



## The household. Vol. 10, No. 6 June 1877

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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. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1877.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

GROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
From the wayside dust aloof,  
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast  
Their fruitage on the roof;  
And the cherry-tree so near it grew,  
That when awake I've lain.

In the lonesome nights I've heard the limbs,  
As they creaked against the pane;  
And those orchard trees—oh, those orchard trees  
I've seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier upon the window-sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence,  
Were all the flowers we had.

I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Far brought, and rich, and rare,  
To other eyes more beautiful,  
But not to me so fair;

For those roses bright—oh, those roses bright!  
I've twined them with my sister's locks,

That are laid in the dust from sight!

We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones  
Were falling constantly;

And there never was water half so sweet  
As that in my little cup.  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep  
Which my father's hand set up;

And that deep old well—oh, that deep old well!  
I remember yet the plashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
There my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair—  
That hair is silver now!

But that broad hearth's light—oh, that broad  
hearth's light!  
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,  
They are in my heart to-night.

—Phæte Cary.

### EMBELLISH THE PREMISES.

THE first thing I should press on the farmers, in the way of improvement, says Mr. Barry, the noted horticulturist of Rochester, N. Y., would be what we might call roadside improvement. Keep the cattle off the highways, keep weeds cut close and lines of shade trees on each side—this, with neat fences, will be an evidence much to recommend it as the elm.

### THE ELM.

Among all the deciduous ornamental trees, for shade and beauty, there is, perhaps, no one species that has so

of civilization to begin with. Then I would enjoin the removal from the roadsides near the dwelling, of all dilapidated and broken implements, which are so apt, somehow or other, to accumulate.

The barn and other out-buildings are very frequently located more on the principle of convenience than good taste, but we must take these things as they are, and improve them with paint or wash of some sort, and a good thick belt of rapid growing trees planted around them both for shelter and shade, and partly to conceal their unsightly appearance.

Then, as for the door-yard, I would dig up, root out all the old neglected plum, peach, cherry and quince trees, that seem to have sprung up by chance in the fence corners. All this class of trees, that we might call the finer fruits, not usually grown in orchards, I would form into a nice fruit garden of half an acre to two acres, as might be necessary. There I would have a complete collection of pears, cherries, apricots, plums, quinces, all the small fruits systematically planted and carefully cultivated. This garden may be made one of the most interesting portions of the premises, to say nothing of the good supply of fine fruit and vegetables it would yield. Here the family could acquire taste for gardening, as well as learn to practice it.

Then the ground about the house I would convert into a smooth lawn, which must be kept smooth all summer. This lawn must be suitably embellished with deciduous and evergreen trees, flowering shrubs, roses, etc. This is the way I preach to the farmers when I visit them, but only once in a great while with any effect.

It is a shame for our well-to-do farmers that they are so behind in this matter. It makes farm life so dull and dreary a pursuit, that I am not surprised to see all the brighter boys run away from it, and our rural population growing less every year. Then think how much these improvements would add to the market value of the farms. A nice house, some good fences, and an orchard, increases the value of a farm from \$20 to \$25 per acre, other things being balanced; but carry out such suggestions as I have made and what do you suppose it would add to the value of farms? Almost double it!

This argument has some weight, it touches the pocket, but the moral effect of such improvements would be absolutely incalculable.

its varieties, kinds may be selected suited to placing in the most confined or extended positions. Our native white elm is, perhaps, the most lofty and spreading, yet eminently graceful, of them all. It is admirably adapted to the bordering of wide avenues, or the park-like grounds of wealthy gentlemen's country seats. Under the shadow of a fine old elm, many a rude country house suggests far more of comfort and refinement than the stately brick house whose owner has neither taste nor money to expend in planting a tree to decorate it.

The English elm is not as lofty or spreading as our native white elm, but otherwise has much of its character, and is, therefore, more suited to narrow streets, or the grounds of comparatively small places.

The Scotch elm does not attain the size of either of the preceding; but it is a rapid grower while young, and its head is so finely massed and yet so well broken—so upright, with its branches drooping at their extremities—that even while young it puts on the appearance of age, and is therefore most appropriate to fill the grounds of a people like ours, who want to create an old, home-like place in less time than it often takes them to pay for the land.

Although the elm starts its buds early, it can be transplanted quite late in the season; and as it has few or no tap-roots, even very large trees can be removed successfully.

—When fence rows are cleaned out do not throw the trash over the fence into the road, or into the corners, but burn it, or, where there are gullies which wash out, throw the trash into them, and so prevent further damage, but never waste or destroy anything which may be turned into manure.

—Have a particular place for every

implement about the premises, and when not in use, be sure to keep it there. By so doing a great deal of time, trouble, vexation and hard feeling will often be saved. Don't leave your farm tools exposed to the weather, or they will soon rust and rot out, and compel you to buy new ones.

—Among the things which every farmer should have is a well stocked orchard of fruit trees. Whenever a tree dies it should be replaced by another, and by having trees of different ages, he may be almost certain of fruit every year. A liberal supply of apples and peaches should be planted, together with a few pear and cherry trees. Small fruits for family use should not be neglected, and good care should be taken of all. Fruits are among the most healthful of our foods, and no farm should be without them.



### DRAPERIES.

BY H. H. HOLLY.

A ROOM can hardly be considered furnished without drapery of some description. It may be applied to doors, dressers, or as table-covers. The most natural place for this seems to be the window. Indeed, its origin was probably due to the need of it there, for the purpose of keeping off those draughts which found their way through the imperfectly fitting sashes, and the prototype of window hangings was a simple curtain made to achieve this purpose. The nearer we come to this primitive idea, the more satisfactory, I think, we shall find it. The present fashion of elaborately dressing our windows, in which damask and lace are festooned and looped up, vying in their fullness with a fashionable woman's dress, is inartistic in the extreme. These absurd folds, burdening our casements and shutting out the light, have a cumbersome appearance, while a little drapery, tastefully arranged, is suggestive of elegance and grace.

At the present time when our workmanship is of that superior order as to exclude these unwelcome draughts, there is no practical necessity for curtains at all, as shades are sufficient to subdue the light; and, as we have stated in a former chapter, if the window mouldings are colored darker than the walls, and thus do for the window what a picture-frame does for the canvas, curtains seem almost superfluous.

The original mode of hanging draperies was by rings run on a metal rod, over which, the more fully to keep out the draughts from above, a slight valance or canopy was suspended. These valances, however, are no longer necessary, and had better be done away with altogether. The metal rod and rings may be somewhat embellished, and form an ornamental crown to the curtain, as shown in dining-room of former chapter. But instead of adopting this method, we have stupidly retained this now meaningless feature, which has been developed into a huge and useless border called the lambrequin, surmounted by a monstrous gilt cornice, covering up the real construction; and indeed the curtains are usually nailed to this, rendering it impossible to slide them at all, and making it necessary to loop

them up at the sides. The edges of the folds thus become prematurely faded, while the spaces between might retain their freshness were they not the natural receptacles of dust and vermin.

The lambrequin seems to be the favorite system of a vicious art, and is not only applied to windows, but to doors, mantels, and even arranged along the walls. It must not be supposed that I object to hangings as a rule; on the contrary, I think, when properly disposed, they do much to relieve the stiffness of a room, making it cozy and "livable;" and I would not only advise their introduction in windows, but in niches and in place of sliding-doors—in fact, as I have before said, for every opening where security is not a consideration. But to place them unmeaningly on walls and mantels, where they can serve no other purpose than collecting dust, seems in the highest degree absurd; and one would suppose that careful housekeepers would object to them on that account; for the only merit they do possess is that, in the absence of color, they sometimes form a relief to a white or cold-tinted wall. These ideas, which have been developed during an age of perverted taste, are in a measure becoming reformed; and when we are sufficiently advanced to judge for ourselves as to what is suitable, better things may be expected; and the sooner we free ourselves from the upholsterer's notions of elegance, the better.

Silk or damask we consider as inappropriate for window hangings, and "rep," which is a good covering for furniture, should not be employed for curtains. There is an article of German manufacture, called "cotelan," which is a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, and when artistically designed forms one of the best materials for this purpose. Vertical stripes should always be avoided. Lateral bands, with zigzag borders top and bottom, may be used with advantage, giving somewhat the effect of frieze and dado to the wall, and, like these latter, may be treated with any degree of elaboration, while the center, if not entirely plain, is best of a quiet running pattern. Jute, for a cheap article, has proved an excellent material for hangings. Another stuff, made of raw silk and cotton, not only wears well and retains its color, but has a great advantage over wool, as it is not liable to moths.

*Cretonne*, a very satisfactory material for bedrooms, may be much improved by the introduction of a plain center. White cotton would be, of course, too violent a contrast; but cream or amber, perhaps resembling most the shade of unbleached muslin—which, indeed, need not be despised—would produce the most harmonious results.

Owing to the cumbersome manner in which bed-curtains were formerly hung, that ancient custom has been almost entirely abandoned. The traditional four-poster, with its massive cornice and musty hangings, originated, like the window-curtains, in the necessity of keeping off the draughts. Their use is now no longer necessary, yet in an aesthetic point of view there is something to be said in their favor.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

#### WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST?

Who has not heard ladies express mild surprise because some man who had been presented to them had not bowed to them on meeting them on the street, at the theatre, or in the drawing-room? If you ask them, "Did you recognize him?" they will be apt to reply, "Oh, no; of course not. He should have spoken first." Being reminded of the well-defined etiquette bearing on the subject, they are likely to add:—"I know that very well; but no woman wants to take the initiative. Men should do that; it's their business; it doesn't belong to us. No one expects us to make ourselves so bold."

The truth is, the majority of women are naturally so accustomed to man paying court to them, to his making the first advance in everything, that they can't find it in their sexual sensitiveness, in their severely conventional selves, to obey a mandate they originally issued, and still insist on perpetrating. Not one woman in ten thousand has any fault to find with the rule; in fact, we have never known a woman to object to it. Nevertheless, she seldom follows it in her own case.

Sometimes a woman says, as a sort of self-justification, "Supposing I should speak to a man, on meeting him after an introduction, and he should not remember me? How awkward I should appear; how overwhelmed I should be with shame to observe that he did not recognize me. I can't afford to place myself in a position to seem to be cut by any man." If any number of women feel thus, the point of etiquette should be changed in order to save their sensibilities. In truth, however, the objection is not well made.

There is not the smallest danger that any man, presuming him, of necessity, to be a gentleman, at least in respect to his observing the ordinary forms of courtesy, would refuse or hesitate to return the acknowledgment of a woman, even though he might not have the remotest recollection of ever having seen her before, or though he were convinced she had confounded him with somebody else. And the fact that he had been recognized by a woman would be the strongest presumptive evidence that he had been presented to her. Men are not likely either to forget their feminine acquaintances, or to mistake Mrs. Thompson for Mrs. Robinson, or Miss Blank for Miss Dash.—*Appleton's Journal.*

#### PAPER AND PAPERING.

When, in papering rooms, the new paper is put on over the old, as it too often is, there is an accumulation of mould, which is necessarily poisonous, as all mould is, which is unfavorable to health. When such double paper is removed, if one would have a sweet room, it is needful to scrub such walls thoroughly till all is removed, wetting the paper if it does not readily come off, and then wash with strong saltpetre water.

If such walls are thus kept clean there will be less trouble from the bugs so often found in filthy walls, the paper being made loose by the

moisture of the second covering. Avoid green paper as poisons are often used in the coloring materials.

#### AN EBONY STAIN FOR WOOD.

Apple, pear, and walnut wood, especially of the fine grain, give perfect imitations of ebony under the following treatment: Boil in a glazed vessel with water, four ounces of gall-nuts, one ounce of logwood chips, one-half ounce of vitriol, and half an ounce of crystallized verdigris; filter while warm, and brush the wood with the hot solution a number of times. The wood, thus stained black, is then to be coated two or three times (being allowed to dry completely after each coating) with a solution of one ounce of pure iron filings in a quart of good wine vinegar. This is to be prepared hot, and allowed to cool before use.



#### TO THE COMING FLOWERS.

Awake, dear sleepers, from your wintry tombs;  
The sun has turned the point of Capricorn,  
And 'gins to pluck from winter's wing the plumes  
Of darkness, and to wind his silvery horn  
For your return. Come to your homes, forlorn  
In absence of your odors and your faces;  
Like Rachel weeps for you the reaved morn,  
As often as she views your empty places,  
Erewhile the daily scene of her and your embraces.

Come, penile snowdrop, like the earliest star  
That twinkles on the brow of dusky Night;  
Come like the child that peeps from door ajar,  
With pallid cheek upon a wasteful sight;  
And shouldst thou rise when all around is white,  
The more thou'll demonstrate the power of God,  
To shield the weak against the arm of might,  
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load.  
And sinking hearts 'mid ills they could not full forebode.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees  
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year,  
Come and illumine our green, as similes  
Light up the poet's song. And O, ye dear  
March violets, come near, come breathing near!  
You too, fair primroses, in darksome woods,  
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations clear;  
And come ye daisies, throng in multitudes,  
And whiten hills and meadows with your saintly hoods.

Come with thy lilies, May; thy roses, June;  
Come with your richer hues, Autumnal hours;  
O, tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,  
Your dew drops, your soft, refreshing showers,  
To lift their blessing hands in Flora's bower,  
Nor e'en to scorn the bloodweed's flossy gold,  
Nor foxglove's banner hung with purple flowers,  
Nor solitary heath that cheers the world,  
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's cold!  
—*Chambers' Journal.*

#### PRUNING ROSES.

ONE of the most important things to be attended to in the rose garden is that of pruning. Now, simple as the operation of pruning a rosebush may seem, it is really one requiring the exercise of considerable judgment. The truth is that, although general rules may be laid down, there will occur numerous exceptions. These can only be learned by practice; I can only pretend to give general directions, leaving the rest to be taught by the best of all school-masters—experience.

Rose pruning is of three kinds, viz., close pruning, long pruning, and moderate pruning. The first method is

applicable to all such roses as are of dwarf habit, and compact growth, producing shoots on which the bloom buds are closely set. In this list may be included the families of moss, Provence, gallica, alba, damask, and Austrian roses. All these require close pruning; that is, the shoots to be cut back to within an inch or two of the old wood, leaving only two or three buds at the base.

Long pruning must be used for such sorts as are very vigorous growers; many of these produce shoots from six to ten feet long, and if these were subjected to the close system of pruning, not a flower would be produced. The sorts requiring long pruning include nearly all the hybrid China, some of the hybrid Bourbon, the more vigorous among the Bourbon, and a large proportion of the noisette tribes. In all these the shoots must be well thinned, taking care to remove those likely to militate against the production of a handsome symmetrical head; the remaining shoots must be shortened to a foot or eighteen inches, according to the habit of the plant.

There are a few of the hybrid Chinas, in which it is necessary to leave the shoots nearly all their entire length, merely removing a few inches of their extremities; of sorts requiring this treatment, the fine old varieties, Beauty of Billiarfi, Brennus, and Fulgens, are examples. In the course of a few years roses thus treated will become struggling and unsightly; when this occurs, they must be cut back within an inch or two of the crown, when fresh buds will push, and a new head be formed. If this is done immediately after the plant has bloomed, there will be plenty of time (in ordinary summers) for the new wood to mature itself, and thus the loss of one season's bloom will be avoided. If the wounds are immediately covered with some styptic, there will be no bleeding; otherwise the plant might be much exhausted if not actually killed, by the loss of its juices.

Moderate pruning is a sort of compromise between the other two methods. It consists in shortening the shoots to within six or seven inches of the old wood, and is the form of pruning best suited to the more robust growing varieties of French damask, and hybrid Provence roses, the most vigorous of the hybrid Chinas, and hybrid Bourbons, and hybrid perennials. The pruning of the China, and tea-scented roses, together with such of the noisettes as claim affinity with them, should be done in April.

The main object to be kept in view in the pruning of roses, is to secure abundance of bloom; but there is another which also ought to be borne in mind—the proper form from which the bush, or tree, may be desired to assume. Under this head, Mr. John Cranston has recorded some useful and suggestive information in his "Cultural Directions for the Rose." He states, "I know it will be found somewhat difficult to obtain a proper and uniform shape with all kinds; there are some which will, in spite of all pruning, grow as close in the head as a besom. Others will start off anyhow, one shoot frequently taking the lead, and, if allowed, will show to

such an extent as to entirely rob all

the other parts of the tree, the plant soon becoming a one-sided rambling-looking object. To avoid this, examine at pruning time all such trees as are liable to grow into this form, and cut out entirely any shoots which are observed to be gross, and over-robust.

All shoots left after pruning should be as nearly equal in size as possible; this will ensure uniformity of growth upon all sides. If, however, as is sometimes the case, a vigorous and gross shoot should appear, which cannot be well dispensed with, it should be stopped when it has grown six or eight inches; the lateral shoots afterwards produced may be again stopped when two or three inches in length. The erect growing kinds are, again, somewhat difficult to bring into shape, as pruning will prevent their growing into a close, compact head, with the flowers all at the top of the tree, so that they cannot be seen on a moderately tall standard; such sorts are best grown as low bushes, or as standards of medium height.

During the growing season, where the shoots have become sufficiently hardened to bend without breaking, let the lower shoots be brought down and tied to small wooden or iron hoops, placed underneath the head of the tree, and in like manner bring the middle and upper shoots down. After this has been practiced for about two seasons, the plant will have assumed a proper shape, and then can easily be kept so, and that without the assistance of the hoop, or further tying. Before commencing to prune, it is necessary to observe the habit of the plant, whether it be a vigorous, moderate, or dwarf-growing variety; also to determine what kinds are required for exhibition purposes, as these will want somewhat more careful pruning and thinning.

Carefully thin out from the head, by clearing away all small, and crowded branches, likewise all gross, unripe shoots, leaving such only as are composed of firm, and well-ripened wood, and these at regular, and equal distances. Prune down according to the strength of the shoot, and habit of the variety, in some cases two or three inches; in others, where the habit is vigorous, one foot, or even eighteen inches will not be too long for a shoot to be left; but, as this will depend upon the habit of the variety, and shoot to be pruned, no absolute rule can be given. In shortening the shoots, cut close to an eye, observing, where practicable, to leave well-swollen buds, which invariably produce the finest blooms; likewise secure those having an outward tendency, and pointing in a direction proper for the handsome formation of the plant."

*The Field.*

#### TREATMENT OF CANARIES.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I see inquiries as to the treatment of canaries in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD. As I have been very fortunate with my birds, perhaps a few suggestions from me would not come amiss. I have one now that is fifteen years old and apparently as well as ever, with the exception of being partially blind. He has sung the past winter, seem-

ingly trying to outvie a two years old son of his, that is in the same cage with him, a large breeding cage which I have always kept him in, as I think canaries do better in having all the space you can give them. I often let him out into the room for exercise, which I also think is quite necessary. They like it, too; besides it does one good to see them enjoy such freedom, especially if one has plants in their rooms; see with what a relish they will pick into the earth, and now and then taste of your flowers.

Another item, and not a small one either, is to have a variety of food, always if possible keeping something fresh before them, like apple, cabbage, lettuce, chickweed, plantain, mustard, (either the blossoms or seed). For their dry food, cracker, bread, and mixed seed of hemp and canary; no cake or sugar, unless it may be occasionally a little sponge cake. Cuttle bone should always be kept in their cage.

Cleanliness, of course, in the care of their cage, is one great requisite. They should have fresh water every day both for bathing and drinking. For young birds I give hard boiled eggs, the yolks only, and bread well soaked in milk. During cold weather I give them all the sunlight I can, often hanging them in the window for a few hours on sunny days. Canaries are often hurt by being where it is too warm, too near the ceiling in a close, warm room, yet they do not want to be hung in a draught of air, neither should they be exposed to the sun's hot rays in summer weather, yet keeping them out of doors as much as possible in some shady nook.

Of all the known remedies for insects on birds, I would advise the use of sulphur hung in a small, thin, muslin bag in the top of their cage. They will, in hopping about, hit it, which will sift it over them.

*Waukesha, Wis.* MRS. W. C.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Inquiry is made in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD how to treat canary birds that have lost their voice. I have a canary that was a very fine singer until he commenced to moult last summer, he then ceased singing, but continued to shed his feathers all winter, and did not sing at all. I tried all of the known remedies without effect, until two months ago I heard that raw onions were good. I peeled and sliced an onion and put it his cage; he partook of it readily; in a very few days he began to sing as well as ever, and has sung ever since, and has not shed a feather from that time to this.

A SUBSCRIBER.

#### WHAT FLOWERS TO PLANT.

Yesterday I heard two ladies talking of their experience in rose-culture; the one was telling the other of her purchasing a very fine looking though small plant with an unpronounceable name, but bearing at the time a most magnificent representative of this "queen flower;" but when the petals of this solitary blossom were scattered the branch that had borne it also withered and died; there were other shoots sprang quickly up, and other buds burst into blossom, but not the regal flowers that very wet the weight is nearly double.

had crowned the dead branch, but simply eglantine roses, such as could be gathered freely in the meadow. Of course this rose had been grafted; equally of course the work had not been done properly.

What a terrible mistake that is into which young gardeners are apt to fall, viz.: That they will plant nothing but new seeds and those which come the most highly recommended. I have before me two florists' catalogues, real works of art they are with their handsomely colored illustrations and elaborate descriptions. A word however in your ear, O, my amateur; If you have no knowledge of botany pass unheeded those long names of imported varieties; there is nothing so rare as it would be to see them in the old-fashioned flowers. For my part I tried experimenting for two seasons and then grew disgusted with the bare earth of my flowerbeds where the "varieties" entirely failed to germinate, or where stunted plants failed to bloom, or more frequently when the rare plant with the high-sounding name, proved to be valueless, in that I either already possessed it under another name, or had thrown it away as undesirable.

Of course your own taste must lead you a great deal in your selection of seeds and plants, but there are some standards which we are safe in recommending to every one. Of course you must have many-hued geraniums and verbenas, golden lantanas, fuchsias, and heliotropes, the one to diffuse grace with beauty, and the other with beauty to combine intoxicating perfume. Do not neglect low growing plants for "filling." Phlox drummondii, which you can procure in the rich and graceful shades, is excellent for this purpose; mass sweet alyssum and mignonettes; sow petunia seed, it will grow rapidly and is especially desirable for a rockery.

Do not plant your seeds too early, nothing is gained by this. Flowers need warm sun, and the seeds will not germinate while the ground is cold and damp from the winter storms. There is nothing so adds to the attractiveness of home as a nicely-kept flower-garden, and as it costs so little besides a little labor and patience, surely there are no American homes but can be beautified in a greater or less degree by these charming tokens of refinement.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

#### WATERING HOUSE PLANTS.

There is nothing that a cultivator of window plants asks more about than how and when to water the plants. There is nothing he or she asks that is more unsatisfactorily answered. The florist tells him to water when the plant needs it. But how is it known when a plant needs water? This is just the point of ignorance. Yet it is very difficult to give this knowledge to any one. It must come of experience, and yet there are a few hints that one may profit by in trying to find out when a plant needs water.

With experience one can tell by the weight of the pot. One knows about how an empty pot ought to feel, and how the same pot seems to weigh when filled with dry earth. When

A plant never wants water when the pot with the earth is heavier than a pot of dry soil would be.

Then the color of the earth will tell with a very little experience when it needs water, and one soon learns to distinguish by this. It is almost always much lighter in color when dry than when wet; and if earth is as dark as it is when fresh watered, it wants no more till it gets lighter.

And then experience will soon teach one to tell when a plant needs water by the feel of the earth. When dry the earth will crumble a little when it is touched; on the other hand it seems to press together and be smearable when wet. With a very little experience it is so easy to tell when a plant needs water, by the feel alone, that a blind man might make a good florist in this respect.

Those who wish to know how many times a week to water their house plants will never get an answer; plants will need more water in a warm room than in a cool one, in a dry atmosphere than in a moist, when a plant is growing vigorously than when it is at rest, when it is in good health than when it is somewhat sick, and in light, sandy earth rather than in stiff or heavy ground. Nothing at all but a little experience will help one, but if there is a true love for the helpless little things, it is astonishing how soon the knowledge comes to one. There is no such one but soon becomes a good "plantsman."

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Rubia, do not confine your ivy to a frame; allow it to run up; give it as strong a light as possible, plenty of water, and a very rich soil, the richer the better. This treatment will repay you. I have one that has grown two feet in six months. MRS. M. K. S.

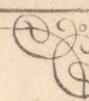
ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have a tuberous rooted, summer flowering begonia, lately received from the east. Our climate here is a little milder than that of New York. Can you tell me how to keep my begonia over winter? Also, whether perennials should be transplanted where wanted in the fall, or spring? and oblige, MRS. A. B.

*Arizona Territory.*

MR. EDITOR:—A subscriber wishes to know how to treat her English ivy. I have two, and have been very successful with them. One is six years, and the other four years old, and together they measure considerable over one hundred feet. After two or three years, they put out new branches, and one branch, two years old, has grown forty-two inches since the first of last January. I have two south windows. One stands on a bracket in the southeast, and the other the south-west corner of the room, so that the sun shines on the earth of one in the morning, and the other in the afternoon, which I consider very essential. I think they require but little water. I take off the top of the earth twice a year, and put on new. I keep mine well washed and dusted. They will not flourish in a dark room. One of my neighbors lost two by keeping her blinds closed, and watering too much.

MARIA A. F.

*So. Weymouth, Mass., April 25, 1877.*



## MORE OF MISS FINN'S HINTS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

**W**E MUST have Miss Finn to help us for a few days, mother, there is no other way about it."

"Yes, Alice, I think you are right," replied Mrs. Hayward, at the same time holding up a dress of Alice's which was to be repaired. "We not only need assistance with the work, but must have Miss Finn's hints and suggestions about making over our garments to the best advantage, and have her advise us what must be gotten new to do with, in addition to what we now have on hand."

So Miss Finn was secured for the next week, and then the campaign commenced in earnest. Mrs. Hayward first brought out a silk dress of her own such as was worn a dozen years ago, with full skirt, minus overskirt, wondering what could be done with it towards a new suit. It was not rich silk nor good enough for an overskirt had she wished to have made one of it.

Miss Finn suggested that if a silk suit was not needed, this would be handsome to use as the foundation of a grenadine for summer wear, and as Mrs. Hayward had a summer silk, she decided to use it as Miss Finn advised.

"You can get grenadine anywhere from twenty-five cents to two dollars a yard, according to quality. This is nice to make up a good handsome suit over, and you will need enough new only for the trimming of the silk skirt besides the overgarment to wear with it."

Mrs. Hayward decided to have a polonaise cut from the new grenadine, saying that she had overskirts and basques, and chose polonaise for a change, and as being rather more in fashion just now. Miss Finn said that if a cool dress was what was wanted, it was better to line the waist with silk only; not to have a cloth lining at all, as that made a dress so uncomfortably warm. She said that new silk was better to use than old in that case, but a cheap piece could be purchased which would be sufficiently strong, if the waist was not tighter fitted than it was sensible to wear.

This delighted Mrs. Hayward, as her chief objections to a grenadine had been that she thought a double lining necessary, and had never really liked so warm a dress for summer wear. Only a single lining of silk was to be put in the sleeves, of which there was enough of the old, so a brilliant suit was made, thus utilizing the silk better than could be done in any other way.

"If this was for Alice," said Miss Finn, "I should advise an overdress of summer silk, letting the plain black skirt serve for underskirt, and, in fact, these striped silks are about as cheap and comfortable as anything that can be purchased for summer dress suits."

Next Alice brought out her Irish

poplin, a rich, handsome dress, to be remodeled as best it could.

"There can be no polonaise of this," said Miss Finn, "because the breadths are too short, so we will have a long, nice overskirt of the old underskirt, a basque of the old overskirt, and trimmings for the skirt from what is left of the whole."

"But my underskirt! where is that coming from?" asked Alice.

"You can get some cambric, and by facing up on the outside of it with the dress material, have a good enough underskirt, seeing overskirts are made so long as they are now. You will need to make a pocket-hole in the overskirt, so as to reach your under pocket without lifting the overskirt, and all will be right."

"But it seems rather a shabby way for a nice suit, does it not?" queried Alice.

"Not in the least," replied Miss Finn. "The fashion books now recommend such economy, saying that few ladies make the underskirt, or as they call it, walking petticoat, of the same material of the dress, unless it be of some inexpensive goods. However, in purchasing new, I think it a good plan to get a full pattern of cloth, unless close economy is necessary, for then the dress can more readily be made over at another time. I see in one of the later magazines a pattern for what is called a yoked underskirt, the yoke being a close gored piece coming as low as the hips and then the skirt fulled on the required length and width, to be trimmed as needed.

This does away with fullness about the hips, which it is said gives the drapery of the overskirt or polonaise better effect."

"I have an old alpaca skirt, nearly the color of this poplin; how would that do for my skirt to trim on instead of getting cambric?" asked Alice.

"Nicely," replied the dress maker. "But whatever you use, it is better to have the inside of the bottom faced up, at least a few inches, with some kind of worsted goods, than to have only a cambric facing where you sew on the braid. It not only looks nicer, but it will not get wet and shrunken like cotton, and is altogether better in every way. We face nearly all the nice silks, cashmere, and other black dresses now with cheap alpaca, though if one has old in the house that is good enough it answers every purpose. And any common dress worn often on the street needs a worsted facing to protect the ankles from damp, especially in seasons when there is snow upon the walks, or the ground damp in any way. The dust also brushes off more easily, thus keeping the skirt neater than cotton does."

The next day, after the poplin was well under way, Alice brought from her room a handsome print that she wished a little advice about making. She had quite a large pattern, and was undecided whether to have an overskirt or not; but rather objected to it as needless work, not only in making but washing and ironing, for every day wear. And she hardly knew whether she wanted the waist and sleeves lined or not, supposing she made it with only a skirt and sacque as she proposed doing.

"You have enough here for a skirt

with a Spanish flounce, that is a straight deep flounce, and as this is striped a bias piece on the bottom of the flounce will be rather prettier than a hem, and scarce more work. Then cut you two deep sacques, and make one up without any lining at all, while you will line the waist and sleeves of the other with cambric, or print, something not too heavy, you know. Thus you will have the lined one for cool mornings and whenever you wish to wear it early or late in the season, and the single one will be just the thing for hot weather. One skirt will wear out two upper garments, and if you choose one can be a polonaise if you have cloth enough. But the cool unlined sacque you will find most comfortable and convenient in summer, while the two sacques to one skirt is as good as two whole dresses."

"How about trimming?" asked Alice.

"You can suit yourself in that," replied Miss Finn. "Suppose you ruffle one jacket, and merely trim the other with a bias piece, faced up about the width of the bias on the flounce to the skirt, say two inches or so, as you like. If you cannot make up both now, finish the unlined one, as it will be most needed just at present, and then have the other ready as cooler weather comes on. There are, however, many cool mornings that the lined one will be acceptable, and may be changed in a moment if it is felt to be too warm, as the heat of the day comes on or if you are busy in the kitchen."

"I am so glad you told me this," replied Alice, "for I know I shall like the plan. This print will be suitable for spring and fall as well as summer, and the sacques to change will be just the thing exactly."

I might give some of the fashions that Miss Finn used in her cutting, but that seems needless, when Butterick and other pattern dealers scatter their books broadcast over the land from which any one can select patterns, and send at once, either direct or to the agents, for the patterns, with full directions for use. To be sure, the high fashion dress makers have their own patterns and keep their own advice; but for common use the ones to be purchased are a great convenience in cutting all kinds of garments for ladies and children's use. The good sense of the dress-maker, or of any lady, will tell her something what she wants, for fashions must vary with the material and means to do with, and the purpose of the garment to be made. Miss Finn understands this, and hence her hints and plans are exceedingly valuable to ladies by whom she is employed.

## DIRECTIONS FOR FANCY WORK.

• DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to express my tenderest sympathy to the invalid sister who contributed a letter and asked for directions for fancy work, some time ago.

A life of chronic invalidism but too well I know, is a life of weariness, suffering, and self-denials. Yet there are many little sunny spots, many little things that may help largely to make it comparatively pleasant. Nature's beauties and wonders, flowers,

shells, minerals, mosses, autumn leaves, etc., etc., afford inexpressible delight to one who loves such things, and many a sweet little lesson of love comes from the Father to us through them. But I cannot now mention all the cheering, helpful, happy things that may be ours, so will only tell the sick sister of one or two little articles of fancy-work, which I hope may beguile some weary hour for her, as they have for me.

Did she ever crochet any little egg shell covers? First, make a chain of six stitches, (using steel hook and split zephyr,) join into a round; fill that circle up with thirteen double crochet stitches; do another row of double crochet, putting two stitches in every one of the last row, making twenty-six; now a row of thirteen holes, make four chain, skip two stitches, put thread over hook once and crochet a double stitch into every second stitch of last row; next row, holes, made by slip-stitching back to centre of hole in last row, make five chain and slip-stitch into center of next hole on last row, so continue until the thirteen holes are done; then slip back into center of last hole again for next row, make six chain, slip into center of second hole, and so on till thirteen holes are again completed; continue in this way, next row making seven, then eight, nine, and ten stitches for the holes. Make a thick edge for the top by putting seven double crochet stitches into the first hole, put thread around the hook and pass into next hole making seven stitches in that, and so on around.

Now crochet two cords for hanging it up, about fourteen inches long, fastening them on the bag in four places, make a tiny tassel and hang on at each place of fastening, also one at the bottom. Take an egg, break as small a hole as you can in one end, and let the contents out; then cut it away a little more with sharp scissors, put it in the bag, fill with earth and there can grow some "bit of nature." Or, fill the shell with moss and a few everlasting flowers and grasses.

Court plaster cases are a pretty little gift, to either gentleman or lady friends, and are cheaply, as well as easily made. One method is, take two pieces of fine perforated card-board five inches long, from side to side, and three and one-half inches deep, work some very narrow border around the edges, or bind with ribbon; work either initial or some little fancy figure in center of front piece, then on back, "I heal all wounds save those of love." Fasten the two pieces together at each corner and in the center of the bottom. Make a loop of ribbon about five inches long, fasten at each upper corner on the back, for hanging it up. The sheet of court plaster is to be slipped in at the top. Another way is to take tinted bristol-board, bind with gilt paper, decorate the front with a little painted wreath, or one of the pretty embossed pictures, now so common. If a wreath is painted or pasted on, write the motto inside that, if a bunch of flowers, bird, or little landscape is put on, write the motto on the back. Trim with little bows and hang up, same as the first one.

Did you ever make any worsted flowers? They are now much "in

vogue," are pretty, and light work for weak and weary fingers. But I will not attempt to give you directions in that pretty art when sister "M. E. J." Akron, N. Y., can tell you so much better than I, and can furnish you, or any of the other sisters, with nice and beautiful samples. I hope you will learn, also hope that these few hints on other things will be of some use.

No. Somerville, Mass. M. I. H.

A CHENILLE FOOT-MAT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You came to us last week with a blue cross on your last page. We cannot get along without you, so here is \$1.10 and may we have you with us again next month. You are the friendliest friend imaginable and I contribute my mite to show my regard.

If M. Q. will wring a coarse crash towel out in clear water, tepid, and spread it smoothly on the carpet, and iron it dry, repeating the operation in all suspected places and those least used, and then place a few crumbs of sulphur under the edges of the carpet, I think moths will not trouble her again.

Sponging the scalp with sage tea is a good preventive of falling hair and it is also an excellent wash for the head.

Would some one like a chenille foot-mat? Take a plain colored delaine dress, no matter how old, or if you want two colors, take two dresses, and arrange the shades to suit yourself—cut bias strips two inches wide, fringe the edges, run a thread through the middle, draw it up together almost as close and tight as you can, then sew this on to some firm foundation. You want to commence in the middle and go round and round. It takes a good deal of material, but that doesn't matter, for it can be made of what is good for nothing else. If you have not enough to make the whole mat in this way, cut a plain center piece of black cloth, or a pretty figure from an old Brussels carpet, and sew the fringed gathers round it; trim evenly, and you have a beautiful mat.

Have any of our band ever tried filling sofa cushions with rose leaves? Can some one tell what to do with some greenish blue ribbon too much soiled and faded to look well?

Read's Landing, Minn. CORA W.

PRETTY RUGS.

If any lady wants a pretty serviceable rug to lay before the stove or grate she can make one in the following manner: Have a frame made of the size of your future rug and fasten into it firmly a piece of common burlaps of the material generally used for coffee-sacks. Upon this draw with chalk or a carpenter's pencil the pattern you desire to work. This you can copy from another rug, or the clusters of flowers on Brussels carpet may be copied with good effect. You can however if you do not wish the trouble of inventing or copying your patterns, find pieces of burlaps already stamped with groups of flowers and leaves with suitable borders for sale in most fancy stores.

Then having decided on the colors, you will need provide yourself with a quantity of rags from old dresses, etc.,

torn into strips half an inch to an inch in width, according to thickness. Have also a steel hook made like a large crochet or afghan needle, only somewhat larger. Any blacksmith or machinist can make you one. Having everything ready, you push the hook held in your right hand down through the canvass to where a strip which you hold in your left hand will meet it, and be drawn up through the canvas. Leave the end drawn up on the right side a quarter of an inch in length or a little more, then two or three threads away draw up the strip again to form a loop of the same length, and so on using one strip after another as the colors are required. The strips may be of any length, if very short it will not matter.

Work first the leaves and flowers in your pattern, shading each carefully, next the border if you have one, and lastly fill in the ground work. When done cut open the loops and shear the mat with scissors until it presents a smooth and even surface. Line your mat with a firm piece of crash or bagging, bind the edge and your mat is done. Carpet thrums may be used in this way and will make beautiful rugs.

I saw a mat recently made in this way which had been subjected to several years constant usage and looked as good as ever. It was two yards in length, by one in width and had a large center piece formed of blue bells, roses, buds, leaves, pansies, etc., worked on a gray ground; a short distance within the edge of the rug was a border of scroll work in various colors, and outside this the ground work was filled in with black. The whole produced a very pretty effect.

A catalogue of stamped patterns for hooked mats may be had of Samuel Warren, 22 Tremont Row, Boston, from whom the patterns can be had by mail, but they can doubtless be found for sale in most dry and fancy goods stores, in other places.

ALICE M. WEST.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will Hans Dorcomb, who gives directions in the April number for knitting a tidy, please explain a little? Is "every alternate row to be seamed back" so that it will be plain on the right side? or is the seaming itself to come on the right side making a ridge of every alternate row? Are the three stitches allowed on each side for an edge to be knit plain every time? At the beginning of first, third, ninth and eleventh pattern rows it says, "edge," indicating that the three stitches should be knit before commencing the pattern, but in the fifth, seventh, thirteenth and fifteenth "edge" is not mentioned. Is it to be knit here the same as in the others?

In first pattern row does "slip and bind three together" mean to slip one stitch, knit the two following together as in narrowing, then bind the first stitch over one last obtained? If not, please explain meaning. My fifth row will not come out even; after repeating directions for pattern as many times as I have set up "tens" in my stitches, I have several extra stitches left beside the three to knit plain for the border on each edge.

Are directions for fifth row accu-

rate? I have worked about all day trying to understand and knit two patterns, but without success. After the seventh row I had no trouble, the last half of the pattern making half of a diamond in solid knitting and marked off by eyelets, but the last row was much wider than the first when I set up the stitches, and the first half the pattern was an unmeaning mass of eyelets and narrowing with no form at all.

I am anxious to knit one of the tides. Can you explain so that I can understand? It would greatly oblige

PERPLEXITY.

GLOSSY CUFFS AND COLLARS.

MR. CROWELL:—Though I cannot call myself one of the sisters, having been a reader but a short time; yet, because I have been helped by some of the practical articles of THE HOUSEHOLD, I venture to offer a hint or two.

Lately I saw an inquiry for the best way to iron cuffs and collars. I give the best way I have found, not only for those articles, but also for shirt fronts, and which makes them look nearly as well as new. Starch in cold or raw starch, and let them lie over night. Rub well on the right side with a damp linen cloth, and iron with a clean, moderately hot iron. They can be made as stiff as desired.

Starch that has stood in the water some hours before using, is better than the same newly made. A small quantity each of gum arabic and bluing improves the starch and give a gloss. I like it best when it has been made a week or two.

This is the most economical way of using starch, as it can be kept until all has been used. If the irons are clean and the gum added when the starch is made, it will never stick to the iron. A good way to keep irons clean is to scour them with Bath brick and wipe with a damp cloth.

Geneva, Wis. F. E. H.

IMPROVED UNDERGARMENTS.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I think no one has answered the question by one of THE HOUSEHOLD, (given several months ago,) asking where the patterns for the dress reform undergarments could be obtained? I will gladly furnish the information if you will publish it for the benefit of your enquirer and many others of our number who may be glad to know.

These garments are preferable to the other arrangement described in THE HOUSEHOLD some time ago, in that they are more comfortable, take less cloth, time and trouble in making, washing, etc., and are more easily kept in order, being one garment from the neck to the knee, or ankles. The principal one is the chemiloon, for which a pattern is necessary. It can be obtained by addressing Dress Reform Co., 25 Winter Street, Boston. Measures required are—length in front from neck to ankle, length from under arm to knee, and whether the pattern is for a slender or stout person. Price of pattern 40 cents.

These are the garments recommended (but this information, unintentionally omitted,) in a former paper by

EARNEST SEEKER.

THE WORK TABLE.

Mrs. B. R. asks what will remove spots from velvet caused by rain drops. It can be done by pinning a damp cloth around a smoothing iron and holding the back of the velvet against it until it steams through, then brushing it lightly with a soft brush which will raise the nap.

Kerosene will very readily disappear of itself by hanging the rug so the air will come to both sides, as I have proved by having oil spilt on a cashmere shawl, which was not injured at all by it. Mrs. G. W. E.

Boonton, N. J.

A subscriber asks for a recipe for coloring scarlet. For one pound of woolen goods, one ounce of powdered cochineal soaked over night in warm water, in an earthen bowl, then boil in a very bright brass or copper kettle, or a tin vessel which is not much worn, for fifteen minutes, then add one ounce of cream of tartar, and two ounces of muriate of tin.

Have the goods well washed, then rinse in water with a little vinegar or some other mild acid in it, to counteract the alkali left by the soap, which would sicken the color. Stir the dye well, put in the goods, and boil until the color suits. If not deep enough use more cochineal, but no more of the tin or cream of tartar. Rinse in clear water.

MRS. J. T. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to make tricot and long treble-stitch in crochet? Afghan stitch, point russe, half polka, and cording stitch in embroidery? How to make and use twisted bars in ornamental needle work.

IGNORANCE.

Will the sister of THE HOUSEHOLD who gave the directions for making the spider web tidy please tell me how to make a long stitch in crochet?

ADELIA.

I think if J. A. T. will color her shawl again, using extract of logwood but not any setting; she will have a good black that will not crock. The setting is what makes it crock.

MRS. M. K. T.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I saw in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD that one of the Band wishes to know how to color a crape shawl a dead black. I will give my mother's rule for coloring black: Take as much blue vitriol as logwood, put the vitriol in your kettle of water that you wish to color in, dissolve, and put in the goods, let them boil slowly three-quarters of an hour, take them out and air; have your logwood dissolved in another vessel, pour in the logwood and stir, put in the goods, boil slowly for three-quarters of an hour, being careful to keep the goods under the dye to keep from spotting. By following these directions you will find it quite black; after it is dry dip in sweet milk and dry, then wash through one clean suds and rinse thoroughly, and it will never rub off on anything. I am a new subscriber, but have taken the privilege of answering this question, and hope it will prove satisfactory. L. A. R.



## THE RUBBER BOOTS.

BY E. O. F.

I see four little rubber boots  
Standing against the wall,  
One sturdy pair for a boy to wear,  
The other cunning and small. . . .

To-night they stand so orderly  
And quiet in a row,  
To-morrow they'll be off like wind  
Over the crusted snow.

Like the gourd that shaded the prophet's head,  
A flower will grow from each,  
And half way up the cunning stems  
The little boots will reach.

In the stout pair, a dark-eyed boy  
Will draw a dashing sled,  
On which the other pair will sit,  
Crowned by a golden head.

Then both pairs shining in the sun  
Upon the sled will ride,  
O roguish boy and merry girl  
A down the white hill side.

They'll travel many happy miles  
Till cheeks are red and brown,  
And find that climbing hill is hard  
Tho' easy sliding down.

O little boots, my heart grows warm  
For the restless little feet  
That still must climb in future years  
Along life's up hill street.

O then, as now may all their ways  
Still keep them side by side,  
As brother brave and sister fair  
Move toward life's even-tide.

For love that sweetens every joy  
Will soften every pain,  
And slippery places best are passed  
Where loving hands restrain.

## LITTLE BELLE'S RABBIT.

BY PAUL MONTVERDE.

EVERY spring Esquire Fernly was in the habit of taking his children out to walk with him across the fields that they might enjoy the sweet spring air, and gather up the pretty blossoms of the fields and woods; those beautiful firstlings of the year. The winter had been long and severe, the snow having lain upon the ground till the end of March; and, even then, when one bright day had succeeded, and withdrawn the white covering over the earth, it was only to be followed by a week or ten days of sharp frost, which made walking in the fields impossible for the little folks. Now, however, winter had departed and spring had commenced with that sudden transition which is often the case in more northern countries; the little twining shrubs were already green with their young leaves, and snowdrop and violet seemed running races with the primrose and anemone to catch the first kiss of their sweet mother Spring.

For days the children had been anticipating this walk with their father, and as there was every appearance of fair weather, he this evening, announced his readiness to accompany them the following day. Before going to bed, little Belle exacted a promise that mamma should wake her in season; but Tom and Harry both declared there would be no need for mamma to take the trouble to rouse them, since they had a hand already

engaged. Then papa assured them that he should give them plenty of time for a morning nap as he should not start till old Sol had had time to warm the air, and the flowers a chance to open their eyes.

No fairer morning was ever seen than the one on which our little party started out across the fields, flush with their carpet of green.

And Flossy, the pet kitten, accompanied them, it being rare fun to see her scampering here and there, pricking up her ears, looking keenly around at the stirring of every stray leaf or shrub, and ready to pounce upon any denizen of the field or wood that came in her way.

The children chatted merrily together as they flitted about, gathering up the bright blossoms along the hedge-rows, and putting them in tiny baskets, which they brought with them for this purpose. Then they passed along beside a small stream the clear waters of which splashed and sparkled in the rays of the sun as they went gurgling over the brown stones. Many a time their papa had come up with them to fish in the little stream, and there could now be seen, in the deeper pools, little shiny trout flying away and hiding, as Tom said, for fear a hook might be near them.

A little conversation here ensued in regard to the habits of fish in general, and then papa gave them a short sketch concerning the habits of the heron, a bird that feeds on fish.

"But how can the heron fish in the night, papa?" said Tom, wonderingly.

"It is said that a light is furnished from the heron's bosom," said papa. "And Mr. Hudson, who has studied the habits of the bird in South America, thinks that this may have some foundation. He has satisfied himself that this bird possesses as keen a vision by day as any bird save the raptorial kinds."

"But what do you mean by raptorial kinds, papa?" interrupted Harry, who was always on the lookout for the meaning of words.

"Birds, living by plunder, or rpine," returned papa.

"Are not the waters on the pampas dark and muddy?" queried Tom.

"On the level pampas, the streams are so muddy that a fish two inches below the surface cannot be discovered by the human eye; yet in these dark waters the heron fish by night as well as by day. And if the eye is adapted to see so well in the day, the question is, how can the bird see so well at night, under those unfavorable circumstances, unless with some such help to vision as the curious light attributed to him?"

"And the bird looks like the rush on which he perches, and so deceives the hunter!" said Harry, amazed at the idea.

"In the case of the variegated heron," said Mr. Fernley, "when disturbed, it perches on a reed, the head and neck erect, also the whole bird looking the exact counterpart of a straight tapering rush; the loose plumage arranged to fill inequalities, the wings pressed into the hollow sides, rendering it impossible to see where the body ends and the neck begins, or to distinguish head from neck, or beak from head. Another curious

fact is," he added, "that walk around the bird as you may, he always presents a front view by turning with you on his perch, thus displaying the whole under surface of the bird, all of a uniform dull yellow like that of a faded rush."

In the meantime, our little party had ascended an eminence, and now entered a grove rich in stately trees, the ground under their feet carpeted with trailing wild flowers; the periwinkle, whose petals almost rivaled in color Belle's pretty blue eyes; the arbutus, than which nothing can be more lovely with its delicate pink and white blossoms. Certainly, no chemist, in all the world, could elaborate a perfume so sweet as that which seemed to spring up around them as the children gathered cluster after cluster of the sweet blossoms, and deposited them in their baskets.

"Poor papa!" you haven't got any flowers in your basket!" said little Belle, in a tone of regret.

"But my basket was not designed for flowers!" with a mysterious look.

"Then why did you bring it along, papa! O, I know! I know!" she added joyously. "You are going to find me a little rabbit!"

At this they all laughed, for it was well known that Belle was very anxious to obtain possession of a little rabbit like the one her friend, May Fleming had.

And here they entered a pretty glade, the warm sunshine streaming down upon them, while "ladies of the wood," standing here and there, mingled their slight silvery stems with the sturdier and more lordly forest trees. And here their papa proposed to halt and rest awhile.

From out the sky above them came a burst of sweetest music, as they seated themselves on a fallen tree and then out came a nice lunch from the basket, which had been carried so carefully on papa's arm. And it was a pleasant sight to see those children, their faces brimful of happiness as they sat perched upon the log, their young voices, every now and then, ringing out in peals of sweet, joyous laughter as they partook of the food, their appetites sharpened in a tenfold degree by this exercise in the open air.

A great "chittering" now set up in a tree a little way off, and Flossy, at a bound, sprang away and left her lunch lying on the grass. As the noise grew louder, the children hastily finished their lunch, and then bounded toward the tree in question, fearing that Flossy might be too quick for them. But no! there was the squirrel, a large, sleek, gray one, and there was puss, too, up in the tree, and watching her chance to put her paw upon him. Then puss gave a quick leap, and up hopped the squirrel on to the slender branches, tantalizing her by keeping just out of her reach. The children cheered and clapped their hands to see the squirrel's gay antics, now skipping back and forth on the limb above, then hopping nimbly up higher, his bushy tail spread out, and keeping a wary eye on his enemy as he stopped, now and then, to take a nibble at a last year's nut, held cunningly between his fore paws.

Flossy now changed her tactics

somewhat by descending a little way; and there hiding in ambush behind the body of the tree, she kept a sharp lookout, peeping out first one side of the tree, and then the other. "Just as if the two were playing bo-peep together," the children said.

Then puss would look down, as much as to say, "Don't laugh, little folks! I'm doing my best to bring that fellow down."

And there sat squirrel, now and then taking a nibble at his nut, coolly singing his chit-chat, chit-chat, meaning, no doubt, "Come and catch me, why don't you catch me?"

And so the squirrel managed, tantalizing poor puss half out of her senses, till, finally she backed out, and turned her disgusted face downward, landing herself at the foot of the tree amidst the group of children, who laughed heartily at the look of discomfiture on Flossy's face, as she turned and trotted away. As all things, sooner or later, must come to an end, so this pleasant excursion ended and our little party reached home, where they found dinner awaiting them; and where, also, I suspect, mamma's ears were greeted with a babel of sweet voices, explanatory of the delightful time the little folks had enjoyed. And while the children went to their rooms to make themselves clean and neat, their mamma arranged some of the pretty spring blossoms they had brought in their baskets, and then placed them on the table in the dining room.

But the children had scarcely stepped inside the door, when Tom and Harry stood still, while a meaning glance passed between them; but they did not utter a single word.

But not so little Belle; for behold! right there on the dinner table, near her own plate, stood two little rabbits, white as milk, with pretty blue ribbons round their necks, their long pink-lined ears erect, and with noses deep down amid the pink clover blossoms, resting in a shallow vase directly in front of them.

"Belle may have her choice of the rabbits, if she will catch one," said mamma, smiling. "The other one belongs to baby Queenie."

But before Belle could move a single step, Flossy, having caught a glimpse of the rabbits through the open doorway, sprang into the room like a flash, and leaped upon a corner of the table—where she had never in her life dared venture before—her ears and tail erect, and her back arched in the form of a half moon; when just as she was about to strike with her paws, she suddenly wheeled "right about face," and with levelled back and head and tail drooping, sprang off the table as though the furies were in pursuit of her.

"Sold, Flossy, sold!" shouted Tom and Harry, bursting with laughter, as puss shot out through the door like a rocket. Even papa and mamma joined in the laugh; for how could they help it to see Flossy's look of chagrin when she saw how she had sold herself!

"Guess Flossy thought she'd give us a lesson we could read without going to papa to solve it for us!" said Harry so soon as he could for laughing.

"And how do you read the lesson, my son?" said papa.

"Look before you leap!" answered Harry, with another burst of merriment, in which the others joined.

But little Belle was delighted with her rabbit, telling her mamma privately, that the little animal was a great deal "gooder" than May Fleming's because it would never bite her fingers if she attempted to feed it!

#### MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

It takes but very little to make a child happy. A little time, a little pains, a little money, or a very little effort are all that is requisite. And on the other hand it takes but little to make a child very unhappy. A little neglect, a little unkind word, a little hurt, or a little disappointment are to the child as great a trial and as bitter a grief as its heart can bear.

Why do we so often hear children crying and fretting? Why so often see sad or gloomy looks in place of the bright smile and laughing eye? Is it that mothers do not love their children? Are they careless or indifferent to their happiness? Not at all. Crying children often have fondest mothers. No; it is partly because mothers do not realize that children are so sensitive; so easily made happy or unhappy; and partly because they do not know how to make their children happy, or rather they do not know how to keep them happy, to cultivate within them a habit of cheerfulness.

We all know how delighted a child is with a new toy; but how soon he tires of it. Thus a fond parent who has spent a great deal of money in buying a variety of toys for his child, is surprised to find that in a very short time the very toys that at first seemed to afford such delight, are all thrown aside with disgust, while the child relapses into listlessness or fretfulness, saying by its manner, "I have nothing to do," or, in other words, "I have nothing to interest me."

The young mother feels discouraged; she feels as if she had no more money to spend in new playthings, and probably feels as if she had not time to spend from more necessary employments to devise for it new amusements. The child grows day by day more fretful and demands more time and attention.

What is to be done? Have you ever heard of a minister's turning over a barrel of old sermons and beginning to preach from the other end? The people think them as good as new. Just so with playthings. Suppose a child has forty picture books and playthings, more or less; pack them all up in a box and put them away out of sight, upon some high shelf in a closet where the child cannot see or get at them; leaving out for the child only two or three of its newest and favorite toys; then as soon as you see he begins to grow weary of these, pack them also away, and take from the closet one at a time, those long ago hidden away and almost forgotten by the child, and they will be found to be just as good as new.

"One plaything at a time is enough. One is just as good as a dozen to make

a child happy." So said my bright, sunny-faced friend, Mrs. Ely to me, just before Christmas, and on trying the experiment, I find it true. My little three years old Charlie was growing tired of his playthings when Mrs. Ely gave him Noah's ark full of animals, that her children had long ago discarded. True some of the legs of the animals were broken but what cared Charlie for that? It was to his happy little imagination a priceless treasure, worth its weight in gold. For weeks it was to him an infinite source of delight.

This little circumstance suggested to me the idea that it might be an excellent plan for mothers to exchange playthings with their neighbors, at least temporarily, and trying the experiment I find it succeeds admirably. Charlie has grown tired of his blocks but is delighted with his Noah's ark. Roly is highly entertained with Charlie's blocks which cost only twenty-five cents, although he is quite tired of a handsome mechanical toy that cost two dollars, not long since presented to him by his kind grandfather, and Lester no doubt would be pleased with one of the toys that some other boy formerly enjoyed, but has of late regarded with indifference. We must not forget that a cheap toy often amuses a child as much as an expensive one. The mother will find herself amply repaid, in more ways than one, if she will take a few minutes every now and then to play with her children herself. Besides strengthening the bonds of that attachment to her, which will prove one of their greatest safeguards in coming years, she will have the present satisfaction of seeing them take a new interest and pleasure in their plays.

A child who looks with utter indifference upon a box of blocks feels suddenly inspired with a new interest when he sees his mother piling them up into a tower. He exclaims, "Let me do it!" and amuses himself a long time trying to imitate mother. The box of dominoes seems to the little three years old useless till he sees his father arranging them on the table; or standing them up in a row and giving a push to the last with his finger sending the whole line tumbling over each other. The penny is valueless till mother spins it upon the table; the little tin tub is no source of pleasure till mother ties a string into one of the handles and draws the little doll or dog to ride upon it about the room; then it is a very different matter; with eager enthusiasm the child enters into the play and amuses himself with zest trying to do what he has seen mother do, for several days, perhaps; then mother must take a few minutes to devise something new.

Children, like older people, are miserable when idle. They need, even more than older people, constant and varied exercise for their muscles and their busy brains. Idleness is the mother of discontent as well as "the mother of mischief." Give the children something to do, something to think of, something to wake up the mind, fix the attention, divert the thoughts, enlist the sympathies and develop the muscles; with a pleasant smile and

the satisfaction of peace and quiet while at your work, but you will be developing the mental, moral and physical faculties of your children, and thereby laying the foundation for their future usefulness, success and happiness.

#### OVERWORKING CHILDREN'S BRAINS.

Not long ago a student at Cornell University, who had held a high rank in his class, committed suicide because his overstrained mental powers failed him. More recently a youth of nineteen, who took the first honors in the Indianapolis High School last summer, likewise ended his existence with his own hand. The brain that had carried him successfully through the struggle for a foremost place in school was exhausted with the effort, and insanity ensued. And, inasmuch as catastrophes of this kind usually happen in groups, we may expect to hear of others like them in the course of a short time.

The constant danger of overwork to which American school children are exposed either by their own ambition or by the want of judgment of their teachers, has often been painted out. A few years ago, some remarks which were made on the subject by The Sun brought us numerous letters from parents, detailing the length of time that their boys and girls were compelled to labor at their lessons in order to satisfy the requirements of the institution in which they were getting their education. In nearly every case no space whatever was left for recreation and exercise, the hours out of school were occupied with recitations. The result of the exposure was a partial reform in the public schools of the city, but the evil is far from having been eradicated. Within our own acquaintance four fathers have recently, under medical advice, withdrawn their sons from school or college through apprehension, not of suicide, indeed, but of serious injury to their brains and nervous system, from excessive mental exertion.

There seems to be something in our air—perhaps it may be the poison that causes fever and ague—which unduly stimulates the nerves of growing children, and renders them liable to injury by intellectual toil. At all events, it behoves every parent to give his earnest attention to the studies of his children, and take care their minds are not overtired. Better let a child delay the completion of his education one, two, or even more years, than to have him enter upon active life broken down in health and a nervous wreck.

—The Sun.

#### THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS.—1. When men speak ill of you live so that no one will believe them. 2. Christopher Columbus. 3. Grass. 4. Jack-son-ville.

5. Death rides on every passing breeze, And lurks in every passing flower; Each season has its own disease, Its peril every hour.

6. N E A R      7. E D E N  
E R I E      D I M E  
A I R S      E. M M A  
R E S T      N E A R

8. Rio de la Plata. 9. Sacramento.

10. Yang-tse-Kiang. 11. Brahmpoo-

tra. 12. Euphrates. 13. Colorado.

14. Dniester. 15. Saskatchewan. 16. Chattahoochee. 17. Hoang-ho.

#### ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of thirty-four letters.

My 11, 21, 10 is a small animal.

My 4, 18, 34 is what many persons have.

My 11, 2, 3, 6, 6, 28 is a fruit.

My 29, 30, 31, 33, 18 is a girl's name.

My 15, 5, 33, 11, 8 is what some folks like to do.

My 1, 20, 21 is a beverage.

My 10, 17, 14, 27, 16, 15, 21, 28 is a day of the week.

My 7, 33, 13, 1 is found in every tree.

My 17, 13, 14, 9, 26, 17, 13, 24, 15 is a paper that every one likes.

My 25, 23, 12, 29, 21 is a country residence.

My 17, 32, 19, 3 is where a small insect dwells.

My 22 is a letter.

My whole is a very cheerful thought.

A. M. C.

2. I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 4, 13, 12, 6, 10, 5 is a girl's name.

My 8, 5, 7, 11 is to dispose of.

My 8, 10, 12, 9, 5, 3 is a kind of metal.

My 1, 10, 6, 12 is an elevation of land.

My 1, 2, 8, 13 is an article of dress.

My whole is a town in western New York.

E. W.

#### CHARADE.

3. My *first*, in this cold heartless world  
By selfishness so cursed,  
There's nothing sweeter than to find

My true and loving *first*.

So, too, my *whole*, when pure and true,

Life's sweetest, dearest joy,

Brings heaven almost to human view—

'Tis there without alloy.

Amid the cruel, angry waves

My noble *second* sank;

No requiem rose above those graves,

Save ocean's solemn chant.

Yet many bright young eyes there be,

Who e'en when years have fled,

Must still with tears my *second* see

For thoughts of loved ones dead.

MARY.

#### DECAPITATIONS.

4. Behead to unlock and leave an enclosure.

5. Behead a lady's address and leave an ancient name.

6. Behead a trimming and leave a demon.

7. Behead a precious stone and leave an entrance.

8. Behead to believe and leave to decay.

9. Behead little and leave a public walk.

#### CONCEALED GENERALS.

10. We found him in his cot tired and sleepy.

11. He gave me a passport erroneously written.

12. She makes her mansion comfortable.

13. "And the little dog ran to see the sport."

14. Henry is a good scholar, but Leroy is a better one.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

15. A small worm; a compound tincture; a Greek letter; a highly seasoned dish; a plant and its fruit, of several kinds; a measure; one who shows strangers the curiosities of a place; a piece of timber in a ship; a highly fragrant oil; to be unsteady; to reverberate; an abbreviation; the eastern countries along the Mediterranean. My initials give the name of an editor, and my finals his place of residence.



## THE VALUE OF CONDIMENTS.

BY CONDIMENTS we mean substances like sugar, spices, vinegar, and others that are employed to impart flavor and piquancy to the staple articles of food. They are usually regarded as non-essential, and some writers on dietetics have gone so far as to condemn their use, unless in rare instances and in the most infinitesimal proportions. Like all good things, they are liable to be abused, but when properly used they are valuable elements in our daily food. Prof. Voit, of Munich, than whom there is no higher authority on such subjects, considers that their importance has not been sufficiently recognized. It is not enough that food should contain alimentary principles in proper quantity; to render it really nutritious there must also be a supply of condiments. These have been compared to oil in a machine, which neither makes good the waste of material nor supplies motive power, yet causes it to work better; they render essential service in the processes of nutrition, though they are not of themselves able to prevent the waste of any part of the body. "A dietary deprived of condiments, a mere mixture of alimentary principles without taste or smell, is unendurable, and causes nausea and vomiting." It is not until condiments are added to aliment that it really becomes food. Extreme hunger may enable us to dispense with them, as it may compel us to devour what at other times would be disgusting, but under ordinary circumstances they are an essential part of our diet.

Condiments have an important influence upon the process of digestion and nutrition. The mere sight or thought of a savory dish "makes the mouth water"—that is, it makes the salivary glands pour out their secretion copiously, which is an important stage in digestion, especially for certain articles of food. Experiments made upon dogs show that a similar effect is produced upon the gastric secretions, and thus the work of digestion is further promoted. The loss of the sense of taste would be not merely a loss of enjoyment, but a positive injury to the digestive system. The very smell of food may do us good, just as certain odors will restore a person who has fainted.

It does not follow, because condiments are useful, that we may not have too much of them; on the contrary, their best effect depends upon their being used in moderation. The more decided the flavor of any article of food, the sooner does it pall upon the appetite. It is one of the peculiar merits of French cookery that flavors are so delicately blended; no one is specially prominent, and yet by their different combinations a wonderful variety of appetizing effects is produced. We Yankees, like the English, are apt to use condiments in a coarse, reckless way, and thus miss their finer and more exquisite effects, besides

losing much of the benefit that might be derived from them. By a nicer care in their employment, the plainest and simplest diet might be made at once delicious and more digestible.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

## KNIVES AND FORKS.

We often laugh at the Chinese and their chop-sticks, or small, thin sticks of wood or ivory with which they eat, and fancy they must make very dirty work at their meals, yet they are cleanly and civilized compared with the habits of our ancestors some three hundred years ago. Then forks were unknown; each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized the joint with his hand, and cut off what he wished; the dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the small portions into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife.

In many parts of Spain, at present, drinking glasses, spoons and forks are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns in France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own, a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry VIII.; all, high and low, used their fingers. Hence in the royal households there was a dignitary called the ewar, or ewary, who, with a set of subordinates, attended at the meal with basins, water and towels. The office of ewary survived after forks came partially into fashion. We learn that when James I. entertained the Spanish ambassador at a dinner, very shortly after his accession, "their majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the king by the lord treasurer, and to the queen by the lord high admiral." The Prince of Wales had an ewer to himself, which was after him used by the ambassador.

About the first royal personage in England who is known to have had a fork, was Queen Elizabeth; but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. Forks came so slowly into use in England that they were employed only by the higher classes at the middle of the seventeenth century.

About the period of the Revolution, 1768, few English noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few iron or steel. At length, for general use, steel forks became an article of manufacture at Sheffield; at first they had but two prongs, and it was only in later times that the three-pronged kind were made. As late as the early part of the eighteenth century, table forks—and we may add, knives—were kept on so small a scale by country inns in Scotland (and perhaps in some parts of England) that it was customary for gentlemen in traveling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The

general introduction of silver forks into Great Britain is quite recent; it can be dated no farther back than the termination of the French war in 1814.—*Early Days.*

## ANCIENT LATIN BREAD.

We have in many Latin authors intimate descriptions of the bread in use among the Romans; and indeed, during the investigations in the ruins of that unfortunate city, Herculaneum, which was so suddenly buried beneath the ashes of Vesuvius, there were found two loaves quite uncut, and still in a tolerable state of preservation. These loaves are described by Winkelmann as being circular masses, about one hand and a half in diameter and five inches in thickness. They were both much alike in size, and were each marked with eight deep indentations, like the stroke on our hot-cross buns, all radiating from a common center.

These cuts were doubtless made by the baker to enable persons to break off a moderately small morsel, as cutting slices of bread was then unknown at table. It is to be presumed that the bread, even in the earliest ages of Greece, was so divided, because we find that Hesiod calls the loaves *oktaglomoi*, which most translators are agreed, refers to the eight cuts or marks. Very frequently, however, the Roman bread was only marked for breaking into four pieces, and such a loaf was called a *quadra*.

Originally all the bread was baked by the Roman matrons in person; but as habits of luxury began to spread under the empire, these ladies employed special men to do the work, and themselves disdained the practice of such domestic processes. The components of bread-making were then as now—flour, water, salt, and leaven. The latter substance was sometimes made by steeping millet in sweet wine, and letting it ferment for a year.

The best method of producing leaven, and, indeed, that used for the finest bread, was by steeping the bran or waste from the millstones in sweet white wine for three days, and then making it into little balls, which were dried in the sun. When it was desired to make bread, a few of these balls were set to ferment in a certain quantity of fine flour, which was then mixed with the rest of the dough.

The Romans were very particular in the matter of bread, and had many qualities, of which the following may be noted as the principal varieties: the large household bread, of which no part was rejected; a bread for sick people, cooked in a sort of pie-dish; unleavened bread, stated by the great medical author, Celsus to be good for weak digestion; and a coarse bread made for the soldiers, and baked on hot ashes. Most of these breads could be had in two qualities, similar to our first and second flour loaves.

## HOUSEHOLD LUNCHES.

We have talked of having "Household Lunches." One of the neighbors to invite the others to lunch, and besides an ordinary (not an extra) lunch, have one dish made from a House-

hold recipe. If the plan is successful you shall hear from me again.

I have already saved the price of my subscription by making some soft soap by one of the recipes in this paper.

Santa Cruz, Cal. Mrs. F. J. M.

## THE DESSERT.

—An exchange thinks the missionaries in the Cannibal Islands must feel Fijity.

—Among the late important state events in Europe are the deaths of Bismarck's dog and the Pope's cat.

—The time seems to be coming when we will have to hire a few potatoes from the grocery to ornament the table on company occasions.

—Only one person in ten in Rhode Island is engaged in agriculture, and he digs his beets with a corkscrew so as not to disturb the soil of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

—A commercial exchange says: "Hogs are dull." We never thought hogs were very sharp. When one breaks into a cabbage patch, you may chase it fourteen hundred times around the lot, and it will try to crawl through every three-inch crack in the fence without once seeing the hole it made to get in.

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

—Nothing makes a young man so happy as to get around to the post-office after it is closed, and see a letter in his box; to have his heart whisper that it is from her, to dream sweet and tender fancies, hallowed with love's sacredness, all night, and to come down in the morning and find it a bill of \$7.50 for his last year's billiards.

—Yankee versatility is well illustrated in a brief obituary notice in an exchange, where the defunct is spoken of as having been engaged "in the pianoforte and sign-painting business." This reminds one of the boy who when asked what he intended to do for a living replied that he thought he should "be a farmer and give a few music lessons."

—Radcliffe attended an intimate friend, declaring that he would receive no fee. When the cure was complete the patient said: "I have put every day's fee in this purse, my dear doctor; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." "Well," said the doctor, "single I could have refused the guineas, but altogether they are irresistible."

—Gentleman I can't lie about the horse. He is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a spectator who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty. After paying for the horse, he said: "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye—is there any other defect?" "Yes, sir, there is! He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.



## MILK FOR DYSPEPTICS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IT MAY be premised that medical men have their fashions, as certainly as milliners, and as sensible, sometimes; and that the "milk fashion" is just now in vogue, soon to give place to another. In fevers, by some, "whisky and milk" are recommended, then varied by "milk and whisky," simply because some one, it may be, sees no other means to become noted.

But to judge of the real value of milk as an article of diet, it is well to notice its digestibility and its real nourishment. That cannot be favorable to human development, whatever it may be, which is not reasonably nourishing, and which is difficult of digestion, since in some instances the extra labor of the stomach may destroy all of the strength imparted, or nearly so.

The best of cows' milk—that not "manipulated" by the milkman—contains nearly ninety per cent (eighty-seven) of water, the solid parts being sugar, butter, various salts, and casein, the first and second affording mere fuel or the fattening element, while the last—casein—gives muscle and strength. This is the coagulated part of the milk that from which cheese is made, and is really the most valuable part, at least for the production of strength of muscle,—the best for use in the summer, while the cream is warming and fattening, and of course appropriate for cold weather; and here it may be remarked that a quart of skimmed milk is more strengthening than the same of new milk or even cream, which is so rich in the fattening and heating elements, as may be inferred from its lightness, rising to the top. This casein is the only nitrogenized constituent of milk, much resembling albumen, a very important nourishment. It is also true that the milk of the cow, the ewe, and the goat is richer than that of the human mother in casein, and hence the necessity of reducing it for the use of the infant, by about one-third water, while the cream is rich in fatty matter, it does not contain as much casein as milk, and of course cannot sustain life alone. Even the whey or buttermilk contains some casein and is useful as food, like the better form of coagulated casein or curd, which is very nourishing and digestible, at least when it is new, but difficult in the form of old and rancid cheese.

It must be remembered that there is no article so easily affected by the food used by the milk-producing creature, as milk, and hence it is difficult to be sure of its wholesomeness. As an illustration of this it is well known that the infant may be narcotized, salivated, physicked, poisoned, and injured in a variety of ways, by the tobacco, calomel, cathartics and poisons taken by the mothers, while the milk of the mammals is affected in color, odor and taste by the various foods.

used. (It may be inferred that not a few infanticides occur from the improper habits of mothers, whose manifest duty it is, to select her food more in reference to her child than to her own taste, which may be vitiated).

St. Paul, when he says: "Milk for babes," seems to have well understood a fundamental physiological principle. While it is true that the infant, in its comparative quiet, may "live and grow fat," in some instances doubling its weight in few months, living entirely on the mother's milk, more substantial food is needful for the active and laboring adult. Indeed it would be difficult and oppressive to the stomach for a laborer to take enough of milk, with its about nine-tenths of water, to sustain life and afford sufficient strength for the daily toils.

While it is true that the casein of milk contains about the same per cent of the nitrates, the "plastic element of nutrition," it is not sufficiently abundant in milk to afford nourishment for adults. Could we secure the fresh curd, however, it would afford one very important element of nutrition. But to take sufficient food in the form of milk would necessitate the use of so much water—so much bulk—as to produce heaviness, drowsiness.

A good author gives the nourishment of milk, in the nitrates, or the muscle and strength element, at five per cent, while he gives, of the same, for wheat, 15; barley and oats, 17; Southern corn, 35; beans, 24; peas, 23; beef, 15; mutton, 12½; chicken, 20; trout and smelt, 17; salmon, 20; herring and halibut, 18; and eggs, 16½. From this it will be seen that milk is not as nutritious as most of our articles of food.

Of the digestibility of milk, but little need be said. It is more difficult than some of our food and less than some other kinds, demanding, in an active stomach, two and one-fourth hours; not bad, but it should be remembered that this labor secures but a little nourishment. Milk does not pass easily into the circulation like some liquids, as water, but first must coagulate and then become re-dissolved before it is digested, making no small amount of labor in order to secure sufficient nourishment. I should say, therefore, that it is not especially favorable for dyspeptics. Were I to recommend food and give directions for dyspeptics, I should say, "Use rather loosening food, take the smallest quantity that will satisfy, chew long and well, using no drinks simply for the purpose of 'washing food down,' eat only at meals, not an apple even between meals, using plain, easily digested food—since dyspepsia is only another name for a tired stomach—and take a very light supper, or nothing. The unbolted meals are preferable to fine flour, being less constipating—constipation is regarded as the immediate cause—the wheat being the best of the grains, on the whole, the oat the next in order. The Scotch-Canadian oatmeal is excellent, while I have never found an article for this purpose superior or even equal to the "gluten" made by the "Health Food Co.," 137 East 8th Street, New York, though their pearl barley, oats, etc., with stale bread, fruits, ripe and sound, with the meals, fresh and uncooked eggs are also good.

## HOW TO UTILIZE VIGOROUS EXERCISE.

The number of persons with sedentary occupation has become very large. Occasionally they break away for a day's active exercise. A large number go into the country for a month during the summer. Once at the old homestead, or in the mountains, they plunge into the bayfield, or climb the hill. Most of them are led to doubt the value of exercise because of the effects which follow these exertions. Without doubt, the labor is generally excessive for such persons; but, if they would manage their table-habits rightly, the result would generally be more than satisfactory.

When a man is tired, he is tired all through; the stomach not less than the legs. Now, what is the usual custom? After a walk of twenty miles, or a day at haying, when every fibre of the body is exhausted, the stomach is stuffed with hearty food. The man goes to bed with flushed face and rapid pulse, and awakens in the morning with a bad taste in his mouth, loss of appetite, and a sense of languor. If he had taken a cup of tea and a slice of toast, instead, he would find himself the next morning none the worse for the previous day's work and perspiration.

We all understand well, when the body is weak from fever, that the stomach partakes in the general weakness, and must not be over-loaded. But when the body is exhausted from labor, and every part is pleading for rest, when we crowd the stomach full of beef, pudding, pies, and fruit, and spend the next day in declaring to our friends that exercise is not what it is cracked up to be.

When we are tired, we should seek restoration in sleep; not in calling upon the legs, the arms, the back, the stomach, or any other part, to undertake five or six hours of hard consecutive labor.

The laboring man would find himself much better in the morning if the third meal were made one small in quantity and easy of digestion.—*N. Y. Independent.*

## CHAPPED HANDS.

Not a few men have chapped or cracked hands, these cracks appearing on all parts of the hands, inconvenient, sore and troublesome. Few people have any idea of the cause or causes, and simply regard it as accidental, or worse still, providential. Now there is no accident in this matter, nothing beyond control, if we, will but pay the price of exemption. The causes may not be the same in all cases. Generally it will be found that the victims are careless about washing the hands, seldom wiping dry, and exposing them unnecessarily in the cold air. A little care, by way of drying them before going out, might save much trouble and suffering.

Again, the free use of soap causes at least a part of this cracking and soreness. The soap destroys the natural oil of the skin, which, of course, becomes dry and hard and then cracks, as a natural consequence. If, after the necessary use of soap, or the action of lime on the skin, a little vinegar should be applied, destroying the

alkali, a part, at least, of the result would be avoided. But, after the removal of this oil and after the use of the vinegar or some other acid, a little oily substance, as glycerine, sweet oil, etc., should be applied, restoring the softness of the skin, this cracking would be reduced.

Still, again, the free use of salt has much to do with this condition, producing an inflammatory action nearly allied to the salt rheum. But shall we eat no salt? That is not demanded, and yet it is believed that most persons use far more than nature requires for health. A moderate use of it will not produce this cracking of the hands or an unnatural thirst, as excess manifestly does, at least in most if not in all cases.

## A REMEDY FOR PAINFUL WOUNDS.

Take a pan or shovel with burning coals, and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed and recovery proceeds rapidly. In my own case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in the bottom of my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others with like results.

—Cor. Country Gentleman.

## OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—If you please you may insert the following recipe for water gruel, which is much more palatable than that made the ordinary way: Take a half cup of meal and fill up with water, after stirring up let the yellow part of the meal settle, and pour off the water with the white part into a clean vessel, fill up the cup with water again and pour off into the vessel as before, doing this till there is no more of the white part in the water. Boil this, and season as ordinary gruel. It requires much less cooking than the other kind.

SARAH ELLSWORTH.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—If Mrs. H. B. E., or any other person troubled with canker in the mouth or throat, will procure from a reliable druggist pulverized golden seal root, and use it faithfully by gargle and wash, made with boiling water, and also put it dry on the cankered spots, I am sure it will effect a cure. Don't let any druggist tell you gold thread is just as good, for it is good for nothing compared with the other.

MRS. B.

Pella, Iowa.

Will you please tell the lady that asks for a cure for canker in the mouth, that half an ounce of best Peruvian bark in a pint of wine, (I use home made elderberry,) taken a tablespoonful three or four times a day, is an excellent remedy, and helped one lady when doctors failed to help her.

MRS. J. R. BROWN.

CURE FOR A FELON.—Break a hole in an egg sufficiently large to admit the finger. Insert the finger and let it remain several hours and a cure is effected.

TO CURE A BOIL.—Make a paste of the yolk of an egg, flour and white sugar. Spread it on a rag and apply to the boil. It will draw the boil to a head, but will not cause any pain.

AUNT LAURA.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I will send you a remedy for bruises, and sprains which has never failed. For a bruise, mix butter, or lard, and as much salt as you can work in, and apply to the bruise. One or two applications will do. For a sprain, heat salt hot, moisten with vinegar and bind on the sprain; when cool heat again and the pain and soreness will soon cease.

AUNT MARY.



## AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY CLARA EVA SAMUELS.

**I**N ORDER to appreciate a book, one must become acquainted with its author. The reading of biography leads to works and thoughts of famous men and women.

"In reading authors, when you find bright passages, that strike your mind, And which, perhaps, you may have reason To think on at another season, Be not contented with the sight, But take them down in black and white. Such a respect is wisely shown As makes another's sense your own."

Not only this I advise, but also when you find, respecting these self-same authors, "bright passages" of their lives, of what they have been, or of what they have done, or can do; "take it down in black and white," and when you read his book, turn to this "bright passage" and learn something of the author.

Scott's Ivanhoe, Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, and Hugo's '93, are alike instructive, although dealing with different times and manners. Les Misérables is one of Victor Hugo's best, and perhaps his very best book; one could never forget the reading, neither could we forget Dicken's Tale of Two Cities. Miss Muloch has written many great books, John Halifax among the many, but what could be more tender and touching than her "Laurel Bush" and old-fashioned love story, truly; and this brings me to Shakespeare, this tender little love story of Miss Muloch's whose heroine reminds one of Portia. Shakespeare's Plays is a library in itself, and no one can be thoroughly "well read" without a knowledge of the great dramatist. Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello are undying tragedies.

In studying the poets, one must catch the rhythm. The singers, as Whittier calls them in his poem, Alice and Phebe Cary, are to me the most musical writers of rhyme that our own country can boast. They are dead now, but the world is better and truer for having known them. Tennyson's In Memoriam is unsurpassable, and there never has been nor will there ever be another Enoch Arden written. Owen Meredith's Lucille is one of my favorites,

"Born to nurse, And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal, The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucille."

Milton's Paradise Lost, Byron's Childe Harold, Longfellow's Evangeline, and Miles Standish, Whittier's Tent on the Beach, and last but not least, Joaquin Miller's Ships in the Desert. I wish I might give you some "bright passages" from this, but I find I have not time nor space. In reading Joaquin Miller, one must put himself in a mood to understand the poem; then you will hear the music of the "far off sounding sea" and wonder, too, how anything so mournful could withal be so musically sweet. George Macdonald has written good books,

and also pretty poems. George Eliot has been called the Shakespeare of to-day, Daniel Deronda is a specimen, and has no doubt been read more than any other book published in the last year. "Read history, travels, fiction, and then poetry," wrote an old time sage.

Dr. Livingstone's Last Journals and South Africa, Bishop Haven's Mexico, Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad, can be made very palatable, the last on account of its originality and enjoyableness. Such books should be read aloud for the benefit of the family. Myer's Remains of Last Empires, deserves a perusal. I admire the course of reading mapped out by S. in the last *HOUSEHOLD*. I am glad to know she likes Lowell, Bronte and Hugh Miller. Ethics of the Dust, and Old Red Sand-stone I am sure S. would like. For a course of study I should advise Boyd's Logic and Boyd's Composition and Rhetoric, and Cleveland's Literature and Belles Letters. I have a poem, sent from a friend of the June-tide, The River Time, by L. G. Clark. It is more than even "an old time song," and some day I will give it to *THE HOUSEHOLD*, though no doubt many are already familiar with the poem. What I desire is to know whether this L. G. Clark has ever written anything else worthy of note. Can some one tell me?

Now I have a favor to ask from every member of *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band, when each of you shall read a book or poem, and find good, musical, humorous, or bright passages will you "take it down," and send it to *THE HOUSEHOLD*? Mr. Crowell will give us a column, and there are so many who cannot read these new books and poems, and in this way we can do that which lieth nearest our hand. I will send an extract to make one among the many, from Ship in the Desert, in the next number. Who will add their mite? On second thought I will send S. my little poem as I am sending this "talk about books and poets." It was only a memory of a friend who was very dear to me and drifted out into the shadows.

## WEAVING SAD FANCIES.

Over the silent summer sea,  
Thro' ripple and foam and spray,  
A mem'ry sweet comes back to me  
Of a ne'er forgotten day:  
And thro' the twilight again I hear:  
"Are you weaving sad fancies, dear?"  
O beautiful voice, whose gladness  
Is lost in the tide of years,  
Did ebb and flow leave you sadness  
And sunshine after the tears?  
Has the past no peacefulness, no calm?  
Or did deepest sorrow e'er find balm?  
O friend of the sweet June twilight,  
My heart cries out in its pain!  
Look from heav'n on earth to-night  
And listen to me again,  
Since we parted, years have slipped between,  
Has life been all that it might have been?  
The sea still sings its dreamy song,  
The summer sun shines all day—  
Weaving fancies and all along  
Are my dreams of you away—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I only know that over her tomb  
Lilies and roses are all abloom.

## ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.

*Wycliffe Bible*.—This was the first translation made into our language. It was translated by John de or Wycliffe, about the year 1360, but never

printed, though there are manuscript copies of it in several European libraries.

*Tyndale's Bible*.—The translation of William Tyndale, assisted by Miles Coverdale, was the first printed bible in the English language. The New Testament was published in 1526. It was revised and republished in 1530. Two years later, Tyndale and his associates finished the whole bible except the Apocrypha, and printed it in Germany. A perfect copy was sold in London in 1858, for \$1,825.

*Matthew's Bible*.—While Tyndale was preparing a second edition of the bible, he was arrested and burned, after being strangled, for heresy. This was Friday, October 6th, 1536. After his death Coverdale and John Rogers revised it, and added a translation of the Apocrypha. It was dedicated to Henry VIII, in 1537 and was printed in Hamburg under the borrowed name of Thomas Matthew's bible. A copy was recently sold for \$1,750.

*Cranmer's Bible*.—This was the first bible printed by authority in England, and publicly set up in the churches. It was Tyndale's version revised by Coverdale and Cranmer, who added a preface to it, whence it was called Cranmer's bible.

*The Geneva Bible*.—Several English exiles at Geneva, Switzerland, in Queen Mary's reign, viz: Coverdale, Cole, Goodman, Gibbie Knox, Sampson and Wittingham made a new translation, which was printed there in 1569. In this version the first distinction in verses was made. It went through some twenty editions.

*The Bishop's Bible*.—Archbishop Parker engaged bishops and other learned men to prepare and publish another translation. They did so in 1568, in a large folio. In the chapters were divided into verses, but without breaks.

*Matthew Parker's Bible*.—The bishop's bible underwent some corrections from the hands of Matthew Parker, second Protestant Bishop of Canterbury who was selected for that duty by Queen Elizabeth and was printed in large folio, in 1572, and called Matthew Parker's bible.

*The Douay Bible*.—The New Testament was published by the Roman Catholics in 1584, and called the Rheinish New Testament. In 1609 and 1610, the Old Testament was added, and the whole published at Douay, hence ever since known as the bible.

*Beza Bible*.—This edition of the Scripture was translated by Theodorus Beza near the close of the sixteenth century, and published in the year 1599.

*King James' Version*.—The version of the Scriptures now in use was brought out by the authority of King James I in 1611. Fifty-four learned men were employed to accomplish the work of revision. From death or other cause, seven of them failed to enter upon it. The remaining forty-seven were ranged under six divisions, and had different portions of the bible assigned to those divisions. They entered upon their task in 1670 and after nearly four years of diligent labor, the work was completed.

## THE REVIEWER.

*THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK*. For Young Ladies' Seminaries and Normal Schools. By C. Everest, Prof. of Music in the Girls' Normal School at Philadelphia. Boston, Oliver Ditson & Co., Publishers.

This title nearly tells the story, as a gentleman actually engaged in teaching in a Normal School is the proper one to prepare an instruction book adapted to the needs of that class of schools, of which there are now large numbers. The book is of peculiar but convenient shape, each page containing almost as much music as a sheet music page. 176 pages, of which about 100 contain a mixture of music and instructive matter. The music consists mainly of beautiful duets and trios, by such authors as Pinsuti, Abt, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Flotow, and other celebrities, among them talented American composers.

*SIX LITTLE COOKS; OR, AUNT JANE'S COOKING CLASS*. A Beautifully Bound Cloth 12mo Book, with Illustration, and very cheap at \$1.00. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Publishers, 117 & 119 State St. Chicago.

This book embodies an entirely new idea, and shows, in a pleasant narrative, how six merry girls persuaded a cultivated lady of the old school, a good housekeeper and an accomplished cook, to give them practical lessons in cooking. It cannot fail to interest girls, and its many excellent recipes and practical instruction render it very valuable. *THE VEGETABLE GARDEN*, a Complete Guide to the Cultivation of Vegetables, by James Hogg. 16mo, 140 pp. paper cover, price 30 cents; full cloth, 50 cents. Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York.

This work embraces, in a condensed but thoroughly practical form, all the information that either an amateur or a practical gardener can require, in connection with the successful raising of all the varieties of esculents that form the ordinary stock of a kitchen garden or truck farm.

*HARPER'S MAGAZINE* for May, with a score of articles and ninety-five illustrations, is replete with variety and superbly beautiful. The gem of the number is Mrs. Frances L. Mace's poem "Israfil," with eight illustrations by Fredericks. Both the poet and the artist have displayed rare qualities of genius in their work. A richly illustrated article on Florence is contributed by O. M. Spencer, author of the article recently published on Genoa. Wirt Sikes contributes another illustrated article about Wales—selecting this time the valley of the Usk, and especially the site of King Arthur's Round Table. Mrs. Mary Treat gives some fresh observations concerning the familiar birds of the south, with striking illustrations. An illustrated article by Ernest Ingorsol, entitled "At the Gateway of the Catskills," is an interesting sketch of region in the neighborhood of the metropolis, but still retaining the primitive customs of the last century. In "An old Gentleman's Recollections," Horace E. Scudder gives some entertaining extracts from the diary of Mr. Samuel Breck, relating to society in Boston and Philadelphia, just after the Revolution, with illustrations from that gentleman's sketches. A. H. Guernsey has an illustrated paper on "Cameron's Journey across Africa. Charles Reade's "A Woman Hater" and Blackmore's "Erema"—the most striking novels now being published serially—are continued. This Number also contains three short stories—all of them decidedly original. Poems are contributed by J. W. De Forest, Maurice Thompson, Kate Hillard, and Nina Lafargue. One of the most entertaining papers in this number is Captain John Codman's bright sketch, entitled "Equestrianoopathy." The Editorial Summaries abound with novel information, gossip, and anecdote.

*THE MONTHLY READER*.—This is a new thing started by John L. Shorey of Boston, publisher of the unrivaled little magazine for "youngest readers," the *Nursery*. It is designed as a monthly supply of fresh matter for the primary schools. It is finely gotten up, on excellent tinted paper, and furnished at 50 cents per year.

*DICK'S RECITATIONS AND READINGS*.—This is a carefully compiled series of volumes, uniform in size and style, each number containing about 180 pages of reading matter, printed on fine paper, from clear type, and handsomely bound. Price in paper cover, 30 cts., in cloth, 50 cts. Dick & Fitzgerald, Pubs.

*THE FOLIO* is a musical monthly which ought to be found in the house of every one who plays the piano or violin. Its every department is complete, and each issue is better and better. Published by White, Smith & Perry, Boston.

## I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

By W. P. CHAMBERLIN.

1. The mar - riage rite was o - ver, and though I turned a - side  
 2. She is a fair young creature, with meek and gen - tle air,  
 3. To - night I heard her sing - ing, the song I used to love,  
 4. My fath - er, in the sun-shine of hap - py days to come,  
 5. They've borne my moth - er's pic - ture, from its ac - eus - tom'd place,

1. To keep the guests from see - ing the  
 2. With blue eyes soft - and lov - ing, and  
 3. When its dear notes were ut - tered by  
 4. May half for - get the shad - ow that  
 5. And set be - side my fa - ther a

tears I could not hide; I wreathed my face in smil - ing, and led my lit - tle  
 sun - ny, silk - en hair; I know my fath er gives her the love he bore an -  
 her who sings a - bove; It grieves my heart to hear it, my tears I could not  
 dar - kened our dear home, His heart no more is lone - ly, but I and lit - tle  
 young - er, fair - er, face; They've made her dear old cham - ber the bou - doir of an -

broth - er To greet my fath - er's cho - sen, but I could not call her moth - er.  
 oth - er, But if she were an an gel I could not call her moth - er.  
 smooth - er, For ev - ery tone was hal - lowed by the dear voice of my moth - er.  
 broth - er, Must still be or - phan chil - dren, God gives us but one moth - er.  
 oth - er, But I will not for - get thee, my own, my an - gel moth - er.

*Last Verse.*

own, my an - gel moth - er.



USING ONE'S JUDGMENT IN THE KITCHEN.

BY U. U.

**I**F THERE is any where that a woman's practical, common-sense judgment is needed, and that constantly, it is in the kitchen, and especially in the cooking department, let her have whatever helps by way of recipe books she may."

Cousin Laura looked up from the open page of my new cook book which she was glancing over, merely saying, "Yes, I suppose so, though I have not had much experience in that department," and went on turning the leaves of the book in an indifferent manner.

"But you will soon have to exercise your own judgment, and to learn many things by your own experience, if you are to be married and go to house-keeping in the fall. You will not have 'mother' to go to with everything, and whether you have hired help or not, you will need to plan and judge for yourself how to have things done in the easiest, most prudent, and best possible manner, under the circumstances. And," I went on, "though cook-books are valuable, and no house-keeper should be without good rules, yet there is judgment to be exercised in the using even these, and one's own common sense should be consulted, as well as should other people's directions."

"I thought the books pretended to be sure guides to all excellence in culinary things," replied Laura. "I always take particular pains to follow rules in making cake, custards, jellies, and so forth, and usually have good success with what I have done."

"Yes, and merely for cake and the more delicate kinds of cooking, your books are usually a success, though experience sometimes allows the housewife to vary a little if she finds it can be successfully done. Some cakes may be made less rich with butter, others with less fruit; but there is no economy in using short measure of eggs, unless at a season when they cannot be had in abundance, for eggs are the turning point of delicate dishes, and are good as food cooked in any way. Some talk of wasting eggs; our judgment tells us that they are not wasted, when properly used, any more than is flour and sugar, as all go to nourish the human system, while eggs make food light and more digestible as well."

"But you can use too many even of a good thing," said Cousin Laura.

"Certainly," I replied, "and thus spoil the whole dish. I once had a young housekeeper ask me if six eggs would be enough for a rice pudding made of a quart of milk, and when I told her that six were at least three or four too many, for so small a pudding, she said she knew why she had spoiled hers of the week before—it was too solid and dry with eggs. She went by guess work at first, scarce stopping to use her common-sense judgment, which would have told her at once

that too much as well as too little of a good thing spoils the whole. We often find it an improvement to vary from rules, but never till a trial gives us experience in the matter."

"It is not doing fancy cooking that I mind as much," said Laura, "as planning for meals three times every day, and trying to have things properly cooked and seasoned where there are no set rules to do by as in many little things that come up to do. You cannot always measure the water you use, or weigh the meat and vegetables, with the butter and salt to cook them; there is so much that must be guess-work at the best, and some people who have cooked all their lives seem never to have learned to guess right."

"That is just it," I replied. "It is mere guess-work, and nothing else, as some manage and do. The judgment is not called into exercise, thought is not given the subject, and the experience of one day is forgotten before the same thing is to be next done. I once heard one of the most intelligent and cultivated of ladies, a fine scholar as well, tell some of her trials with hired help, always saying that she could do better than any help she could get, were she able to do all there was for her to do in her family, and her kitchen work as well. In reply to a blundering girl, who asked how much salt to use in some piece of cookery, the lady replied 'use your judgment full—haven't you cooked enough to know how much salt to use?' Now in different families, I know there is a difference required in this matter of salt, as recipe books say, 'to the taste,' yet after the habits are learned, a little judgment is the best rule that can be had, as in many things it is the only way to do. We know that a large roast of meat requires more salt than a slice of steak, yet some scarce use any judgment at all in such things, or stop to think of the quantity of food to be seasoned at a given time. Mistakes will at times be made by the most experienced in these things, yet with a legitimate use of one's reason and judgment the cooking problem can be mastered as well as any other."

"There are people," said Laura, "that never think as they can learn of or for themselves—like children they must always ask, or have some one at hand to tell them. I may fail, I know, when I try by myself, but if I have any wits of my own I shall try to use a needful share in my household affairs, and make my judgment stand in place of the heedless guess-work that spoils the best of materials in the cooking."

"That is right," I add encouragingly. "I notice that some of our friends ask questions, for which they must wait weeks for answers, when their own experience and judgment could have worked out the problem for themselves in one or two trials of skill. For instance, one asks whether or not it is better to knead graham bread. Now, how easy to try one baking by stirring it hard with a spoon, as some directions are, and then try next time by slightly kneading, and let the judgment, or the verdict of the family, decide which method is best. For my own part, I sometimes do one way and again the other,

but give the preference to slight kneading as it better shapes the loaves and as far as I can see is equally as good. If, however, I do not wish to get my board, I let the spoon stir it, and it does as well. I also find," I continued, that there are many ways of experimenting, and so doing as to save putting the hands in dough, especially if warm cakes are to be made for tea, and one does not wish to be at much trouble to do it. Instead of making and cutting out biscuits, I frequently drop my dough, stirred as hard as needful, on to sheets of tin or into gem pans, using my experience to get them about right, and seldom fail of good luck. So can cake be made hastily, measuring with a spoon as we know is about right, then dropping on to tins and baking in a very few moments ready for the table. It is much less trouble than making cookies, while it is more sure to come out light, if haste is required, than is a loaf, and nothing is better relished than our little drop cakes when newly baked. But it is not in cooking alone that a housewife's judgment is to be called into requisition, but in all things connected with her work. We must mix our labor with brains, as Opie, the painter, did his colors, else it will not serve us its best purpose. There are people

who work hard yet accomplish little, because they are deficient in management, in skill, tact, judgment, or some needful faculty to make ends meet in labor, as well as with given means. There is a saving of steps in arranging to kill two birds with one stone, and to carry things down cellar or into the pantry, when something else is to be brought in the hands on return. There is an economizing of time and strength quite as needful as prudence in using our stores; aye, more, for is not life more than meat? and what is life if every hour must be consumed in toil? And this not perhaps of necessity, but because of the slow, uncertain, or ill-judged manner in which it is accomplished."

"I never thought before that time spent in useful labor was wasted," said Laura, "but I see now how it can be so."

"There is no virtue in work for its own sake, or of spending all day in the kitchen, if by good management half or two-thirds of the time is sufficient. Time is one of our most precious gifts, and there is economy in saving steps and strength, and of passing hours, as in saving money by careful and prudent habits. There is an economy in the kitchen in many ways that are scarce thought of by some people. I have seen women stuff a stove full of wood in hot weather merely to boil a few cups of tea, thus needlessly heating the house, just because no thought or judgment was used in the matter. And so it is with many things which are often thought to be of little importance. One will defer kneading up a batch of bread when it should be done, and the whole become sour and perhaps wasted. Things done at loose ends, without forethought and wise management, show lack of skill and a disregard of true economy that is a sin, because it leads to waste."

"But may there not be a slavish de-

sign to one's work which may spoil

all the pleasure of doing it or enjoying the results?" asked Laura.

"Indeed, there may, and often is," I replied. "Women are often so cumbered with care as to shut the beauty and poetry of life entirely from their every day, common-place labors. The best skill will so manage as to not be too cumbered, and by using the brains and judgment make labor something more than drudgery. And then there will be bits, at least, of leisure which can be heartily enjoyed."

"One reason, I think," I continued, "why many fail to use their faculties in this way is, for the want of proper training while young. Mothers are too liable to direct their daughters to do just so, instead of leaving them a fair margin in which to judge, and plan, and act for themselves. It is better to let them try, and to even make a few mistakes than to have no chance to experiment and use the judgment while young. I never expect that the older housewives will be benefited by advice upon such matters, but may not the younger ones learn to use the judgment in the prosy kitchen as well as elsewhere?"

COOKING VEGETABLES.

BY A. M. W.

In the January HOUSEHOLD, Della May asked how to cook the different kinds of vegetables. As no one of the wise sisters has responded, I venture to do so, thinking that if my ways are not the best known to the sisterhood, the mention of them may incite some one else to give further information, and so all of us will be benefited. The methods of cooking which I give, are those which have proved the most satisfactory at our own table, in preparing these most delicious and healthful additions to a family bill of fare.

Even that familiar vegetable the potato, is often sadly misused. The excellence depends on their being just boiled through but never over done. Just at the critical moment when this point is reached, pour off the water, lift the lid partly off, and set the kettle back on the range until the potatoes are dry and mealy. If you wish them mashed do it thoroughly, add salt, butter and cream enough to make them rich and smooth and beat them with a spoon, until light. If any is left over cut it in slices the next morning and fry nicely with a little butter, for breakfast. If you have cold whole potatoes, cut them in slices half an inch thick, broil them, then salt and butter them. Or cut in much thinner slices, add a good deal of milk and butter, and let them cook slowly until heated through and the potato has absorbed most of the milk, then season nicely with salt and a dash of pepper, and serve hot.

Squash as well as potatoes, should be cooked until the water is thoroughly dried out. Cut in pieces and steam it, then squeeze it in a cloth until comparatively dry, then season liberally with good fresh butter, pepper, and salt. Peas and Lima beans should have a little of the liquid in which they are boiled left, then richly seasoned. Beets and carrots are best when boiled until thoroughly done then

sliced and eaten hot, with butter on them. They are much nicer this way than when eaten with vinegar. Tomatoes may be stewed, seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper, then break in soda crackers and stir until the mixture is thick and smooth. Another excellent way is to remove the skins, fill the hole from which the stem is taken with sugar and a bit of butter, then place in a baking tin and bake an hour or more. Served hot they are very rich and nice.

Egg plant when nicely cooked is delicious. Cut them in slices half an inch thick and let them lie in cold water several hours until the bitter principle is extracted, then drain them, dip in butter, and fry in a very little butter, place the slices on a hot dish and serve with nicely broiled steak, and see if they are not voted delicious. Another way to cook egg plant is to boil it slowly until soft then remove the skins, mash with butter, strew bread crumbs on the top and brown in the oven. Salsify is usually boiled until tender, then pour off the water, add a little milk or cream, and salt and butter, heat through and serve. If preferred it may be boiled, sliced, dipped in egg and bread crumbs, then fry brown in lard.

Those who enjoy the savory onion will find it a good way to boil them in milk, or milk and water, it diminishes the strong taste so unpleasant to many. Parsnips are very nice treated in the same way. Serve with the little milk remaining, when you take them up, adding butter liberally. Another way of serving them is to chop them after boiling, put in a saucepan with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, let them cook fifteen minutes and serve hot.

#### THE KITCHEN.

BY MARY A. CARPENTER.

While reading Mary Clemmer Ames description of the old-farmhouse, and city kitchens, I was reminded of a little incident connected with my own kitchen. A few summers ago, a lady friend from the city, who followed teaching for an occupation, came to spend part of her vacation with me. She came out into the kitchen one day, just after I had taken my butter from the churn, and worked it up into a great golden lump, fresh, sweet, and nice as it could be. Although I disliked butter making, I always tried to do it in the nicest manner possible, believing in the old adage, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." As soon as she saw it, she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with delight, "Oh! how nice it must be to make your own butter; I always thought I should like to live on a farm, and take care of milk and butter." She, who had never done a day's housework in her life. I did not say much in reply, but I thought to myself if she had followed the business for ten or fifteen years, as I had, she would talk differently. The nicest thing about it is eating it. And so with the kitchen. To me the only nice thing about it, is to take a look at it, when everything is in place, as it was in the dear old kitchen Mrs. Ames describes for us.

But even then, the nice clean floor,

and pantry full of good things, are painfully suggestive of aching backs, tired feet, and weary limbs. My first thoughts on entering such a kitchen is not, how nice it looks, but how much hard work must be done to keep everything in such perfect order. I appreciate a pleasant, convenient kitchen, but no matter how pleasant, there is a ceaseless round of duties to perform which in time becomes monotonous and tiresome.

Go to the housekeepers of our land, and especially the farmers' wives, and nine out of ten will have the same story to tell. They are so tired and sick of housekeeping, the same thing over and over again. If they could only get away from it, for a week or two, it would be such a relief. But they cannot be spared. Now this is not right; every woman ought to have help enough to enable her to get away, for a day or two occasionally, to rest and recuperate, and then we should not see so many broken down, worn out women.

And again if people would learn to eat to live, rather than live to eat, much of the cooking might be done away with. There is too much time spent in preparing useless and unwholesome viands to tempt the palate and the eye. But it is hard to break away from old habits and customs, and the good housekeeper, when setting a table for her guests, likes to equal, if not excel, her friends and neighbors, in the matter of cooking. And as long as we are slaves to this custom, and to our perverted appetites, the kitchen will be a place for many, very many women who are not able to have help, (or whose husbands think they are not able,) "to drag out their weary lives." To such the memory of the kitchen is anything but pleasant and we may well be "sorry" for them, for they are deserving of sympathy.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you permit me, through your paper, to answer some of Ellen's questions? First, in regard to washing. If Ellen will soak her clothes over night in warm, but not hot water, wring them out in the morning—if she has a wringer, if not, put them wet in the boiler—and rub all the soiled places with Dobbins' soap, and put in the boiler with cold water enough to cover them and about a dessert spoonful of borax, let them come to a boil, or boil for a few moments, then take out and rub, all but the dirtiest pieces can be rinsed and hung out. This has been my plan for the past eight years, and I like it very much.

When the clothes are put in the boiler wet, dissolve the soap and put in the water with them, but the result is not so satisfactory as to rub the soiled parts. I dissolve some soap in boiling water and throw my white flannels in it dry, and with the clothes stick punch them well; you will be surprised to see how quickly the water grows dirty. A little borax in the scalding water keeps them white.

When the water is cool enough, I wash them out, throw them into scalding water, punch them a few minutes, then put in cold water enough to cool, so as to ring out. Ring dry, shake

well and hang out. By trying a few pieces my way, and a few the way you are accustomed to, you will soon learn which way is easiest and looks the best.

Graham bread should be stirred well, left to rise over night and in the morning stir again, grease your pans, pour in, and let rise again, then bake. A nice rule is, one coffee cup even full of flour, two of graham, one cup of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and half a teacupful of yeast. This makes a good, large loaf. My rule for white bread is, one quart of scalded milk cold, a teaspoonful of salt, the same of sugar, small half teaspoonful of yeast, flour to make stiff. Stir till none sticks to the spoon or knife (I like a knife best) used in mixing. Let it rise over night, then mould out, divide in three parts, and bake in medium sized pans, after the second raising.

One great secret in making good bread is to mix thoroughly, and it will not stick to whatever you use to mix with. I use hop yeast, and make it myself. It will keep three weeks in winter, and as long in summer if you have ice. I pare two good sized potatoes, cut them up, put with them a handful of hops, and pour over them a quart of water, let boil till the potato is soft, then mash as fine as you can with a spoon, if you have not a vegetable masher. Put in a deep dish, I use a four quart pitcher, a heaping tablespoonful of flour, one of sugar, and one of salt, mix smooth with cold water, and when the potatoes are done, pour the whole, potato, hops, and water, into the pitcher. Stir well and strain. When about lukewarm, put in a coffee cup full of good yeast to rise it, and stir it in. Cover with a cloth, and set in a warm place to rise; soon little white patches will rise, and if not disturbed, a foam will rise and in three hours, sometimes a little longer, it will do to bottle. Don't cork tight till the next day. When you use it, shake or stir it up, as the heavy part will settle.

I rise my bread and bake it as quickly as I can, covering with paper if the oven is too hot. When done, wring out a cloth in cold water dry as you can, wrap the bread in it, and put a thick one around that, and you will never have hard crust; try it once. I am an old housekeeper, and have learned by experience most of what I now practice. I love to do cooking, and folks say what we like to do we do well. If you wish I will write next month about canning fruit, and some other things all housekeepers like to know.

For mince meat, I take five pounds of the neck, as much again apple as meat, one-half pound of butter, two nutmegs, two tablespoonfuls each of cloves and cinnamon, one tablespoonful of lemon, one quart of boiled cider, one quart of brown sugar, a quart and a half of molasses, and a cupful of chopped raisins. Boil till real dark; try it.

BETHRA LIEDEAN.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of this valuable paper for several years. I have read all of your letters, and have been with you in your joys and sorrows. It

does us each good to converse with one another through its friendly columns, raises a fallen one here, and cheers another poor heart there, and many a tired mother's brain is rested after the duties of the day have been laid aside, and only a moment's time to spare to read a few lines, to catch up the paper and read a sister's experience, she can then see she is not the only one carrying the burden, but only lending a helping hand so that the machinery will move easier, for just so much has to be done each day and "many hands make light work." And when I read of those who are in trouble and want advice, if I can give any, be it ever so simple, if it will relieve, I want the one that needs it to have it.

I would say to M. A. Blake, who is such a sufferer from bunions, if she will wash them over with iodine, and keep them well painted, it will in a short time produce a certain cure if she only perseveres. If she will take an even teaspoonful of oxalic acid and put it into a quart of scalding hot water and dip her mats into it, it will remove stains. Trying one first, dip until stains are removed, and then rinse in boiling water thoroughly and hang in the hot sun.

A Reader, St. Paul, Minn., wishes a cake recipe without soda or yeast powder. Here is one I hope she will try and then tell me what success she has, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of the eggs and beat, add the flour and beat, and add the whites of the eggs last and beat. This is a very nice cake; it is equal to pound cake, but good for dyspeptics who do not like soda. It is called fourth cake.

Maggie would like to know how to make fish balls. Have your potatoes well mashed then mix, add a little sweet cream, and make it up into balls with your hands, putting a little flour on them to make them stick well together, and fry in butter in a spider, or bake in the oven as you would a spare rib. Make them a nice brown.

I think if Lily's Mamma would have a pail of cold water in her room, and the last thing before she retires would first wet her hands, then her head a little, then put her feet in just a moment, and then wipe dry, rubbing briskly, she will not be troubled with cold feet.

Lady Fingers.—One pound of sugar, twelve eggs, one pound two ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of lemon; beat thoroughly and bake quick on buttered papers on tins.

Kisses.—Whites of twelve eggs, two pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of lemon; beat, drop on buttered papers placed on tins, and put for a moment in a hot oven.

I think A Constant Reader will like these two recipes. Try them.

Arcadia, N. Y. Mrs. A. N. S.

MR. CROWELL,—Kind Friend:—That is the best way I think I can address you, and I think every lady that takes THE HOUSEHOLD will agree with me in thinking you deserve it, and feel, as I do, grateful for your valuable paper.

I would like to ask Dr. Hanaford what is the best remedy for croup. My little boy is just recovering from a very severe attack. He is very subject to it. I am very careful of him, but it seems that all I can do I cannot avoid it.

Please tell Mrs. W. A. K. that the grasses should be dried before they are dyed. I dry mine by sticking them in an old butter bowl filled with sand, then setting them in a cool, dark place, and let them dry slowly.

If I may be so bold I would like to repeat Frances A.'s suggestion in the September number about putting the music and recipes on one side of the leaves devoted to advertisements, if you could do so without much inconvenience to yourself, it would be a great accommodation to a vast number of your subscribers.

If Mrs. W. C. M. will make the brine for her cucumbers strong enough to bear an egg, putting sufficient over to cover well, then put a round cover on the top of the cucumbers, and a stone on that, to keep them well covered with brine, she will have no more soft or rotten ones.

I hope our good editor will pardon me for taking up so much of his time. I would like to send to the sisters some directions for fancy work, but fear to intrude just now. I am always so glad to receive my paper.

SALLIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an article in a late number telling how to cook onions with potatoes. I wish to enter a protest against the two being mixed at all, and also the custom of mixing different articles of food, not knowing whether they are palatable to guests on not.

Some cannot sit at table when cod-fish is on the board. I abhor onions and prefer they should be as far off as possible. The habit of seasoning tea and coffee should be abolished and let each one season to suit themselves, as no two like the same amount of cream or sugar, but will say it is agreeable, instead of denying it for fear of wounding the feelings of their hostess.

So of other seasoning, salt, pepper, etc., better use a little and let each add more if desired, then spoil it even for one at the table. And in cooking eggs have some hard and some soft, as some people like them rare, while others do not. It is well if possible to find out the tastes of those expected at the table and conform to them.

Wells, Iowa. NOTIONAL.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—*Dear Sir:*—For two seasons past I have waited until too late, hoping some lady might volunteer the information I will now try to solicit in time with regard to tomatoes. I know there is in use a mode of putting them up for winter without cooking, which I have been unable to obtain, although I have sought information from the domestic department of more than one paper. We do not fancy them cooked and canned, but are very fond of them raw, and feel unwilling to banish so healthy a vegetable from our winter table supplies. Can some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD give me a recipe for keeping them which she has successfully tried?

Allow me a word in favor of the old

fashioned "cup" or "number" cake, which my mother used to make, and my grandmother, too, I dare say, the proportion of which I find to be the basis of nearly all really good recipes for making cake with butter. I have used it so long and with such invariable good success, that if upon glancing over a new recipe I find the proportions to vary considerably from my old favorite, I "pass by on the other side" in memory of former and mortifying failures. Notwithstanding it is so old I will give it for the benefit of some novice in the art of cake making, who perhaps may also find a caution serviceable that I have known experienced but careless cooks to neglect, and thereby meet with indifferent success in the use of excellent materials, rightly proportioned. Try never to make your cake in such haste that you feel obliged to melt your butter in order to facilitate operations. If softened only sufficiently to admit of its being worked gradually with the sugar and beaten to a cream before adding the eggs the result will always be more satisfactory, and amply repay the extra time and labor involved. If one takes the trouble to make a cake, it is certainly economy to take care and pains to achieve a success, even in the use of a very plain recipe.

*Cup, or Number Cake.*—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, and three level teaspoonsfuls of baking powder. Flavoring. Sour milk and soda may be used but is not likely to be so delicate.

Right here let me say of baking powder that I find the best proportion for its use to be one teaspoonful to one cup of flour, heaped when used without eggs, and level when used with them. (Baking Powder advertisements "to the contrary notwithstanding.") MRS. J. W. LEE.

To get rid of bed-bugs, and other vermin, scald the bedstead, bedcord (if one is used), bed-clothes, floors of the bed-room, and everywhere you suspect bed-bugs, with boiling brine. Don't spare the salt. Do the work thoroughly, and then rest easy. We scald twice a year, although we do not find any bugs. We do this for fear we may find some, for we live in rented houses. This will kill army lice, or any other vermin, where it can be applied. To destroy head lice, work into some butter as much salt as possible and apply. Afterwards use the comb and wash the head thoroughly.

To cleanse the fat that rises to the top of the water where salt or fresh beef is boiled, put into the fat a number of slices of raw potato, and let it cook until the potato is quite brown. It will then make good shortening. To cook eggs and have them digestible, put half a dozen eggs into a two quart basin, fill the basin with boiling water, set it where it will be hot but not boil, (I usually set mine on the stove hearth,) and let them stand fifteen minutes. This will cook the yolks, and leave the whites soft. A few trials may be necessary to do it right, but persevere and you will not regret it. Use more or less water as you have more or less eggs.

After a woman has been confined in

child-birth, I would like to know what there is to hinder her from eating such food as she has ordinarily been used to eating? This is my plan, and it works well; I simply be careful not to overeat, but, as I take my food regularly, I have no trouble about that. Many women are starved on toast and tea, when if the system ever needed strengthening food this is the time. Many women are taught that they must dose the new babe with saffron or some other horrid stuff, to whiten the skin; again, they must physic the child the first thing. I wonder if nature don't know what she is about? All this is a mistake. Let the mother nurse the child as soon as she can and let the saffron and physic go.

AUNT LAURA.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The old year is dying, but we hope '77 will prosper you that you may brighten our homes as in days gone by. We know some households in which THE HOUSEHOLD constitutes the chief reading, and well it may, with such a variety in its columns. We wish some of the contributors would not write so despondently. If they would remember what Longfellow says in that beautiful little poem, "The Rainy Day"—"Into each life some rain must fall;" keep strong hearts, think, as in nature there would be no flowers, no fruit, without that blessed rain, so in our lives, it is the rain that comes that develops character.

EDBA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell you that I enjoy your visits very much. I have been a member but a short time and am scarcely acquainted with the names of the band yet. Your letters and kind suggestions I receive gladly. I echo the thought of many that I would like to answer some of the questions and say a word on some article.

I wish to thank the one who wrote about ironing in this way. Take a large board or box cover, place it on two chairs, then take your small rocking chair and sit up to it. Thanks to Leonore Glenn for her method of bread-making. I like it very much. Write us something more. Was glad to read about sweeping a carpet. I always did it the wrong way before, and tired myself needlessly. Thanks also for the suggestion of the table covering by some one.

I like the suggestions about reading. Let us not give up our reading entirely for household duties. Let us rather occasionally give up pies and cake. If you want to go to Europe with a pleasant party and enjoy travel for a few weeks, read Mrs. Whitney's "Sights and Insights." It is a continuation of her "Patience Strong's Outings." I admire all her books. The Pansy books did me much good. They are, "Esther Reid," "Julia Reid," "Wise and Otherwise," "Three People," by the same, is the best temperance story I ever read. I wish some one would write of the books that do them good. Has any one a plan or system for reading solid reading at the time they do all their household work?

Can some one give me the child hymn, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me?" or this, "Sleep, baby, sleep, the Father his watch doth keep," or something similar?

I have much sympathy for you, mothers, who are weary with work and care for your loved ones. If you are living for God and abiding in Him, does it not give you courage to know you are doing the noblest, most important work He can give any mortal? If we could always remember that it is His work, we should be lifted out of our own little world of care and responsibility. With his help day by day (it is one day at a time) we can go forward and rejoice. CARIAD.

MR. CROWELL:—In remitting you the \$1.00 for subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, I omitted to enclose 10 cents for postage, and as the paper has not come yet, maybe you are waiting for me to send you the postage. By the way, I'm no stranger to your "band" and their "talks," for I resided in a house where it was accorded the topmost place, and I've read and re-read all the hints, plans, and devices the "sisters" give with more pleasure and satisfaction than I can express.

I wonder if the "sisters" would let an "old bachelor," who does his own cooking, washing and ironing, in fact who performs all the household duties except minding children, take a back seat in their council chamber? He is a devotee of "Flora," too, and is by no means either a "cynic or crusty" bachelor.

Will you put it to the vote for me, Mr. Crowell, and let me know if I've been black-balled or no? TOM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to say a few words to Bessie Brown, and those who replied to her in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD. Patty thinks that the anxious, careworn wife is as little like the winsome, light-hearted maiden, as the husband is unlike the lover, and that this state of things is unavoidable. My husband is not unlike the lover, and he says there is no change in me, except that I grow older the same as he does, which of course cannot be helped; and from Gertrude A.'s letter, I should judge that she and her husband could say the same; but she says "he is no exception," and I think she is mistaken there, for I am quite sure that my husband is an exception to the general rule, and I thank God every day I live, that he is.

She is afraid Bessie Brown has some wrong ideas of married life, and says "it does not follow because some men neglect their wives, that all do so." Of course it does not. But Bessie says, "How am I to know?" To be sure, how is she to know? I think there is hardly a more important question that she could ask. She can only judge of married life by what she has an opportunity to see, and if she sees but few homes where she thinks she could be happy as the mistress, (and I can say the same,) and besides that, if her own sister's husband has changed from the thoughtful, attentive lover to the indifferent, "ordering" and "fault-finding" husband, when everything before marriage seemed to promise so well for future happiness, how can we won-

der that she has a great many doubts about the matter, and feels as if it would be running a great risk to become the wife of any man.

My husband says there would be fewer changed husbands if wives would take the same pains to attract and please that they did before marriage, and I have no doubt this is true. So perhaps if Bessie marries her lover, and is careful to continue the same course that has already won his love and attention, perhaps he will carry the same loving thoughtfulness into and through his married life.

But I fancy I hear you say, "Yes, perhaps; but if he should not, then how miserable I should be." Well, dear Bessie, no one can tell you whether he will or not. You will have to decide the question yourself, whether you love him well enough to run the risk, and may the dear loving Saviour guide you into the right path, and lead you all through the journey to a happy immortal home.

MRS. L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Have you forgotten Sister Mina? I hope not, for here I come again, and I should not like to be greeted as a stranger. Many months have passed away since I first met you. But I have not forgotten my sisters working with me in the great "harvest field." As we labor on day after day, perhaps without a single friend in the vast field, do we not often sigh for the smile of recognition? And so we have come to look forward to our monthly meetings with great pleasure.

And now that we have met, to talk over our joys and sorrows, and show the result of our labor, the questions arise, as we review the past month, What have we to bring as the fruit of our toil? Do we all come laden with bright, golden sheaves to lay at the feet of the "Lord of the harvest?" Have we all toiled patiently 'neath the scorching rays of the noonday sun? A happy, happy band are we, if our Master's "well done" is our reward. But well may we be sorrowful, if our month's gleanings are "nothing but leaves." Let each member answer these questions for herself, and let us go forward into another month determined that we will work faithfully for the Master, and when we meet again, may it be with His sweet, cheering words in our hearts, "She has done what she could." SISTER MINA.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—It has been so long since I have sent you a word of greeting, that I fear some of you have forgotten me, but in that time—five years—God has sent three little ones to my home to be loved and cared for, and I find so much less time than formerly to keep up the old loves.

This is such a rainy, dreary day, I find myself wondering what you are all doing. I will tell you what I have done this morning. I hunted up an old peach basket, and after covering it nearly with black cambric, I put on a border of pink cambric, pinked out and pleated at the top, one at the bottom, and another in the middle, and it now stands in the corner of my sitting room, a very pretty ornament, and a waste basket. Now I am sure I will allow my two little boys to cut up all the paper they choose, only provided

they pick up all the scraps and throw in the waste basket.

Let me thank kind Dr. Hanaford for his article on the Incontinence of Urine, but I feel that he did not say quite all that he ought to have said, so I will add that he has been treating my little Ralph for some time, and has helped him very much indeed, though he is not cured, yet we could not get along with him at all without the Doctor's medicine, he is so bad. The Doctor's address is Reading, Mass., his charges are reasonable, and I feel sure he will be willing to prescribe for any one who may write to him.

How do the sisters preserve their HOUSEHOLDS? I have taken it ever since it was established, and I do love it so that I feel that I cannot let it be wasted. The first three volumes I had bound in one book, but I find it is so large and cumbersome that I don't read in it as often as I would like to. Now what shall I do with the rest of them? I don't like to have them lying about unbound, for they would soon be destroyed, and to have them bound each volume separately costs so much, and putting several years together makes them so heavy. Will some of the sisters please let me know what they do? and let us see if we cannot induce the editor to put it in magazine form, like Harper's, Scribner's, etc., with the recipes on an extra leaf to tear out. How many will join with us in making this request?

PEARL CLYDE.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD for many years past, and feel now that though "times are hard," I cannot better economize than by continuing my subscription to so valuable a paper, from which I have learned so many lessons of economy.

I feel impelled often to answer some of the sisters of the band, but have refrained because I knew so many abler pens were wielded in your columns.

But now I feel that I must tell your correspondent in the December number, how much pleasure was derived from acting on the suggestion of making a Christmas tree for the little ones. They had had birthdays, Santa Claus, etc., and a tree was something new.

So our minister's wife and I concluded to make one for our six boys, (we have no girl).

They were wild with delight in anticipation, and it was quite a task to preserve the usual secrecy on such occasions.

It would take too long a time to tell of all the things we made, and give a minute description of "our tree" as it appeared on Christmas night, suffice it to say, all the pleasure looked forward to by both old and young was, I think, fully realized. Our three year old never tires of expatiating on the beauties and delights of mamma's "Kustum-chee," and is already making big calculations for "next time."

The little Swiss stockings filled full of bright-colored candies, nuts, raisins and pop-corn, took even the old folks' eyes, they were so cunning.

I must tell one thing we had in connection with our tree that afforded pleasure. A Sunday school was having a tree the same night, and nearly

all had to pass our way, so we opened wide our front blinds and put a table near and stood a large, beautiful wax doll on it, with the arms outstretched, as if in glee, looking out at the passers-by.

We made a wreath of cedar and draped it just over her head and down each side the window, with hot-house flowers here and there, pinned back the curtains so that all could share our pleasure.

Many of our friends came in and looked at our tree as they were passing, saying it was beautiful, and wondering how we accomplished so much at so little expense.

Our boys invited their teacher, a lady from your own "far northland," and one we love and I think appreciate, for she is just "splendid," as our eldest would say.

But dear me! I've talked all my paper away, and no doubt your patience too, and you'll think as my husband did, that I have "Kustum-chee" on the brain.

C. B. O.

MR. CROWELL:—I see many useful articles upon almost every imaginable subject except that of temperance, in your most valuable paper. There's no one subject so entirely within the control of the ladies, young and old, of our land, as this great and all-important one. Their influence in any direction, especially for right, is a power in our land. The mothers who rear our boys—who mold and shape their minds—their young lives, can carry them to an eminence in the path of right from which they will seldom if ever retrograde.

To the mother's care is given the young mind as unsoled as the blank sheet of paper. With her example, her counsel, her advice, she writes eternal and immortal truths as with the pen of a diamond. The instructions given under God's guidance and care will take deep root and produce lasting effects.

Teach the tender and flexible minds the right and the wrongs of intemperance. Engage all their sympathies, excite their imaginations, and picture in glowing but truthful colors, all the misery, wretchedness, poverty and crime that follow in its woful train. Show to them the better and safer path. Impress upon their young minds that if they do not take the first glass they will not be drunkards. If they indulge once, the fetter is upon them, and they know not how strong it will bind them. The only safety is in total abstinence.

It is as impossible to paint the horrors of intemperance as it is to paint the beauties of a sunrise or the sparkling dewdrop. Mothers, spurn the nurse that shall advise pop or toddy for the newly born infant, or the wee toddling thing that is fretful and restless. Let every parent make temperance the rule, not the exception. This and religion are twin sisters, born of one common Father, who watches over all.

MIGGS.

#### LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

Whatever position in society a young lady occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances

that it will not be necessary for her to perform domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she were obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, we have often thought that it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Girls should early be taught the art of cooking well, and indulged in the disposition which they often display, even as children, to experiment in bread or pastry baking. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford, still it is a great advantage to them. Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to us a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education. Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture.

Many of the most elegant and accomplished women we have known, have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their households by so doing. Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. The charm of good housekeeping is in the order, economy, and taste displayed in attention to little things, and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a man from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.—*Exchange.*

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

In answer to Phebe W.'s request I send a recipe for cream puffs, which I think she will find excellent. Also a recipe for cake which I send for the benefit of all who may try it.

CREAM PUFFS.—One pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, two eggs; boil the milk and stir in the other ingredients. Flavor. Cut a slit in each puff and fill.

OUTSIDE.—Boil one-half pint of water with one-half cup of butter, and stir in two cups of flour while boiling. Let it cool. Then add five eggs (without beating them), a pinch of soda, and a little salt. Drop on tins and bake in a quick oven.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Break two eggs into a teacup and fill up with sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

S. B.

FROSTING CAKE.—The best that I have found in years of housekeeping experience is this: Use powdered sugar in about the proportion of nine tablespoonfuls to the whites of two eggs, put in the sugar when you begin to beat the eggs, and beat until perfectly light, flavor with a teaspoonful of lemon essence, and spread it on evenly with a thin-bladed knife while the cake is still slightly warm, and set it away in the pantry, but not where it will cool too rapidly. So prepared it will not crack or fall when cut.

*Lewiston, Ill.* MARY PORTER.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—I send a recipe for making a very nice article. Three cups of corn meal, white or yellow, one cup of rye, three cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus; steam or bake three hours. I think it much nicer steamed.

FROSTING CAKE.—Take the white of one egg, the fresher the egg is the better, beat

to a stiff froth, so that the plate can be turned completely over and still it will remain on the plate; nine teaspoonfuls of frosting sugar. In putting on use a table knife, dipping it in cold water occasionally. Put it on when the cake is cold, set it in the oven to harden, taking great care not to have the oven too hot or the frosting will yellow.

If E. M. A. will put a little vinegar in her sweet milk she will have sour milk at any time. I think Horsford's bread preparation preferable to anything I ever used; the directions come with each package. I have used it seven years and like it so well I do not care to try any other.

O. J. K.

**CREAM CAKES.**—**Batter.**—One-half cup of butter and one cup of cold water boiled together, stir in one cup of flour till it is smooth, set it away and let it cool; add three eggs, and stir all up nicely, then add a little soda, perhaps one-half a teaspoonful dissolved in cold water, not much of it—the water, I mean—and bake twenty or thirty minutes.

**Cream.**—One egg and one-half cup of sugar, beat together, stir in one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of corn starch, then put it on the stove and let it thicken up, add a little salt, and flavor with essence of lemon, (I use two teaspoonfuls but some might prefer less, or some different essence;) cut a place in the side and put a tablespoonful in, if the cream allows, which I doubt. I sometimes allow a little more than one cup of milk, which is the rule, and think it is better to do so. Let the cake cool before the cream is put in. Please tell her to not be discouraged if she does not succeed the first time, or even the second or third time, but to try again, if she is determined to succeed in making them. I have real good success now, but some of the first were not as good, in fact, had no place to put the cream in.

FRANCES.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*—I will send a few recipes which the members of THE HOUSEHOLD may like.

**SPICED JELLY CAKE.**—Take one cup brown sugar, butter the size of an egg, one egg, one cup of buttermilk or sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, ten full tablespoonfuls of flour. Plenty of nutmeg and cinnamon, and a little cloves. Cover cake with jelly, and frost over that.

**MOUNTAIN SNOW CAKE.**—Two cups of white sugar, one cup and a half of butter, whites of six eggs, one cup and a half of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon or citronella.

**COCOANUT CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of four eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of corn starch, one cup of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls of dessicated cocoanut.

**CALIFORNIA FRUIT CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one-half pound of butter, five eggs, one cup two-thirds full of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one-half cup of corn starch, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, a pint dish of chopped dried grapes, and the same quantity of figs, cinnamon and cloves to taste. One cup of flour may be used in place of corn starch, if preferred.

A. L. A.

Stockton, Cal.

**A NICE DISH FOR BREAKFAST OR TEA.**—After having boiled halibut, bass, or any fresh fish for dinner, if you have some left, pick it in small pieces, take out the bones, put in a small pudding pan, pound three or four crackers, add milk enough to soften the cracker, put in a piece of butter the size of an egg, little pepper and salt; beat two eggs and stir in with the above and bake until the top is a light brown, you will find this a nice palatable dish.

**LOAF OF NICE CAKE.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, three and one-half cups of flour. Flavor to taste.

**FRENCH CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, four eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and spice to taste.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar,

five eggs, five tablespoonfuls of milk, two even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one even teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour, and flavor as you please.

**DOUGHNUTS.**—One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one large tablespoonful of melted lard, a little salt and nutmeg, and flour to roll out.

**COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, spice to taste, and flour to roll out.

**LEMON PIE.**—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, one cracker and a half pounded fine; add milk enough to fill the plate, after it is baked; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add about two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar for frosting, spread over the top, and brown in a quick oven.

**NICE BATTER FOR CLAMS AND OYSTERS.**—One cup of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and flour to make as stiff as for fritters.

**PEACH MERRINGUE.**—Take canned peaches, drain off the syrup and place in a pudding dish, beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, add five tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat again, pour it over the peaches, brown in the oven. Make a soft custard with the yolks of the eggs, a quart of milk, and a small teaspoonful of sugar. Flavor when cold, and serve as sauce for the meringue.

**GENESEE PUDDING.**—Steam one cup of rice in a quart of milk until the rice is cooked, add sugar to taste, and a little salt; add the beaten yolks of three eggs to it, and flavor when cold, then bake slowly half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat, then spread the frosting on top and brown in the oven.

I have tried all the above rules and find them good. MIDDLE ST. SUBSCRIBER. Bath, Maine.

**SWEET APPLE JOHNNYCAKE.**—Pare, quarter and core enough mellow, sweet apples to fill a quart measure; make the cake with two cups of sour milk or buttermilk, thickened with corn meal, shortened with lard, butter or cream, and soda enough to sweeten. Butter a tin, put in one-half the cake, then the apple, and spread the remainder of the cake on the apple. Bake one hour. Eat warm with butter. M. A. C.

**MEAT PIES.**—Three bowls of finely chopped meat, six bowls of chopped apple, one bowl of chopped raisins, one bowl of chopped suet, half a pint of boiled cider; a cupful of the water in which the meat was boiled (the remainder will make a good soup), one bowl of molasses, two bowls of sugar, and salt to taste; cook these together, then add one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, two nutmegs, half a cup of butter, and two spoonfuls of extract of lemon.

**PIE CRUST.**—To a quart of flour add a pinch of salt and half a cup of cold lard, rub the lard into the flour with the hands, then mix with cold water, roll out and place upon it bits of lard and butter, sprinkle with flour roll up and repeat the process, and cut from the end of the roll for each pie.

**BITTICK.**—To a quart of flour add a teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, mix thoroughly with the hands, dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a cup of new milk, turn into the flour, and add enough milk to make the dough soft, turn out on the board and roll out without moulding, cut with a cake cutter, put into previously buttered tins, and bake quickly in a very hot oven.

I use the recipe for biscuit for apple pies. Fill a pudding dish with sliced apples, add a half cup of sugar, one-third cup of cold water, and cover with the crust; to be eaten with milk and sugar. We like them much better than pies with an under crust, and think they are more wholesome than pies with crust made of lard.

MRS. E. A. K.

East Haverhill, Mass.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING.**—Pare and slice fine apples to half fill a small, deep, pudding

dish, scatter over them about a teaspoonful of cinnamon, sugar enough to sweeten the apple, one-half cup, unless the apples are very sour, ought to be enough, and a little salt; pour a little cold water on four heaping tablespoonfuls of tapioca, add one pint of boiling water, and let it stand one hour; pour over the apple and bake, being careful that the mixture does not fill your dish full, or it will boil over in the oven and you will lose some of the best of it. Serve with a hard sauce made as follows: Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of granulated sugar, grate on a little nutmeg, and work well together with a spoon.

**GENUINE BOSTON BROWN BREAD.**—Four coffee cupfuls of sifted Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of molasses, and boiling water stirred slowly in until it is as thick as griddlecake batter; when cooled sufficiently add one-half cup of yeast; put the mixture into an iron baking pan, wet your hand and smooth over the top of the loaf, cover close, and rise in a warm place until it cracks over the top. Bake five or six hours in a moderate oven.

**TO DRY CITRON FOR CAKE.**—I send this recipe which I have tried, and although it is far inferior to the store citron, it is a fair substitute. Cut large citrons in quarters as you would an apple, cut the quarters again, remove the pulp and peel, steam in a steamer until you can take out with a fork, drain each piece, and cook a short time in a syrup made as follows: Take one pint of water and one cup of sugar, boil and skim the syrup; put in as many pieces as will cook easily, and when they are thoroughly scalded through, remove to large flat plates; place in a cool oven until nearly dry, or dry in the hot sun covered from the flies.

B. F. T.

**PEANUT CANDY.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar; boil until it will be brittle when cold; stir in half a pint of peanuts just before taking it off the stove. Cut it in squares before it is cool enough to break.

H. P.

**BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—Peel the apples, take out the core, and fill full of sugar, make a crust as for rich cream biscuit, divide it in pieces large enough to cover each apple separately, roll it about a quarter of an inch thick, place the apple on and bring the edges together the same as in any other dumplings. Place them side by side in a pudding pan, spread butter and sugar over them, and pour boiling water to about half cover the dumplings. Put them in the oven and cook moderately fast until they are nicely browned. Eaten with cream.

**CORN BREAD.**—Two well beaten eggs, one cup of sour cream, one cup of milk, soda, salt, and corn meal sufficient to make a batter that will spread over the dripping pan without using a spoon to smooth it. Bake in a quick oven. If J. I. M. don't like corn bread made that way, then J. I. M. don't know what is good corn bread.

BETSY JANE.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—I send you a recipe for corn bread, and as it was originated by a gentleman whom some dear children call Uncle Nelson, we have named it

**UNCLE NELSON'S CORN BREAD.**—Take three cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, a little lard, salt, and saleratus, with sour milk to make a batter. Pour this into a dish with a tight fitting cover, (a two quart pail will do,) and boil it two or three hours in a covered kettle. Just before serving take it from the water, take off the cover, and let it stand in the oven a moment to dry the moisture from the top; loosen the sides carefully, (the dish must be greased,) and turn it bottom up on a plate. It looks beautiful and tastes delicious.

J. C. H.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Although not a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD, it is taken in the family. I am very much pleased with it, and would like to talk occasionally to your many readers, if I can do any good, and you will take one more into your family. In the January number J. I. M. tells us of her failure in making corn bread. If she is not discouraged I wish she would try the following, which I

think is excellent if the directions are properly followed: Take as much meal as you think you will need for two loaves, pour on boiling water just enough to mix the meal, and no more; when cool add one teacup of good yeast, one-half teacup of molasses, a little salt, use flour enough to mould into loaves, and bake slow, or longer than wheat bread. Will J. I. M. tell me how she succeeds?

A. M.'s reply to Mrs. L. C.'s cry for a cup of "lively mystic yeast," is very good, but perhaps I could tell her of an easier way, which I think is just as good, in fact, it could not be livelier, and is good as long as any remains. For four quarts of yeast, take four or five good sized peeled potatoes and boil them till soft, rub the potatoes and water through a colander, then put back in the kettle, stir in flour, boil, till it will drop from the spoon in clots. Take as many hops as you can hold in your hands, cover them with water, and boil gently for half an hour, strain the hop water into the kettle of potato water and flour, add one teacup of sugar, a small one-half teacup of salt, and one-half pint of yeast; set in a warm place to rise. Be sure and place in a large pan, to give it room to ferment.

BELLE.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD E. M. A. asks what kind of baking powder is the best to use. After five years experience in its use I can with confidence recommend Prof. Horsford's self-raising bread preparation as being unsurpassed for making biscuit, cakes and pastry. Do not experiment with one quart or two quarts of flour, but mix a whole package into twenty-five pounds of flour according to directions, and set aside to be used as needed. If any housekeeper fails in its use, the fault is hers and not in the preparation.

E. D. P.

MR. CROWELL.—I would like to hear more from M. H. A. in regard to canning corn with tartaric acid. I put up two quarts in that way last fall, putting it in new tin cans, and when I opened it the cans were blackened. The corn was very good, but would it be healthy, and will it not soon destroy the cans?

M. E. MCE.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Although I have kept silent so long, I have often thought I would like to contribute a little with the rest. E. M. A. wishes a substitute for sour milk. If she will try Prof. Horsford's self-rising bread preparation, I think she will find it. For bread, biscuit, cake, etc., it is very nice. I have never tried it for puddings, but think it will do just as well.

Will some one of your readers please tell me how to make brown bread with yeast? and oblige,

MINNIE P.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*—Some time ago I saw the question asked in THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make light dumplings for soup. I have not seen an answer, so I venture to send one. Mix exactly as for cream of tartar biscuit, cut out the same, and boil in the soup. The secret of light dumplings is in taking them out the moment they are done, and they must be closely watched, as boiling them one minute after they are done will make them heavy. I have followed this way for years and never had any heavy dumplings.

MRS. G. E. S.

Ruth asks about brewis. I usually make it of brown bread crusts. Put them on the stove with a quantity of milk sufficient to moisten them to about the consistency of mush. As the milk boils, the bread will soak it up rapidly, and it may be necessary to add more milk. A little salt and butter is then to be added. It makes a nice breakfast dish.

I would suggest to C. D. N. that very handsome picture frames may be made of shells.

I would like to have G. A. H. tell how to make hair flowers.

E. R.

DEAR SIR.—I would like to have some friend inform me through your columns how to make cakes called lady fingers? and oblige, H. P.

Is there any other way of preparing horseradish for the table than the tedious and tearful way of grating by hand? I wish to prepare some for future use, but it is all I can do to supply the immediate demand by grating.

Exira, Iowa.

BETSY JANE.



## PSALM LXI.

*"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."*

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I,  
When storms wildly rage and no beacon is nigh;  
When the quicksands of life on my pathway appear,  
And my heart throbs with anguish and trembles  
with fear,

O, Saviour, look down from thy dwelling on high,  
And lead to the rock that is higher than I.

When life's cares and life's follies obscure the pure  
light,

When the gleam of the false seems the true and  
the right;

When temptations beset and the spirit is weak,  
And thorns and thick brambles pierce deeply my  
feet,

Then, Saviour, look down from thy mansion on  
high,

And lead to the rock that is higher than I.

When my dear ones depart and the sound never  
more

Of their light-falling footsteps is heard on the floor,  
And the dear, loving eyes that look out from the  
pane

And watch for my coming, will ne'er look again,—  
Then, Jesus, my Saviour, look down from on high,  
And lead to the rock that is higher than I.

When the slope of life's hill leads down to the  
West;

When footsore and weary, I sigh for sweet rest;

When the shadows grow long, and the dark'ning  
sky

Tells the morning is past and the night draweth  
nigh;

Then, Saviour, look down from thy dwelling on  
high,—

And lead to the rock that is higher than I.

—Transcript.

## THE NOTE-BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

## Number Two.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

**G**WAS at Ben Marshall's nearly all day, last Wednesday. He called, in the morning, saying that Alice (his wife) was sick. So I told Tom that I thought I had better go over and see what I could do for her. He said he could "pick up" his dinner, and get supper, too, if necessary; and as he should be at work in the field near by, he thought the children would not tear the house down quite, without his knowledge. Some men are very glad of help in times of sickness in the family, but never willing for the wife to be from home, even for a day, among sick neighbors. Tom is not at all like that; he knows we sometimes need our neighbors' help in sickness, and is not so selfish as to be unwilling now and then to sacrifice his own comfort for the sake of others.

It was about ten o'clock when I got there. I found Alice in bed, but easier, and she was glad to see me. She had overdone the day before, house-cleaning. I told her that she must be more careful of her strength. We agreed that the wisest way to clean house is, to take it by degrees, as one can bear, not allowing one's self to fret at the slow progress. I told her that when there were heavy lifts to be made, she should call on the men folks for help. That is the way I manage. Were it not that Tom is so good about helping me bear the heavier burdens of housekeeping, I never could get along. That is the way we began.

But to return to the work of Wednesday. I found plenty to do—dishes to wash, beds to make, floors to sweep, etc. There was not bread enough for dinner, so she said I might make some buttermilk biscuit. Into the center of a pan of wheat flour I put a quart of rich buttermilk, a teaspoonful of salt, and two level teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water, mixed, made it into biscuits, and baked them in a quick oven.

The secret of making good buttermilk biscuit is, to not mix the dough too stiff but only so that it can possibly be moulded. When to be eaten warm, I like best to make this kind of bread in biscuit form, and they come better, for me, when rolled and cut out; but when to be eaten cold, I usually roll the dough about an inch in thickness, and the size of the baking tin; cutting slices from the loaf as needed. However, I seldom make buttermilk bread, as we think raised bread more wholesome, and do not so soon tire of it.

I spoke about baking bread. Alice said there was no "emptyings," as she had been too sick to attend to it, and she feared that it was too late to begin from the beginning. I thought I might get the bread baked before bedtime, so we concluded to try. She uses "turnpikes," or yeast cake. I put one and a half (nearly) into a five quart pan, with perhaps half a pint of cold water, and with a spoon helped the cake to dissolve quickly; then added a level tablespoonful of salt, filled the pan about half full of water as warm as could be without danger of scalding the yeast, stirred in wheat flour to make a very stiff batter, covered the pan and set it in a warm place to rise. When light enough, I dissolved a level teaspoonful of saleratus in a little warm water, stirred it into the emptyings (there was no time for further sponging), and moulded the bread right up into loaves. Then let it rise, and baked it. Two loaves came out before dark, and the third was put into the oven at a quarter to seven. Had I been making it for myself, I should have used no saleratus, as the yeast was not sour; but she always puts a little saleratus in her bread.

Alice makes yeast cake the same way that I do. This is the recipe: Into three pints of cold water put as many hops as you can hold in your hand twice, put them over the fire, cover the dish closely, and let them boil twenty minutes; then strain the water into a stone or earthen dish, and while the water is scalding hot, stir in wheat flour enough to make a stiff batter, let it stand till about milk-warm, then add a teacupful of old yeast, having first dissolved a teaspoonful of saleratus in the old yeast; stir it well and set the dish in a warm place to rise. After it has risen well, thicken with dry corn meal, make into a roll nearly three inches in diameter, slice off into cakes about half an inch in thickness, and dry them on a board in the sun—though we have sometimes dried them by the fire. They should be turned over once a day till dry. One cake is enough to make a bowl of yeast to make a pan of sponge.

After supper Alice thought she should not really need me longer, as

she felt so much better, and I started for home just after dark, leaving Ben to finish baking that last loaf. Our next door neighbor, Mrs. Lamont, was there the next day. She said the bread was good, and that Ben said he would never ask for better. I was glad. Housekeepers will sympathize with me in this. To meet with failure in cooking at home is bad enough, but if fail we must, we prefer failure with our own "grejunces," as Aunt Patty says, and with those only to see who know that failure is the exception, not the rule.

Oh the blessedness of home! Nowhere in all the wide world can we be so thoroughly ourselves, cast off care and be at rest, as here, with loved and loving ones who see our faults but to ignore—forgive—forget.

## PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

## Number Twenty-eight.

## SPINNING STREET YARN.

"Humph! spinning street yarn again to-day!" exclaimed Grandmother Goodell, peering over her spectacles, and looking through the window at a lithe figure coming down the road, and nearing the house. Let's see, today's Friday, and it was only Tuesday that Mis' Conant went by, and no knowing but she's been somewhere every day this week. I declare, I'd like to know when she has time to do her work and keep the buttons on her husband's shirt, if she is out for a walk two or three times every week, and I should n't wonder if more? In my day, the girls and women had other spinning enough to do without spinning much street yarn, I can tell you," and Grandmother Goodell seemed to give a sigh as she recalled those other days.

"But the women, as I look at it, most of them stay in the house altogether too much," I ventured to say. "And certainly no one needs, or has earned a better right to a little outdoor recreation, or a social hour, than the woman who has busied herself indoors all the morning, working the more cheerfully for thinking of this hour out doors to herself."

Grandmother Goodell shook her head, and muttered something about women who spun street yarn being, in her day, considered rather worthless, and as I saw that it would be useless to argue the case with her, I wisely let the matter drop where it was.

But it did not drop from my mind for all that.

"Spinning Street Yarn," I knew was a term of contempt, used in reference to womankind seen often out of her own house, and I have often wondered if the fear of having the epithet applied to them had not, in many cases, intimidated our sex from taking their right to a full share of fresh out door air.

We do not like to be called "gadvers" and "gossips;" while "spinning street yarn" has an ugly sound for us; but really, is it any body's business except our own if we go and come when we will? And isn't God's air made as much for the refreshment and benefit of woman as for man, and for beasts and creeping things? And if a woman takes this

privilege, is she necessarily a mere "gadvers?" If she is social, must it be assumed that she is only a "gossip?"

The neighborly strictures, such as Grandmother Goodell had used, and such as are passed very often in country places, and especially in small villages, little affect dwellers in our large towns and cities; and we may go and come, and hear what we please, without reference to what our neighbors may say or think about. I said as much as this once to Grandmother Goodell, when I was spending a week in her little village, where I had so frequently been that I was myself quite at home and considered myself well acquainted with the ways there.

And it is women in the country;—our farmers' wives and daughters—who are, I think, more guilty of staying in doors than are dwellers in large towns. Thus perhaps from custom, it may seem a necessity for them to be careful about "spinning street yarn;" and the habit of staying too much in the house becomes, often a confirmed one. The roads are not always favorable for walking, and, unlike the women in rural England, ours are not fond of long rambles through meadows, and over hills and rough walks, merely for the love of out-door exercise. Thus, having nothing definite daily to draw them out, too many stay, day after day, sacredly at home.

There are the wives and mothers who are praised up as being "so domestic" and such excellent home and house-keepers, in contrast to those who consider it their right and duty to have such pleasure and change out side of home as their nature demands. There is nothing unhealthy for any woman, who is at all disposed to be depressed, and wearied, and worried with her lot, and her daily cares and labors, as to stay almost constantly at home, ever having her mind and hands busied with domestic matters. And this is not only depressing to the spirits, but affects the health, dwarfs the mind, and makes one ill at ease any where but at home.

Nasby's "Hannah Jane" is a good illustration of this, and there are a large number of such women all over our country—women old and dwarfed before their time, and little fitted to keep company with the outside world.

And this is not only an injury to themselves but to their families. They stay at home and do so much for their families—serving at tables, mending, making, and planing for the physical wants that they have no time or fitness to attend to the weightier matters required in assisting and educating their families. Any woman to be capable of keeping up with the outdoor knowledge that her husband gains, so as to sympathize with him, must keep up in a measure with the doings and culture of the world, and mingle with it, to a certain extent, as far as her station may demand.

And so in fitting herself for the better companionship and educator of her children, she needs constant culture and a certain mingling with society, not only to keep herself from dullness and becoming rusty, or commonplace, but so as to judge better of the most fit associations and pursuits for her family.

"Mother does n't know any thing of the ways of the world," says a bright young Miss, "she cares only for her housework and patchwork, and rag carpets and such things, with now and then a visit to some old friend. Besides she cares little at home for dress, or having things the way that many others do."

Poor mother! who has toiled and economized for the sake of giving your daughters and sons a better chance in the world than you have had, only to learn when too late, that they cannot look up to your intelligence and experience in things pertaining to their highest good. As to dress, if there is means so the daughters can be well dressed the mother should also be respectably attired. Not in all the fur-belowes of the young girls; but the material should be as rich, and the mother should take pains to be dressed at home afternoons as fitly as the daughters. There is no sense in her looking like a drudge in her work-dress all day, and thus having a feeling of unfitness to see people, or go out of doors at a moment's call. There are many mothers who toil, and spin, and slave, and economize, that the children may have the more, go more, and—in the end learn to be ashamed of their mother. At least, to feel that she does not do justice to herself; little realizing that it is for their sakes she has thus denied herself.

But our work must be done, says the busy woman of the day, and we cannot do all that is required of us at home, and have time for culture, and out door exercise, and society as some seem to think we may. "These writers," said one busy mother to me, "know little about it; let them take our place and see."

It is because many of them do know just how it is, that they urge the breaking the chains and freeing oneself from the heavy loads they take upon themselves. They know that an hour, even a half or a quarter of an hour out of doors and away from household care is more restful than a whole afternoon in the rocking chair over the mending basket. And they know, that with the frame and the spirits a little refreshed by the change, that the work—dropped just where it was—may be taken up with renewed courage for the brief respite from labor and care.

When Grandmother Goodell said that in her day the girls and women had enough spinning to do in the house without spinning street yarn, I think she must have forgotten her own girlhood days, or else they were spent unlike others of her class. For I remember hearing my Grandmother tell of the good old time; of the social fire and easy gatherings among neighbors and friends, as well as their out door employments and recreation. She would tell how the girls every little while would dress up in their best petticoats and short-gowns (of course of their own manufacture) how they would take their carding and spend the afternoon out with one and another of their friends, and then the young men meet with them perhaps, in the evening for a social frolic or a dance.

I have also heard her tell of the husking bees, apple bees, quilting frolics, singing schools, and so forth,

that enlivened their country seclusion, and what merry times they had in those good old days. Then she would talk of the long rides on horseback they would take, and the frequent assistance that the wives and daughters gave in out door employments, especially in helping care for the stock, milking, and various other things that country girls seldom think of doing at the present time.

And because they do not help milk, ride horseback, and get out as their great grandmothers did, there is all the more reason why they need to take themselves out, if only to breathe God's fresh air, and learn more of His works and the beauties around them, than many seem to recognize. Besides, our foremothers did not live in close houses, warmed by stove or furnace, with double windows, so that every possible particle of pure air was shut out, as is the fate of this generation. Truly, we ought to be thankful for a more convenient and comfortable mode of living, and easier methods of performing our labors; and these very things ought to give us only the more time and opportunity for culture, society, and out door exercise, either in riding or walking.

The very season that the New England housewife is most liable to deny herself the privilege of getting out, is the season of all when she most needs to do so, and when all Nature is most thoroughly enjoyable. This is in the budding and blossoming spring time, when every thing seems to call us forth; and lassitude and weakness, that are pretty sure to come with the breaking up of winter, makes it almost impossible for, not a few of us, to stay in doors. But alas! this is woman's busiest season, as we all well know, and for some reason we fail to arrange to have a breathing spell all the spring long. The invariable house cleaning must be done, with a thousand other things that we manage to crowd into the weeks of the blessed, glorious spring time. Then there is the sewing and dressmaking to be attended to—much of which might have been arranged to have had done in the winter, when some of our hard working women wasted their time piecing bits of patchwork, or doing other needless things—and now must lose the beautiful spring in dressmaking, repairing all sorts of garments, with the new devices that fashion demands.

But to come to the gist of the matter, it is often habit more than any thing else that keeps a large portion of womankind uniformly in doors. There is a certain indolence, if I may so call it, about getting out unless there is some stronger incentive than merely to go out. But if there is none, cannot some object be made, or an interest created whereby a walk, or a ride, or a ramble must come into the programme of nearly every day? If our women considered it pleasurable, and from being an enjoyment coming to be a great benefit to health, spirits, and to freshness and vigor of both mind and body, would not more effort be made to take this much needed change in spite of a cold, or a little ailment, or a house full of work on the hands to be done?

Just now is going the rounds in the papers an account of an English no-

bleman who with his daughters spending the winter in Washington walk the length of Pennsylvania avenue daily—a walk of four miles at least, let the weather be what it will, or the walking ever so forbidding. How many of our ladies, those of sedentary habits who scarce take exercise from one day to another, would think of such daily walks? And in the country if women do not need the exercise so much they do need the fresh air and change that an hour out gives them. And here a ride may be preferable in most cases, and few but can command the use of the family horse and carriage for that purpose. On the other hand, ladies who have only a limited amount of in door exercise will be more benefited by a fresh walk, though many have not the ambition to make the effort.

#### LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Six.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

This is a rather one-sided correspondence, dear Alice, I must confess. Still your dainty little notes, short as they are when compared with my long epistles, are as windows through which I look upon your soul and read its innermost life. What did I see in the last one? The glass was somewhat blurred and misty. Perhaps I did not read aright. Shall we talk the matter over quietly, you and I, just as we used to talk over the little troubles and perplexities of your girlhood in the long ago? And will you forgive me if I misinterpret the "signs of the times"? Do not think me presuming or dogmatical. Do not accuse me of a wish to play the part of Sir Oracle. But I want you to be such a happy wife, such a happy mother, Alice! I have trodden the same road in advance of you; but advanced by so little that I can still look back and see every rock, every pitfall, every quicksand; and I should be untrue to you and to our life-long love if I were to utter no warning cry as you approach the hidden danger.

Alice, are you keeping pace with Philip? Are you walking with him, side by side, step by step? Or are you, overburdened perhaps by the weight of unaccustomed cares and responsibilities, lagging by the wayside, while he, impelled by the irresistible laws of his being, moves onward and away from you? Are you growing mentally and spiritually, even as he grows?

Believe me, this is no fancied danger, no chimera, no creature of the imagination, but a real dragon that you must meet and slay. Husbands do grow away from their wives. Wives do grow away from their husbands. And of all the sad sights upon earth there is none sadder than that of such a separation. If "to be wrath with one we love doth work like madness on the brain," even that is preferable to the "daily dying" of such an existence. If those who love grow apart, grow away from each other before marriage, there is for them the speedy, even if painful, resource of a farewell and a turning each into a different path. But for husband and wife who have once grown utterly apart, if the one has lagged so far behind the other

that they do not breathe the same atmosphere, nor occupy the same plane, there is no hope save in God. For them there is no parting of the ways, but only an ever lengthening distance, an ever deepening and darkening void. For your love's sake, for your soul's sake, Alice, look about you and see where you stand.

You are smiling perhaps as you read this, and you say, "But I love Philip, and Philip loves me, dear friend. We are safe. This danger of which you speak will never throw its baleful shadow over our lives."

Will you think it rank heresy, treason to all the hopes and imaginings of your young maidenhood if I say that mere love, such love as school girls dream of, is not of itself a bond sufficient to bind husband and wife together? The love must be there, or their lives are not worth the living. But there must be something besides. There must be a community of thought, a community of interests, a community of hopes and of aspirations. Kisses and caresses, fond words of endearment and tender glances are all well in their way. Nay—I shock you by so cold an admission. God forbid that I should deny that they are absolute necessities to the heart of every loving wife. However it may be with man, woman starves, and her whole nature becomes dwarfed and stunted without them. Yet even she needs more substantial aliment sometimes. She cannot live on love alone.

Did you ever think, dear Alice, that you cannot remain just as you are? Nature never stands still. Neither do souls. If you do not grow, you will dwindle. If you do not advance you will go backward. If you are not five years after your marriage a stronger, a nobler, a better woman than you were when Philip chose you for his wife, you will inevitably have become weaker and less noble, and the tendrils of your soul will clasp themselves less firmly about "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." If the discipline of life does not mold you into a fairer, a loftier womanhood, it will surely disfigure and debase you. It will not leave you just as it found you, no better and no worse.

"But," you will say, "it is so hard for a woman to rise above trivialities. She is caught in a network of petty cares, petty details. Her life is made up of trifles."

Yes, dear, I know it. It is hard. In the compact made between soul and body, the body seems to be the dominant party, and rules woman with a rod of iron. The eating and the drinking and the being clothed, the constantly recurring necessities that must be met and provided for, the making and the mending, the sewing on of buttons and the darning of stockings, the due oversight of chamber and parlor and kitchen and pantry and cellar, the washing of little soiled hands, the smoothing of little ruffled brows, the quieting of disturbed tempers, little and big, the long procession of small cares that march with unbroken ranks through the chambers of a woman's brain, year in and year out, all these do seem to leave but little time or strength for anything else. It is hard. Sometimes it seems like "burning the candle at both ends" when one tries to

live two lives at once—to be Martha and Mary at the same time.

Yet for this very reason we need to make the greater effort. Shut up as women are the greater part of the time, within the four walls of their homes, they need constantly to struggle against the influences that surround them, or their lives will dwindle down to a point—that point being merely the providing for the temporal wants of their families. And “is not the soul more than meat, and the body more than raiment?”

Men grow mentally if not spiritually, from the very nature of things. The constant intercourse with other men, the clashing of mind with mind, engrossing business pursuits, which often tax every energy, and awaken all the dormant powers of the intellect, absorbing political interests, personal participation in the great events of to-day, the absolute necessity of knowing what is being thought and done by the great and good of his own and other lands—man has all these to educate and to inspire him. He can scarcely fail to grow wiser, if not better, as the years roll on, if he merely keeps his ears and his eyes unsealed, and opens his arms to receive the good that is brought to him almost unawares. If he feels the slightest interest in the gigantic enterprises that stir the pulses and fire the brain of this nineteenth century, it is almost a matter of course that his own nature should expand, that he should think more deeply, reason more profoundly, feel more warmly, and that he should grow earnest and self-reliant.

Woman, on the contrary, is in constant danger of degenerating. She may have been in her girlhood an eager student, an ardent lover of art and science. She may have been full of high-toned enthusiasm, and lifted by all lofty aspirations. Yet in a few years after her marriage you may find her—too often you do find her—a tame, spiritless, utterly common-place woman. Why is this? Is marriage the implacable foe of all that is noble and aspiring in woman’s nature?

Very often in two-thirds of the cases, probably, it is simply because she did not start right. It is, perhaps, less her fault than her mistake. Exchanging the careless ease of her girlhood for the onerous position of mistress of the household, eager to discharge her new duties to the very best of her ability, with physical strength it may be, scarcely equal to the demands upon it, she lays aside her book, she drops her pen, the pencil becomes a stranger to her cunning fingers, and her piano stands unopened from month to month. Time and strength are given quantities. She finds that she cannot do everything. But she must live as elegantly as her neighbors, entertain as handsomely, dress as well, and make as good an appearance generally. So she neglects herself. She gives up all self-culture. Perhaps she even ceases to read the newspapers, and knows no more of what is going on in this great, busy world of ours than if she were an inhabitant of the moon.

Dear Alice, I pray you not to make this terrible mistake. Philip needs a friend, a companion in his wife, quite

as much as he needs a housekeeper. “This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone,” applies to the women of to-day as truly as it applied to the Pharisee of old. We must remember always that neither body nor soul can thrive in a disorderly, ill-regulated, unquiet home. Yet at the same time we must bear in mind that we cannot be true wives to our husbands unless we grow as they grow, keeping even pace with them that we may share their thoughts, and their confidence as well as their love. If a man cannot find sympathy, companionship, society at home he will seek it abroad, or else he will become silent, self-absorbed and unsocial.

I am not recommending to you any systematic “course of study.” I am not advising you to undertake profound works of science, or philosophy. I know very well that just now you have no time, and probably no inclination for anything of the sort. It is not necessary. But I do beg you to keep yourself alive. A woman may as well be dead as to be a *mere* housekeeper. It is almost as bad as being a *poor* one! Make it a point to read something every day, if it is no more than half a dozen stanzas of some fine poem, or a single chapter of vital, stimulating prose. You used to be a rapid reader, and I hope that you are still one. In this work-a-day world of ours, where “art is long and time is fleeting,” it is a great blessing to be able to read rapidly and yet understandingly; to be able to express the juice from the orange without troubling one’s self with the rind and the seeds.

And do not be afraid of good stories. Many a novelist, now-a-days, is as truly a preacher, as truly an apostle of the good, the pure and the true as was St. Paul himself. Many a truth solemn as Life, irresistible as Death and vast as Eternity, comes to us from the lips of those who teach, as Christ taught, “in parables.”

#### THE RIGHTS OF HOME.

Our homes have certain rights of which by a strange inconsistency in this age of fierce clamor for rights, individual and universal, they are often defrauded. In the first place they have a right to us; not only to our presence as an influence within them. Everybody is aware of that dual quality of the mind which gives it a sort of double aspect, and makes it quite possible for a person to be in two places at a time. Apparently, for example, Mr. Jones has returned from business, it being five in the afternoon. His coat and hat are hanging in the hall, he has put on the dressing gown and slippers carefully laid out for him by his wife, and he is sitting in his easy chair, listlessly holding the evening paper.

“Hush, children, pa is tired,” whispers Mrs. Jones as the children make a noise in their play, and she casts a compassionate glance at the tired face. It would not be so tired if Mr. Jones himself were there. The fact is that for the time he is really absent, with in calling distance it is true, but so far as his true self is concerned he is in the Stock Exchange. The things

that occupied him at noon, occupy him now; he hears a babel of voices, and sees anxious, flurried faces, and rouses with a start and coming back to the fact feeling that he is in his own parlor only when the bell rings for tea.

Hundreds of men do this every day. They have no time to get acquainted with their children. They see in the general way that they are clean and wholesome looking, they pay the quarterly school bills, and they grudge no expense in the matter of shoes and overcoats. They dimly remember that they once courted their wives, and said tender things in pleasant parlors, where the cheerful gas light shed its glow, or on moonlight evenings under the rustling leaves. The time for that has quite gone by, and they would feel as bashful as a school-boy were they to essay a compliment now to the lady at the end of the table. They have forgotten that home has its inalienable rights, and among them first and chiepest the right to their personal presence. Nothing rests a man or woman who has been busy about one set of things better than a total change of employment or feeling. A nap on the lounge is all very well, but after half an hour of it, if the most tired man will shake off dull sleep, and have a romp with the children, or a game of bo-peep with the baby, he will be rested much more thoroughly than if he drowses away the whole evening, as too many weary business men do.

Our homes have a right to cheerfulness. There is no skeleton at the feast worse than a gloomy temper. We have known households which were always under an eclipse, because some one member chose to consider herself a continual martyr. It was not a slip of the pen that made us use the feminine pronoun there, for we say it with all deference to the gentler sex, women are given to the sulks far more generally than men. A man flames up and is done with it, if he happens to have an irascible temper, but a woman nurses her wrath to keep it warm, and it smoulders away like a fire that means to be a long time going out.

Now, neither men nor women belonging to a family have a right, however they enjoy it themselves, to wear long faces and injured looks, and funereal aspects in the privacy of their domestic circle. Be cross, if you please, anywhere else, but at home be cheerful, patient and considerate.

Our homes have another right, too, which is sometimes lost sight of. They are our castles, of course, but, unlike the castle of the middle ages, they are not surrounded by moats and approached by drawbridge and portcullis. They have only a thin door between themselves and the outer world, and it is well that the magnetic tide of communication between the world and them should not be interrupted. To this end let them be flooded with good reading. There is no extravagance in taking several newspapers, in having new books, and in buying pictures and chromos. When these shall be thought necessities, and some of our present necessities in the way of dress and food shall be called luxuries, our homes will be perceptibly elevated.—*National Weekly.*

#### OUR GARDEN FENCE.

BY CLARISSA POTTER.

We keep hens at our house, and those who likewise have the trial of these fowls, will understand how much is expressed in these few words. That is, if they are ambitious to cultivate a flower garden and have no protection or fence for it. Keeping hens under such circumstances means uprooted plants, choice seeds devoured, and all kinds of aggravating havoc persistently carried on among your treasures,

Our house fronts the southwest, and across the door-yard is a sunny, sloping field, in the nearest corner of which I have dug and weeded and sowed seeds year after year, and in which generation after generation of our hens have just as faithfully scratched, and burrowed, and rasped my temper. To have a part of this field protected with a picket fence and raise vegetables and fruit in the space inclosed, was my childish ambition. But father thought he could not afford it—fencing costs so much, besides there was no profit in flowers, and as for vegetables we could raise them as his father had—plow up a little patch of land anywhere in the fields far enough from the house to be out of danger of straying hens, and there plant a few beets, turnips and cranberry beans. Cabbages we could never have for the cattle must be turned in the field as soon as the corn was harvested. For the same reason we were denied squashes and melons. Even the roots had to be gathered so early they would wilt and spoil before spring. When the season was dry we women folks would stagger across the fields, carrying pailful after pailful of washing suds and water the rows of languishing beans and cucumbers.

One summer, I lamed my side carrying water, and was so badly off father looked still more careworn, and said if the money could only be raised to buy pickets he would gladly give us as much of the south field as we wanted for a garden. To have him say that was worth the laming of my side, I thought, and all that fall and winter I was contriving how I could earn money to buy the fence. But there were so many of us to feed and clothe, and the little boys’ boots and school books cost so much and wore out so fast, I hadn’t the heart to put by the money for the fence that I earned knitting sale feeting and helping the neighbors now and then about their housework, when father looked so tired and anxious and mother so careworn. The next summer came and went, the summer I was fifteen, and I fought the hens early and late among my flowers, the same as in other years, and as I had not done in other years let vegetables dry up and die for want of care; but my side still troubled me and mother said it was too hard for me to carry water so far. I tried to raise a few melons and strawberries in beds near my flowers that summer. I drove sticks of kindling wood close together all around the plants and was hopeful the hens could not fly over them to scratch out the plants or eat the berries. But they did. Every morning I was awakened

by their happy little crows and contented caws being wafted through my open window, and hastily dressing would find them burrowing under some favorite flower and energetically kicking the dirt high over their heads among my strawberries plants. They eat every blossom before it had time to set and tossed my melon vines outside the stake fence I labored so hard to construct—just to show their spite I thought.

The next spring Charlie and Willie were large enough to help me, and we tapped fifty sugar maples, near the house. An uncle who was sick and unable to make use of his sugar berth that year, loaned us his sap buckets, boiler, kettles, sap barrel, etc. I wish I could live over again that spring, we were so happy and busy making maple syrup. Everything favored us. Such a "run" had not been known for years. Every morning we took the sap barrel on a hand sled and run over the hard crust gathering sap till the barrel was as full as we could comfortably haul home. Some mornings we would have to go back and forth several times, there was so much sap to be gathered. Father was sick with rheumatism and said all he was good for was to tend the kettles in which we boiled it down. They hung on cranes over the great open fire-place in the summer kitchen. Not a very good way for making syrup but better than none. We made fifteen gallons of nice thick syrup. It was light colored, too, in spite of the iron kettles, for mother strained it and clarified it just right with eggs and milk. We sold ten gallons at the store at \$1.50 per gallon.

When the storekeeper paid me the money I said to myself "Now I will certainly speak to father about that fence," but I could not have the heart to, when I overheard him and mother anxiously planning how to make the money go as far as it possibly could, and learned how many ways they had for it to be spent. What we did not consume of the remaining five gallons we kept, as father thought syrup might bring a better price later in the year.

When the snow had nearly melted and laid only in dirty drifts across my flower beds, I looked for the kindling stakes that once surrounded them and found most of them lying flat in the mud while the others were canting toward every point of the compass. I stood leaning over the fence wondering if ever I should have such a garden as my heart wished, and crying a little about it, I felt so discouraged, when father came by and seeing my forlorn face, said "Little daughter has picket fence on the brain again. Well, well, you and the boys may have the rest of the syrup to sell and let that go as far as it will toward it," and then walked away just as though he had made an every day remark and had not made me the happiest child in the world. I scampered to the house and told mother. She was almost as glad as I but said we must keep at least one gallon for our own use. I measured what was left, after deducting this, and found we had three gallons to sell. It would bring \$4.50, but would that buy the fence? We could not tell. The next time

Charlie went to the village he inquired about it at the saw mill and they told him the fencing would cost us 75 cents a rod, but if we furnished the lumber, about 30 cents.

Father said we could have for a garden as much of the field as we could fence and pay for ourselves. We measured off a piece nearly five rods square and found we should need twenty rods of fencing. At 75 cents a rod this would amount to \$15, which we could not afford. We must either inclose a smaller piece of ground or find the lumber for our fence. Even in this case we must pay \$6.

Willie told uncle Amos of our troubles and how much we wanted a large garden, for sometime we meant to fill it with grape vines, currants, cherry trees, etc. Uncle Amos told him of a great pine tree in his woods that was dying, and we were welcome to it if we could get it cut and hauled to the mill. Father said he would do that much for us, and in less than a week the tree laid before the saw mill door waiting to be sawed into posts, rails and pickets. Meanwhile, there were the six dollars to be derived from some source. If we sold our syrup as such it would bring \$4.50. Mother proposed we boil it more, and when it would sugar pour it into her little scalloped baking tins, and sell the cakes. She helped us boil it to the right consistency, and then we would fill the twelve little tins, and when they were cool turn them out and fill the dishes again. We made a hundred and fifty of these little maple sugar cakes. I wish you could have seen them when they were all spread out on the buttery shelves to cool and dry.

Mother had a friend in Boston who kept a confectionary shop and in answer to our letter he wrote he would take the lot at six cents a cake. After paying the express bill we had left \$8.50. I helped a neighbor about her housework several days and in payment she let one of her sons dig the post holes for us and set the posts. The boys and I fitted the rails and nailed on the pickets. After the fence was done we whitewashed it.

We have rows of gooseberry and currant bushes in our garden, half a dozen damson trees, two large strawberry beds, and a dozen grape vines besides our flowers and vegetables. We have all the berries we want for our own use and sell enough each year to buy new varieties of seeds, trees and vines. When our garden is older and we have cherries and grapes to sell also, we intend laying a pipe from the sink to the garden so we can have all the waste water for our garden. We have to work hard, to keep out the weeds, but we enjoy it.

If ever I feel triumphant and defiant, it is when I am in the garden among the thrifty, undisturbed flowers and luscious berries, and see the hens outside stalking round the fence, canting their hateful heads this way and that to peer through the pickets before fruitlessly striving to crowd their evil bodies through. The flowers seem to laugh at them, the strawberries blush and ripen, the currants feel safe, and the boys and I pelt them with clods of earth and shout, "No, you don't!"

#### THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

BY AUNT ADDIE.

Each and every class of the community is divided into grades and degrees, from the positive to the negative, the fine to the superfine. So, in the sphere of home-life, whose first circles of influences are so narrow, the mothers are the motive powers—despots, whose examples mold the future years of those who are now passive under their dominance. The incipient ideas of babyhood are those that give tone and color to all future character, "My mother taught me thus," or "Mother always did so," uttered with a touch of tender pride, are words we constantly hear reiterated.

Are these mothers methodical, neat and thrifty in their habits, so will the children be, following unquestioningly her silent leadings. On the contrary, does disorder and confusion reign supreme about them, are the exclamations they most frequently hear, "I really do not know where I laid it," "I can't find it," or "I'll look for it," etc., so surely will the little ones grow up into contracting the same slovenly, miserably slack habits.

Are not our own most tenacious personalities those which have grown with our growth? Realizing this fact, shall not we who are the cynosure of these critically observant eyes, and ever imitating beings, strive to attain that happy medium in the management of our domestic matters, which realizes a greater degree of perfection than the laxity on the one side which amounts to slatternliness, or the extreme of rigorously on the other which would stamp us as "permickerty." Shall we not make our wordless teachings so effective that when we are hidden from mortal sight our example shall live in succeeding generations? Not by spasmodic paroxysms of action in plain, positive, homely everyday duties shall so good an object be obtained, but by constant plodding attention to the petty details and small niceties of the ever-daily recurring duties of our homes.

In some natures there is a wealth of energy that is predominant under all circumstances. Every obstacle is rendered oblivious by the potent magic of its power. No neutral course of action is theirs. Their ideas of duty are fixed and exact. Method is the law of their hearts, and the ways of their households are modeled thereupon. There are times, seasons and places for all domestic work and utensils. Bridget's plea that "one place is as good as another," carries no weight with it. Each closet and shelf, each bureau draw and box has its own identical article, and table linen is never usurped by bed linen, napkins are never allowed to repose on the spot sacred to towels, or blankets where counterpanes have been placed. The domestic economy moves smoothly along without delays or interruptions. When any given article is needed for instant use there is no time wasted in a general hunt for it by all the family—you know just where to find it, and could almost put your hand on it in the dark.

There is no effort needed to bring about this orderly state of affairs, it

comes quite naturally and is perfectly consistent. It is not an overstrained precision that drives all comfort and happiness from our hearths and makes our home a terror to our friends who really think twice and take a long time about it before venturing near our doors. It is nothing of this sort, but merely a well-ordered, tidy government that is as quiet and effective in its workings as the cheerful, ever-welcome sunshine. No matter how suave and pleasant the tones, how cheerful and reassuring the smile that greets you upon entering your friend's portals, you feel most uncomfortable if you have the mat hinted at in the most pointed style. To be told, as soon as you have crossed the doorsill, that in this state of the streets it is necessary to scrub one's boots off thoroughly, that even a succession of mats is almost insufficient for their cleansing, if one does not wish to spoil the carpets and leave a mountain of sand behind one, to be told this, I say, is not conducive to a cheerful state of mind.

You heartily wish you hadn't any feet, and are in constant misery to know where to put them, but as they are fixed facts, and cannot be gotten rid of very readily by a simple wish, you mentally resolve never to enter this house again unless the walking is beyond criticism, or you can follow in the wake of the street sweepers. Such persons take no pleasure themselves in their homes—they are afraid of having a window open for fear the fresh sweet air of heaven may bring in a grain of dust to settle on some household god, or perhaps an adventurous fly might leave his sign manual. Sunshine is banished, for in the long golden rays do not motes sail free to settle where they choose? Should the husband be so unhappy as to spatter some drops of gravy on the immaculate table-cloth, he looks aghast, poor man; not at his wife, oh no! but at the dreadful spots which one would suppose to be as terrible as the stain upon Fatima's key, which no scrubbing or scouring could erase, and which told of decapitation and death.

There are other easy-going, good-natured sort of people, who are glad and happy to take things as they come. Is the kitchen angel a specimen of neatness, they are overjoyed and expatiate to all listeners upon the treasure they have secured; or does she on the contrary ignore all laws of method and of cleanliness, madame laughingly admits, "Oh it's frightful; but what can one do, these servants are shocking to be sure, but one cannot do without them." That settles the question. Personal obligation does not come in her category of virtues—merely a simple, childlike dependence on the present domestic incumbent. We shudder when we seat ourselves at the table of these happy people.

Our light-heartedness is dampened and somehow we feel cross-grained and injured as we view the creased linen, the dingy dishes, placed in all sorts of angles except right angles, we are glad when we can get away, and hope our really amiable, kind-hearted friends will not think it necessary to invite us soon again. Order and cleanliness are God-given attributes, and every house loses its most

attractive charm without their all-pervading influence. But there is a happy medium, which all sensible housewives will seek to emulate, feeling that therein lies a lever of influences whose momentum shall be felt long years after the force which gave rise to it has died away.

## CHARGE IT.

A simple little sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered as one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is hard to deny one's self of the same when they can be obtained by saying "charge it." But this habit of getting articles, however small the charge may be, without paying for them, keeps one's funds in a low state most of the time.

"I have no money to-day, but should like the article very much."

"Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it."

"Well, I will take it, and you may charge it."

And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another, till the young man is surprised at his liabilities.

In many instances, if the cash were required, the purchase would not be made, even had the person the money by him; but to some, getting the article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent.

Still, when pay day comes, as always it does, this delusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

If there is an actual necessity of making a purchase, and the means are not at hand, there is a reasonable excuse for obtaining the same on credit; but when the article can be dispensed with until payment can be made, it is much to the advantage of the purchaser to do so.

## CORRESPONDENTS' CORNER.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish, through your paper, to inform "Mrs. J. J. Buchanan," of "Andrew Jackson Co., Iowa," that if she will let me know the name of her postoffice (the postmark on her letter not being discernable) I will send her a "calladium esculentum," in exchange for what she mentions.

H. M.

Roswell, Ga.

The postoffice address of Mrs. Buchanan is Andrew, (Jackson Co.,) Iowa. The omission of a comma was the cause of your difficulty in understanding it.

Thanks to the three sisters who, in sending for patterns, have written to me enclosing stamps. For the kind letter from Baltic, Ct., and for the words of appreciation contained in it and in the letter from Newburgh, N. Y., regarding my articles, the two sisters have the sincere thanks of a grateful heart.

GLADDYS WAYNE.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I wish to explain to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD why Meta has not fulfilled her promise to send descriptions and

samples of worsted flowers to those who wished them. She had been in feeble health since the death of her little boy, nearly two years ago, and her symptoms seemed tending toward consumption. Several months ago she was induced by the advice of physicians and friends to try the bracing and health-giving air of Minnesota, but it was too late. On the 12th day of November her spirit took its flight to that happy land, where sorrow never comes, and flowers never fade, and all that was mortal of a dear and only daughter was returned to her sorrowing parents in Massachusetts. Your paper was among her choicest treasures, and it will henceforth have a double value to her afflicted

MOTHER.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

I. L. Cragin & Co., 119 So. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received my sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, some four weeks since, and was so charmed with it that I immediately ordered two boxes of it from the agents at Kansas City, Butterfield & Co.; one for my own use, and one for the grocery store, for the benefit of my friends to whom I wished to recommend it. Since the box of soap came, I have been so busy going from one thing to another, which the soap revives and beautifies, that I could not take the time to write you until now, my opinion of the soap. Without hesitation, I say it is the most wonderful soap I ever saw. I can not compare it with any other soap, it is so much superior. I have used it in every imaginable way and it has never failed me. It brings a relief and relaxation as regards my work, which I have never heretofore known. The thoroughness and quickness with which it cleanses everything perfectly astonishes me. Not a day passes but I say—"Thanks, thanks, for Dobbins' Electric Soap!" I shall never use any other as long as I can get it, and my grocer tells me he will always keep it in stock.

MRS. M. J. McCULLOUGH.  
Lawrence, Kansas.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I hope all the readers of the HOUSEHOLD are using Dobbins' Electric Soap. Learning of this soap through your columns, has repaid me for my subscription to the HOUSEHOLD as long as it is published, which I hope will be for many years.

MRS. L. BENSON.

Lime Springs, Iowa.

MR. CROWELL.—Dobbins' Electric Soap, after a trial, has much pleased us. I think a bar will easily do two large washings, and the soap is the cheapest and best for all purposes hot water is used for, that we have ever tried. I think it does away with a third of the work and also saves and preserves clothes. Our grocer is go-

ing to keep it and I shall recommend it to all my friends far and near.

MISS E. M. ROWE.

Marengo, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I cannot keep house without Dobbins' Electric Soap. I cannot get along with any other. It is far superior to anything I ever used.

MRS. J. S. MONK.

Onawa, Iowa.

MR. CROWELL:—Some time since, I sent for a sample bar of the renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, and after having given it a fair trial I can conscientiously pronounce it the very best soap I ever used.

MRS. S. M. TWOGOOD.

Strawberry Valley, Yuba Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap the past year, and find it all it is recommended to be.

MRS. S. BULLEN

Great Works, Maine.

Miss Frances E. Willard, who has been so successfully working with Moody and Sankey, is to deliver the Baccalaureate Address to the graduating class at Lasell Seminary Auburndale, Mass., in June.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

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" 6. 12 Chrysanthemums, 6 varieties, 1.00	" 14. 16 Verbena, 16 best named varieties, 1.00	
" 7. 12 Gladioli, 1.00	" 15. 12 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 1.00	
" 8. 12 Carnations, 6 varieties, 1.00	" 16. 15 Plants, my choice, from above list, 1.00	

## 6 Plants for 50 Cents.

No. 17. 6 Winter flowering plants, 6 var'l's, 50 cts.	No. 21. 6 Salvia, 4 varieties, 50 cts.
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## 10 Plants for \$1.00.

No. 24. 10 Tea and Bourbon Roses, \$1.00	No. 27. 10 Ferns, 5 varieties, \$1.00
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No. 29. Any 3 plants from first two lists, with the following 9, for \$1.00: 1 German Ivy, 1 Rose Geranium, 1 Lemon Verbena, 1 Amaryllis, 1 Tradescantia, 1 Achyranthes, 1 Centaurea, 1 Artillery Plant, 1 Cigar Plant.

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The above are grown in small pots, well rooted, and will be carefully packed and labeled, postage prepaid, and each package warranted to reach the purchaser in good condition. Prices given refer only to this list, those selecting from catalogue will be charged catalogue prices. No orders will be sent for less than \$1.00. Directions for the treatment of plants when received sent with each package. A descriptive circular of above varieties will be mailed free to all who apply.

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#### SOMETHING ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

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The book contains 376 pages, and embraces an immense amount of valuable information, showing great labor and care in its collection and preparation. It gives all necessary facts for an advertiser to know about 8,574 separate publications, while it is also interesting and valuable for the general reader, the student of American periodical literature, and the observer of American institutions. The book is sold at the low price of \$1.00 per copy.

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PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

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CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written. We will do the best we can in all cases, but if persons will send us puzzles they mustn't be surprised if we don't always guess right.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

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of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 83 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

TAKE NOTICE.—Our readers have doubtless seen the advertisement of Leamom's Dyes. These dyes are very highly praised by those who have used them, and we offer them as premiums to our friends in the full confidence that they will prove to be first-class in every respect. They are put up in neat packages, each color separate, and—with the exception of the *Black*, which is a liquid—can be sent safely by mail. To any one already a subscriber, who will send us one new subscription, we will forward a package of these dyes postpaid—for two new subscriptions we will send three packages, and for a club of five we will send by express the full set of twelve packages. Full directions accompany each package together with a beautiful sample card.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or special authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send three numbers *on trial—postage paid*—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. As an inducement to our readers to make an effort in that direction we will give a

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In the mission life of Mrs. Ingalls, in Burmah, is well told in the "Baptist Messenger," relating how she was sent for to visit one of the Buddhist high priests, who had been nearly killed; and how, while in the most holy place in their temple, where none but priests had ever before been admitted, she was permitted unrebuked to use for him the sacred vessels, which none but the high priest dare touch, and to even overturn and sit on one of their gods to rest; all through the magic influence of the Pain Killer, called by them the "God medicine," so successfully had she used it in curing their many diseases, some of them considered heretofore fatal to that climate, among which were cholera, liver complaint, dyspepsia, the bites of venomous reptiles, &c. This speaks volumes for the Pain Killer.—London Times.

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