was in the habit of setting forth her views in a rather decided fashion. She had begun an enthusiastic article that very morning for the Mother's Magazine, entitled Persuasion versus Compulsion; and under that somewhat enigmatical heading, repeated for the world at large the sapient discourse with which she had previously edified her sister. In the midst of a most elaborate argument she was disturbed by a still, small voice from the next room, suggesting, through the thin partition, "What will Aunt Kate say when she finds it out?"

Kate herself could not have told you what she did say when a moment later, she stood on the threshold of the nursery and took in the tableau at one horrified glance.

"You dreadful children! My poor,

dear little Geneva watch that I've carried all over Europe! I meant to keep it till I was an old, old woman, and now it's broken all to bits. I wouldn't have exchanged it for fifty watches. Oh, dear!"

Kate actually burst into tears at this juncture, while the children looked on in terrified wonder. They crept gradually nearer after awhile and tendered clumsy, baby comfort.

"'Ook up, Auntie Kate!" said Hal, trying to lift her chin with both his dimpled fists. "We on'y wanted to see where the tick came from. It's so funny, 'oo know. Tum, I'll buy 'oo a bidder one when I'm a man."

It was impossible to resist such winning entreaty as that, and when Eddie (who was by far the greater culprit) wound his dimpled arms around her neck, and implored her to "look up and be dood," Kate did look up, and the childish grief she saw in their faces was real enough to disarm her of any lingering intention she had of punishing them.

"Do you know what a naughty thing you've done?" she asked as they picked up the fragments of glass and watch springs that lay scattered about.

"You said we'd spoilt your watch," said Eddie, "but I fink I 'member somepin. I broke my blue soldier one time and mamma mended it with some sticky brown stuff. Can't you stick the pieces—so?" joining the jagged edges illustratively.

Kate shook her head at the suggestion, and having given the children into Bridget's charge, returned to her sanctum a sadder, if not a wiser, woman. The children might have fared more hardly, but Kate had a strong sense of justice and she could not help acknowledging that if it had not been for her carelessness in leaving the watch within reach of little hands this accident might not have happened. But the occurrence was so dispiriting that her carefully worked up argument was likely to end in anti-climax, seeing which Kate tossed her manuscript into the grate watching it curl and blacken with feelings very different from her enthusiastic ones of the morning.

Her equanimity was somewhat restored by the subdued behavior of Hal and Eddie for the next few days. They were not bad children and both felt not a little remorseful at the result of their investigations. So it happened that a strange quiet fell upon the house, and Kate felt her confidence in the practical working of her favorite theory gradually recovering from the shock which had come so near annihilating it.

It was probably this same quiet which emboldened Bridget to prefer a request that Kate would dispense with her services for a day or two.

"Dear me, Bridget," said Kate perplexed, "I don't see how I can do without you. The children—"

"An just see how like little sirups they is acting"—possibly Bridget meant seraphs; perhaps it was only her figurative manner of alluding to the sweetness of their dispositions—"And then to think of the fevers and the consumptions and the measles the childher has at home; it's enough to make my soul sick as sure as my name is Bridget McCarthy."

Though Kate was not quite clear as to the strange concatenation of circumstances by which so many of the "ills which flesh is heir to" had descended on the house of McCarthy, she was a little influenced by Bridget's apparent distress, especially as that unlucky memory of hers recalled a sisterly rebuke which she had once given Mabel on a similar occasion.

"Well, Bridget," she said reluctantly, "I'll try to let you go. Mrs. Liscomb will be at home to-morrow. You may go."

"An it's like your own swate self, Miss Kate," returned Bridget unrolling her sleeves and running away to her attic, leaving the floor unswept and the sink full of dishes.

Kate went to work with the earnestness which characterized her, and soon "saw her way through" as she expressed it. The day passed uneventfully; the twins stayed in the state of pensive placidity into which the affair of the watch had thrown them, and Kate went to bed at nine o'clock and slept the sleep of the virtuous.

The next day was rainy; it may not be a positive fact in moral philosophy that rainy days call into active exertion all the evil in human nature, but Kate deduced that rather illogical conclusion from the behavior of the twins from the first dawn of light till—but we will not anticipate.

Lying just on the border-land of sleep next morning, Kate heard through the treacherous partition before mentioned a voice, neither still nor small this time, which she knew came from the trundle bed on the other side.

"Hal!"

"I'm waked up," returned Hal drowsily, "Don't talk in my ear, Eddie."

There was a short pause. Kate listened.

"Hal!"

"What you want?" rather fretfully from drowsy Hal.

"We've been awful good for a day or two."

"I know it."

Another pause.

"Hal!"

"Don't shake my shoulder so, Eddie, I won't go to sleep again. What is it?"

"I feel just like I was going to be dreadful to-day, don't you?"

Kate waited to hear no more, but as soon as she could dispatch her own toilet, began the operation of getting them ready for breakfast racking her brain meanwhile to devise amusements sufficiently engrossing to keep them from being "dreadful."

Breakfast over, and before entering on her duties as kitchen girl, Kate ran up to her room and down again, bringing with her an armful of gorgeous fashion plates which she gave the twins permission to cut, tear or burn up as they pleased.

"That will amuse them all the morning," said Kate in her ignorance as she busied herself with clearing the table.

"There, children," she said a few hours later, having in the meantime made the house neat as Bridget herself could have done with none of Bridget's bustle, "I want to go up stairs for an hour and you must be good here till I come down, Eddie, you and Hal bring Auntie Kate some potatoes from the cellar first, though."

They ran, laughing delightedly at the idea of helping, and Kate took the occasion to slip an orange for each among the papers on the table. After washing the potatoes and tossing them into the oven, she ran to her room with no misgivings, for had she not provided entertainment for the children and what excuse could there be for mischief?

Kate's hour wasn't exactly sixty minutes, and when she came down a thought of over-done potatoes made her run hastily to open the oven. She rubbed her eyes to make sure she was not dreaming, at sight of the contents of the oven. Solid contents, truly, for it was filled, crammed to the very top with potatoes. Kate took them out as speedily as possible, then went and found the twins, undressed them and put them to bed. Remonstrance was useless; entreaty was a vain hope; Kate began to have a better opinion of Solomon than she had entertained a week ago. But it was dull sitting there alone, and Kate thought compassionately that it must be very dull for the two little offenders in the trundle bed up stairs; the end of it was that she dressed them both and had them down to dinner.

She was brushing the crumbs from the carpet after dinner, and Hal and Eddie were in the pantry.

"Hal," said Eddie, "I think it was awful mean of Aunt Kate to put us to bed right in the middle of the day, just when we was joying our new boots, too!"

"So do I," acquiesced Hal.

"Le's scare her with these mousies in the trap."

The next instant two lively mice were scampering about the room, and Kate, who was mortally afraid of them was on the table in a twinkling. But as this promised no relief and the mice still scampered, she came down again and with a few vigorous whisks of her broom routed the intruders. Then indeed, the little mischief makers reaped well deserved punishment; in the very act of shaking Eddie as energetically as Mabel herself could have done, her eye caught a shadow in the doorway and she looked up to see her brother-in-law watching the striking tableau with infinite amusement.

"People ought to have a little gentleness with children," he drawled teasingly.

"Kate! Kate!" struck in Mabel, it's perfectly barbarous—"

"This is the school where kindness is taught by precept rather than example, isn't it?" demanded John between his bursts of laughter.

"John! Mabel!" ejaculated Kate under this persecution, "if you'll only stop, and take these children off my hands, I'll never quarrel with you for punishing them to the longest day I live!"

I really don't think she ever did.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-three.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

We had a little talk in February about genius and talent. I wonder if it would not be well for us to-day to pay our devours to common sense—dear, blessed common sense, the salt of

life, without which all the other graces and virtues lose their savor?

"I would rather my children should have common sense than all the *uncommon* sense in the world, if they cannot have both," said a sensible old gentleman, once on a time, "but sometimes it seems to me that the uncommon kind is the commonest, by a good deal!" I suspect if he had been the Apostle Paul, he would have prepared a second edition of the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, somewhat after this fashion—

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not common sense, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not common sense, I am nothing!"

Probably neither the old gentleman, nor any one of us, would choose to go on through the whole beautiful chapter, and end with—

"And now abideth faith, hope, common sense, these three; but the greatest of these is common sense."

Probably, I say, we should all stop short of that climax. Yet it cannot be denied that even faith and hope are stronger and more enduring when they have a good, solid foundation of common sense to rest upon. Somebody, I forget who, says we are all slightly insane, every mother's son and daughter of us; that is, that there are some points, some subjects, upon which our views are distorted, and concerning which we are incapable of reasoning justly, or judging rightly. This seems like an hard saying, and it is certainly one at which most of us will be inclined to cavil. But be that as it may, it is certain that the sanest people in every community are those who are gifted with good, plain, common sense; and it is to such that we instinctively turn in all the serious emergencies of life, rather than to the great geniuses and "men of talent," unless these latter personages happen to have this good gift also. They do have it in very many cases. Yet how often do we see men—and women, too—who seem to have every kind of sense but common sense; and every kind of knowledge save that which would be of the most real use to themselves and to their families!

Common sense! She is not so bewitching as some of her sisters; she is not especially radiant; her eyes do not flash fire, neither does she roll them in a fine frenzy; her hair does not flow over her graceful shoulders in waves of molton gold, nor is her sylph-like figure clothed in moonshine and blue ribbons. She speaks plain English, if that is her vernacular tongue. She walks, rather than glides, and she runs, rather than flies. She is not brilliant, nor beautiful—she does not astonish nor dazzle you. But, nevertheless, she is a most comfortable and convenient person to "have in the house," friends;—and if any of you young folks are just about setting up little homes of your own, I advise you to make her acquaintance forthwith. You cannot have a better or safer friend; and it will "pay" you to give her the very best room in the

new house, and to board her for nothing!

For a little common sense is a sure panacea for a large proportion of the ills of life—and especially of family life. I am writing this April letter in February. The daily papers are given over to reports of the great Brooklyn trial, and the air of this whole vast country is heavy and fetid with the breath of scandal and falsehood. Thank Heaven! it is not necessary for us to discuss the case here, and our

HOUSEHOLD can wash its hands of the whole foul thing.

But whatever we may think of the matter, whatever we may believe or disbelieve, one thing is potent to every observer, viz.: the plentiful lack of common sense displayed by all concerned. It is almost the first thing that strikes one, the substitution of sickly sentimentalism, unhealthy introspection, and morbid hypochondria, for the clear, strong, robust common sense that, like the free winds of heaven, helps to keep life sweet, and pure, and clean. Common sense teaches one to keep out of danger, to quit playing with edged tools, to shun the brink of the precipice, to let the poisoned cup alone, to touch not the unclean thing. It teaches one to avoid unwise companionships, and the friendships that may be honey-sweet to the lips, but bitter as death to the soul. It teaches husbands and wives that having chosen each other out of all the world, having bound themselves and their destinies together, by bonds that cannot be broken save by a wrench that is equivalent to the tearing asunder of soul and body, the first thing to be considered is the due ordering of their lives;—such an ordering as shall make the bonds pleasant, rather than irksome; fragrant, flowery garlands, rather than shackles of steel. It teaches that as marriage is indissoluble save by death, or what is worse than death, it is the part of wisdom to make marriage what it should be. It teaches forbearance, and sympathy, and a certain kindly toleration of the foibles inherent to human nature. It teaches the worse than folly of any friendship, or association, that, in even the slightest degree, comes in between husband and wife. It teaches the wife that she has no right to measure her husband with other men, to institute comparisons, and to wish he were more like this one, or that one, or the other one. He is *hers*—for good or ill, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, until death parts them. Even if she has made a mistake, can she rectify it by thinking about it, or talking about it, or by seeking sympathy of this one or that one? I doubt very much whether many men, or many women, whose married lives are unhappy, have ever been made permanently happier by talking over their troubles with outside parties, especially if those parties happen to be of the opposite sex.

As a rule, it is the teaching of common sense that the relations existing between husband and wife are too sacred, too delicate, to bear discussion, or intermeddling. And right here the spirit moves me to say something that I had no intention of saying, when our talk began. It has grown naturally out of our theme, and it is "borne in upon my mind," as our Quaker friends

say, that I ought to give utterance to my thought, even at the risk of offending some whom I would fain help and comfort, if I could.

The thought is this. Is it well for the young wives of our *HOUSEHOLD* to discuss their private relations with their husbands, even in the seclusion of our own fireside circle? If those relations are not what they should be, does it help matters any to talk about them? Does it not rather make them worse? Does any wife learn to think more kindly, more tenderly, of her husband, while she is in the act of telling us that she thinks he has ceased to love her, or while she is accounting to us for her mistake in marrying him?

You have the thought, friends, a thought to which I was compelled to give utterance. Molehills swell into mountains, almost unawares; and some troubles grow rapidly under discussion. We are none of us perfect, and every husband and wife in the land have something to put up with in each other. Most of them, to tell the plain truth, have a good deal! But I doubt very much whether it is wise for them to talk to us about it, save in very exceptional cases. I doubt if any one of our young wives can spend an evening in recounting to us the trials of her domestic life, as far as her husband is concerned, and in telling us of his faults, his coldness, and his short-comings, without growing herself more and more painfully conscious of them.

I am dreadfully afraid of religious cant, friends; and the fear of seeming cantish sometimes keeps me from saying all that is in my heart. It is so very easy to use stereotyped phrases, and to repeat the hackneyed formula of religious teaching, that one may well shrink from what may seem the parrot-like repetition of old saws and dogmas.

When one does not know what else to say to one in trouble, it seems so very convenient to speak of spiritual aid and comfort, and to say to the stricken heart—"Go to God, and he will help you." Yet, nevertheless, it remains true that when a woman is disappointed in her marriage, no earthly friend can fill the void in her heart, and to very few earthly friends can she safely turn for sympathy. To whom, then, can she go but to the all-wise and all-loving One who has promised to be "a very present help in time of trouble?"

It is time to stop, and we are not through with our chat about common-sense. We must take another day for it.

OCTOBER MEMORIES.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

October hues are fading fast from the hillsides, and the dull brown of November taking their place. Even this is interspersed with tall guant limbs, where the hickory, and locust, the cotton wood, and maple, stand bleak and bare, earliest robed by the wild winds of autumn, perhaps that they may be earliest robed by the soft breathings of spring. Even the moss is crisp beneath our feet, and the fragrant herbs bestow their perfume, as a sad, because a farewell gift.

Wandering dreamily along in the

warm sunlight with a sad thought of the wintry winds which will soon be whirling the snow flakes over these leaf strewn walks, and with a still deeper undertone of sadness murmuring, "The dead leaves strew the forest walks," are we really enjoying our ramble? Yet the day is one of the brightest, and no present calamity is with us. A paper comes fluttering to our feet, two leaves from our favorite *HOUSEHOLD*. Let us pick it up for no scrap of all its pages but will give us some good advice, some useful thought.

The beautiful song, "Kiss me good night, mother;" then ever so much good advice; Gypsy Traine proving herself a worthy teacher even outside the school-room. Mrs. Clinton reveals the fact that her sensible mode of managing her children meets her husband's full approbation. Most husbands are busy and thoughtless, they do not see that a wife is over-tasking her physical system, until it is too late; yet few of them really wish so much work done, and those few would soon see the benefit of the change, if the wife would try the experiment. Being a yankee by birth-right, I shall venture to guess, it is much oftener our neighbors whom women fear to offend by a plain style of dress, and less subserviency to artificial appetites, than it is the husband. Yet it is the husband who has to bear the blame in most instances, besides enduring the extra expense, and feeling more than any one else the loss after his wife's health is gone forever, and with it of course, her cheerfulness and enjoyment of life, if not life itself.

She need not fear to spoil her little girl's complexion. Pallor is not clearness, and the sallowness of ill health is not a desirable complexion for a young lady.

Rheta is sure she wants no cinnamon in her pumpkin pies. If she carefully selects, picks over, and grinds her spices, I think she will find none better for pumpkin pies. The stuff usually sold as ground cinnamon is not desirable anywhere.

I forgot to tell Mrs. Clinton that cracked cocoa is richer and more untritious than shells, containing both shells and nut of the cocoa plant. Most of our *HOUSEHOLD* family are familiar with chocolate, cocoa and broma as beverages, but all may not happen to know that the nuts from which these are manufactured, are sold, simply crushed, or cracked, without the addition of sugar and oily substances, which make these articles of drink unhealthful.

The name cocoa, however, is a misnomer, although in common use. Cacao, pronounced ka-ka-o, is the chocolate tree, a species of theobroma, a native of the West Indies. This tree grows about twenty feet high, bearing pods which are oval and pointed. The nuts or seeds are numerous, and lodged in a white, pithy substance. They need when simply crushed to be boiled a long time, and may be boiled over as many times as any one chooses, or as long as any strength remains in them, without developing any unpleasant flavor. In another respect also they are unlike tea and coffee. They do not appear to act

upon the tin boiler so as to be rendered unhealthful by its mineral poison. Of course the cocoanut is quite a different fruit.

Oh! world-wide spirit of sympathy! Here, half-sitting, half-reclining upon a pleasant hillside, in one of the little groves called oak-openings by the early settlers—I wish some one would tell me why, for it seems to me the prairies are the openings—I am chatting with *THE HOUSEHOLD* sisters, as cozily as if in the family sitting-room.

Cozily, yet not merrily, for the autumn days seem to most of us, too near the winter to allow of idle merriment. We must work now, while yet the breeze is bland, and the sunshine pleasant, or the approaching holidays will find our homes and families like those of the butterfly and not like those of the bee. So if we do not join with the poet, that autumn days are "the saddest of the year," to most housekeepers they are the busiest.

Not merrily, for in these two leaves which the breeze has borne to my feet, I read again the sad story of Sister Allie. Again, as when I read it in my own carefully filed September number, so now this tattered fragment seems blurred and dim, for tears are in my eyes. The mental arithmetic consists in counting the nineteen Octobers that have passed since, although weary, as the mother of little ones must often be, I yet believed myself the happiest women in the universe. For precious twin babes smiled in my home, given to welcoming parents only the previous May, and surely never were little ones more welcome or more cherished. Many a wondering mother asked, "How could you be grateful for two more, when your other children are so young?" And we reverently said, "Intelligent and healthful children are a blessing from God. He will give us wisdom to guide, and strength to care for them."

Yet when the long summer days come with their heat and languor, and the harvest time prevented all hope of "help" in town, (for the farmers must have it, and outbid all others, most of our foreign help preferring field work in its season,) I began to feel like Sister Allie, "Oh! so tired all the time."

What a blessing has since been the remembrance, that although my head often ached, and my steps were weary, yet my heart did not ache, and never once did my darlings seem a burden. For as the October days grew bright, our home grew dark with a fearful shadow.

A slight ailment—a simple prescription—a careless druggist—our babes were with the Lord, who overrules man's mistakes, but our hearts were crushed, and our home so sadly desolate.

Only our trust in Him, "who gave, who took, who will restore, who doeth all things well," and the necessity of caring for, and comforting the older little ones, could have saved us in that hour of darkness.

I cannot dwell upon this theme, but oh! dear sister Allie, it is not work, nor loneliness, nor "aches" of head or body, nor even "the dreary monotony of household duties," that is hardest for a mother to bear. For

that "monotony" is diversified by the pleasant prattle of children, and their merry games, that is, if you allow them their natural right to prattle and to play, and do not, like so many parents and teachers, make a virtue of a crime, and a fault of a natural necessity, by considering it a part of your duty to keep your children "still."

The grave is very still, and a desolate home is very neat and quiet! God grant, dear sister, such rest and freedom may never be yours, as some mothers have received with tear-blinded eyes. More bitter words never were written than those of the poet father:

"Her 'little hindering thing' is gone,
And undisturbed she can work on."

Far more pleasantly to me sounds the strain,
"Have patience, tired mother, they're growing up fast;
These nursery whirlwinds not long do they last."

To me those nineteen years with all their cares and sorrows, seem "but a day that has past." I could not spare one of their varied experiences, and when, a few weeks since, I heard the thoughtful lady principal of a high school say, "Mother, was not brother F. twenty-one his last birthday?" I almost forgot to reply in the affirmative for my mind had gone back to their childhood. The time seemed so short since the little girl amused and watched her baby brothers, while mother was busy with domestic cares. It was a fitting prelude to a teacher's life. Those who have gone to a higher home are even now making my pathway there more bright and beautiful, while life below is blessed by those who are left to share the joys or sorrows, and perform its duties with me.

Mourn not even over your deprivation of church privileges, Sister Allie then is no holier worship than the mother may share with her children. For the theater care less, for you are writing now the drama of your children's lives! Beware it is not a tragedy! Keep a girl all the time, even if your husband does not get rich quite so soon. Health and happiness are the truest wealth. Mrs. Dorr will probably, ere this, have given you all needed advice. I can only give you sisterly sympathy and good wishes.

TO THE DEAR GIRLS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. MARY E. IRELAND.
(*Aunt Leisurely.*)

Some time ago, I do not how long, nor in what paper or magazine, I read of a farmer who gave up housekeeping, upon the death of his wife, and went to reside with his son's family in the city.

Being accustomed to an active life in the pure, open air of the country, he seemed sad, out of place, and lonely. Much of it, of course, was to be attributed to his recent bereavement, but it was fostered and strengthened by his confined manner of living for which his whole previous life had unfitted him. It might have degenerated into confirmed melancholy, and allowed him to become a burden to himself and them, had not the good daughter-in-law, with her sound, practical sense, came to the rescue.

"Father is lost," she remarked one evening to her husband, "as you or I would be with nothing to do or nothing to interest us; buy a few acres of land out of the city, get him a dear-born and a quiet horse, and let him farm it." The suggestion was a word in season, the purchase was made, and the mere planning for it kept the old man's mind pleasantly employed until the season came round for cultivating it, when he began in earnest. Every morning he drove out to his farm as he called it, and in the fresh-smelling earth and congenial occupation he regained his tranquillity. He felt he was yet of some use in the world, and not an incumbrance, as he proudly drove into town with the crisp, fresh fruits and vegetables, of his own raising, which in themselves repaid for the trifling outlay.

Ever since reading it the incident has laid in a warm little corner of my heart, peeping out now and then when it thinks it sees an opportunity of doing good, but all its gentle efficacy is required to cheer the sadness caused by another article I read, which I have no doubt finds its counterpart in thousands of homes.

It was, of the father of several grown up, fashionable daughters. He had laid out a hunting expedition for himself, a poor little oasis in the desert of his brain-wearing life, but as yet had not mentioned it in the home-circle. His daughter had also planned a trip to a gay watering-place, and to draw upon his feelings and his purse strings, they told him with much circumlocution, that the health of the younger sister was declining, that they had all withheld the knowledge from him knowing the anxiety it would cause him, and that she had a firm conviction that sea-air and bathing would restore her. When in his great sorrow and affection he urged her to go, she would not consent, unless both the other sisters accompanied her. So he gave up his prospect of a little rest and recreation, that they might have the means to purchase an unneeded and unmerited enjoyment for their useless selves. "It was seething the kid in its mother's milk," destroying him by means of his best affections.

I do not suppose I have told either story in the language it was written, but in substance it is the same.

"I do not wish to buy it," said a dear little girl, when importuned by a comrade to purchase a sash like hers. "I am going to make my old one do, for papa lost a good deal of money last winter, and mamma and I don't wish to ask him for any more money than we can help."

I looked at the pure childish face, and wondered if time would change that sweet nature, and self become paramount to everything else; but I think not, I am almost certain not, if that good mother is spared to train her, and teach her in what a good home and a true marriage really consists.

A great deal of good advice is given to men in the literature of the day, to tell their wives of their financial difficulties. That is all right, providing they have the right kind of wives, but when they have a fretful, selfish, fault-finding blight, in the shape of a wife, who considers he is to blame if fair

weather is not always provided for her, he feels he must have a little comfort somewhere, and tries to keep his troubles to himself, knowing it would only bring upon him an avalanche of reproaches and tears that would unnerve him the more. God pity and help such a man, he has a home only in name.

I have known daughters bestow upon the father smiles and kind attentions when he came home weary and saddened, and when the dull eye would brighten, and the grave mouth relax with a pleased smile, coax him for the means to purchase some article of dress, that when obtained added not one charm, but encouraged envious friends to launch out in the same extravagance, and these daughters, strange as it may appear, loved their father devotedly, as their unwearied watching by his death bed proved, but they were undisciplined and thoughtless, and time as yet had brought them no care.

Being endowed with but little of the gift of imagination, I must treat of facts or not write at all, therefore all my pen has expressed for me thus far, has had the merit of truth if it possessed no other. Few startling incidents or adventures have disturbed the even tenor of my life, so if what I have given to my readers prove flat, stale and unprofitable, though it be my fault, it was committed with the sincere desire as far as my limited capabilities allowed, of benefiting my kind. Therefore, when I beseech you, oh, girls, to pause and think now, or the time may come when thought will be a burden too grievous to be borne, when I counsel you to consider the bread winner of your household, though thank heaven it is not my own experience, it is what has come under my observation.

If your father earns your bread by the sweat of his brow, think of those toll-hardened hands that must one day be laid under the coffin lid; if by the still more nerve-exhausting labor of the counting-house or other brain-work, consider the poor head that must think so much, that you may have the comforts that money can purchase. Strive to lessen these labors now, and save yourselves the bitter but unavailing regret, that had you your early days to live over, you could live them to better purpose.

Look not upon him in the light of a money-making machine, of whom you are desirous of squeezing the last penny. He knows his own difficulties and embarrassments far better than you possibly can, and more than would be kind or judicious to try to make you understand, therefore when he tells you by word or action he cannot gratify your requests, why harrass him with downcast looks or tearful eyelids. You probably see he is doing a thriving business, owns houses and lands, and credit him with stinginess, when at that particular time, he may not know which way to turn to obtain a dollar. What can you know of his anxious hours when you lie sleeping, his mind excited by the cares of the day that the calm of night have no power to vanish.

It appears to me that women as a general thing do not take into consideration that a man's nature may be as

sensitive as their own. Being of larger proportions and greater bodily strength, and having to take the rougher side of life's track, they expect their sensibilities to be less acute. But may not contact with a rough, selfish world make them more susceptible to the repose and serenity of a happy home? In some instances I think even more so than the mother who is in it the most of her time.

Being with her family constantly, any thoughtless act, or disrespectful word might affect her for the time, to be atoned for the next hour by a loving smile or caress, but the father takes his shadow with him to his place of business, it is his companion through all the hours of the day, perhaps he cannot define the cause of his discomfort, but it is there, he is depressed, he would scarcely acknowledge even to himself that he could be influenced by such a trifles, deeming it a weakness, but it is the trifles that make or mar our happiness.

There are so many ways you can cheer and gladden, if you will only consider it worth your while to try. Remember you are not only contributing to his happiness but are laying up pleasant food for future thought in case he should be called hence before you. Your days with him even if both are spared until old age may be few, as you may be called to form the centre of another home circle, and there is no truer maxim than "a good daughter makes a good wife." If he has given you the capability of drawing sweet sounds from some instrument, never weary of playing his favorite pieces; what if they are old fashioned, they recall the days of his youth, and who of all the earth should you have a greater desire to please than him.

He may be reticent in regard to expressions of affection for you, but be assured it is there all the deeper perhaps, that it is in his nature to suppress any outward demonstration, but he may long for expressions of affection and appreciation from you, then why withhold them?

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

BY OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

A great many mothers, especially in the rural districts, are deprived, some portion of their lives, of the privilege of going to church. The care of their little ones, and sometimes feeble health confines them at home. During the week, if they are able to work, their hands and minds are employed with care and labor. But the long Sundays drag wearily unless they have plenty of reading matter. Some of them have not a great variety of books, and perhaps not many newspapers. Well, they must make the most of what they have. Most people have a few books and one paper; these they can exchange with their neighbors and so increase their reading. And if they have no modern books we presume all have the bible, and that will bear reading a great deal.

We are commanded to "search the scriptures;" and the more we search the more we shall find. But reading the bible as we read a story is not searching. Some people sit down and read a few, or many chapters in the

bible and are not much the wiser; they read it carelessly because they have a vague idea that it is duty to read it, but can tell nothing about what they have read after they get through. Others read it more attentively and then exclaim, "I cannot understand the bible it so full of mysteries."

Stop, my friends; don't condemn God's book until you have searched it. There are rich treasures there, bright jewels of truth which never grow dim; and many blessed promises to cheer you in your weary pilgrimage. You may get some good and understand some of the promises, by a surface reading, but if you want rich treasures, diamonds of the first water which will shine with brilliancy in the darkest hours of your life, you must search for them. A man who searches for gold, digs down into the earth, or crushes and grinds the solid quartz. He don't find big nuggets on top of the ground. The diamond hunter patiently washes over the sand and searches carefully for the sparkling treasure; and he who looks for pearls, dives down to old ocean's depths. So we must search the scriptures and dig deep if we would possess the treasures therein contained.

But how shall we search the scriptures? In the first place we want a bible with references; then read carefully, praying meanwhile, that our understanding may be enlightened. If we find anything we do not understand we must go back and read over, and then on to the end of the chapter or subject; and if we cannot get the full meaning of the passage, look at the references and hunt up all kindred passages and read their connection, and in this way we may get light. And though we may not be learned in worldly sciences, we may get much real knowledge of the gospel plan of redemption and grow wise unto salvation and become possessors of the only true riches.

The bible as a general thing explains itself, and is not nearly so hard to understand as most people believe. If we hear preaching let us examine the Word to see whether the preacher gives us truth or error. Preachers are by no means infallible; the most of them have been educated in some Theological school, and their minds and ideas are all trained according to some particular creed; they are biased and warped by other men's opinions. We have a right to go to the bible, the chart that God himself has given to guide us on our journey to the better land, and test the preaching by the word and "learn whether these things are so," as the noble Bereans did, to whom Paul preached. The bible is mystified more than it is explained by much of the preaching of the present day, and the word of God is perverted and robbed of its simplicity, clearness and power by the vain imaginations of men.

But it was not my motive in writing to find fault with the clergy, but to encourage my sisters to become interested in the study of the Book whose author is our Heavenly Father. "Search the scriptures," said Jesus, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

People in search of a good family soap, are usually bewildered by the multiplicity of articles claimed to be such, that are pressed upon them, each strenuously claiming pre-eminent excellence on all points. No doubt this mode of gaining public attention is shrewd if not very candid, since public opinion is often more influenced by the boldness of an assertion, than by its proved veracity.

Practically, there are but two kinds of soap offered to the public for family use, viz.: adulterated and pure; and the former class so largely predominates over the latter, that a few years ago there was no such thing as a pure American family soap, and even now we know of but one brand that is strictly free from all adulteration.

The one exception of the rule, the one pure soap among the countless adulterated ones, is the well-known "Dobbins' Electric Soap," made from a French recipe, and perfectly free from all adulteration of any kind whatever.

Its price is necessarily a little higher than that asked for adulterated soaps, but its cost of production is still higher in proportion to them; and that it is infinitely cheaper to the consumer, the following figures show:

There are well-known brands of yellow soaps, made from the following formula, by men who buy refuse pieces of Dobbins' Electric Soap from its manufacturers:

100 lbs. Dobbins' Electric soap, at 12c.	\$12 00
200 lbs. resin, at 2c	4 00
100 lbs. clay, at 2c	2 00
100 lbs. silicate of soda, at 2c	2 00
500 lbs.	\$20 00

or four cents per pound for the compound, each pound of which contains but three ounces of pure soap, the balance of thirteen ounces being valueless, as far as its presence in soap is concerned.

The three ounces of soap possess all the detergent properties in the pound, and accomplish all the work done with the pound; or, in other words, three ounces of Dobbins' Electric Soap will do as much washing without this adulteration as with it, and, therefore, the three ounces will do all the work done by the pound of so-called family soap, which is in reality but three ounces of soap.

Were the price of the adulterated substance low enough, so that a pound of it would cost no more than three ounces of Dobbins' Electric Soap, it would make no difference to the consumer which she used.

Let us see if the prices of the two do agree. Dobbins' Electric Soap sells for thirteen cents per pound, in Philadelphia, the other for eight cents per pound; but, as the low-priced compound only contains, and will only do the work of, three ounces of Dobbins' Electric, we should have to buy five and one-third pounds to get as much soap in that form as from one pound of Dobbins' Electric.

This, at 8 cents per pound, amounts to 42 2-3 cents. That is, it will cost us more than three times as much to use the 8 cent soap as it will to use Dobbins' Electric Soap at 13 cents per pound.

PRANG'S
American Chromos.

BY LOUIS PRANG.

Ten years ago, when I determined on the experiment of substituting good artistic copies of good artistic paintings for the very poor class of colored prints then in the American market, and when one year later I began, in an humble way, to issue such copies under the designation "Chromos" (a word coined by me, and never before employed), I had no idea that this business of Chromo-making would grow, in the space of a few years, to the enormous proportions which it has now really assumed. This astonishing growth, as a matter of course, is due to the genuine American generosity with which the public encouraged my enterprise, making my humble efforts popular beyond any precedent in the history of art publications. It is needless to say that I am duly thankful for this generosity.

The word "Chromo" soon made the tour around the world. Very speedily speculators followed my track; ransacked the lithographic establishments of Europe; taxed them to their utmost to manufacture color prints, which, with some creditable exceptions, were as bad as the worst of bygone times, and brought them into this market under the designation of "Chromos," which I had created and adopted for my own publications. Such prints were sold in immense quantities, as the people, by my efforts and by the encomiums unanimously bestowed upon them by the Press had been aroused to the question of decorating the bare walls of their homes, and as the title "Chromo," which I had succeeded in making honored, gave quality to almost anything in the shape of a picture, as if it were a trademark guaranteeing undoubted excellence. Add to this that enterprises of all sorts, in need of bolstering up by fictitious values, took advantage of the favorable feeling of the community towards this class of pictures, and palmed off upon an unsophisticated public millions of so-called "Chromos" as premiums (which, as a rule, and with but very few exceptions, were the worst trash imaginable), and it will be readily conceived that with many highly educated people the term "Chromo" became almost a by-word and a reproach. This prejudice will wear away, however, as soon as proper criticism is applied and the wheat is separated from the chaff. Enough of good and excellent pictures will then be found among Chromos to redeem their claim to the consideration of art-lovers.

To be able to understand why those Chromos, which are offered at very cheap prices, and are even given away as premiums, cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be anything like artistic productions, it is only necessary to consider the conditions under which alone a *good Chromo* can be produced. In the first place it is requisite to have a good original painting to work from, the cost of which ranges from several hundred to several thousand dollars. I have myself paid \$3,000 for the original painting of "The Boyhood of Lincoln," by Eastman Johnson, which is still in my possession. Then again it is necessary that the lithographic artists should be the best, that the printers should be the best, and everything else used in the process, stones, paper, colors, machinery, etc. etc. etc., must be of the same quality. But even with all this a *good Chromo* cannot be produced, if there is not present still another condition, this namely, that the artist be positively unlimited as to the time and the means at his disposal. With the best of workmen and the most expensive material you cannot make a *good Chromo* if *cost*, and not *quality*, is your first consideration. I have, therefore, from the beginning and invariably, looked only to the latter. Having bought an original which satisfied me, I put it into the hands of a competent artist and told him, "Make as close a facsimile of this as you can. If it is possible with twenty printings—do it. If it is necessary to employ thirty—do it. And if you think it is necessary to use still more—do it. Do not look to the *Cost*, all I ask is *Quality*." The result has been that on some of my Chromos the number of printings reached very near fifty, but as a corollary there grew from this the other result—that I have been

acknowledged the world over as the best chromo-maker, and that my publications stand unrivaled for depth of tone, delicacy of modeling, and general excellence.

Now look at the way in which most other pictures are produced, those for instance which are manufactured by the million in the German workshops, and above all, that abomination peculiar to our own time, the "Premium Chromo." With these the question is not *Quality*, but *Cost*. A cheap original is chosen, oftentimes even the Chromo of some other maker which happens to be unprotected by the Copyright Laws, the "artist" (if he deserve that name) is limited to a certain number of printings; and the printing itself, executed on poor paper with cheap materials, is done on a steam-press at the rate of 5000 or more impressions per day (while good hand-press work will not give more than from 100 to 200 impressions per day). Take for instance that greatest swindle ever perpetrated on the American public, the imitations of my "Barefoot Boy," which only a flaw in our unwieldy Copyright Law prevents me from visiting with the punishment it deserves. My Chromo was made from the *Original Painting*, which I own. Small as the picture is, 26 printings were employed in its production, the drawings were all made by my *best* artist, and the printing carefully done on the hand-press. The imitations, on the contrary, *stolen from my Chromo*, are done with from 12 to 16 printings, are all printed on the steam-press, and some of them are not even printed from stones on a lithographic press, but from raised zinc-plates on an ordinary book-press. The result is an execrable daub, which sells to the trade at about *Twelve Cents per Copy!* I do not hesitate to say that almost all Premium Chromos, with only a few honorable exceptions, partake more or less of this character, and generally do not cost more than from 10 to 30, or, if it comes high, 50 cents. It is then left to the imagination of the honorable editor to make a "magnificent, first-class \$5 or \$10 Chromo" out of this production, the price ostensibly put upon it being simply limited by the tenderness of the editorial conscience. The latter commodity can usually be accurately measured in the inverse ratio to the "value" of the Premium.

The simple word "Chromo" having thus been dragged into the mire, I now, since a number of years, invariably designate my publications as "Prang's American Chromos." I have created a standard of my own, which I mean to uphold, and by connecting myself personally with all my Chromos, I show my willingness to accept the responsibility for all that may be good or bad in them.

Inducements to turn out "Cheap" work, with a view simply to "making money," have been plenty, but I have always withstood the temptation, and you will therefore find "Prang's American Chromos" *absolutely* higher in cost than other pictures of the same size, while *relatively*, taking into account the important item of quality, you will find them, beyond all cavil, the cheapest of anything of the kind ever offered to the public. Keeping in mind the artistic skill, the labor, and the capital involved in the making of a good, honest, artistic Chromo, no one will ever call any of my Chromos "Dear!"

But while I have striven to take a position apart from the great mass of lithographic manufacturers, and to save myself from being confounded with them, by adopting the title "Prang's American Chromos," unscrupulous men have again found the means of turning my position, by taking another step in advance on the highway of fraud, and *offering Chromos which I never saw, for sale under my name*. There are of course a great many honorable dealers who will never descend to stoop so low in order to make a few dollars, but as those of another class have introduced such practices into the market, I deem it necessary to caution the public in regard to them. My Chromos invariably bear my firm-name on the front of the picture, and the label on the back shows it again, together with my trade-mark, which will be found at the head of this article. Be sure to look for these if you desire to procure the genuine "Prang's American Chromos."

L. PRANG.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES mailed free to any address on application to

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TEN CENTS for Three Months (postage paid). See A Trial Trip, on last page.

THE CRUSHED WHITE WHEAT, Manufactured by F. E. Smith & Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the most perfect preparation of entire wheat products that has yet been produced. By the process of manufacture the grain is thoroughly softened in every part. The hard crust containing the gluten or nitrogenous elements is put into proper condition to cook quickly and uniformly with the soft and crumbly portion of the center, being the carbonaceous portion. The wheat used is of the choicest raised in the best wheat-growing sections of the United States. It is thoroughly cleaned and purified from all extraneous admixture, by the most complete and severe mechanical contrivances, and prepared in such a manner that all the elements of the grain are preserved. The iron or silex are preserved in the outer or true bran; in this portion of the berry also lies the greatest amount of waste, which is a natural stimulant, and greatly assists nature in keeping the bowels and digestive organs in proper and healthful action. Their preparation will be found particularly desirable during warm weather, and in warm climates, being the most nourishing and the least heating of any other single article of food.

READER, have you a neighbor or a friend who is not a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD? Please show her this number and make known our offer of a trial trip of THREE MONTHS (post-paid) for TEN CENTS. See last page.

We were somewhat surprised to learn, as we did a few days since, that notwithstanding the hard times of the past eighteen months which has seriously affected nearly every branch of business, the trade in musical instruments still holds its own, and at least that portion of it represented by our friend Mr. Edward Clark, was even better during 1874 than in any previous year. This may no doubt be partially accounted for from the fact that Mr. Clark has by close and well directed application built up a very extensive trade which he is maintaining by correct representations and honest dealings. His success has been fairly earned. See his card in another column.

THE MOST UNHAPPY PERSON in the world is the Dyspeptic. Everything looks dark and gloomy; he feels "out of sorts" with himself and everybody else. Life is a burden to him. This can all be changed by taking Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron). Cases of 27 years' standing have been cured by it.

The advent of the robin and the bluebird, bright harbingers of spring, assure us that housecleaning days will soon be upon us. The thrifty housewife as she reads these lines will expect to be advised to procure a supply of the American Peerless Soap, but of course she has attended to this before now and needs no reminder of this duty.

Aside from its value as a newspaper, which is universally admitted, the New York Tribune stands at the head of its class in the extent and variety of miscellaneous reading. Here the farmer and mechanic, no less than the student and divine find in every issue something especially interesting and valuable to them. While the Scientific Record and Literary Intelligence is full and complete the busy housewife with her many cares is not forgotten, nor the bewildering freaks of fashion unnoticed. While its political teachings may be regarded by many of its readers as rank heresy they will look in vain (if they look at all) for the journal that can fill its place at the office, in the workshop and by the fireside.

B. K. Bliss and Sons' Illustrated Catalogue and Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden is a volume of nearly 200 pages, rich in colored plates and illustrations representing hundreds of flowers and vegetables, among which are not only all the varieties which have been proved to be valuable, but many novelties which have been brought out by the publishers. It is difficult to imagine a flower, shrub or vegetable which is not described in this work. There are also directions for their cultivation and a seed price list, which makes the work one of the completest and best of its kind. It is sent by Bliss and Sons, No. 34, Barclay street, New York, for 25 cents, and to all who have gardens to make it is well worth the money.

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IT OPENS EVERY SORT OF TIN PACKAGE EASILY AND NEATLY.

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SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will CURE coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer, Consumption, it does more than most physicians can do. The use of a single bottle will satisfy the incredulous that they need look no further for the required aid. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

ATTENTION IS DIRECTED to the advertisement of ELLWANGER & BARRY, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. As is well known, they are the largest and most successful growers of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants in the United States. Parties wanting anything in their line will do well to send for their Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogues.

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The best food for infants is, doubtless, that which nature has intended, but if the mother be incapable of nursing her offspring, let Ridge's Food be given, it is all, nay, more than is claimed for it.

CONSUMPTIVES, TAKE NOTICE.

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy.

The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine.

See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose.

These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills.

By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

Dr. Schenck will be at the Quincy House, Boston, on the following Wednesdays, from 9 to 3 o'clock: Jan. 13th and 27th, Feb. 10th and 24th, and March 10th and 24th. Consultation free; but for a thorough examination of the lungs, with the Respirimotor, the price is \$5.

Dr. Schenck is prosessional at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters of advice must be addressed.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

—FOR—
COUGHS
—AND—
COLDS.

IRRITATION OF THE LUNGS
A PERMANENT
THROAT AFFECTION,

Or an incurable lung disease is often the result.

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OBTAI ONLY the genuine

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1000 LAKES
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Will not Rust or make the Hog's Nose Sore.

Hardware Dealers sell them. Ringer, \$1.00; Tin Rings, per 100, 60c.; Coppered Rings, 50c.; Tong, \$1.25; by mail, postpaid. Circulars free.

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TEN CENTS,

Postage Paid.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS!

Open to All.

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

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

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$300.

For the Second largest list

A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.

For the Third,

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

For the Fourth,

either AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

or A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo, REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.

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

ANOTHER LIST

DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.

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

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Fourth, Rogers' Group of Statuary

THE FAIRY'S WHISPER, worth \$25.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15.

(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

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

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

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

To Single Subscribers.

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

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

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of

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

For the Fifth,

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

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

4thly and to Conclude.

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

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

EMPLOYMENT,

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THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE!

Read!

Reflect!!

Resolve!!!

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

AN ESTEY CO TAGE ORGAN

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

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

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

Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

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

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

A Weed Sewing Machine

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

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

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

GEO. E. CROWELL,
Pub. of Household.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Purifies the Blood, cures Scrofula and diseases of the Skin.

1868.

THE HOUSEHOLD

For 1875.

1875.

PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.

A New Volume!

New Type!!

New Contributors!!!

New Subscribers!!!!

A Better Paper for Less Money!

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

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

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

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

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

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

paid for

One Dollar and Ten Cts.

making it by far THE CHEAPEST PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.

A DELIGHTFUL location; a large Board of Instruction; an extensive and thorough course of Solid, Classical and Ornamental Studies; a safe and pleasant home with the teachers and family of the Principal; is patronized by one-half of the States of the Union; expenses less than at any other school of the same grade. Pupils admitted at any time, and charged only from the time of entering. The Principal will, on application (without charge), recommend well qualified Teachers for the family or school.

Apply to

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

STEINWAY PIANOS.

The Best is the Cheapest.

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

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

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CHAMPION ILLUSTRATED MUSICAL MAGAZINE of America, and gives more and better music for the money than any other Musical Magazine dares dream of.

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A full page lithograph portrait of some musical or dramatic celebrity given away with each number.

The musical and dramatic news and miscellany department is unequalled in this line.

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