



The household. Vol. 17, No. 9 September 1884

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, September 1884

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/SNTRM4UBS7HSE86>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Vol. 17.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1884.

No. 9.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

The Veranda.**THE PRINCE.**

September waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields,
A-playing with the swallows.

The corn has listened for his step;
The maples blush to greet him;
And gay, coqueting sumac dons
Her velvet cloak to meet him.

Come to the hearth, O merry Prince!
With flaming knot and ember;
For all your tricks of frosty eves,
We love your ways, September!

—Eileen Mackay Hutchinson.

THE MODEL FARM BARN.

TO CONSTRUCT a model barn which shall combine economy of construction with abundance of storage room, convenience for performing labor, and healthy quarters for stock is a problem that has occupied the minds of many farmers and also of architects and builders, and the results, though various, have seldom been entirely satisfactory. The old-fashioned barn of New England, with its threshing floor in the middle, its ranges of cattle upon each side, standing heads toward the floor, and its scaffolds over the cattle, and the high scaffold over the threshing floor, with perhaps a part of one side set out for a hay mow, was defective in some respects. The cattle stalls were too low between joints, so that a six-foot farmer could not stand erect. The breath of the cattle and the steam from the manure behind them passed up through the whole barn, and imparted more or less flavor to the hay; they were not usually made sufficiently light for the farmer to see to work there without opening the doors, regardless of the cold in winter.

The building of the cellar under the barn, for the purpose of storing the manure made in the tie-up above, was a very good arrangement for having manure of good quality, but it was bad in many other respects. The whole building was scented with the effluvia of the manure heap; horses' eyes were made sore, and their lungs often affected by the powerful fumes of the ammonia generated in the decomposing mass below them. Paint and varnish were taken off the carriages, and harness leather was rotted by the same cause, while too often the open cellar underneath served as a refrigerator for the whole building, and the cold air of the winter came up through the floor, so that it was often nearly as cold in the barn as out of doors.

The model barn, when it is built, will be free from these faults. It will stand upon ground so nearly level that the teams can enter at one end and go out at the other, thus avoiding backing or turning round. The driveway will be wide enough for the entrance of a good-sized load of hay, and probably wide enough for one light carriage to pass another in the floor, and the space under the scaffold, upon each side, will be high enough to permit the farmer to stand erect, which will give better air for the stock thus housed.

The cellar under the main building will not be intended either for keeping poultry or swine, or for the manure heaps, but will be well adapted for storage of roots, of all kinds, which should never be stored in the house cellar. The latter should be used only for storing fruits, preserves, meats for winter use, and possibly for fuel, if there is not a better place outside for that, as there should be when wood is used. It will have an entrance from the outside where the team can bring roots to the door, if not inside the cellar, and another from above by which they can be brought up to the barn without going out of doors in winter, and the outside entrance will have double doors, which will effectually shut out the cold air of winter. It will be light enough to see to work at any time of day without a lantern, and the windows will be so arranged as to allow of thorough ventilation in hot weather. If the land be dry enough, and the barn large enough, there may be a place in the cellar for storing carts, sleds, plows, mowing machines and other tools, but especially for those which are used only a few months in the year. Even when the cellar is naturally a little damp it can be used for that purpose, if wood work is painted once a year, and iron work is kept well oiled.

The cattle will stand upon one side of the driveway in stalls large enough to give them room to lie down comfortably. A tight flooring between the cattle and the mow above, and a swinging door in front of them, will keep their breath, also the odor from themselves and their excrements, from tainting the hay, or scenting the barn, while their droppings will be put outside into a shed intended for that purpose. If the ground slopes sufficiently the windows for throwing out the manure will be low enough for convenient handling. This shed or manure pit will have a cemented bottom and sides, so that no part of the liquids with their valuable salts can be lost, and a series of pipes under the stable floors will conduct all the liquids into this pit. It may be desirable for the house slops and soap suds to be conducted through the out-house vaults and water closets, so that all their accumulations will be deposited with the manure from the stables.

Opposite the cattle will be a grain room, on the other side of the driveway, and near the center of it, so that there will not be much travel required to give

the stock their grain. If the horses are kept under the same roof as the cattle there will be a harness room, and a room for the family carriages, and business wagons, opening out of the driveway, and perhaps shut off from it by sliding doors. If the barn be large enough there may also be a tool room, where the smaller tools can be kept. In this room should be provided a bench, and such carpenters' tools as will enable the farmer to do such little jobs of mending broken implements as he has skill for and can find time to do upon rainy days.

Some farmers may think it necessary to have apparatus for cutting hay and roots, and possibly a horse power for driving them, located at some convenient point in the building, or the power may be in an adjoining shed and connected by belts with the machines, which will not take up much room in the barn. If many roots are to be fed there should be an elevator for bringing them from the cellar below, and where ensilage is fed from a silo attached to the barn or near by, a track upon which the truck that brings it from the silo can run will save much labor. The building will be well lighted by windows, and have doors in convenient places, so that it will not be necessary to go around the barn on the outside after going out of it to reach any place where it is necessary to go frequently from the barn—the house, henry, piggy or other sub-buildings.

The barn will be high posted, so that there may be sufficient room for storing hay, and horse hay forks and hay carriers will make easy work of putting the hay upon the scaffold in any part of the building, and the scaffold above the driveway will be so arranged that it can be taken up in such place or places as to allow convenient handling of hay. If water can be conveniently obtained by pipes or even from a pump, it may easily be so planned that it can flow by the animals in their stalls, so that they may be watered without being turned out of doors in cold, stormy weather.

Other arrangements may be made, such as providing calf pens, bins for holding absorbents for use in the stables, etc., as the fancy of the owner may dictate, but the sheep, swine and poultry should have no place in the barn with the cattle or the horses. There should be doors to shut up each part or room in the barn, from the other parts, and all doors on outside and inside should slide upon rollers rather than swing upon hinges. Such a structure, when well insured, with its contents, against fire and lightning, might well be called a model barn.—*Am. Cultivator.*

—About this time begin to crowd the feed to the swine, and any other animals intended for fattening. It will take much less corn to make a pound of flesh now than it will in November. The same is true of the poultry; if intended to be ready for Thanksgiving it is better to begin to fatten them early.

The Drawing Room.**VISITORS AND VISITORS.**

BY RUTH WHITNEY.

WE HAVE been entertaining company and I speak from experience when I declare that there are visitors and visitors. The first comers were some country cousins. Only some forty miles from home, it had taken them years to make up their minds to visit us and we were really so glad to see them that we wanted to make every thing enjoyable. They had been so long engrossed with farm work and farm thoughts that now there seemed no middle ground upon which we might meet. We tried music—they enjoyed our playing; literature—the current newspaper topics were all their busy lives could compass; church interests—but they were not church people. One thing remained, and I fear we made life something of a burden to them by keeping them active, walking or riding here and there to see objects of real or imaginary interest; but it seemed kinder than listening to the solemn ticking of the clock.

Our second experience was in the coming of a young lady whose father had died some months previously. We hoped the change might prove a diversion to her in her grief. She came and with her came an air of gloom which settled over our cheerful dwelling. We were reminded by every one of her dainty belongings that she was in mourning. We ventured one day to bring up the custom of dressing in deep mourning, stating as our opinion it was both a useless expenditure of time, strength and money, moreover it was very depressing to one's spirits and I added, "If one of my dear ones dies, I may wear simple black but nothing more." Instantly came in clear cut tones the response "I would either do the whole or nothing."

She is a Christian, her father was a Christian and died after years of acute suffering, why mourn?

She was an only child and now left with a mother whose heart was set on her comfort, a full purse, many friends and a life of grand opportunities opening before her, what more had she a right to ask? To show how little things influence us in our estimate of character, father, whose approval she would fain have won, turned his back on her, metaphorically speaking, after he saw her pass out of the kitchen, one particularly busy morning without offering to help in any way. "She might have wiped your dishes at least," he grumbled. I suppose she never thought of it, or if so, thought it was really a little thing, but in the first case, or in either, for that matter, selfishness was at the root of the action.

I'm awfully sorry for people who don't think how they can help this one and that. We had a neighbor once who, with

a fine horse and carriage, never seemed to dream of using them for the good of his invalid brothers and sisters. Daily the hired man exercised the horse, he must not suffer. I suppose a man of fifty or sixty who has denied his generous impulses all his life must have a rather narrow range of heart sympathies.

But to conclude, I must speak of our last visitor. She was a little woman in black but somehow you never thought it meant mourning in her case. Many years ago she had buried her heart in her husband's grave, but, as she is a living Christian, that doesn't hinder her from being bright and sunny with

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

When she came I was suffering from sore throat, her first helpfulness was to advise camphor and glycerine in equal parts to apply externally. She brought some of her paintings for our special benefit and before she had been in the house an hour we were planning what brushes and paints would be necessary so we might reap the fullest good from her visit. A walk down town resulted in the purchase of a yard and a quarter of satin ribbon, thirty-one cents, which was cut into four equal lengths to be painted for book marks; two pie-tins, five cents each, which can have rings soldered to the back, to be painted as plaques, and sundry paints and brushes. The book marks received one a rose, another a spray of goldenrod, a third daisies and grasses, so easy and always pretty, and the last a violet and leaves. This last a beautiful color from mauve, all our work being in oils. The plaques were really, when completed, quite impressive and just the thing to practise on. The edge was painted yellow which can be gilded or not as one fancies. We had some cunning shells which I wondered how we could show off, so Mrs. Duncan made some hair-pin easels, just precisely the thing. Take a long hair-pin, turn the points up three-quarters of an inch, bend so the head will rest on the table as a stay to the first curve, spread the pin so as to make it a firm support. We had a number of pretty little panels painted and as they seemed hardly large enough to frame they were standing about here and there, these she proposed to frame as follows: Take pasteboard the size of the picture and frame, from two to three inches margin will be ample, put some loops of strong thread in to hang the picture by, then fasten the picture securely in place and cover pieces of board the right size with black velvet or plush of suitable color to set off the picture. It really disposes of them to good advantage relieving the mantel and brackets of what sometimes seems a burden.

There's a pretty gift in the shape of a scissors case may be some one would like to make. Take ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, measure off seven inches and double it, placing between the lengths some stiff material like canvass, sew the edges over and over with silk to match the ribbon. Previously work on the outside the word scissors in silk or beads; I think the latter prettier. Take a hair-pin and bend the points out so it looks like an elongated eye and securely fasten this to the upper end (back side) of your sheath; this is to fasten it into the belt or apron. An inch and a half below work a loop across the ribbon through which the point of the scissors may pass to a heart-shaped leather receptacle for the points situated quite at the lower end. Below this make another loop for a hook which is sewed at the end of a yard of ribbon fastened on here and intended to be used for the scissors when they are in play. Bows at each end of the sheath finish this dainty little article.

RECREATION AND SOCIETY.

Nobody doubts the truth of Mr. Herbert Spencer's parting charge against us, that we work too hard. We are all waking up to the fact that such ideas of recreation as we have hitherto held need revising. "Change works" is not "play," the proverb to the contrary notwithstanding; and therefore the clubs and literary societies and lecture-courses and "missions" which make up so much of our social life do not answer the whole purpose of recreation. We need to be reminded that the a in amusement is private, and that not musement (or thinking) is what we require.

No one who thinks on the subject at all questions that the best form of recreation is to be found in society. The mistake lies in fancying that society is to be found in a club, or a clique, or an association. A number of people meeting for the promotion of an end, whether literary, aesthetic, philanthropic, or even social, are not society. They are a business association, though their object be ever so trivial, and the spirit of earnestness, of exclusiveness, the sense of duty, however slight, which inevitably exists to a certain degree in such an association, deprive it in just that degree, alike of its recreative and of its social character. Society is composed of people of both sexes, of various ages, of different interests, and, to a certain degree, of various ranks. A congregation of birds of a feather, however brilliant their plumage, is not society. This substitution of a false for a true idea of recreation is largely due to the increasing luxury and complexity of life. Social recreation requires a certain simplicity of life; it also requires leisure, to which also simplicity is essential. But these are the conditions of which we are the most destitute.

Leisure was our early morning sacrifice to the demon of work, and simplicity has gone up as the evening incense to the same insatiate power. And with all our work, our wealth is no more increased than is that of the miser who hoards his gold for its own sake, for we do but turn it into its equivalent in dress and ornament and equipage, instead of buying with it the leisure to enjoy and the culture which heightens the capacity of enjoyment. Well-employed leisure is, indeed, a source of wealth, though money may not be, for leisure gives us the opportunity to cultivate valuable acquaintances, who are a veritable acquisition. If the ornaments of a house are the guests who frequent it—and none of us will quarrel with Emerson in saying so—that house is meanly adorned which is magnificently furnished and yet seldom opens its doors in hospitality.

And while recreation in its best form adds to our substantial wealth, it does not require the sacrifice of much money. Taste, simplicity, elegance of mind, are its true promoters. Madame Le Brun tells of the Greek supper which she gave to a select few of her friends, at which all the dishes, the decoration of the room, the attendants' costumes, and her own dress, were in strictly classical style. The entertainment was a perfect success, and created a sensation not in Paris alone, but all over Europe. It was reported to have cost twenty thousand francs; the report grew as it spread, until in Rome the story went that it cost forty thousand, in Vienna the figures were raised to sixty, and at St. Petersburg to eighty thousand francs. As a matter of fact, it cost just fifteen francs in money; the rest it owed to the exquisite taste and rare economy of the hostess, and to her tact in the choice of convives to carry out her happy inspiration.

Not many women have the social genius of Madame Le Brun, and we find, alas!

that money ill supplies its place. Happily, the qualities which compose this kind of genius are cultivable—simplicity, unselfishness, economy, tact, refinement, cheerfulness, wit. Not one of these is absolutely beyond the power of any woman.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Conservatory.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toll,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Uprising day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

—*Mary Howitt.*

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Thirty.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

I HAVE been requested by different individuals, since I have been a correspondent of this paper, to give the history of certain plants or flowers. The following, which is in part copied, will answer all inquiries:

It has been said that every flower has a history, and some of them very remarkable ones. Some of them have histories that from their legendary character have never been translated from the books and parchments of the olden time, where they are written in languages that are not generally understood.

It seems that naturalists do not agree as to the native country of the tulip. A tradition linking its history with that of the Wandering Jew, says that it was brought to Constantine the Great, by that unfortunate individual as a symbol of adaptability. The earliest reliable history of the tulip dates from the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was brought to Holland from Turkey by a Dutch merchant, but Conrad Gesner seems to have been the one who brought it into repute, and so great was the excitement among all classes over this flower, that the period is known in history as the time of the tulip mania. It nearly ruined the nation, and many who were reputed to be wealthy became very poor. The market price of one variety, *sempervivus Augustus*, was in amount, twenty-five hundred dollars in gold.

The rose is the national emblem of England. When the two rival families of York and Lancaster fought for the English crown, the House of York adopted for its badge the white rose, the House of Lancaster the red rose, and so it is chronicled in history as the War of the Roses. When the Romans conquered Britain more than eighteen hundred years ago, they introduced many curious customs into that country—among others that of carving the figure of a rose on the ceiling of their banqueting halls, or suspending a natural rose over the dining table, with the Latin motto, "sub rosa," written under it, to indicate that whatever was said there among friends, or under the rose, for that was the meaning of the words, should not be repeated,

the white rose being a symbol of silence. Lilies being an emblem of the virgin, an order of knighthood was instituted by Ferdinand of Aragon, in 1403, called the "order of the lily," the collar of which was formed of lilies and griffons.

The palm typified Judea. The lotus upper, and the papyrus lower Egypt.

From the Moorish kings of Granada, Henry IV. took his device of the pomegranate, with the motto, "Sour yet sweet," to intimate that in a good king severity should be tempered with mildness.

The oak has been considered one of England's most appropriate symbols.

"On earth the forests' honored king,
Man's castle on the sea.
Who will another tree may sing;
Old England's oak for me."

Its hospitable, wide-spreading branches, its sturdy, unbending trunk, and its use in ship building, give the symbol a seeming fitness. The helmet of Edward the Black Prince of Canterbury has a coronet of oak leaves.

The leaf of the strawberry is used in the circles of gold worn by certain of the English nobility. Thus the coronet of a duke has eight leaves, an earl's eight, and that of a marquis, four. The strawberry leaves and the flower-de-luce are used in the coronet of the younger members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales has a coronet of gold, set round with crosses pattee and flower-de-luce. A heraldic chaplet consists of four roses connected by leaves.

The leaf and the flower of the chrysanthemum were long ago adopted, and still continue to be used as the peculiar emblem and badge of the mikados of Japan. One of their most popular festivals is that held in honor of the golden chrysanthemum or *kikō*.

The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, sometimes called ground laurel, was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

"God be praised! the Pilgrims said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
Behold our Mayflower here.

God wills it; here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er.
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more.

Oh! sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then,
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine tree glen."

The thistle is the symbol of Scotland; it was adopted with its motto, "Wha daur meddle wi me?" says tradition, from the following circumstance: A party of Danes attempted to surprise the Scottish army by night. Under cover of darkness they approached the slumbering camp, but one of them trod upon a thistle, and, his involuntary cry of pain roused some of the Scots, who flew to arms and drove back the foe. Which species of thistle is entitled to be regarded as the emblematic thistle of Scotland, is a disputed point, but to a true Scot all thistles are objects of regard.

The shamrock, or trefoil, is the symbol of Ireland. When St. Patrick preached the gospel to the heathen Irish, the doctrine of the trinity was the stumbling block in the way; but picking up a trefoil, or shamrock leaf, which grew at his feet, he, by its means, explained so satisfactorily to them the possibility of "trinity in unity" that on that point there was no further difficulty. Thus did the trefoil's holy charm aid the saint. The order of St. Patrick was instituted by George III., in 1783. On the jewel of the order is a wreath of shamrocks, with the motto, "Quis separabit." The trefoil is also the emblem of hope, who is pictured as a beautiful child holding in its hand a three colored grass. That no serpent can touch the trefoil was a belief extending back to remote antiquity. No true Irishman will dispense with a bunch of sham-

rock on St. Patrick's day, even though seas roll between him and his loved Erin; and, when the social cup is pledged on that day, the ceremony of "drowning the shamrock" is duly observed.

"The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
White Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the vale;
In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,
And grows undisturbed midst the moss of the vale."

The leek is the symbol of Wales. Shakespeare says the leek worn by the Welsh on St. David's day, (first of March,) is "an ancient tradition begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of pre-deceased valor." It is difficult to trace the origin of the custom.

"Why on St. David's day, do Welshmen seek
To beautify their hats with verdant leek."

The lily is the emblem of France. The iris has been traced as far back as the Emperor Adrian, a little more than a century after Christ, at which time a lady bearing in her hand a flower of iris, gladiola, or lily, was the symbol of Gaul.

"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown,
Beneath the maiden's crown the lily's safely blow."

The violets became identified with the Bonapartists during Napoleon the First's exile at Elba. His adherents, in allusion to the time he was expected to return to France, toasted his health under the name of Caporal Violette or "the flower that returns with the spring." Byron makes him take leave of his adopted country in these words:

"Farewell to thee, France! but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions remember me then;
The violet grows in the depths of thy valleys.
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again."

According to classic lore, many of our flowers perpetuate the names of the youths and maidens of antiquity. The red anemone, is fabled to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, who was slain by a wild boar. Venus bewailed his death with much sorrow and changed his blood into this flower. Artemis was dedicated to Artemis the Greek Diana. Achillea was named after Achilles, son of the king of Thessaly. Dionea was named for the mother of Venus. Atropae was named after one of the Fates. Andromeda, a Greek maiden's name. Hyacinth was dedicated to the favorite of Apollo. Heracleum was named after Hercules. Arethusa was one of Diana's nymphs, daughter of Nereus and Doris, who was changed into a fountain by the gods. Amaryllis was dedicated to the nymph of this name. Nymphaea was dedicated to the water nymphs. Gentian is from Gentius, king of Illyria. Asclepias is the Greek name of Esculapius, father of medicine. Narcissus, name of a Greek youth who was changed into this flower. Daphne was the name of the nymph transformed by Apollo into a laurel.

And so, while our flowers commemorate the youths and maidens of Grecian mythology, in this, our day and generation, our maidens are named in honor of Flora's children. Many a rose, lily, or violet, may be found blooming in the "garden of girls." And not only do individuals and families perpetuate the names of our flowers, but nations have adopted them as symbols and heraldic badges.

THE WATERING OF PLANTS.

What a nice, handy, convenient thing this implement of the garden is; it will splash water either in one solid stream, or spread it around as fine as dew, if the proper person handles it, along with the proper "rose." But how often the proper person is connected with the proper thing in life, is something to puzzle a philosopher. I have even seen the best-intentioned people connected with the watering pot, who ought to be confined with the implement in some place where they could not hurt or moisten any thing but themselves. The question is not un-

frequently asked of the gardener, "How often do you water your plants?" as if plants were pieces of machinery, and that old mother nature, who grows plants on a pretty large scale, had been in the habit of watering her pets by the clock. True, nature is a first-rate plant-grower, and uses plenty of water, in fact grows many of them in water alone, save the numerous little animalcules that are found within the globules of that fluid, and of which many plants find a nice tenderloin, or an oyster supper.

A plant-grower should learn that it does not always rain in torrents, or that rain is not always drenching; and also that all plants are not found growing in places where they are wet at the roots for a long time together. Many ladies who have a penchant for plants will mechanically soak every plant they have, not knowing that many of those same plants are left for weeks and sometimes months together in a pretty dry state by nature, who contents herself with washing their faces with dew on putting them to bed at night. Plant-growers should learn whether in a state of nature their plants grow in a swamp, a lake, a running stream, on dry land, on high lands or in valleys, or under the shade of other plants, or if exposed to drying winds or strong sunshine; and if they follow the lessons nature teaches, they will surely grow plants well.

It is useless to think all plants are "calla lilies," which, by the way, is not a lily at all, for it has not six petals and six stamens in its flowers, as true lilies have. A cabbage or cauliflower, or any of their kindred, like water, but even they will sicken of it; they are found in a wild state near the influence of the tides of the sea, but they are comparatively dry twice in twenty-four hours of a day. They grow upon the shores of the sea and not in the water. The camellia japonica comes from the woods of Japan and northern China, and should, therefore, have shade, and never be exposed to drying winds or hot sunshine. The azaleas and rhododendrons are found upon mountain slopes where they never get very hot sunshine, and have about them that constant moisture peculiar to a mountainous district; yet it is not a stagnant moisture, for the nature of the land keeps the water in the earth in constant motion, and, therefore, sweet. Yet how often do we see people put such plants in the most exposed places they can find. If out of doors, they will be found in some windy, exposed place, where the very life of the plants is dried out of them, and often in a few hours; or if indoors, they will be exposed to the dry air of a furnace or stove, and placed where the sun can shine upon them with all the heat that plate glass can make in a room. The camelia and other plants like it are not difficult to grow well, either indoors or out, but we cannot ignore nature's laws.

A sponge or two hung in a rhododendron or camelia, if filled with water once a day, will keep up a constant supply of moisture for the branches and leaves; but at the same time the plants must be screened from the hot sunshine, dust and drying heat. "But how are we to do it in a room?" many will ask. The answer is as simple as A, B, C. If you will have such plants, make a light muslin screen for your plant to cover it all over. Ornament it all you like, but let the plant have that subdued light it would get in its native dells or on its native mountains, but don't be everlastingly watering at the root, until it becomes sickened, or what gardeners call "soured." Wash their faces every evening. Seventy-five cents will buy a tin sprayer from a florist. The geranium is not too fond of water unless growing in a hot, sandy

place, or in a hot, dry room; and even then it will show that it has had too much water by its leaves turning a sickly yellow hue. If this or any other plant shows signs of being soured, it is best to let the watering pot rest awhile, and if the plant is in a pot or tub put a few hot bricks under it, so that it may, so to speak, get its feet warm; or, if in the green-house stand it over the hot-water pipes or flues until it dries off, and when it begins to grow again give it a shift, if possible, into fresh soil. A fuchsia loves moisture, but it will drop both leaves and flowers if it is kept in constantly wet and sour soil.

This business of watering plants is one of the most important in plant culture, and first-class florists seldom intrust it to either careless or green hands. A man who would be good among callas, stebias and similar plants would be a murderer of roses, geraniums, camellias, azaleas, and even of many of the fern tribe and orchids.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

AUTUMN WORK AMONG FLOWERS.

Many persons who have taken great delight and pleasure in their brilliant flowers all through the summer are often at a loss to know what to do with their favorites, so that they may be ready to grow and blossom another season. Perhaps I may throw a little light upon this subject which will relieve perplexity. When the blanching touch of the frost has withered the stalks of tender bulbs and roots, such as dahlias, tuberoses, gladiolus, and madeira vines, they should be taken up on the first bright, sunny day. Take the forenoon for the work, and dig up the bulbs carefully, letting them lie in the sun for three or four hours, so that the earth attached to them will easily shake off. Then cut off the stalks a few inches from the bulbs, and put each variety in a paper bag, fastening it so as to hang it up in a cool, but frost-proof cellar; heat and dampness will cause them to decay. Tuberous, however, will not blossom another season, but the numerous little bulbs which adhere to the parent bulb will, if kept in a dry, warm closet, and planted out in May or June, grow well another summer, and in two or three years at the utmost form large bulbs which will bloom. Dahlias are apt to become too dry if hung up in paper bags, and it is better to put them in a box of dry sand, and keep them where potatoes are stored.

Geraniums and salvias can be lifted from the ground and all the dirt shaken from their roots, and every leaf, flower and young shoot cut off. Then tie a string around the stems at the base and suspend from the beams of the cellar. They will live, if kept in this manner, as their stalks are very succulent, and when the weather permits they can be planted out in the borders again, or else planted in boxes on a sunny piazza, and thus be brought forward earlier in the spring. Fuchsias can be lifted in the same way and stored in boxes of sand covering their roots about three or four inches in depth. Keep the boxes with the dahlia roots. Winter flowering fuchsias can be potted in a very rich soil of earth taken from under the sods of a sheep pasture, and mixed with equal quantities of well-decayed sheep manure and a handful of sharp grits or fine road gravel to each six or seven-inch pot. I have found sheep manure to be the best for all kinds of plants, for it will make geraniums, callas, fuchsias, carnations and roses bloom in profusion all winter.

Herbaceous plants being chiefly natives of grassy, woody habitats are naturally protected from the winter's cold by the dried grass and falling leaves, but if

growing in garden beds they are deprived of this natural protection, and should therefore be covered either with dead leaves or a thin coating of strawy manure thrown about their roots. A little earth should be sprinkled over their leaves to keep them in place. Oleanders, pittosporums, orange and lemon trees and pomegranates can all be wintered in a cool cellar, where frost never enters, and they should be watered about once in three or four weeks with tepid water. Roses can be covered with grass sods put over them turf-side down; and thus protected, even tea roses will come out alive in the spring excepting in the coldest latitudes. Heliotropes can be planted in boxes or pots after cutting all the tender branches, and then placed in the cellar. Early in March, if brought up into a warm, well-lighted room, they will put forth leaves and buds in plenty, and in a few weeks prove very ornamental.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

Encourage the children to walk in the fields and woods, to notice birds, plants and insects, and to gather specimens of objects of interest. If they can be induced to notice wild plants, and most children will naturally do so, give them a little plot of rich ground, where they may plant roots and seeds. Do not give them a worthless plot of sand, or a little corner under the eaves or a tree, but a good generous piece of fertile, arable soil. Give them tools with which to cultivate it, and let them have most of its management. Few realize how children can be taught to find contentment in such a garden, and how much pure pleasure, rosy health and good temper they will secure in its care.

Even little two-year-old can have a garden too, and while we try to teach not to pull up the pretty flowers, we delight in his glad voice as he roams like a true Bohemian in the summer sunshine, rejoicing in his own magnificent possessions, for they are his very own to do with as he pleases.—*Er.*

—The most peculiar and perhaps the most beautiful of the aquilegias or columbines yet discovered is one recently named by Dr. Asa Gray from the Rocky Mountains. The flowers are bright golden yellow, with slender spurs six inches long. It will be known to botanists and florists as *aqulegia longissima*. It is a curious fact that American columbines have straight spurs, while foreign ones have hooked spurs.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader be so kind as to inform me where, and on what terms, I can obtain slips or plants of creeping fig, (*figus repens*?) Address E. A. BLISS. Cazenovia, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. Flanders or some other good sister please inform me what treatment calla lilies should receive to make them grow and bloom nicely? Also, what climbers are best suited to stand the dry hot summers of the south, both annual and perennial?

MATTIE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask through our paper what is the name of my cactus, and what I can do to make it bloom? It is nearly five feet high, and branches out every way with large flat leaves. Some of them twelve or fifteen inches in length and covered with thorns. I have had it three years and it shows no signs of blossoming although it has fifty new leaves this summer. Can any one tell its name from the description and when it ought to bloom and what care it needs?

MRS. R. H. K.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters tell me how to manage my chrysanthemums? They grow so tall before they bloom that they are not nice or convenient to have in the house.

Wichita, Kansas. MRS. C. J. F. MOSHER,

The Nursery.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod—
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful land of Nod.

Away from life's worry, and hurry, and flurry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
We will float off together, to a world of fair weather,
Where blossoms are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of a rose—
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.

On the north and west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and east by dreams,
'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real,
But every thing only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes—
Your eyes like the bright blue-bell—
And we will sail out under starlit skies,
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep,
Till it reaches that magical isle
Which no man has seen, but where all have been,
And then we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God;
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
The beautiful land of Nod!

—Ella Wheeler, in *Harper's Young People*.

COASTING IN SEPTEMBER.

IT WAS a warm afternoon in September with a gentle south wind. A soft white film of mist was gathering in the blue sky as if it were trying to weave a storm.

"It is all in a tangle," thought Harry, as he looked up from the back door step where he was sitting, "and every cloud that comes up to help, gets tangled in with all the others."

Harry was tired of playing, it wasn't much fun dragging his express wagon about the yard and he had promised Relief he would not go outside the gate; he thought it was very lonely without his mother and Katie, he wished it was night and time for them to come home; it seemed as if they had been away a long, long time, in reality, it was only since morning. He wished he had not promised to mind Relief, he wanted to go out on the tar sidewalk where some boys were racing with their velocipedes. He pushed back his sailor hat and with it the damp yellow curls that clustered about his forehead, he drew a long sigh, he almost began to cry to think he had absolutely nothing to do. There was a yellow butterfly on the door. He stood on tiptoe and tried to catch it by making a snatch in the air with one of his small hands, then his foot slipped and he sat down so suddenly that the marbles in his apron pocket (it was full of them) bubbled over, hopping down the steps to the stone wall below.

While he was picking them up and putting them back again, the kitchen window opened and a market basket came flying out. Harry knew that meant he was to go for apples, so he started with it to the Porter apple tree in the garden behind the house.

"You be quick," called Relief from the window. She was a strange woman, very tall and thin, with short black hair, eyebrows that nearly met over a large, hooked nose, and mouth so uncertain at the corners you could never be sure where it ended. She always spoke out of one corner of it, twisting her features as if it were a painful operation to speak at all, indeed, that may have been the case, for she only spoke when it was absolutely necessary. Harry was rather afraid of her; partly because she talked so little, and partly because Katie, who was older than he and possessed with a vivid imagination, called her "Crepo" in secret, and declared she spent the night creeping

about the house, which Harry knew was not true. He liked her in spite of his fear of her, she had taken care of him since he was a baby, he minded her as he did his mother, but, indeed, Harry never thought of disobeying any one older than himself.

An hour passed by and Harry did not appear with the apples. At the end of that time Relief coming to look for him, was surprised at finding him lying on the grass under the tree with a string in his hand the other end of which disappeared among the branches, she followed it with her eye and discovered the basket hanging among the leaves almost at the top of the tree.

"Is that the way you get apples?" said she.

"It would be a fine way," cried Harry jumping to his feet, "because they get squashed falling on the ground, now if we could only find some way to get them into the basket, you see, I can pull it up and down easily enough. I have been thinking and thinking. It is no sort of use to shake the tree," he continued sadly, "they never fall into the basket."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Relief. "Don't talk to me." Thereupon she began to shake the tree herself so furiously Harry was obliged to run from under it to escape being hit by the apples. All the while Relief was gathering them into her apron, which was sometime as they kept running out at the corners. A boy about Harry's age stood just the other side of the fence peering through the bars with great interest. As soon as Relief had disappeared into the house he called out:

"Hello."

"Hello yourself," said Harry.

"Come over here."

"No, you come over here," said Harry. The boy accepted the invitation and with great difficulty climbed the fence though the gate was near by. His blue kilt skirt caught on a nail but Harry pulled it off.

"O it made a big hole," cried Harry.

"I don't care," said the new comer, "is your name Harry? Mine is Dabney Ferguson Smith, they call me Dab, and I just wish you would go over to the next house and slide, it's fun. I've worn a deep rut where its awful steep, as steep as—the side of a house, may be steeper."

"It couldn't be steeper," said Harry. "It would slant in and you would fall off the edge."

Dabney started down the vegetable garden. "You come and see," he said. As they were making their way between cabbages and cornstalks, a voice called from the next house, "Dab, D-a-b-n-e-y."

This conversation followed:

"What do you want?"

"I want you to come home."

"I don't want to come home."

"But I have got something for you."

"I know what it is, it's some more of that candy." He jumped over a pumpkin and called to Harry who had stood listening in great astonishment to "come on."

Harry thought it might be Dabney's mother who had called him. She was dressed in pink with a large white apron and a lace cap, but he said she was his nurse.

"She can't make me mind," said he, "so I suppose they'll get another soon."

You can imagine how uncomfortably Harry felt to hear this, he who had never thought of disobeying Relief, and now he was doing what was quite as bad, going off with a boy his mother would never like to have him associate with. To be sure he was not breaking his promise he was not going into the street, but wasn't it worse to run through the neighbors' gardens? But he was so anxious to see the coast, he didn't see how there could

be coasting without snow and a sled, he didn't like to show his ignorance by asking. Suddenly, however, the sight of the dirt on Dabney's clothes, together with the thought of sand heaps as connected with new houses, formed an idea in his mind, so that when they came to the pile of dirt which had been thrown up from the cellar of the new house, he was not surprised to see Dabney scramble up one side and then slide down the other with a wild shout and a rattle of rolling stones. It was very exciting, unless you have tried it you will never know how exciting it was to feel the warm sand sliding from under you, to find yourself going faster and faster in company with stones and gravel and then to land all in a heap at the bottom with a cloud of dust to hide your very undignified arrival.

That was the way Harry found it, he thought he should enjoy sliding in that one place for hours, but Dabney being of a more adventurous spirit, found, as he said, "a steeper place." Being afraid to try it himself, he generously offered Harry the first slide. There was a pile of boards at the bottom. Harry was wondering if he should go tumbling on to them, and hesitating on the edge, digging his feet into the sand to keep from sliding, when Dabney gave him a sudden push. Down he went and fast enough this time. It was hardly an instant before he reached the bottom, but alas for Harry, he did go tumbling into the boards, and when he sat up in the clouds of dust he was a woeful sight to behold. Down his bruised face the blood trickled and one of his arms felt numb and prickly, when he tried to move it he screamed with the pain.

"Broken, sure's you live," said Dabney. "Here comes a butcher, perhaps he'll take you home."

The butcher was very kind, he held him in his arms while Dabney drove the horse and answered all the questions. It seemed an endless ride to Harry who was so faint and sick he could hardly hold up his head. The rumble of the cart seemed to go on forever, and the houses and trees flew past him in a bewildering way. Dabney, at the butcher's suggestion, climbed down from the cart when they came to Harry's gate and ran for the doctor who lived close by. As they drove around the corner of the house, Relief who was washing windows, shook her cloth at the butcher.

"Oh, go long," said she, "we don't want any meat."

"It's me, Relief," said Harry faintly. At that she dashed out and seizing the boy tried to carry him into the house.

"Oh, oh! my arm!" he cried. "My arm! Relief, it's broken."

They placed the poor boy on the bed in his own little room, and there his mother found him in a sorry condition after the doctor had attended to his arm. He was pale and tired and glad to have some one to comfort and pet him. There was no scolding, nor did he deserve any, for I think his punishment was already great enough, don't you?

When Dabney came the next day with a basket of fruit and asked if he might please see Harry, Mrs. Clark, Harry's mother, thought at first he had better not come in. She thought from Harry's description he would not be the sort of companion she would choose for her boy. He did something that rather redeemed his character in her eyes, however, for he said to her:

"It was my fault, I pushed him over, so please don't scold him, sand banks are a beastly shame; he was real plucky, though."

"It is harder to be good than plucky," said Harry's mother, but she asked him to come in.

"I think the other way," said Dabney.

"I can mind nurse easy enough, I tried it once, but when a fellow twice your size dares you to do something wrong it takes grit to do it."

Both Harry and his mother smiled at this, they thought it might take more grit to do right. When Dabney went home Mrs. Clark kissed him.

"I guess I'll come again to-morrow," he said. But when to-morrow came, he was on his way home to New York. Many years have passed since then but Harry still wonders if he shall ever again see Dabney Ferguson Smith.

POLLY CHROMO.

LETTER TO THE BOYS.

Number Two.

"Labor omnia vincit."

Once more I take leisure to sit down and write to you boys. The grass is green, and the trees and all nature in summer attire are radiantly beautiful. Just the season, in fact, when you are most apt to notice it, for it means unlimited outdoor exercise, a chance for boating, bicycling, driving, riding and various other amusements according as each one of you are situated.

This is the one time above all others to increase your physical strength. I fancy I hear some one of you say, "Oh yes, we know that." But wait, possibly my meaning is not clear. Did the thought ever come to you that just playing out of doors the various games of the season was not altogether calculated to make you physically strong? You may some of you be naturally weak. Will a persistent outdoor exercise, in any thing that you may fancy, make your entire body well developed? By no means.

You may play just as much, but, if you exercise to a certain degree all the different portions of your body, you will find you are greatly benefited even before the summer season is finished. A very few boys inherit a well developed body, but the number is few in comparison with those who are mis-shapen, weak and puny. Therefore, in outdoor exercise, at all times, it should be your aim to strengthen the body equally. Without detracting in the least from your sport you can make finely developed men of yourselves.

The apparatus, in most cases, can be procured at a moderate expense, or if an apparatus that is bought be beyond your means there are ways in which you can strengthen the body without spending any thing beyond a little time in remembering what is best for the different portions of the body. For outdoor sports we know that rowing strengthens the arms and back. It does very little, however, for the other portions of the body.

Public singers and speakers all acknowledge that by simply drawing in all the fresh pure air we can into our lungs, through the nose, and then gradually expelling it, we enlarge our lungs and chest to a great degree. We need, however, to practise it daily to make it of any permanent value. Dumb bells can be procured at a moderate cost in almost every town, or their equivalents can be found in moderately heavy round stones. With these you can strengthen every part of the arms, back and chest and round them out finely.

Mr. William Blaikie, in his excellent work, entitled, "How to Get Strong," in speaking of the benefit and results arising from systematic exercise, says, "The youth who works daily in a given line at the gymnasium an hour a day as much expects that, before the year is over, not only will the muscles used, decidedly increase in strength, but in size and shapeliness as well, as he does that the year's reading will improve his

mind, or a year's labor bring him his salary."

In using the dumb bells great care should be exercised not to get them too heavy at first. A gentleman of long experience in physical exercise, said to me in a recent letter: "My experience goes to show that too heavy dumb bells are almost always used, and although Blaikie recommends bells of one-fifteenth one's weight, I should advise even lighter, say one-twentieth of one's weight." This same gentleman has always been fond of outdoor exercise. Every thing in its season. Rowing, driving, riding, bicycling, walking, base ball, foot ball, and various minor sports. He has done more than exercise himself, he has encouraged others. This is important. There may be among your friends some young acquaintance who is not only bashful but also sensitive, both of which taken together make his life miserable. Don't leave him out. Do as the above-mentioned gentleman has done; invite him to join with you in your rowing or other exercises, encourage him by sympathy. You will feel better for it. He will appreciate it.

Another practical and simple help for strengthening and invigorating the body is found in the exercise received in sawing wood. Surely no country boy should complain if he can do this, for it is an excellent thing and there is hardly an apparatus to be named which can compete with it. It develops the back, chest, and arms and produces a most delightful sense of invigoration, giving tone to the entire body. I have known sons of wealthy men do it solely for the physical benefit to be derived therefrom.

If any of you are really weak, make it your especial duty to exercise. A gentleman whom I knew in years gone by was a delicate boy at twelve years of age. A year or so later he was placed at an excellent school and was obliged to exercise daily. His school-mates were inclined to laugh at him, but he had the common sense to see what was needed and with the encouragement of a few, took lessons in sparring, rowing and other like sports, and now after a lapse of some years is a finely developed man practicing law, whom no one would think was ever other than strong.

We can do this and more, but we must see the necessity for it. By careful exercise daily one keeps every part of the body strong, maintains also a fair degree of health and in most cases, at twenty-five is possessed of a fine physique. Thus one has less cause for complaint, when free from ill health, we are enabled to bear our share of life's burdens as they come and live to a happy old age.

Let us be the first to commence, and also encourage others; we cannot be too much in earnest; it is important for it fits us for life as nothing else can do. It requires patience and discretion before one makes marked progress, but it is surprising how much one can gain with a very little practice.

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

A WAY TO GROW WISE.

After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply up-

on the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Had I as ready a pen as has the friend to whom, with Mr. Crowell, I was indebted for my first year of THE HOUSEHOLD, I should long ago have done something to show my gratitude for my good helper in the new field of housekeeping. Isolated from the world as we are here, the bright paper is doubly welcome. I feel almost as if I had been visiting when I read some of the letters.

May I presume to say to Peg, in July number, that I very much doubt if it is our kinship to Gesler that leads us to require obedience in our children? Wise forethought for the future welfare of the little ones leaves us no alternative. The happiest children I ever knew were the one family of my acquaintance who knew no other way than implicit obedience. They are three healthy romps, full of life, of marked individuality and strong wills; but they idolize the firm hand that controls them, caresses them, and punishes them.

I do know scores of mothers who from a mistaken tenderness allow their children to become constant trials to themselves and terrors to their friends. Babies begin to learn at an astonishingly early age; they will learn something and why may it not be the right thing? They are just as happy if they "eat with a fork" as they would be if they used a spoon, knife or chopsticks. And just as soon as a child knows his own property—indeed, as soon as he begins to reach for new things to play with, why should he not be taught that there are things around him that he is not to touch? My little girl is nine months old. Three months ago I began to teach her that when I say "no-no," she is not to touch whatever she is reaching for. Suppose I let her roam at will throughout her small domain, then will come a time when I must either put out of her reach every thing attractive that she may not have and ruin, or else she must be compelled to break a habit that it would have been comparatively easy to keep her from forming in the first place.

It is not necessary to "cramp," "snub," "torture," nor "frighten" a child in order to make him obedient. But disobedience should always bring some sort of penalty; this penalty need not of necessity be a whipping.

One of the most useful habits a child can form is the habit of prompt, intelligent obedience to proper authority. It seems to me to be a parent's bounden duty to inculcate so vital a lesson. Doubtless thousands of little children live in constant dread of the fury of their par-

ents. That is a sad state of affairs when it does exist; but I can affirm with equal truth that thousands of poor down-trodden parents live in constant dread of the tantrums and insubordinations of their little children. Children are over-fed, over-dressed, over-indulged, but rarely over-disciplined.

I am surprised to find that any one has failed to detect the true motherly ring in any late article in the "Mothers' Chair." I hope we have all of us yet to see that mother who would allow her child to "cry nearly half a day from pain, hunger or discomfort." Here I can agree with Peg; it would, indeed, be "worse than brutish."

LEONE.

Arizona.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS J.

I doubt if there was a happier creature on the green earth than was Thomas J. on that June morning. From his mouse-colored ears to the tip of the long, beautiful tail with rings of black and grey, he was alive with happiness. His heart overflowed with love.

Nothing particular had happened to Thomas J. which caused such a delightful frame of mind, but all things in his world had helped to bring it about. He had had a nice breakfast, served with morning dew, and a nap; the little birds sang as if it were the "one day of summer of all the year," (Thomas had a refined taste, he was fond of birds,) and floods of warm sunshine poured through the maples.

A click of the garden gate fell upon Thomas J.'s ear and he went out to see who needed him; for it was a duty which he had taken upon himself, to politely accompany any of the family whenever they walked in the garden or pasture. His mistress was weeding her flowers. Throwing himself at her feet, he rolled over and over, telling his love to her in broken but expressive speech. She petted and praised him, at the same time chiding his carelessness in soiling his usually spotless garments.

His duty to his mistress performed to his satisfaction, Thomas sauntered out to the hay field to see the master. They were great friends. Swaths of new-mown grass lay on the ground, and, while spreading it, the master tossed some over Thomas who played hide-and-seek and gamboled about with pure delight. There was nothing in that glorious summer morning to hint to Thomas Jefferson that it was to be an eventful day to him, yet in all his life he never had such a sorrowful time.

The hay was spread and the master took up a scythe to mow, first looking carefully into the grass to see that Thomas was out of the way. But the grass was very thick so he was hidden, and when the sharp scythe came with a heavy stroke down—there was a cry of great pain and poor Thomas fled away to the barn as fast as his wounded feet would carry him.

There was a covered passage-way which Thomas' master had made for him so he could go up from the cellar into the barn when the doors were closed. In this narrow place he stopped and only came out when he was frightened from the lower opening. It would have been a hard heart indeed which had not felt pity to see that poor, wounded thing dragging those cut, torn, and bleeding legs, uttering piteous, almost human cries, flying up to the very top of the barn in fear and pain!

Perhaps you will think it was foolish, but somehow, after this, the day did not seem as beautiful to Thomas' master and mistress, who made a great pet of him

and would not willfully have harmed a hair of his gray tail. They tried to bind up the wounds, there were dreadful gashes, one bone was laid bare and the leg hung limp and helpless; they made him a soft bed and gave him milk with laudanum to dull the pain, but he crawled off into the garden and lay in the shade of a currant bush, refusing all food, growling and spitting savagely if any one came near him.

The next day was Sunday, and if, in the hearts of master and mistress, sorrowful thoughts of their pet pussy would come in the midst of sermon and hymn, if I were the minister I wouldn't blame them, would you?

Thomas J. was lying under the carriage house, out of reach. They had tried to put him in the barn, but he jumped out of their arms and ran to this place where he had lain all day and the night before, eating nothing. After service his mistress said, "Something must be done for that cat;" and a long pole gently pushed under the building sent him out. He was weak and did not run away, so the mistress took him into her lap where he ate a little bread and fish, and tried to purr.

A nice bed was then made in the granary where it was light and airy, and for several days Thomas stayed in his hospital. Three times daily nice food, bread and rich milk were carried him, but he ate very little. Once he had some custard, he liked that; and when his mistress brought some bits of beef steak one day, he almost forgot his sore legs.

All the bandages and things put on to help about healing he would pull off in a few minutes, so at last his friends only used sweet oil, dropping it on the wounds whenever they went to see him. After that first dreadful day he was so patient and cheerful, poor fellow, so glad to see his friends, purring and rubbing his head against them.

Had Thomas been a cat of bad habits, if his blood had been poisoned with rum and tobacco, I think it would have been a long time before he would have been well, but as he never used such vile things, the wounds began to heal before many days. But when court plaster was put on to assist the process, that was one trouble too much for Tom. He bit at it, rolled over in distress, snarled, and did at last pull it away with his teeth. When the ragged edges had grown together and white fur had hidden the scars, one leg was still stiff and he walked as a man does with a cork leg.

Try as hard as he might he could not scratch his ear with that foot, but it hung as your hand would if the wrist were broken. He would go to a favorite tree in the garden, stretch his fore paws on the trunk looking up eagerly, then turn away sadly as if saying, "My climbing days are over." But long before June came again every nerve and muscle of Thomas J.'s body was as sound as ever, and he ran races and climbed trees with the fleetest.

He never cherished any grudge against the one who caused his suffering, is just as fond of him as ever; but for a long time a scythe was an object of dread to him and he would flee in terror whenever he saw that murderous weapon in his master's hand.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

—Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love. This is an old rule.

—If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

—Great talent renders a man famous; great merit, respected; great learning, esteemed; but good breeding alone insures love and affection.

The Library.

THE LONG AGO.

O! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it glides through the realms of years,
With a faultless rhythm and musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summer like buds between,
And the years in the sheep, so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides 'through the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June where the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there,
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair,

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are haunts that were waved when the fairy shore
By the mirth was lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the days of life till night—
When the evening comes, with the beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

—B. F. Taylor.

A RARE AND CURIOUS BOOK.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

IT IS mine at last, this long coveted book! I have been watching for it for a decade of years. I have looked over many a catalogue of old and rare volumes to find it offered at a price I could afford, but I seldom saw it named, and whenever I did it was too expensive. It was only recently that a catalogue was sent me by a firm claiming to be the cheapest book store in the country, which among other rare works included this at a price so very much below that I had heretofore seen, I sent for it, and here it is before me with a fac-simile of the title page of the original edition published in Fleet street, London, 1653, also fac-similes of its quaint illustrations. Now you are on the *qui vive* to know the name of this curious book, and I beg of you do not smile at my expense when I tell you what it is, "The Complete Angler." Don't see what I can want of a book about angling? And if I did wish instruction in the piscatory lore, need I go back to the olden time for information?

Patience, dear reader, till I have let you into the secret of this ancient book, before you laugh or frown. Let me tell you something of its author, and quote for your delectation sundry choice bits from its pages.

An English writer wrote of him thus: "One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was Izaak Walton, an English worthy of the simple, antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an unextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes and recreations. He had also a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His "Complete Angler," is a rich store house of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works gives them a finer zest, and original flavor, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct and delight."

Now you are prepared to read with interest what farther I may say about Izaak Walton. He was born in the town of Stafford, August, 1593. Little is known of his early years, but on reaching manhood he followed the occupation of a linen draper. Lord Bacon facetiously says that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts. So it might be that Walton's shop which we are told was only seven and a half feet long, and five wide, was to his intellectual advantage. He at a later period removed from Cornhill to Fleet street where he had half a shop for his linens, the other half being occupied by a hosier.

Izaak, with his intense love of nature and rural pastime, could not deny himself the pleasure of frequently retiring from the narrow limits of his shop to the country, there to rove and angle to his heart's content. By his marriage with the daughter of Thomas Ken and sister of Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, "a woman of remarkable prudence and of primitive piety," he became associated with eminent men of the church. Walton retired from business, and devoted forty years afterward to literary work. His first book was a life of Dr. Donne, prefatory to a collection of his sermons. He next wrote a life of Sir Henry Walton, also a life of Richard Hooker, of George Herbert and of Bishop Sanderson. When in his ninetieth year he published the "Thealma and Clearchus of Chalkhill." He is, however, little known in our day excepting in connection with his "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," which appeared in 1653, and passed through five editions during his lifetime, each edition being improved and additional matter introduced, the third and fourth had several entire new chapters, and the fifth had eight more chapters than the first. When the fifth edition was being prepared, his adopted son, Charles Colton, wrote a second part in pursuance of a prior arrangement between Walton and himself, and this has been connected with Walton's in all subsequent editions. It is of a much more practical character than the former.

"Being Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream." On the title page of Part II., we have a fac simile of a stone with an inscription and monogram set up by Colton over the door of a small fishing-box that he had erected near his dwelling on the bank of the Dove. Since the fifth edition in two parts, and death of Walton, there have been published forty editions of the work, thus evidencing its great popularity.

Walton died at the age of ninety, and in a chapel called Prior Silksteed's Chapel, on a large, black, flat, marble stone is this inscription:

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. IZAAK WALTON
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER,

1683.

Alas! He's Gone Before
Gone to Return No More
Our Panting Hearts Aspire
After their Aged Sire
Whose Well-Spent Life Did Last
Full Ninety Years and Past
But now He Hath Begun
That Which will Ne'er be Done
Crowned With Eternal Bliss
We Wish Our Souls With His.

In writing the "Complete Angler," Walton says he made "a recreation of a recreation." The opening chapter is "Conference betwixt an Angler, a Hunter and a Falconer; each commanding his Recreation." The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tattenham Hill, near London, on a fine, fresh May morning. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of otter dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Anceps to Theobald's to see a hawk that a friend there mews or moults for him. As they proceed in company, each discourses of his favorite

pastime, but the rhetoric and persuasive arguments of Piscator wins Venator to his side and he gives up his hunting to become thenceforth the disciple of Piscator. Their excursions and the practical lessons given by his master, intermingled with wise discourse, the flow of sentiment, description of rural objects, moral precepts and picturesque poetry, these combined, constitute the charm of the book. Master and scholar rise with the early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast under a sycamore that shaded them from the sun's heat, while Piscator gives some practical or moral lesson, then, rising up he says:

"And, now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves, and you shall choose which shall be yours, and it is an even lay one of them catches. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much peace and quietness as these silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'doubtless, God could have made a better berry, but doubtless, God never did,' and so (if I might be judge) God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent occupation than angling."

We here learn the origin of that statement respecting the strawberry, which has been credited to at least one modern divine. His discourse on thankfulness for the blessings of this life, and the importance of having a contented mind, is admirable. He tells the following incident: "I knew a man that had health and riches and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, who would be often troubling himself and family by removing from one house to another, and on being asked by a friend why he removed so often, replied, 'To find content in some one of them.' This friend, knowing his temper, told him if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind, for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul."

In his plea for angling, Walton makes much of the Scriptural personages who were fishermen, and also refers to historical characters. "He that reads the voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing. And he that reads Plutarch shall find that angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used angling as a principal recreation."

We learn by a note that the account given by Plutarch is as follows: "It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies, but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress he was very much vexed, and gave secret orders to the fisherman to dive under the water and put fishes that had been fresh taken upon the hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity; told it to all her friends, and invited them to come and see him fish the next day. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels, and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony's, and diving into the water to fix upon his hook a salted fish, one of those

which were brought from the Euxine sea."

Walton tells us of many curious things, gathering up his description in part from ancient writers, and part he gives from personal observation. "Pliny," he tells us, "says in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian sea, the fish called balæna, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish two hundred cubits long, and that in the Ganges there be eels thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in the sea only when tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt or interwoven together.

I know, we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders, but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near Lambeth, London, as may get some belief of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit."

Of these we will not write, as our article has already exceeded our intention. But you will see by the description given, that this antique volume is no commonplace work on the art of angling.

THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

The material obstacle to a full enjoyment of the sublimity of Burgos is the enormous, lofty choir, which obstructs the nave and does not even leave a free view of the upper arches. The finest general impression is to be had from the north door, whence one looks across the grand transept—only a sixth less in length than the nave—to the splendid double staircase of the south door and up into the lantern tower, which is adorned to its very apex with graduated tiers of galleries, and ogival windows, niches, statues, heads, wreaths, and all the luxuriance of florid Gothic. The richness of this lantern, although consistent with the rest of the edifice, is a singular beauty, for I cannot remember another instance of the interior of a dome or tower with any ornament except frescoes or mosaics; it is like a cavern encrusted with stalactites, and enhances the magnificence of the nave immensely.

Next to the grand harmony of the whole structure notwithstanding the difference of age and style in its several parts, its chief characteristic is opulence of detail and wealth of special art treasures. The poor Cook's tourist, with but two days to give to a place where he would gladly spend two months, goes away with an unsatisfied, almost sad recollection of marvels of sculpture, painting, wrought iron and bronze, goldsmith's work, stained glass, illuminated missals and music books, embroidered vestments, wood carving, which he was obliged to slight, and of historical associations which he was forced to neglect in those crowded hours. The screen of masonry inclosing the high altar is paneled externally with sculpture in high relief, of the passion, agony, and resurrection of Christ; there are scores of figures, about a third the size of life, executed with the finish of single statues. They are all worthy of study, but the "Vigil in the Garden of Olives," by Philip of Bergona,

a Spanish sculptor of the late fifteenth century, is a masterpiece. The kneeling figure of our Saviour, the descending angel, and the apostles struggling with their sleep are represented with a grace, simplicity, and pathos, which recall nothing in art so much as Perugino's best delineation of the same subject. Single heads, of extraordinary force and individuality, prophets and apostles, project from below these panels; on the pillars which divide them there are niches, with statuettes of royal and warrior saints, so noble in attitude and expression that the spectator cannot but wonder whether the artist found living models of such rare dignity and devoutness, or followed his own exalted conceptions alone. Behind the high altar is the chapel of the Constable, the finest and most interesting of fourteen which surround the church. It was built by John of Cologne in 1487, for Velasco, the hereditary constable of Castile, and is a monument of Gothic art in its happiest exuberance. Amidst an efflorescence of buds and sprays, like the simultaneous outburst of twig, leaf and flower in a late spring, the constable and his wife lie side by side on tombs as rich as thrones, with the simple, stately indifference of true grandees to the magnificence around them. Their ancient lineage is attested by coats-of-arms carved in every direction among branching, blooming tracery, as if their entire ancestry had hung up their shields in this forest of stone; the sculptured orders of the Golden Fleece and of St. Iago de Compostello give the last touch of pomp and pride of place to this almost royal sepulcher. When the Duke of Frias, the descendant of this noble pair and present owner of the chapel, comes to visit the hereditary constable's effigy he may be excused for believing that the blood in his veins is not chemically composed like that of other mortals.

Each of the thirteen remaining chapels has its picture, monument, great silver lamp with chains wrought like bracelets, or other work of art; some of them are small museums; several are as large as a full-grown modern church, with a separate high altar, organ and gallery. The largest, though neither the most beautiful nor the most interesting, is the great chapel of Santa Tecla, to the left of the main entrance. It is a perfect specimen of rococo decoration; the twisted columns wreathed in vines; the vaulted roof embossed with heads of cherubim, rosettes, vases, fabulous beasts and imaginary blossoms; the interspaces filled with clouds, flames, sun discs; the reredos of the high altar, representing Saint Thecla on the martyr's pile surrounded by Moors feeding the flames, might have been designed during an orgy. Yet the delicacy of coloring is exquisite; amber, rose, turquoise, aquamarine, and I do not know how many more clear, tender tints, combined by white and gilding in profusion, produce a lovely result, like a heap of rare sea shells or a hot house in full bloom. In spite of the detestable style of art of which it is an exaggerated specimen, it contrasts charmingly with the gray solemnity by which it is environed.

The cloisters are peculiar in being two-storied, and are exceedingly ornate. The spaces between the pointed arches are occupied by life-size statues of saints, kings, and queens; the walls are hollowed into Gothic tombs, where below carved canopies repose knights in their armor and prelates in their robes; through the mullioned windows turrets and pinnacles are seen against the deep blue sky; the sunshine traces Gothic patterns on the marble pavement. The lively air of heaven and a certain serene cheerfulness of their own give the cloisters a beauty and solemnity differing from those of the cathedral.—*July Atlantic.*

READING WELL.

There is no accomplishment which is so fascinating as the power of reading well; it is a pleasure, although much neglected accomplishment. No music hath such a charm as good reading; and where one person will be charmed by music, twenty will be fascinated by good reading; and where one person can be a good musician, twenty can be good readers. It seems to bring back the old authors, and to cause us to imagine ourselves sitting down and talking familiarly with them. What is more charming or interesting than the plays of Shakespeare, when delivered in a full, clear, distinct and well modulated voice? There is no accomplishment which causes so much pleasure in the family or social circle, the invalid's chamber, the hospital, the nursery, as good reading.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please send me the poem entitled "Them's my Sentiments, tew," also, a poem by Will Carleton, entitled "Gone with a Handsomer Man," either a written or a printed copy? I will return the favor in any way possible. GLADYS M. PIER.

Rawsonville, Windham Co., Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band please send me the poem entitled "The Legend of the Organ Builder," also, the poem, "Affectionately Yours?" SADIE L. FRITTS.

Macedon., Wayne Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any sister send me the poem in which the following lines occur:

"The lips that touch wine,
Shall never touch mme?"

I will return the favor if I can.

MRS. E. LOWDER.

No. 15, South St., Pittsfield, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band please send me the words to the song entitled, "Sweet Jenny, the flower of Kildare," also, please tell me the title of the song, in which these words occur:

"Where the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom?" I will repay the favor. ALLIE PRATT.

Beaver Dam, Dodge Co., Wis.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words to the old song, "Gentle Annie," commencing,

"Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower thy spirit did depart,"

also, the words to "Mollie Darling?" I will return the favor. MATTIE M. PHILLIPS.

Wolf's Crossing, Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters send me the music to a song entitled "I've Drank my Last Glass," or tell me where I can find it? I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. JUDD CORNELL.

Mapleton, Blue Earth Co., Minn.

Can any one inform me where I can obtain "The Priestess of Nature," a dialogue for ten young ladies, which contains the following:

FLORA—Sweet priestess, I have wandered long,
But the dear flowers were sleeping in their
tombs;
Only a few from all the beauteous throng,
etc.?

MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

623 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please let me ask if any member of the Band can furnish me with the poem containing the lines,

"Beautiful clouds in the quiet sky,
Whence come ye, floating so proudly by?"

I will gladly pay postage or send flower seeds and slips of house plants. MRS. M. A. ALLEN.

Northfield Farms, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the poem entitled, "Moana's Water," and state what she would like in return?

MRS. WM. OWING, JR.

No. 15 Presley Court, Taunton, Mass.

THE REVIEWER.

OLD CARAVAN DAYS, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, will be hailed with great pleasure by the hosts of young readers who followed the delightful story through the pages of *Wide Awake*. From the opening chapter, where, Grandma Padgett, with "Bobaday" and "Aunt Krin," set out on their westward journey in the family wagon, with the hired man in charge of the load of household goods in the rear of the little procession,

through the accidents and adventures which befell the travelers before they reached their new home, the story is one of genuine interest not only to the children but to the older readers to whom this fresh, bright sketch of "going west" in the old days when caravans and camping were the order of travel, and Illinois was a far away wilderness, will well repay perusal. Price \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A BOY'S WORKSHOP, by a Boy and His Friends, is another excellent book, being of real use and at the same time a source of delight to the boys who have a natural desire to make something; to whom a knife, a hammer and nails, a saw and gimlet, are things which are necessary to their well-being, and who have to exercise their ingenuity with little or no assistance from their elders. To such boys, this little book will be a mine of instruction and pleasure; the different chapters are illustrated in a manner to explain fully the directions for making the more difficult articles. Indeed the book would prove helpful many a time to others than the boys for whom it is especially prepared. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

ACHOR, A Sequel to the Triple E., by Mrs. L. R. Graham Clark, is the last of the Yensie Walton series, and follows the story of the girl heroine, whom those who have read the preceding volumes will remember well, through her long search for her father whom she finds at last and reclaims. Other characters which appeared in the preceding book take part in the incidents of the story. The aim of the author is excellent, but the story is marred by many of the faults of such books, being overdrawn and unnatural in many of the incidents. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

NOTES ON THE OPIUM HABIT, by Asa P. Meylert, M. D., is a little pamphlet which deserves thoughtful attention. The subject is treated in a simple, practical manner, showing the effect of the drug from the first indulgence, the danger of overdoses, and the frightful extreme which the opium habit has reached in this country. A careful perusal of the notes would be of use to many physicians who are in the habit of prescribing narcotics and to the hosts of patients who desire to be so treated. Price 40 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We have received the series of books for learning the Spanish language by the MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM, by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, which seems a very simple and practical method, and one which recommends itself as being far more helpful than many of the teachers of modern languages. The pronunciation is excellent, and the system overcomes many of the obstacles hitherto found in acquiring a language, of which fluency of speech and correctness of pronunciation, are two of the greatest. The series embrace the German, Spanish and French languages, each being complete in fifteen books, well printed and of convenient size. We can heartily recommend this excellent system for home study. Price, each language complete, \$5. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Cassell & Co., of New York, have issued an ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO PARIS. The map of Paris, which is a very important feature, has been specially engraved for this Guide, showing all the principal public buildings in such a manner as to render them clearly recognizable at a glance. The routes of the principal omnibuses and railroads are traced in red. The starting points of each are printed in large red letters, so that the visitor can, without difficulty, make his way from one given point in the city to another without the slightest difficulty. Price 40 cents.

THE CENTURY for August, the "Midsummer Number," fairly outdoes itself in the number and excellence of its articles and the beauty of its illustrations. John Burroughs' paper, "A Glance at British Wild Flowers," with its exquisite illustrations by Alfred Parsons and W. G. Addison, would make any number a brilliant one. "A Summer Holinight" is one of Miss Thomas' most charming papers, while the lighter matter is rich in "An Effect in Yellow," and Mr. Frank Stockton's inimitable sketch of the "Remarkable Wreck of the 'Thomas Hyke.'" Mr. James contributes the first chapters of his new serial, "A New England Winter." Mr. Cable's excellent serial, "Dr. Sevier," grows in interest as it nears conclusion, and—but we have neither time nor space for special mention of the many fine papers, illustrated and otherwise, which fill the book, and among which Helen Zimmern's sketch of the queen of Roumania, and Mr. Hynd's "Gen. Sam. Houston" are prominent. Several fine poems and excellent editorial matter complete this really "holiday" number. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August offers an attractive and varied list of contents, prominent among which are the first of a short series of papers on "Recolleccions of Charles Reade," by John Colman, and the second paper on the "Suburbs of New York," with several illustrations of old or noted buildings in West Chester and Long Island. Dr. Albert Leffingwell contributes an able and convincing article against useless vivisection, and there is an interesting and profusely illustrated account of "Confederate Postage Stamps." E. A. Bloodgood's paper, "A Word from a Woman Against Female Suffrage," is, if a little satirical, able, and to the point. The number contains several excellent short stories, installments of two serials, and poems by Mary Ainge De Vere, Howard Glydon and Robert Trowbridge. The Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day, are of unusual interest. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for August is a beautiful number, both in the artistic excellence of the illustrations, and the interest of its descriptive papers, among which "Walks in Surrey," by H. E. Ward, claims special attention, reading and illustrations being alike charming. The second paper on old Seville entitled "The Marvel of the World," is a delightful article, as is also the first of a series of papers on "The Austrian Museum," by W. M. Conway. The opening article, a sketch of "F. J. Gregory, A. R. A.," is full of interest to artistic readers. "Current Art" gives two beautiful illustrations, and W. C. Brownell contributes an able paper on "French Art at the Saloon." Cosmo Monkhouse has a short paper on "Old English Pottery," and there is an excellent article on "Stage Royalties," giving portraits of the more celebrated of old favorites. Several fine full-page engravings and the usual Art Notes complete the number. \$3.00 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST for August contains a varied and valuable amount of matter, of interest to all plant and fruit growers. Scraps and Queries, and the Editorial Notes are full of hints and helps to the readers in all parts of the country; one of the excellent points of this ably conducted journal being its articles on all varieties of plants and fruits, and in all sections of the country. The chapters devoted to orchids, and to rare and new tulips, are of great interest to flower lovers. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: Charles H. Marot, 814 Chestnut St.

The four numbers of THE PANSY for August are full of pleasing and helpful stories, which are rendered still more charming by the numerous and pretty illustrations. No selection of reading for the little ones is complete without this little magazine which is published at a price which brings it within the reach of all young readers. Weekly. 75 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

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

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

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for August. \$2.00 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY Magazine for August. \$1.25 a year. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

THE KANSAS CITY REVIEW OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY for August. \$2.50 a year. 25 cents a number. Kansas City, Mo.: The Kansas City Review.

THE NEW ENGLAND A, B, C PATHFINDER AND RAILWAY GUIDE for August. 25 cents a number. \$2.50 a year. Boston: The New England Railway Publishing Co.

RUSSIAN MARCH.

Moderato.
2nd time 8va.

GOOD HEALTH for August. \$1.00 a year.
Battle Creek, Mich.: Good Health Pub. Co.

THE LITERARY NEWS for August. \$1.00 a year.
New York: The Literary News, 31 Park Row.

POPULAR SCIENCE NEWS, and Boston Journal of Chemistry for August. \$1.00 a year.
Boston: Popular Science News Co.

THE ELECTRA for August. \$2.00 a year.
Louisville, Ky.: Miss I. M. Leyburn.

THE PAPER WORLD for August. \$2.00 a year.
Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

THE UNIVERSE for August. \$1.50 a year.
St. Louis, Mo.: The Universe Publishing Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for August.
\$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

THE ART FOLIO for August. \$3.00 a year.
Providence, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. Reid.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for August. \$1.00 a year.
Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

THE FOLIO for August. \$1.00 a year.
Boston: White, Smith & Co.

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

HOME SCIENCE for August. 25 cents a number.
\$2.50 a year. New York: Selden R. Hopkins, 29 Warren St.

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

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

The Dispensary.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION

BY HELEN HERBERT.

A REALLY beautiful complexion is a somewhat rare possession—rarer, indeed than it should be. In infancy the skin is clear and fair, and it is only in later years that, succumbing to the attacks of its numerous and remorseless enemies, it takes on the sallow, burned or spotted appearance we so often see, and regret to see. Proper care, undertaken in time, would usually prevent much, if not all, of this deterioration.

The beauty of the complexion depends much on the physical condition. We cannot expect a clear skin without health, we may expect it with health, and usually find it, but not always. When a person in apparently good health has a rough, sallow skin, we may at once conclude that there is a sufficient cause not far away. It may be in the diet, in the bathing, or lack of it; but whatever it may be, it will soon affect the health, as it has the complexion, and it should be sought out and removed as soon as possible.

A muddy skin may often be traced to impaired digestion, than which nothing is more common. Indeed, I think a perfect digestion has become a somewhat difficult thing to discover. It is often ruined in childhood by over-indulgence in sweets and pastry, allowed by falsely kind and mistaken elders, who do not stop to reckon the far-reaching consequences of such a course. I have seen children who seemed to live entirely on cake, pie, candy, pickles, puddings, etc., with, perhaps, a bit of bread and meat, now and then,—a meager diet it would seem, if one were to judge by their sallow, pasty faces and gaunt limbs. There is little nutrition in such food. The meat, though nutritious, is not suitable for very young children. A child fed on oat meal, eggs, fresh milk, brown bread, fruit, etc., with cake and candy allowed only as an occasional treat, seldom fails of being round, rosy, happy, and healthy, with bright eyes, and a clear skin most pleasant to look upon.

Therefore, if you wish to possess a good complexion, the first and most important consideration is to keep the digestion in order. Frequent and judicious bathing should, perhaps, be placed next in order. I say "judicious" bathing, because it is a matter which requires the exercise of much judgment, though, alas! too frequently this requirement is by no means met.

It is not safe to follow blindly any other person's method of bathing, no matter how much that person may have benefited by it. This is a matter in which every person must be a law to himself.

But baths, when properly taken, have been called the true fountain of youth, and it is certain that no one thing can be more directly conducive to health and beauty. Cold baths should be indulged in only by the most vigorous. "Bathing in cold water every day," as is so often advised, may possibly be safe for one person in a hundred; but I have known great harm to come of it when made a rule for a weak person. Even when no injury is immediately perceived, the vitality is gradually sapped, the reaction after the shock caused to the system by the cold bath being too great a drain upon it. When, as sometimes happens, this reaction does not take place, chills ensue, often followed by serious illness.

Tepid or warm water is probably best for most people. For a weak person the

bath should be about the temperature of the body,—that is, just as it will feel most comfortable to the body, and cause no shock, either from heat or cold, to the abnormally sensitive system. The sponge bath is probably safest for the invalid, unless a physician or skilled nurse is at hand to regulate the temperature of the water, and the length of time that shall be spent in it; and this bath should be taken as often as the strength will permit. A healthy glow and feeling of refreshment should pervade body and mind afterward.

Those who must bathe themselves, and who find that the bath leaves them exhausted and depressed, should bathe only a part of the body at one time, even if two or three days pass before the whole is gone over. Some put a wine-glassful of alcohol into the water for a sponge bath, and find it invigorating. Borax, used occasionally in the water, is cleansing and beautifying. A little glycerine in the water will make the skin soft and smooth. Better than this is vaseline or olive oil, rubbed over the body after the bath. Used regularly, it is said to give nourishment to the skin and develop the body. Either of these rubbed on the joints after a long walk will afford rest and relief, and, in most cases, prevent lameness.

There are some who object to washing the face often, especially with soap, thinking this an injury to the complexion. But those who have made a specialty of skin diseases say no part of the body needs soap so much; that the face, being constantly exposed to dust, collects so much it is not enough to wash it in clear water. They say if soap makes the face shiny, as so many claim, it only shows that it is the more needed, and that the work of drying after the bath has not been properly performed. The face, however, should not be wet immediately before or after going out. Its most thorough ablution should be performed at night, before going to bed, and the following method should be observed in the process:

Fill a basin with soft, warm water, lather a medium size sponge with good soap, and wash the face carefully. Then take fresh water, without soap, and wash again with the hands, and rub thoroughly with a Turkish or crash towel until the face is dry and tingling. This will do much toward improving and preserving the complexion; and the little, vexatious, black spots, called "flesh worms" will usually disappear after a time, if it is persevered in. If, however, the flesh worms still continue troublesome, they may be conquered by the following treatment:

Steam the afflicted part of the face for ten or fifteen minutes over a bowl of hot water, to soften it. If the face has been perspiring freely, the skin is already softened, and needs only to be washed in warm water as a preparation. Then gently press out the "worms," or have some one do it for you. A soft handkerchief should be put over the fingers, as the nails will bruise and cut the skin, and should not be allowed to touch it. When this is all satisfactorily accomplished, apply a soothing ointment, or if preferred, a lotion of glycerine and alcohol. Put this on at night and wash off in the morning with weak gruel or oat meal water. Hard rubbing with a soft nail-brush and warm soap-suds, just before the lotion is applied, will help to remove the black spots, though if the skin is at all broken or sore, this would seem rather harsh. When the spots swell and become painful, make an ointment for them in this way:

Mix thirty-six grains of bicarbonate of soda (common baking soda), one drachm of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti ointment, rubbing the materials together

until perfectly mingled and entirely smooth.

Rub this over the sore spots and let it remain fifteen minutes; then wipe it off with a soft cloth, leaving only a light film.

Another lotion may be made with the following ingredients: Two scruples of carbonate of soda, one-half pint of distilled water and six drops of essence of roses.

Those troubled with these pests should be careful of their diet, and avoid every thing of a fatty nature. They should bathe frequently, and if weak, ask a physician for a tonic.

When excessive perspiration is produced by illness, it needs medical treatment. If local, or only on the face, it may be subdued by proper care. Warm baths should be avoided. If you cannot bear a cold one, have the chill taken off the water. After bathing, sponge the body with a lotion made of two drachms of diluted sulphuric acid and a pint of water. Then powder with starch. A drachm of tannic acid put into six ounces *eau de cologne*, is also good. Apply with a sponge, and use starch plentifully afterward.

Washing the face with oat meal takes off the greasy, sweaty look, and leaves the skin like velvet. Cornstarch is good, put on as a powder, and rubbed off after a time.

A little rice powder will do no harm, if allowed to remain on a few moments, and then is dusted off. But the use of powders cannot be recommended, as they tend to check perspiration, and coarsen the skin.

For slight eruptions on the face, distilled water with borax dissolved in it will be found healing and soothing.

When the neck and arms are plump, but soft and flabby looking, cold water baths, followed by vigorous rubbing, will tend to make the skin soft and satiny-like.

Those who advocate the drinking of hot water say it improves the complexion, if persevered in, clearing and softening the skin and imparting to it the desired rosy tinge. This, of course, is only through its effect on the digestion and general health. The hot water should be drunk only on an empty stomach, and at least an hour before meal-time.

If taken at no other time, it is an excellent plan to drink a bowlful after going to bed. It should be quite hot, and sipped slowly with the help of a spoon. It is refreshing, though one might not think it. It is soothing also, and a good sedative for those unfortunates who are afflicted with "nerves,"—one of the best and most innocent libations we can offer to the drowsy god we are so anxious to propitiate when bed-time comes.

Purity of complexion is a necessity to the woman who would be beautiful, and its requirements are not difficult to comply with, though they may seem numerous. One will be found to help the others.

Daily sun and air baths gained by sufficient, but not too violent, exercise are as necessary as the bath of water. With these, and proper food and drink, plenty of sound sleep, feet warm and comfortable, and a mind kept free from undue strain and worry, the complexion ought to be clear, and free from blemish.

CURE FOR FELON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to thank the sisters for their valuable hints, and tell them a remedy for felons and for poison from thorns. It is this: Take an egg, pour out the white and stir in a teaspoonful each of spirits of camphor, turpentine, honey and salt. By using this in time you can stop a felon before it gives any serious trouble.

E. W.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. E. C. PERRY. The boy to whom you refer, I think first had the cholera infantum in consequence of improper diet and care, like so many others, about one-half of whom die before reaching the age of five years, which shows that there is something very wrong in the treatment of these dear little buds of humanity. The "improved diet" is not just what I should approve. The oat meal, if a good article, is right, but I do not approve of so much "arrowroot, rice, tapioca, sago," etc., as are given, though these starchy articles are not as objectionable as they were when the child was younger, when it had the cholera infantum, at which time the digestive organs may have been so deranged that they have not yet recovered their tone. Those "heaters" will be particularly objectionable in the present hot weather, tending to produce a return of the old difficulty. I should exchange the flour now used (I will not call its name, though I have good reason to say that it is deficient in nourishment,) for the "cold blast" of the Health Food Co. There are two objections to the "milk" now taken, the first of which is, that it should not be taken simply as a drink, when food is not needed, while it is taken rapidly, not properly mixed with the saliva. Give him water as a drink, for that will not demand digestion, will not derange the stomach. He is now old enough to hold the milk in his mouth for a time, taking it slowly, eating it. You need not worry about that "marmasmus," since the most that you can make of it is that the boy is lean, from definite causes, his food being so starchy, so slightly digested that he cannot be fat, is not nourished by what he takes. The boy needs a simpler diet, to eat regularly, taking only fruit juices, or some juices of the grains, at night, that the stomach may have some rest, with good sleep.

LIZZIE B. The "rush of the blood to the head" of which you ask, has a variety of causes, among which are improper food, too carbonaceous, as the sweets, oils and starches, with a consequent derangement of the stomach, impeded circulation of the blood, caused by wearing corsets; tight bands, belts, narrow elastics, tightly worn, hot rooms, and heavy and warm head dresses—the blood remaining at the head—undue excitement, reading late at night, unusual care and study, any brain labor which withdraws the blood to the head, with brain diseases. Any kinds of food which will tend to derange the stomach, causing nausea, like all rich pastry, pork, sausages, doughnuts, concentrated foods of any kind, in which the spices, sweets and oils, particularly lard, may cause the blood to rush to the head, the brain being in direct sympathy with the stomach. When an unusual amount of mental labor is performed, there is a necessity for a corresponding physical exercise, that the blood, directed to the brain by such labors, may be diverted to the limbs, and the surface generally. Whatever part or organ is unusually exercised, will have a corresponding supply of blood, which "is the life," supplying the needed vigor and endurance. It is well, therefore, to devote at least one half as many hours to active exercise of the body as is devoted to mental toils. The cure consists, in part, in the adoption of a plain diet, taking a light supper, no lunches—in eating to live. The important change to be effected is to equalize the circulation of the blood, diverting it from the larger internal vessels to the surface, the small vessels, where one-half of the whole amount should be found. If the head is hot and over-supplied with blood, cool it by the application of cold, wet cloths, at the same time soaking the feet in hot water, followed by a cold dash, and thorough friction—cooling the head and warming the feet.

MRS. JANE M. Pimples on the Face. These occur in the spring and early summer, more especially, in consequence of the fact that more greasy food is taken at this time than is needed to keep the temperature of the body at the required point of ninety-eight degrees, Fahrenheit. In the winter it is otherwise, the cold weather appropriating the "heaters," such as the oils, sweets and starches, while in the warmer weather, when less is needed for this purpose, and when our appetite has not conformed to the weather, an excess of oils remaining in the system, they must be disposed of in some way, appearing in pimples, as the most available means of escape. We well know that the appetite for these heaters varies at different seasons, as it should, but this appetite does not change as promptly as the weather changes, from which fact it seems necessary for our judgment and conscience to regulate it, that we may not take too much of what will unnecessarily inflame the system. I should advise taking less of the sweets, using more of the acids, as the fruit juices, which will materially aid in freeing the body of this excess of carbonaceous matters, through the natural channels, instead of having them come to the surface, especially to the face where ladies do not prefer to have such eruptions. I advise less use of the oils, butter being the more usual, if we except lard, in some families.

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

Number Three.

WHEN the leaves begin to turn, we must begin to turn, too, from the light and bright colors and stuffs in which we have been looking so pretty and fresh all summer, to the darker and more somber tints of fall. Most of us find ourselves turning to the chests and trunks where last winter's things have been stored during the summer months, for even if we can wear light dresses during the day, a sack or wrap often comes into play during the evening, while the cool nights make a blanket indispensable to comfort. It is in this, the first of the fall months, that we begin to drift back into winter ways, and what a busy time for the "housemother" who has to see that every thing is right in her different departments!

Those of us who have been off for the summer, are returning to winter quarters, let us hope refreshed by the rest and change, while those who have stayed at home, have plenty of preserves and other good things to show as the fruit of the summer's toil. The things that we laid by last May with every precaution against those household fiends, moths, have to be taken out and set to rights for any emergency which may arise, which emergency often does arise in the lengthening of the legs and arms of those dear little wretches known as "the children." Last year's flannel, for instance, which then seemed all right, may now be found to hang like a frill in the region of the waist, and either has to be lengthened by some of those pretty knit edges, the patterns for which we see so often in our paper; or it must be passed down from Miriam to Jane, which always makes little Jane cry, for, of course, both the children are spoilt. The pretty new patterns which we see coming in, will help us greatly, and I hope to give some of them soon, counting on the trunk of last year's things to tide us over the month of September.

I promised in my last to give directions for a pretty table cover. I have two patterns, one somewhat elaborate, the second simple and very inexpensive. For the first, the length and breadth, in other words the size of the cover, is what you wish. The materials are felt and embroidery silk. Dark grey or slate is a good color for the foundation, and the colors of the silk ought to be bright and those that would make pretty contrasts. Upon the cover get your friends to write their names. The names may run in any direction, up and down, even sometimes crossing one another. Each name is traced in silk, and I would advise that each name be done all in one color, as the effort should be to have them distinct and easy to read, but much taste may be shown in contrasting the colors. The center may be marked by some special design or not, as you fancy, and if the cover is finished by ball trimming or some effective fringe, it will be exceedingly pretty, besides acting as a spur to the memory of pleasant friends and days.

Memory quilts I am sure you all know of. To my thinking they are singularly frightful and undesirable. As a warning to the unwary, I will say that they are made of calico scraps, a number of white patches giving the opportunity for the writing of names, which is done in ink, which ink, though indelible, always fades, and as the white patches soil, the quilt has to be washed, and the result is a counterpane which would be well replaced by the plainest and cheapest of white spreads.

The second cover is made of patches of cretonne. It can be got very good at twenty-five cents. Perhaps there is enough left over from furniture covering and so on, to make the cover without buying it for that especial purpose. If it has to be bought, it is easier to get but two kinds, cut them into lengths or squares, and place them alternately on some light lining, then carefully smooth the seams on the wrong side, work so as to conceal the seams in bright silk, brier stitch or some such pattern, or the seam may be concealed by bright colored braids. Hem it neatly at the ends, or, if you can, fringe it, and your cover is done and very pretty. Lambrequins made in the same way are pretty, or I have seen them made of one color only and trimmed at the end or finished in deep scallops. The table cover might be finished in that way also, not simply hemmed, and if the cover and lambrequin were for the same room, it would be well to have them correspond.

P. V. B.

CROCHETED ANTIQUE LACE.

Make a chain of thirty-four stitches.

1. Into 4th, 5th and 6th stitches make one long stitch or treble (putting thread over once) each, two chain, skip one, one long stitch in 8th chain, two chain, skip one, one long stitch in 10th, two chain, skip one, one long stitch in each of 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th stitches, six chain, skip four stitches, and make one single crochet in each of 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th stitches, six chain, skip four stitches, one long stitch in each of the 30th, 31st, 32d and 33d stitches.

2. * Turn and make eight chain, one long stitch in each of 6th, 7th and 8th stitches of eight chain, and one on top of first long stitch of last row, two chain, one long stitch on top of fourth long stitch of last row, and one long stitch in each of next three stitches, six chain, one single crochet in each of 2d, 3d and 4th single crochets of last row, six chain, one long stitch in each of 4th, 5th and 6th stitches, and one on top of first long stitch of last row, two chain, one long stitch on top of fourth long stitch, two chain, one long stitch on top of next long stitch, two chain, one long stitch on next two chain, one long stitch on first of four long stitches, and one on each next three, counting three chain as one. Turn.

3. Three chain, one long stitch on each of 2d, 3d and 4th of last row, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch on first of four long stitches, two chain, one long stitch on fourth long stitch, and one in each of next three stitches, three chain, one long stitch in second single crochet, three chain, one long stitch in each of next two chain, and one on top of first long stitch of last row, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, four long stitches on last four long stitches. Turn.

4. One long stitch in each of 5th, 6th and 7th, and one on top of first long stitch, six chain, one single crochet in third chain, one on long stitch, and one on first of three chain, six chain, one long stitch on fourth long stitch, and one in each next three stitches, two chain, skip the long stitch, one long stitch in next three stitches, and one on top of first of four long stitches, two chain, one long stitch on fourth stitch, two chain, one long stitch on first of four long stitches, and one long stitch on next three, counting three chain as a long stitch. Turn.

5. Three chain, one long stitch in 2d, 3d and 4th long stitches, two chain, one

long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch on top of first of four long stitches, two chain, one long stitch in next two chain, and one on first of four long stitches, six chain, one single crochet in sixth chain, and one on each of last three single crochets, one on first of six chain, six chain, one long stitch in fourth of four long stitches, and one in each of next three stitches. Turn and make four chain.

6. One long stitch in fourth stitch of four long stitches, and one in each of next three stitches, six chain, one single crochet in each of 2d, 3d and 4th single crochets of last row, six chain, one long stitch in each of 4th, 5th and 6th, and one on top of first of the four long stitches, two chain, skip two, one long stitch in fourth stitch, one in each next two chain, and one on top of long stitch of last row, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch on each of four long stitches of last row, three chain. Turn.

7. Three chain, three long stitches on top of others, two chain, one long stitch, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch in each next two chain, one long stitch on top of first of the four, three chain, one long stitch in hole formed by two chain, three chain, one long stitch in fourth stitch and one in each of the next three stitches, three chain, one long stitch in second single crochet, three chain, one long stitch in fourth chain, and one in each next two stitches, one on top of first of four long stitches, four chain.

8. One long stitch in fourth stitch, and one in each of next three stitches, skip long stitch, two chain, one long stitch in next three stitches, and one on top of first stitch, six chain, one single crochet in third chain, one on long stitch, and one on first chain, six chain, one long stitch on fourth long stitch, one in each of next two chain, and one on top of long stitch of last row, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, four long stitches on last four long stitches. Turn.

9. Three chain, three long stitches on others, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch, one long stitch, two chain, one long stitch on first of four long stitches, six chain, one single crochet in fifth chain, three on others, and one on first stitch of six chain, six chain, one long stitch on fourth stitch, one in each of next two chain, and one on first of four long stitches. Turn and repeat from * in second row.

When making the "two chain and one long stitch," they must be made on top of the ones in row before, throughout the whole.

If these directions are not plain enough and any one has trouble with them, they can write to the address below.

If cotton number twelve is used, it is lovely for trimming curtains, etc., and crocheted of Barbour's linen thread number nine, it is very pretty for dresses, but of course common sewing thread can be used.

If Dolores, who wrote some time ago about moss pictures, will send me her address, she will oblige me very much.

MABEL DAY.
Graham's, Barnwell Co., S. C.

SPLASHERS.

A simple one and very durable is marbleized oil cloth, white or colored, bound with braid, or the edges punctured with

a brad awl, or bell punch, and a crochet edge worked around. I have a toilet set made the latter way, which has been in my room in constant use for ten years, and frequent scrubings have not marred its good looks yet.

A cheap and dainty affair can be made easily in this way: Take a good smooth shingle, in fact any thin board will do, cut the width and length desired, take a piece of paper muslin or cambric the length you wish the splasher, tack it on one of the sticks, turn the muslin or cambric over it so as to hide the stick, and tack the other end in the same way. Then take some figured lace, (you can buy it very cheap with a border each side,) any width. Pleat or gather one end one inch from the edge for a finish, and sew on the cambric. Then fix the other end in the same manner. Another way which takes more lace, is to pleat enough lace very full, and sew from stick to stick. Fasten on the wall with small hooks and rings. This is very convenient. On sweeping days it can be rolled up and laid in the drawer or closet.

You can buy very pretty splashes of straw, like the table mats that roll up, having a large bunch of flowers painted on the center. Then a splasher is manufactured of paper ware, so popular a few years ago. But these two above mentioned I do not like, and if possible would have others.

Go to a toy shop and buy a child's rolling hoop, the widest part as wide as your washstand, gather a piece of cambric and tack on the hoop enough to make it full prettily. Then take dotted Swiss, or any thin goods you choose, gather very full, and tack around the outer edge over the cambric. Bring them, cambric and Swiss, over the hoop so as to conceal it, and gather them together in the center. Arrange the gathers neatly, fasten securely, and finish in the center with a bow of ribbon. If you have Swiss left, cut it about two and one-half inches wide, work both edges in button-hole stitch, a shade to match the bow, gather once or twice through the center, and sew around the edge of the hoop for a finish, or you may use two pieces of lace sewed together and gathered in the center, or instead of working button-hole stitch on each edge, a narrow, cheap lace makes a very neat finish.

I have a very pretty thimble case which I will try to describe to you as plainly as possible. Cut from thick pasteboard, but not too thick, a diamond two inches long from point to point, and one and one-half inches from point to point across. Then trim the points off rounding, and get the shape to suit you and a convenient size. You want three of these. Cover each of these outside with crimson, and inside with white silk. If you can paint, paint a small sprig of flowers in the center of each piece, or before putting on the outside, stamp a small embroidery pattern on, and work in one or more colors. Mine has a leaf in beads, made by cutting a paper pattern like the outside, and then trimming it down smaller, so as to leave a margin of silk after the leaf is basted on. The inside is cut out, with a row of beads straight through the center, with little branches of beads each side to represent veins in the leaf. Join the three pieces, sewing two sides close. By pressing top and bottom on the case it flies open, and it is very easy to put in or take out your thimble. I know this is not very plain, but if you have trouble let me know.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

HOUSEHOLD LACE.

This is an original pattern, designed especially for THE HOUSEHOLD, and is correct, as I am writing it as I make the pattern to send with it. I hope the sis-

ters will try it and report, and if liked I will send more wide patterns as time will permit. This pattern is entirely new and has never been published.

1. Make a chain of twenty-one stitches, turn and make three double crochet (putting thread over the needle) in sixth chain, (from the end you are working on,) two chain, three double crochet in same stitch, three chain, one single crochet in fourth stitch from shell, five chain, one single crochet in fourth stitch, three chain, three double crochet in fourth chain, two chain, three double crochet in same place, four chain, single crochet in last stitch.

2. Twelve double crochet in four chain in preceding row, * three double crochet in center of shell, two chain, three double crochet in same place, one single crochet underneath chain in preceding row close to shell, five chain, one single crochet under the chain close to last shell in preceding row, three double crochet in center of shell, two chain, three double crochet in same place, one double crochet in fifth chain of last row *.

3. * Three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in center of shell, three chain, one single crochet in center of fifth chain in preceding row, five chain, one single crochet in center of five chain, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in center of shell *, one double crochet in each double crochet of preceding row separated by one chain, taking up only the two top threads.

4. Four chain, twelve double crochet in each double crochet in preceding row, separated by two chain. Balance of row like second row from * to *.

5. Same as third row from * to *, three double crochet between each double crochet of preceding row.

6. Five chain, one double crochet in top of last double crochet, one double crochet between the next three double crochet, taking up only the two top threads, three chain, one double crochet in same place as the last double crochet, one double crochet in next third, third stitch, three chain, one double crochet in same place, continue to *, then same as second row from * to *.

7. Same as third row from * to *, then three double crochet in each three chain of preceding row.

8. Three chain, three double crochet between each three double crochet of preceding row, then same as second row from * to *.

9. Same as third row from * to *, then three chain, one double crochet between each three double crochet of the preceding row.

10. One single crochet, six double crochet, one single crochet under each three chain, then same as second row.

In making the loop for the commencement of the next scallop, fasten the four chain into the top of the first small scallop with a slip stitch, and each row after is fastened to a small scallop.

La Grande, Oregon. MRS. E. A. A.

PINE-APPLE LACE.

Make a chain the required length, turn, double crochet—putting the thread over once—into each stitch of the chain, making a double chain. Four chain, double crochet between third and fourth stitches, two chain, double crochet between fifth and sixth stitches, same across either side of the chain. Then three chain, double crochet three times in third loop, two chain, double crochet again three times in the same loop, which forms a shell, chain six, make a shell in the fifth loop from the shell just crocheted, six chain, and shell in the fifth loop from the second shell, making three shells. Five chain, turn, make shell in one just made,

four chain, double crochet eight times, with two chain between each double crochet, in middle shell, four chain, shell in first shell, chain five, fasten in the three chain at the beginning. Turn, double crochet eleven in the five chain, forming a scallop, one chain, then crochet shell in shell, chain four, and without putting the thread over, put the needle through the first loop of the eight double crochet, and draw the thread through the loop on the needle which will fasten it tight, chain four, and fasten in the next loop in the same way, and so on through the eight double crochet. This middle one is the pine-apple. Chain four, another shell, double crochet into the loop between the shell and the five chain. Five chain, turn, make another shell, four chain, and go across as before. Then four chain, and shell, five chain, and fasten in the end of the scallop. Turn, make scallop, proceed back and forth until you have ten shells on either side, when the pine-apple will be complete.

Now to finish the scallop. You have five small scallops on one side, now put the needle through the last shell without putting the thread over, then through the shell on the other side, and draw the thread through, leaving one loop on the needle, then put the needle through the five chain, throw the thread over, draw it through, chain five, and fasten to the end of the scallop. Turn, make scallop, and in every five chain make the rest of the small scallops, and one large scallop will be complete.

Now chain seven, and make shell in the fifth loop from shell of large scallop, chain six, make another shell in the fifth loop from the last shell, chain six, another shell in fifth loop from the middle shell, chain five, make a shell in last shell crocheted, four chain, eight double crochet, with two chain between, in middle shell, four chain, another shell, five chain, fasten, in loop like the first scallop. Turn, double crochet four in the five, put the needle through the fourth stitch of the small scallop of the large scallop, draw through and fasten, then finish the scallop and proceed to work the same way as in the first scallop. Next time across, fasten the second scallop the same as the first, making two small scallops fastened together, which strengthens the large scallops. Feather braid can be used for heading if preferred. This makes a very pretty trimming.

E. R. A.

WIDE SHELL EDGING.

Cast on eighteen stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, knit two together, knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together. (The last four stitches are knit in this way every alternate row, so I will not repeat it.)

2. Make a stitch by putting the thread around the needle and seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to the loops, knit the first, seam the next, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, rest plain.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, the rest plain, except the last four stitches.

4. Make a stitch, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to four stitches, thread over twice, seam two together, rest plain.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, knit two together, knit three, thread over twice, knit two together, the rest plain to the last four stitches.

6. Make a stitch and seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to the loops, knit the first,

seam the next, knit one, knit the next, seam the next, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, rest plain.

7 and 8. Like the third and fourth rows.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, knit two together, thread over twice, knit two together, thread over twice, knit two together, rest plain to four stitches.

10. Make a stitch, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, rest plain to loops, knit the first, seam the next, and so on to four stitches, thread over twice, seam two together, rest plain.

11. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit ten stitches, take the tenth stitch back on the left hand needle, and slip all the stitches there are on that needle over it, except the last four, take back the stitch on the right hand needle, and seam the last four as in the other rows.

12. Make a stitch, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit ten, thread over needle, seam two together, rest plain. There are now eighteen stitches to commence another scallop.

MOLLIE C.

A PRETTY AFGHAN.

I have just finished an afghan, and I am so much pleased with my success that I want others to try it and be happy. Mine is for a sofa, but the same is just as pretty for a carriage. Gather together all the pieces of worsted you have around the house. The brighter you have them the better, but you can mix the dark or dull ones in with the bright, and in this way use all. Break in pieces about one and one-half yards long, and tie together just as they come, light and dark, (if you have shorter pieces than this tie them in, too, but have this the average length,) then crochet "star stitch," or "point neige," which is as follows:

Make a chain as long as you require, turn and take up as in afghan stitch, the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh chains from the needle, and draw the wool through all the six loops at once, then three chain, take up the second and third of the three chain, the loop drawn through the six stitches—a sort of little eyelet hole—and the next two chain of the foundation, draw the wool through all. Repeat in this way to the end and break off. Join the wool at the beginning of the row, make five chain, take up the first three of these five chain, the second chain on the point underneath, and draw the wool through. * Then three chain, take up the second and third of this three chain, the loop through the six stitches—the eyelet hole—the two chain on the next point, and draw the wool through all at once. Repeat from * At the end of each row break off and begin at the other end. I made fifteen rows of the mixed colors, and then fifteen rows of black Germantown, and then the colored again, until I had four colored and three black ones.

Put heavy fringe on the ends, and you will have a pretty afghan at a very little expense. Try it.

LONG ISLAND.

TUNISIAN LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Knit three, over, knit two together, knit three, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

2. Knit six, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

3. Knit three, make one, knit two together twice, make one, knit five, make one, knit six.

4. Slip one, knit one, throw the slipped one over that just knitted, continue this casting off until only fourteen stitches remain on the left needle, then knit one,

make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one.

5. Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one.

6. Knit three, make one, knit one, make one, slip two, knit one, throw the two slipped stitches over the one just knitted, make one, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one. This completes the pattern.

MRS. J. W. McCausland.

ANTIQUE OR TUNISIAN INSERTION.

Cast on seventeen stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow again, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit three, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, slip two, knit one, pass the slipped stitches over the knitted one, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

Repeat from first row.

By throwing the thread over the needle twice in making the loops, and dropping the second stitch in knitting them, the lace will be more open, and greatly improved.

GEORGIE.

Cambridge, Mass.

SHELL PATTERN.

Twenty-five stitches are required for each pattern. Complete in four rows.

This pattern, though old, will be new to some. It is easy, and yet a showy one. It can be knit in rounds as well as rows, with this difference: in rounds the purl stitches become knit or plain ones, that is, knit each round as in plain knitting. When knit in rounds it is exceedingly pretty for mittens, stockings, bottom of baby's skirts, etc. I have lately used the same pattern in rows very effectively with wooden needles for the bottom of a lawn tennis cap.

1. Knit two together four times, bring the wool forward, knit one eight times, knit two together four times, purl one; repeat.

2. Purl.

3. Plain knitting.

4. Purl.

Commence again as at first row.

New York. C. M. B.

KNITTED UNDERSKIRT.

Cast on ten stitches for each scallop, and one extra stitch at the end of the needle.

1. Knit plain.

2. Knit seam.

3. Knit plain.

4. Knit two together, three plain,* yarn over, knit one, yarn over, knit three, slip one, narrow, throw over slipped stitch, knit three. One scallop.

Repeat from * until two stitches are left on the needle. Slip one, knit one, and bind. Seam across the whole. Do this eight times, four each way, then repeat from second row.

I used for mine six skeins of light red, and two skeins of dark red. I have three breadths in mine, three scallops of dark, then three of light, two of dark, two of light, and one of dark. Finish up with light, seam or plain. Use large needles.

Hyannisport, Mass. M. T. CHASE.

The Dining Room.

ENGLISH TABLE MANNERS.

IN NO respect can American and English etiquette be contrasted more fully than in the manner of the every-day dinner, which in America finds a lady in a plain silk dress, high-necked and long-sleeved, but at which the English lady always appears in a semi-grand toilet, with open pompadour corsage and elbow sleeves, if not in low-necked, full dress attire; while her daughters are uniformly sleeveless, and generally in white dresses, often low-necked in depth of winter. At dinner all the men are in evening dress, even if there is no one present at the time but the family.

The dinner is not as good as the ordinary American dinner, except in the matter of fish, which is universally very fine. The vegetables are few and poor, and the "sweets," as they call dessert, are very bad. A gooseberry tart is all that is offered to one at an ordinary dinner, although fine strawberries and a pine are often brought in afterward. The dinner is always served with much state, and afterward the ladies all combine to amuse the guests by their talents. There is no false shame in England about singing and playing the piano. Even poor performers do their best, and contribute very much to the pleasure of the company. At the table people do not talk much, nor do they gesticulate as Americans do. They eat very quietly, and speak in low tones. No matters of family history or religion or political differences are discussed before the servants. Talking with the mouth full is considered an unpardonable vulgarity. All small preferences for any particular dish are kept in the background. No hostess ever apologizes or appears to hear or see any thing disagreeable. If the *omelette soufflee* is a failure, she does not observe it; the servant offers and withdraws it, nor is any one disturbed thereby. As soon as one is helped he must begin to eat, not waiting for any one else. If the viand is too hot or too cold, or is not what the visitor likes, he pretends to eat it, playing with knife and fork.

No guest ever passes a plate or helps to any thing; the servant does all that. Soup is taken from the side of the spoon noiselessly. Soup and fish are not partaken of a second time. If there is a joint, and the master carves, it is proper, however, to ask for a second cut. Bread is passed by the servant, and must be broken, not cut, afterward. It is considered *gauche* to be undecided as to whether you will take clear soup or thick soup; decide quickly. In refusing wine, simply say, "Thanks;" the servant knows then that you do not take any.

The servants retire after handing the dessert, and a few minutes' free conversation is allowed. Then the lady of the house gives the signal for rising. Toasts and taking wine with people are entirely out of fashion; nor do the gentlemen remain long in the dining room.

At the English dinner table, from the plainest to the highest, there is etiquette, manner, fine service, and every thing that Englishmen enjoy. The wit, the courtier, the beauty, and the poet aim at appearing well at dinner. The pleasures of the table, says Savarin, bring neither enchantment, ecstasy, nor transports, but they gain in duration what they lose in intensity; they incline us favorably toward all other pleasures—at least help to console us for the loss of them.

At very few houses, even that of a duke, does one see so elegant a table and such a profusion of flowers as at every millionaire's table in New York; but one

does see superb old family silver and the most beautiful table linen even at a very plain abode. The table is almost uniformly lighted with wax candles. Hot coffee is served immediately after dinner in the drawing room. Plum pudding, a sweet omelet, or a very rich plum tart is often served in the middle of dinner, before the game. The salad always comes last, with the cheese. This is utterly unlike our American etiquette.

Tea is served in English country houses four or five times a day. It is always brought to your bedside before rising; it is poured at breakfast and at lunch; it is a necessary of life at five o'clock; it is drunk just before going to bed. Probably the cold, damp climate has much to do with this; and the tea is never very strong, but is excellent, being always freshly drawn, not steeped, and is most refreshing.

Servants make the round of the table in pairs, offering the condiments, the sauces, the vegetables, and the wines. The common-sense of the English nation breaks out in their dinners. Nothing is offered out of season. To make too great a display of wealth is considered *bourgeois* and vulgar to a degree. A choice but not oversumptuous dinner meets you in the best houses. But to sit down to the plainest dinners, as we do, in plain clothes, would never be permitted. Even ladies in deep mourning are expected to make some slight change at dinner.

Iced drinks are never offered in England, nor in truth are they needed.

It is still considered proper for the man of the house to know how to carve, and at breakfast and lunch the gentlemen present always cut the cold beef, the fowl, the pressed veal, and the tongue. At a country house dinner the lady often helps the soup herself. Even at very quiet dinners a *menu* is written out by the hostess and placed at each plate. The ceremony of the "first lady" being taken in first and allowed to go out first is always observed at even a family dinner. No one apologizes for any accident, such as overturning a glass of claret, or dropping a spoon, or even breaking a glass. It is passed over in silence.

No English lady ever reproves her servants at table nor even before her husband and children. Her duty at table is to appear serene and unruffled. She puts her guests at their ease by appearing at ease herself. In this respect English hostesses are far ahead of American ones.

Also in the matter of public holidays and of their amusements the English people behave very unlike American people. If there is a week of holidays, as at Whitsuntide, all the laboring classes go out of town and spend the day in the parks, the woods or the country. By this we mean shop girls, clerks in banks, lawyers' clerks, young artists, and physicians, all, in fact, who make their bread by the sweat of their brows. As for the privileged classes, they go from London to their estates, put on plain clothes, and fish or hunt, or the ladies go into the woods to pick wild flowers. The real love of nature, which is so honorable a part of the English character, breaks out in great and small. In America a holiday is a day when people dress in their best, and either walk the streets of a great city, or else take drives, or go to museums, or theaters, or do something which smacks of civilization. How few put on their plain clothes and stout shoes and go into the woods! How much better it would be for them if they did!

At Whitsuntide the shop girls of London—a hard-worked class—go down to Epping Forest, or to Hampton Court, or to Windsor, with their basket of lunch, and everywhere one sees the sign "Hot Water for Tea," which means that they

go into the humble inn and pay a penny for the use of the tea-pot and cup and the hot water, bringing their own tea and sugar. The economy which is a part of every Englishman's religion could well be copied in America. Even a duchess tries to save money, saying wisely that it is better to give it away in charity than to waste it.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

TABLE TALK.

What would you think of a housekeeper who made a practice of mixing nettles or wormwood with her salads, or pouring coal oil into her gravies, and sprinkling ashes over her juicy roasts? You would, of course think her a poor, crazy woman, whose place was in the asylum. But one spoiled dish on the table is not so bad as to have the comfort of the whole meal taken away by bringing up unpleasant subjects which make you wish you were dining off a crust on "the corner of a housetop" alone, in preference. It is not the right place at which to bring up all the arrears of the day's misfortunes and shortcomings. Be pleasant at meal times, if you cannot any other hour in the day. It is a powerful aid to digestion to have the mind cheery and bright when taking our food. Gloom and ill temper are exactly the reverse of helpful.

It is the hardest on the overworked mother, who too often comes to her meals so wearied she has little relish or spirit for eating. So much the more is it the duty of those about her to say encouraging, cheering words that shall be a help to her. If all will try for the hour to lay off care and be happy together, the meal times may be the most pleasant and instructive parts of the day.

Dr. Franklin stated that he derived his peculiar, practical turn of mind from his father's table talk. He was accustomed to take up some profitable subject, or discuss some moral principle, instead of forever talking upon hunting, or troutting, or dining, or neighborhood gossip.

Young Elihu Burritt had his soul fired with a desire to read largely from hearing his father and some old neighbor talking over the old days of the Revolution. If such delightful, fascinating tales were found in books, he would master them and win their gold. How nobly he succeeded, is, or ought to be, known to every American boy, to whom his example is a legacy.

A neat and happy home table, though covered with the coarsest linen the looms may weave, is a memory to which the grown-up children will turn back with delight as something almost sacred. It is one of the "spells of home" that help more than we can ever know, to bind the heart to all that is good and holy, and keep it back from the ways of sin. Let us watch over this educator of our children with a jealous care, and study the matter before hand, so we may repress whatever would be unpleasant and have topics in our mind to bring forward that will be both pleasant and useful.—*Ex.*

THE DINING ROOM.

However one may economize in household labor, good taste and much pains-taking should govern the appointments of the table and dining room. An attractive table is a good appetizer and has something to do with good behavior. Human nature is easily affected by the atmosphere with which it is surrounded; children cannot be expected to behave well in an hour given over to disorder, fretfulness and flurry. Table manners for the housekeeper begin in seeing that her table is neat and attractive and calculated to inspire cheerfulness; from it she should banish as far possible all vexations, cares and worries.

No part of the furnishing of our houses is so generally satisfactory to ourselves as the furniture of the dinner table. We do not take much interest in the form of tables and chairs, or in the patterns and colors of carpets and curtains; and if we ever are induced to observe a little more carefully than we have done, we find them incapable of exciting interest, and often very ugly. But a well furnished and "elegant" dining table pleases everybody. The lady who sits at its head looks upon it with much satisfaction; and this is not only because it gratifies her pride of possession, or her desire to excel in splendor of display, but also because it is really pleasant to her sight.—*Exchange*.

THE DESSERT.

— "What are pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

— "What is wanted in this country," said the bride, as she examined the wedding presents, "is silver service reform. That set is plated."

— "Why, S'm! how do you expect to get that mule along with a spur only on one side?" "Well, boss, if I gets dat side to go, ain't de 'udder one boun' to keep up?"

— "How old are you, 'my little man?'" asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years, to whom he was being introduced. "I'm not old," replied the little man; "I am almost new."

— A New York couple who are to be married in June will make their wedding tour in a canoe, evidently believing that in this manner they will acquire more canoe-bial bliss than usually falls to the lot of married people.

— A man in a sleeping car went through an accident, in which the car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noted, however, that as the car struck the bottom he murmured: "Don't, Jane, don't; I'll get up and start the fire directly."

— "Gentlemen, 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.

— "W—, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed W—, opening his eyes wide: "No, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness herself." "That's not bad. Ha, ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife would give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly, as she answered, "I suppose because you were born so."

— A gentleman was dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night. The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he reappeared, drenched with rain. "Where have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog about the paws, and a weeping-willow about the head. "I?" said he, quietly shaking off the water, "I have been at home to tell my wife that, as it was such a bad night, I should not return."

The Kitchen.

MAN'S WAY AND WOMAN'S WAY.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

AFTER harvest, as usual, the voice of the steam-thresher was heard in the land, and one afternoon, after the great, odd, awkward thing had, with a hiss and a screech, invaded our domain, and settled itself to its task of devouring the wheat-stacks behind the orchard, I was rolled out in my chair to watch the operation—the first time for many years such a thing has been possible to me. It was a sight worth seeing, and I felt well repaid for my trouble.

The engine was a self-guiding, traction engine, propelling itself, and as it walked off, drawing the water-tank, and half a dozen men crowded in by the fire-chamber, it reminded me of a railway engine and caboose, except that it needed no rails to run on.

I sat for a long time watching the busy scene. It was a busy scene. The engine puffed, the red balls of the "governor" spun round and round, until their motion seemed a mere vibration. The long band hummed; the separators swung as the bundles disappeared in their voracious mouth. In one place, grain poured out in a thick, yellow stream, while the straw ran up the carrier in another.

Men were busy everywhere. Yet, as I sat there in the shade of the apple trees, I was struck with the fact that in all this busy, continuous work, there seemed to be no bustle, no hurry. Each man had his place, and did his work in a steady, orderly fashion. Two men on the grain stack loosened the bundles and pitched them to a third, who tossed them upon the platform, where one man cut the bands, and another man fed the loose bundles into the mouth of the separator.

Three men were on the straw, as it piled up beneath the carrier, building it into a stack; two attended to receiving and emptying the grain; one managed the team, and when one wagon load was delivered to the granaries, returned and fastened his horses to a second wagon which, filled to overflowing during his absence, stood ready and waiting for him. The engineer looked after his engine, having the easiest, but most responsible post. The owner of the machine cared for his horses and the water supply, and exercised a general supervision over all the work. The owner of the grain was kept busily employed carrying cool water to the thirsty men, and lending a hand here and there as need arose, changing horses, pitching bundles, or, when the golden stream threatened to overflow, helping to empty the half-bushel boxes of grain which constantly succeeded and replaced each other.

No one of these men could have left his place for ten minutes without risking some unpleasant *contretemps* or complication, yet no one, except perhaps the one whose duty it was to feed the hungry monster, seemed so hurried but that he could stop a moment, now and then, for a drink, or some merry trick at a comrade's expense. One slim lad of seventeen, who was on the stack, loosening bundles, occasionally relieved his feelings by dancing a fandango, or throwing himself down on his face, and cooling his heels in the air. And the chaff from the straw-carrier was by no means the only chaff that flew to right and left through the soft August atmosphere.

I had always rather pitied the men in threshing time, thinking the rushing, dusty work must be very trying and disagreeable. But that day I came to the conclusion that they enjoy it as much as

our grandmothers did their quilting bees. It is hard work, no doubt, but it brings neighbors together in a community of work and conversation. They enjoy the bountiful, well-cooked meals they have learned from experience to expect, and taking all together, seem to find these occasions far from unpleasant.

As I watched them there in their busy, yet, as it seemed, almost leisurely movements, I thought of the difference between their way, and the usual way of women when housework of like importance and severity is in course of operation. Perhaps it is house cleaning which must be completed within a given time. Do we have time here for jokes and merriment, for that free, leisurely swing of work, peculiar to men, and which leaves healthy fatigue, but not exhaustion of body and brain? By no means. One or two pairs of hands must do all, flying through one piece of work after another, often forced to bring in meals, dish-washing and all the thousand and one daily duties that pertain to housekeeping, in addition. At night the weary workers have exhausted muscle and nerve, and are too tired to sleep.

It is quite possible that the threshing machine might have been managed, the grain secured, with one or two less men, and so with a few dollars less expense. But a larger share of the work must then have fallen to each man. Hurry and bustle would have been seen. Occasionally, it may be, some detail of the work must have been left half done, or not done at all. Many things must have been left at loose ends, occasioning much putting to rights afterwards—the sort of thing which always befalls housekeepers, after extra work has been done in their domain.

Men think it pays to have plenty of help on such occasions. It does pay. But when it comes to woman's work, they look at the matter in a totally different light.

This is not because farmers, or other men, wish their wives and daughters to work themselves sick. They have no idea they are making drudges of their dear ones, and taking all pleasure out of their lives. On the contrary, the good men usually have the idea that they are the most indulgent of husbands and fathers. If you were to penetrate to the inmost thoughts of their hearts, you would probably find that in their eyes "the women folks" have, on the whole, a very easy time of it. They have only to "get the meals on," and "do a few chores round," and have plenty of time to play, or "fix themselves up," which "fixing up" is made to include the family sewing, and all tidying of the house of course.

Men have no conception of what is preliminary to "getting the meals on," and making the house pleasant and cool and restful for tired and hungry field-workers. They do not sympathize with the house-worker's fatigue, because they do not understand its cause. If compelled to notice it, they say, "Well, let things go." The weary woman wonders and asks what she shall let go.

"Oh, something. There's no need of getting so tired. I don't see what there is to be tired about."

The next remark may very likely be that there will be extra hands to dinner, wanted at twelve sharp, which fact makes necessary new and laborious arrangements.

It seems a little strange that the average man should be so impressed with the idea that household work is of little consequence, when as soon as the exhausted workers are forced to let things go, he is the first to feel the discomfort and inconvenience that arises. The house is in confusion; meals are irregular; the men

wander about seeking rest and finding

none, until health comes back to the stricken household, and the old order of things begins again—no lesson learned.

Men are apt to think housework wholly consists in getting meals, and getting meals consists in putting a few things on the table. No wonder they do not see the necessity for getting tired over that, especially as they measure the labor by their own strength, not taking into consideration the weaker muscles and nerves of women and girls.

They do not stop to think how their own toil is sweetened to them by the fact that it is out of doors. The broad, sweet face of nature is ever before them, and, although they may not realize how its soothing, calming influence helps them, the influence is at work, the help is afforded, nevertheless. The sun may be hot, but there is a fresh breeze blowing. Even if sultry, the heat is very different from the stove heat in the vitiated air of the house. When the farmer follows his plow, his eyes rest on long reaches of meadow or wood or upland; when he whets his scythe, or rides on his mower, his nostrils catch the breath of clover blooms, wafted by the same refreshing breeze that cools his heated forehead. The blue sky is above him, fields and woods before him, sweet, pure, fragrant air about him, and all that gentle, indefinable influence of the free, open country at work upon him, affecting him, whether he knows it or not.

The women, who, by the greater sensitiveness and impressibility of their nature, need even more than he this soothing, calming influence, are shut within the four walls of the usual farm-house kitchen, sweltering in the close, stove heat, necessary to baking and broiling, breathing in the hot air, perfumed only by cooking meat and vegetables, giving many a longing glance through the window or open door, but knowing that liberty to bathe in the delights lying just outside is not for them.

A few years ago I saw in one of our popular magazines an article deplored the tendency of young people to leave the country to seek employment in cities, drawing a dark picture of the life and final fate of many a young girl who, attracted by the glitter and dash of town life, foolishly leaves her country home and friends in the hope of a brilliant future elsewhere. This was illustrated by a picture entitled, "The home she might have had," a tree-shadowed, quaint old farm-house. In a hammock slung between the trees before the house reclines a young woman in flowing robes, her baby in her arms, the image of happy leisure.

This is a very pretty idea; but how about its truth? How many farmers' wives have time to lie in hammocks with their babies, even on Sunday—that day of rest to all except women? Even on Sunday the meals must be prepared, the house put in order, and the children kept tidy.

If help enough were provided for the house so that the work might pass off naturally, steadily, smoothly, without hurry, as man's work does, women could spend more time out of doors, and would become, in consequence, healthier and happier, and so more agreeable and lovable. They would learn to love the farm-life, and be in no haste to leave it. For there is no life on earth so sweet and independent, so filled with pure interests and pleasures, as the country life, if made for both men and women what it ought to be, and what it might be.

It sometimes, perhaps often, happens that women are themselves to blame for the hurry and worry and bustle in which they find themselves, and of which they nevertheless, bitterly complain. Many a woman thinks that if it is possible for

one pair of hands to accomplish a certain piece of work, that pair of hands must do it. So she "jumps into it," hurries and worries through it somehow, and feels proud of her achievement, though she may be forced to lie by for days afterward to pay for it. She thought it sheer waste to hire a second pair of hands, that neither might need to hurry or take long rest afterward. To me the waste seems on the other side, for it is the waste of precious nerve force and vitality which may not come again, while dollars and cents may and usually do.

A sensible correspondent writes me that she would like to give THE HOUSEHOLD sisters a lecture on "shirking work." She says ironing, scrubbing and unwholesome fancy cooking are left out of her program of housework. I hope she will follow her inclination in regard to the lecture; for although a certain amount of cleanliness is essential to health and comfort, it is not rational to scrub one's self into a fever for health's sake; and I think it probable that a lecture on shirking work is more needed by most of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters than stimulating accounts of the marvelous feats of housewifery performed by certain happy ones so favored by nature or circumstances that they may achieve great things without paying too dear a price.

No wonder one suffering sister thinks there is a difference in women. There is also a difference in circumstances. The thing easily done in one family may prove in another a burden grievous to be borne, and this for reasons which do not appear on the surface, and which can be justly estimated only by those on whom the burden falls.

One housewife may be a help, but seldom an infallible guide to another. One must learn to modify new ideas, and adapt them to her own special needs, her strength and executive ability, in order to find and profit by their highest usefulness.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Fifteen.

BY THERESA.

Greeting, HOUSEHOLD sisters! This beautiful June Monday afternoon, I feel just like having a good chat with you. The after dinner work is done, the clean clothes are flapping in the breeze, the custard and gingerbread baked for supper while getting dinner, and the pail of clean water heating in the sun for watering plants, which we always do at night in warm weather, also, for washing what few dishes there may be, as we intend to have no more fire to day. Am I not tired? Yes, very tired, but writing will sometimes rest one. A lame shoulder sings (?) loudly in consequence of overuse, but 'tis the left one, so it does not interfere with writing. The strawberry shortcake was delicious this noon! How did we make it? Well, just like any shortcake. We are so used to making them, that we do not measure the ingredients, but used just enough new buttermilk, soda, salt, shortening and flour, to make a thick one in a round tin. The field berries were just picked, and as fast as we picked over a handful, we put a little sugar in the bowl with it, stirring and cutting the berries with a spoon. We like them better so, as the sugar strikes through, and they have a chance to pickle in the sugar. When the cake was done, we cut it in two, as near the center as possible, spread the bottom part with plenty of butter, spread one-half the berries evenly over it, plenty of sweet cream, (plenty remember,) and more sugar. The other part was then filled in the same way, and placed on the top, with the crust down.

That we should plant, as given, proves profitable, in time, for it takes less to make the berries arise. Are the berries ripe? Are Anna Holley, New Haven, capable of giving us a Wolverine, who is two leaves sugar, milk, sufficient soda, salt, and two wheat, a better the same as cake. Some prefer to make these from it by sponging them, or, as some and reader them a bit of the batter before getting the right heat are hollow, and are they eat.

The nature of the Principal article of the machinery from the one in this country as it should be, and to have the same and still sing together was spelled by

This delightful month would not be complete without strawberries, I am sure! The air is redolent with the fragrance of field clover, and roses of all kinds, which the birds must appreciate too, for they make the sweetest of music all day long. I know 'tis a busy time of the year, but I hope none will be too much absorbed with household cares, but what they can spare a few moments to try and enjoy themselves, or at least to bestow a few thoughts upon the beauties of the passing month, which "comes but once a year."

Speaking of a lame shoulder reminds me of a request by Mrs. Armsby in the June number, for a remedy for a "stiffening finger joint." She did not ask me, but I feel sure that I know of something that will help it, if not cure it altogether. The remedy was given to a lady by a doctor in reply to what she should do for the "hard bunches and knots," as she called them, inside her hands. He told her to get a small bottle of olive oil, (one-half bottle would do to try,) and put in as much camphor gum as it would dissolve, pour some in the hands rub them together, and heat in by the fire. She continued in this, usually evenings, rubbing and heating, and in a short time, her hands were soft as need be, not a "bunch" remaining. Another lady tried the same for a large, hard bunch, growing on the back of her hand, resembling what is called, a "weeping sinew." It was getting very troublesome indeed, but after the above treatment, it disappeared entirely, and has never returned, she tried no other remedy, consequently has good reason for believing that this was the cure. It is simple, and not expensive, and if Mrs. Armsby tries it, and is benefited, will she report through the Household.

I omitted to say in the proper place, that unless one is sure that every one of the company that is to partake, is fond of, or can eat cream on berry cake, (all cannot,) the best way is to leave it out, and set it on the table in a dish by itself, when those wishing, can be helped to it.

That is truly a wonderful plant, that Eolia Bronson describes, in the June number. The gardener that muttered to himself, that he would "die happy, if he could only see it bloom," might not have considered that perhaps it cannot be brought to that, in a cooler climate than its natural one; does she know if it could? or is it not a native of her state, Tennessee?

Think we shall try the recipe for pie plant pie, as given by Salena S. and if it proves palatable, it will be a great saving of time, for it takes more time to peel it, than to make the pies. But the question arises, "Are the skins healthful?" Will Anna Holyoke Howard, or some other capable one give us their opinion?

Wolverine, mother's recipe for fritters, is—two beaten eggs, for a pint of buttermilk, sufficient soda to sweeten, a little salt, and fine wheat flour enough to make a batter the same consistency of griddle cakes. Some prefer to use a little sugar, to make them browner. For frying, dip it by spoonfuls into a kettle of hot lard. It must be just hot enough not to burn them, or cool enough to soak with lard, and render them soggy. Trying with a bit of the batter before frying, will aid in getting the right heat. When done, they are hollow, and are nice eaten with maple syrup, each one filling their own, as they eat.

The natives of India make rice their principal article of food, and we heard a missionary from there once say, that no one in this country knew how to cook it as it should be, and the beauty of it was, to have the grains soft, keep their shape and still cling together. He also said it was spoiled by stirring, which never

should be done, but put in a dish of salted water, cover, and set in a kettle of water, and let it boil three or four hours. He did not say, but 'tis supposed of course, that if it swells so as to need more water after awhile, that hot water can be supplied without stirring.

A sand bag has been recommended in preference to pieces of wood or stone, or any thing for warming, to apply to the seat of pain, and we have thought we should have one "sometime," but as yet have done nothing but "think." Last winter, however, when a person who was stopping "at our house," was suffering from neuralgia, it was fully decided to "not let the coming summer pass without getting material, and making one;" which decision we intend to abide by. A split cracker softened with boiling water, sprinkled with ground mustard, (covered with a bit of old lace, to keep it from adhering to the face,) and bound on hot, afforded relief, and the person soon dropped asleep after long hours of pain and wakefulness. Our thanks, Sunny-side, for the remedy given in a former paper.

I sympathized with the lady in her first attempts at dinner for company, and that, a minister with his wife too! Why is it that people will feel more nervous about entertaining them, than almost any other class of people? But they certainly do, notwithstanding they are but human beings, and very good ones too; or at least, should be. After meeting with the same accident in losing our potatoes from the kettle several times, experience taught us a better way, *i.e.*, drain them over a clean pail or pan, then every one can be skimmed out and saved. Try it, next time, Queer! also, if you lose the custard from your pie, if the crust remains whole, boil another custard, or

make a cream, and refill it, either one of which can be done in a few moments, and there are "a thousand and one" recipes for them in THE HOUSEHOLD.

When cut up, and handed around on pie plates, the possible unevenness of the crust would not be noticed, and all would pass off well.

PERNICIOUS HABITS IN FOWLS.

Fowls that are confined for the most part of the year acquire habits which are entirely foreign to them in a natural state. They are in an abnormal condition. In the days of our forefathers, before a house for the hens was ever thought of, when the small flock of neglected birds lodged in the tree-tops, no one ever heard of such a thing as hens eating feathers (for it is mostly confined to the hens), or of a case of the roup or canker. Fowls died, to be sure, occasionally, but the cause was seldom or never inquired after. They were often left to old age, and still more frequently were the flocks decimated during the fall and winter season by poultry thieves. Our grandmothers laid in a store of eggs for the winter season, generally packing them down in dry salt, and only called them into use on extraordinary occasions, such as a wedding or grand party. Fresh laid eggs in winter were unheard of in those days, and considered an impossibility, and now it is not that we have so much better breeds, but because they are better cared for, that they make better returns.

It is a necessity with hens to lay eggs. They are thus formed by nature, and the few that do not perform the function are the exception, not the rule. When well kept, with warm, dry buildings to roost in, and sunny runs, they supply the family table, and assist greatly in keeping down the grocery bill. A certain portion of the time during the winter the birds must be kept in close confinement,

and it is during this period, if the greatest care be not exercised, that the fowls acquire their bad habits. The enormous drain of egg production creates an immense appetite, not only for stimulating food, but for greens and bulky substances, also animal diet. It is then they learn to pluck feathers. Fowls once settled down into this habit persist in the vile practice even after the warm weather and when grass is plentiful. There are generally one or two birds that are worse than the others. If these few could be weeded out and separated from the main flock, and confined singly in coops, and well fed, they might forget it for a season, but if not valuable as egg producers, or for breeding, it is better to send them to the block at once. It is more advisable to behead one or two than to have the beauty of the whole flock destroyed.

Another bad habit acquired in confinement is that of breaking and eating eggs. This, also, is contracted from being left too much to themselves. Eggs should always be hunted twice or three times each day, especially in cold weather, to avoid the frost. The journeys for the eggs need not always be fruitless, but so managed as to carry a grist each way. "The dog that fetches a bone will always carry a bone." Hens require their food fresh and often, as well as drink. It is useless to think of throwing in a quantity of feed, deemed sufficient for a day or two, and then never going near them again until either a new supply or a demand for eggs is ready. They will never thrive in this manner. They must be active and diligent, and looking for their rations. It must be one's business in cold weather to take care of the hens and the eggs, where many are kept, in order that the profit may be obtained. Neglected fowls fall into bad ways. We are apt to be

careless and without thought concerning poultry confined from the outside atmosphere in cold weather. When there come mild days, the fowls are turned out and exposed to cold and wind, unaccustomed in their quarters. Roup and coughs are contracted, which they seldom get over. Our judgment does not serve us right on the occasion. Any sudden change is pretty sure to stop them from laying.

Hens that are kept for the purpose of producing market eggs alone should not have the company of the cocks, since it is the male's plumage they first learn to pluck. Sometimes it comes from the lack of better business at first. To avoid this, keep them well supplied with green food or its equivalent. It is as necessary as grain. Also allow them some half-picked bones to work at. They furnish employment at the same time while giving a small portion of meat. Fresh earth forms a great attraction for fowls not only for the sake of the insects which they dig out, but they love to scratch. It is as natural to the barnyard fowl as for the duck to seek and play in the water, and it is highly necessary to provide dusting places for them. It seems the same thing as the bath to the aquatic bird. Fowls may be confined with benefit at all seasons of the year if properly cared for and provided with the necessities and luxuries which they crave and demand.—*Country Gentleman.*

A CEMENT CISTERNS.

I have had a little experience at cistern making, the past fall, which some of your readers may like to know about. I first made a light curb, five feet in diameter, and one foot deep. I then dug a hole straight down, five feet and eight inches across, and six feet deep. The curb was then placed at the bottom. Of course there was a space outside of four inches, which I now proceeded to fill with small cobble-stones—which were raked

from the highway—and hydraulic cement mortar.

The curb was made one-half of an inch smaller at the bottom than at the top. After filling completely up, I raised it a few inches with a short lever, and placed in more stones, and covered them as before. The material soon "set" and I was encouraged at once by finding that I was building a firm wall very conveniently. I did not carry the wall fully up the first day, thinking it well to let it harden. I used common lime mortar for the upper foot of the wall, as it is less liable to crack if it should happen to freeze; and as it was not important to have the wall water-tight above the outlet drain.

After taking out the curb, I mixed cement mortar on the bottom of the cistern, and plastered the sides half an inch thick finishing by spreading a thick coat over the sandy bottom. I did this a second time, and have a tight cistern. I have covered the work with a double floor of chestnut board and oak timber, with a small pitch, and over all placed a sufficient depth of shavings to prevent any injury from frost.

This cistern is near the back door of my house, and receives the water from the roof. In building it, I inserted a two-inch tile in the wall, half way down through which I put the pump pipe after it was about completed.

It took a little more than two barrels of cement, which cost six dollars. In addition, fifteen cents worth of lime. A smart lad of eleven years assisted me. I enjoyed the job better than I should "going to Boston." The increased serenity produced in the kitchen by "enough good soft water," may be just hinted at. I estimate the cistern to hold about twenty-two barrels.

I have since made another cistern at the corner of my barn, where a long gutter delivers a copious stream. The grade of the barn yard allows me to draw water from the bottom of the cistern into a tub set partly in the ground at the lowest spot.

In building a cistern, it is very important to have the waste way large enough to take off the water as fast as it can ever enter. If the water runs in faster than the waste can carry it off it must overflow, and the ground back of the wall will be softened by the water; and the pressure from within will be likely to crack the cement, and cause a bad leak. It is not conducive to sound sleep to retire at night with a cistern waste-way on the mind, that must be attended to, in case of a heavy shower during the night.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TIRED WOMEN.

If you look around on the faces in a street-car, the number of faded and sad-looking countenances presenting themselves is startling. Mature women have especially a tired air about them, showing itself not only in pallid complexions, but in the wearied lines around the mouth and eyes. It is impossible to associate this appearance with happy lives, and yet from dress and manner, the majority would seem to be comfortably placed in this world. Usually the climate is supposed to have a great deal to do with the early fading of youthful freshness, and the beauty of health, instead of reviving with the spring of the year, usually delays until the summer holidays, followed by the crisp autumn breezes, invigorate the human system. If the truth was known, however, I suspect that it would be found that the reason why women look tired is because they are perpetually fatigued.

Modern methods have not eased the cares of wives and mothers, whose duties

have developed with the growth of science and the expansion of art. When children were thrashed into obedience to parental commands, when young people understood that to hear was to obey, when husbands only expected their regular three meals a day and mended and clean clothing, the duties of women were very much simpler than at the present time. In those happy days, when to eat, sleep, and work was the whole duty of man, and the interests of posterity a side issue, the mistress of the household might, after her work was done, eat and sleep too. At least she had a chance to work when husband and children were engaged in business or in school for long hours of the day. In those days rain or sunshine were the same, life moved in a groove, and there was a probability of things running smoothly. In those days people ate what was set before them, because there was not much variety to be had, and they were not always developing new ideas in the way of occupations and diversions that upset the regular routine of a household. Perhaps it was monotonous, but it was restful to housekeepers.

In the great upheaval of mind which has of late years set each individual soul on the search for that good living which the world is supposed to owe it, whether the quest is continued in the direction of business, pleasure, science, art, or religion, it is the wife and mother who is expected to be the instrument of Providence in providing the means and forwarding the success of the seekers, and nobody thinks of all the extra burden this throws upon her—the strain on her sympathy, the tax on her bodily strength. From the child who wants a play made for him, to the husband who wants to talk over his affairs with her, it is one long intermediate chain of little services which are expected from her. That she has personal tastes or inclinations is never taken into account. She has no time left for her own use, but is actually at the beck and call of all belonging to her from early morning until late at night.

It is a curious fact in connection with the nineteenth century, that few people are self-reliant, and still fewer can occupy themselves agreeably without aid. Like the Turk, they want somebody to amuse them. With the additional burden of seeing that the members of the family are amused, as well as their material wants provided for, it is no wonder that wives and mothers look tired. No doubt men feel the fatigue of the constant drive that is requisite to keep up with the general stride, but they have a peculiar faculty of being able to take a rest, even in the midst of turmoil. Women, unfortunately, from long experience in being overdriven, get into that state where they cannot repose, even when the opportunity offers. This is a state of nervous expectation, brought about by the knowledge that there will be something to do in a minute, even if there is nothing calling for attention just now.—*Exchange*.

FLORIDA LIFE.

Florida in most places, excepting St. Augustine, is new, yet developing rapidly. It has many resources which are being developed. It has in many places, good farming lands, others not so good, yet most of Marion county and some others are good in general for corn, oats, cotton, rye, peanuts, (pindars,) sweet potatoes, sugar cane, cassava and vegetables of all kinds.

Early vegetables are being developed into an immense industry. Strawberries are bringing some growers large fortunes, yet many fail. An orange grove is the grand aim and end of every new comer,

The early vegetables being raised between the trees in the groves. It is the early bird that catches the worm in vegetables here, for while Florida is the very earliest, it has but two or three weeks the start of southern Georgia. At this time, April 3, cucumbers are setting on in this locality, some are a finger length long, many just blooming. (First shipment to-day). Tomatoes are still being set out, while some are blooming, which is very late for Florida, but the general cold has caused a coolness of the ground and air of Florida which makes every thing very late indeed. Yet, although late, still we are ahead.

We are now using new Irish potatoes, have them large as goose eggs, peas, snap beans, and will soon have fine squashes. Corn, two to three feet high, and water-melon vines running nicely. Which last, by the way, is an extensive industry and a paying one, generally. Turnips, onions, lettuce, radishes, beets, cabbage, etc., are an old story, having had them in use all winter in the garden.

Regular garden making comes twice a year, September or October, and February. While some vegetables can be had growing the year round, the greatest scarcity is in August and September. The palmetto cabbage is very desirable at any time in the year, and can be had for going after, which at this locality is about five miles. It can be used as any other cabbage, cooked, or in slaw, or salad.

Fruits are plentiful and continuous and you can be well supplied if you have the trees, bushes and vines. Most persons are only starting and have only enough for themselves, but things come to perfection and into bearing so quickly that such will not be the case long. I will try to give an idea of our fruits. The wild ones are to be had for the gathering. Strawberries come first, commencing to ripen in January, lasting to June. Next in February and March, mulberries, (splendid fruit.) April, dewberries. May, plums and blackberries, (wild.) Plums grow in endless profusion, wild, in old fields, and the tame ones are very fine. June, huckleberries and blueberries, (wild,) and figs. July, peaches and grapes, both wild and tame, extending through August. September, pomegranates. October, oranges and lemons extending to spring again. Bananas ripen almost any time from June to Christmas. Lecomte pears, Japanese persimmons and other fruits are being tested.

Much of this fruit bears in eighteen months after transplanting, some in a year, and a great deal in two years. Orange is the exception, and it is altogether the age of the tree and the care it gets that decides when the orange shall bloom. If a bearing tree is moved as it is often done, the second year generally brings a crop of oranges. Some trees will bear in seven years from seed, many if well taken care of. Usually three or four year olds are set out, coming on in three or four years.

I cannot say much here about groves, but will say it is a most fascinating business, yet requiring care, patience, time and money. The more money the less time, if you wish to set out large trees. As to security, many financiers of the country think an orange grove better than government bonds. As to cost of making, etc., it is hard to answer, it depends so on labor, age of trees and kind of land. In pine land a very good start can be made on twenty acres for \$1,000, counting land at \$20 per acre, and including personal supervision of same, and a little house of two rooms costing \$200.

Lumber costs, green, rough, \$12 per thousand, and the demand constantly exceeding the supply.

Immigration is so great that the exten-

sive pine forests are rapidly disappearing around here, and being converted into neat houses for northern people who are constantly pouring in. Where but little over two years ago was an unbroken woods and an old field is now a constantly growing village of about fifty houses and more to come in the near future.

We are not winter residents only, but the settlement is mostly made up of northern men from Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Georgia, who have come to stay, and I do not know of one who wants to sell because he is dissatisfied. Some few would sell if they got their price, to change location or locality, mostly wanting more ground. Gentlemen are generally better contented than ladies, as many have to lead a sort of camp life, "just stopping" until the place is fixed up, the grove set out and the most important things done toward bringing in an income.

Those who have moved west to a new country would know how to stand this, but to those who never were out of those old settled eastern towns and villages, every thing would be "horridly new." While here and there in this part of Marion county are some fine old plantations, yet ninety-nine one hundredths of the places are new.

Land sells from \$15 to \$50 per acre, according to proximity to station. Town lots at \$25 to \$100 each. The best time to come so as to provide for the first year is in the fall, September or October, or November by the very latest. Early vegetable planting begins in January, and orange trees and all fruit trees must be set in January and February. Orange trees can be set later, but not other fruits. So by that time the home must be selected, house erected, garden fenced, and all things in readiness for real work.

The northern men here work out all day in the summer. I never have known a case of sun stroke in my residence here, eight years. Average summer day, 85° to 90°, very warm, 92° to 96°, very hottest, 98° to 100°, in the shade. Always cool breeze with cool nights, and during summer, refreshing showers frequently.

Malarial fever is the only disease and that is so mild if taken in time is easily managed. Never had dague or yellow fever here. Our land, high pine, free from swamps or ponds, has nothing to make bad fevers or to cause mosquitoes, therefore we are spared that pest, which those on water courses or lakes are liable to have.

Our pest is a little gnat, which during the summer flies about one's face sometimes, not always, for long as a person is moving they disturb not, nor any time if you are in the draft or cool place. They love heat and light and I find mosquito bars to doors and windows, or wire screens a perfect protection. I find where there is a free passage of air they do not disturb. The remedy is so simple that we only provided our dining room with screens as much on account of house flies, as gnats, which are about the same here, as in the north, during summer.

We have no poisonous reptiles, snakes or insects creeping about our houses, any more than you, my northern sisters. We may have a few more roaches, but even they are not always present. I have seen two big snakes which were brought from the hammock by hunters, and one alligator. We had quite a good joke on a friend who spent nearly three months in Florida and was compelled to return without seeing a single alligator.

Staple groceries and dry goods are about the same as in the north. Flour seven to nine dollars per barrel. Sweet potatoes fifty cents per bushel, Florida sugar, good, seven cents, and most butter in the winter, shipped, thirty-five to forty cents.

Lack of milk and butter is one great

source of annoyance to many, but it is not because we can't have plenty for we generally have all we need of both and there is plenty during the summer always, and any that will, can have. Fine cattle are being brought in and you can't imagine how much good there is in a native Florida cow until you test her by feeding and proper care. Bermuda grass makes a beautiful lawn and good pasture, and is very desirable.

Water is a subject often spoken of. Ours is clear, pure and good, comes from a well fifty feet deep, in a bed of gravel. Almost any place where a well is dug properly, good, healthy water can be secured. In the summer it is very pleasant and refreshing when first drawn, but in the winter it is too warm to be pleasant, and therefore drinking water is drawn the evening before and after standing all night will remain cool all next day. Most wells have soft water so there is no need for cisterns, yet in some places cistern water is preferred for drinking purposes. Ice is convenient here, and cheap, for those who desire that luxury. An ice factory in Ocala will furnish ice for about one-half cent per pound. We have been bringing it from Fernandina at \$1.30 per hundred pounds.

Fleas are considered a pest, but they are optional. If you wish fleas, stock your premises with hogs and dogs and the work is done. Otherwise you will not be apt to have them to any extent.

The sand spur, or sand bur as it is called out west in Kansas and Iowa, grows in old fields and is quite a nuisance sometimes, but they will not trouble one on a new place.

I will close this already too long article by saying we still remain in love with our adopted home after eight years and many others constantly coming seem well pleased also. MRS. F. V. SWAIN.

Anthony Place, Fla.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Before we can decide what education our daughters need we must know what their lives are likely to be, and what demands life is likely to make upon them. Luckily, we know in the main, and the contingencies are such that we may provide against them. So large a proportion of girls will become wives and mothers that our only safety lies in giving all of them proper preparation for the life of wives and mothers.

For such a life they will need, first of all, good physical health. So certain and so imperative is this need, and so surely must neglect of it result in wretchedness, that inattention to this matter may fairly be called criminal. Yet in no other particular, perhaps, is the education of girls more generally neglected or more frequently misdirected. There is not only too little systematic effort made to educate "girls," bodies into supple robustness, and to give stamina and buoyancy to their constitutions, but there is, too commonly, positive education in ill-health given to them. Very much that is most carefully done for girls is directly productive of ill-health, weakness and want of stamina.

As wives and mothers our girls are to be, in Addison's phrase, "the cement of society." Without their purity and grace, and intelligence and good temper, society would crumble to pieces. It will be their task to keep the world sweet and wholesome; to create, regulate, and maintain social intercourse of a graceful, profitable kind; to make life worth living. It will be theirs to make homes with the material means which men furnish; to turn mere dwelling-houses into centres of attractive domestic life. Upon them chiefly will fall the duty of ornamenting life, cultivating the world's

taste, keeping its moral nature alive, and inspiring the men of their generation with high and worthy conceptions of purity and duty. It will be theirs to entertain the world, too, and to amuse it in profitable ways; to minister in all womanliness to its moral, physical, and intellectual health and comfort. Women only can create that sweet and wholesome atmosphere in which domestic life springs into existence and grows. Above all and beyond all in importance, these girls whom we are educating must bear and rear the next generation of men and women, and upon their fitness to discharge this task well the character of the future men and women of America depends.

As a preparation for such duties as we have outlined above, girls need both moral and intellectual culture of a kind which neither any fashionable girls' school nor any university in the land provides or can provide. They need, above all, the training of home life and home influences—this far more than scholastic discipline, far more than what we term accomplishments.

We do not complain that either the fashionable schools or the universities teach girls more than is good for them in either of these directions, but that they neglect to teach much that is of greater necessity as a preparation for life than anything that they do teach.

The woman who is to be happy and useful as the maker and mistress of a home must know the art of home making and home ruling. Yet how very small a place is given to the teaching of these arts in our schemes of education for girls! We should call that man a fool who hoped to see his son successful as a merchant or banker but neglected to have him instructed in the principles of arithmetic and book-keeping. But thousands of girls are married every year who do not know how to make a loaf of bread, or to set a table, or to iron a napkin, or to make a bed properly. Is it expected that servants shall do these things? This seems a homely matter, doubtless, to those persons who see the complete salvation of women in university education, but it is a matter which touches the happiness of women themselves, and closely concerns the well-being of a world whose whole life centres in and is founded upon the home. It is not too much to say that no girl ought to come to maturity without having acquired both skill and taste in every art of the household, or that no woman deficient in this particular can marry without serious risk to her own happiness and to that of the persons about her. It does nobody any harm for the mistress of a household to know how to calculate an eclipse, but it is disastrous for her to be herself eclipsed by her Bridget.—George Cary Eggleston, in *Harper's Magazine*.

STALE BREAD.

A great deal of bread is thrown away by those who can ill afford it from the lack of knowledge how to utilize it. On the farm, in most instances, of course, stale bread is not wholly lost, for if wet a little it makes good food for the poultry, or may be given to the pigs, but this is not the best way to make use of it, even by those who have poultry and pigs. There are many ways to utilize stale bread. It makes delicious griddle-cakes when soaked soft in cold water. Three small slices with water enough to cover them should be sufficient, when the milk and flour are added, to make about two quarts of batter. Some prefer to put in one egg, while others like them fully as well without. When the bread is soaked soft, make it fine with a spoon, add the milk and sufficient flour to stiffen enough so

that the cakes can be easily turned. If sour milk is used, add to the batter one even tablespoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in a little water, and an even teaspoonful of soda. If you do not use sour milk, use twice as much cream of tartar as soda. French toast, always a favorite dish with children, can be made of thin slices cut from a stale loaf and moistened in milk and eggs—two eggs to a pint of milk—and then fried on a griddle with a mixture of butter and lard, or butter and beef drippings, and may be eaten with sugar or syrup, like griddle-cakes. Pieces of bread which are not too hard can be made into a resemblance of turkey dressing. Cut the bread into dice, and if you have a quantity of gravy from which fat can be taken, left from any kind of roast (though a piece of butter will do as well), thoroughly grease the bottom of a spider, put in the bread, with some little chunks of butter and plenty of seasoning; then pour enough boiling water on to moisten it, cover tightly, and, in a moment, it will steam through, and you can stir it, and either brown a little or have it moist like dressing. It should be eaten with gravy over it, and is a good substitute for potatoes. The little dry, hard pieces and crusts which always accumulate can be put on a pie-tin in an oven that is just hot enough to dry and make them a light brown, then roll them fine and put away to use in making croquettes, frying fish, etc. Even these slightly browned crumbs make excellent griddle-cakes with the addition of one egg and a handful of flour and milk to make a batter. Stale bread may be utilized in making a custard pudding also. The fact is, that where economy is the rule bread will not be thrown away.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.

Clarissa Potter's article in the April *HOUSEHOLD*, "A Hired Girl's Sunday Work," contained many valuable points. Among other things it shows the great influence for good that may be exerted by a brave, patient, Christian spirit, even under the most trying and adverse circumstances. There is great complaint about "poor help," as some of our New England friends say, or "good-for-nothing servants," as they are sometimes called farther south; while the fault is often rather with the employers than with the employed.

It is true it is no easy matter to find a good cook, or maid-of-all-work, and equally certain that good cooking and good service are very essential to comfort. We are often reminded of Owen Meredith's clever lines in "Lucile."

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

But if we want good dinners and good cooks we must first learn how to cook them well ourselves, and then give the instructions necessary to secure the result.

A lady once said to me, "I require only two things in engaging a servant, skill, and good-will." Only! skill is generally the result of years of patient, careful training. As to good-will and respect, that must be earned first by the employer. How can you expect a woman to care for you or your interests before you have shown the slightest interest in hers?

Put yourself in her place. Think how you would feel under the circumstances. Do not expect too much at first. Every thing is new and strange to her. Cultivate a motherly interest in her welfare, improvement and happiness, and see how

quickly she will respond, and often with strong attachment and devotion to your interests. Of course there is such a thing as ingratitude that we all experience now and then, but it is the exception rather than the rule.

If ladies would show a little more sympathy and kindness toward those in their employ they would undoubtedly receive in return better service. The young woman who does the heaviest and most disagreeable part of our household work has a hard, wearisome life at best. How can she help being tired of the unending drudgery and monotony of cleaning, washing, ironing, getting meals, clearing away, washing dishes, scouring knives and cleaning pots and kettles day after day the year round; and often far from home and friends too, with little to cheer her. Whoever pours a little sunshine into her life surely does a good deed and wins the smile of heaven. A. H. H.

CUCUMBERS.

One of The Household in mentioning cucumbers, says that she "never tried cooking them." As we often indulge in fried cucumbers, and esteem them quite a delicacy, I will, with pleasure, give my mode of procedure in preparing them for the table. Such cucumbers should be selected as one would slice in vinegar.

These should be placed in cool water and remain there for an hour or more. When you wish to use them, they should be cut lengthwise into thin slices and placed for a few minutes in water in which a little salt has been put. Have a griddle on the stove, with a sufficient quantity of nice, fresh butter on it, and when the butter is quite hot, roll the slices of cucumbers in sifted flour, sprinkle salt and pepper on both sides, and lay them on the hot griddle. When one side is nicely browned, turn them carefully, and brown the other, adding more butter if necessary. I use barely enough butter to keep them from burning. To have the cucumbers extra nice, have two or three beaten eggs, into which dip the slices of cucumber, and roll them in fine bread crumbs, or fine cracker crumbs, or flour, as you may like best, or as may be most convenient.

Those who are fond of tomatoes, will find them perfectly delicious cooked after this fashion: Select fine, large, firm, ripe tomatoes, avoiding those that are overripe, while those that are not quite ripe are not objectionable.

Peel them, and cut into slices one-half inch thick, and dip them in flour, and sprinkle salt and pepper on both sides. If the tomatoes are very sour, sprinkle a little white sugar over them with the pepper and salt. Have some nice, fresh butter in a skillet on the stove, and when the butter is hot, lay the slices of tomato in it, and when one side is nicely browned, turn them carefully, and let the other side brown. A brisk heat will be required to brown them nicely. When done, transfer the slices to a meat dish, and set the dish on the back of the stove or in the oven, while you make a rich cream gravy in the skillet in which they were fried. Put in the gravy all the juice that fell from the tomatoes when sliced, and add a sufficiency of pepper and salt. When the gravy is done, pour it over the tomatoes, and garnish the dish with sprays of double curled parsley that have been freshened in cool water. Send it immediately to the table. This makes a most appetizing dish for either supper or breakfast.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

Ammonia, or as it is generally called, spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and drift with great ease. It has been recommended very highly for domestic purposes. For wash-

ing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and then wipe off the woodwork; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking greasy spots from any fabric use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing lace put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. For cleaning hair-brushes, etc., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one tablespoonful of ammonia in one pint of hot water; when they are cleansed, rinse them in cold water, and stand them in the wind, or in a hot place to dry. For washing finger marks from looking glasses or windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it. If you wish your house plants to flourish put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to refreshing effects of the bath. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clear water. To which we would only add that for removing grease spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol alone; and for taking out the red stains produced by the strong acids in blue and black clothes, there is nothing better than ammonia.—*Exchange*.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in our June *HOUSEHOLD*, a call for a recipe for borax soap. As I have a nice one I thought it time for me to contribute my mite as I have received so much. To five pounds of any clean grease put one pound of concentrated lye, or potash, one ounce of borax, and one ounce of oil of sassafras, or any perfume preferred. Dissolve the borax in a quart of water. I used an earthen bowl. Dissolve the lye in another quart of water in a larger dish. As soon as they are dissolved stir together, then turn into the grease which should be just warm. Put in the perfume and stir until soapy, but not stiff, then turn quickly into molds. I put mine into bright bread tins and cups. Put it in a dry place a day or so, then cut it in cakes, and turn out. It should be cut before it gets hard as it will crumble if left longer. Try this and report. You will be sure to like it if you follow directions.

Have any of the sisters ever tried scalloped potatoes? For the benefit of some one who has not, I will tell my way. Put a layer of sliced potatoes in a baking dish, dredge on flour quite freely, add butter and salt, then potatoes and so on until you have the desired quantity. Nearly cover with cream or milk, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, take out, and let it cool for ten minutes or so before serving. This is a nice way when potatoes are rather poor as they are apt to be early in the summer.

I have tried several of the recipes from THE *HOUSEHOLD*. They are all very nice. Last Saturday it was Salena's pie plant recipe, which my John said was very nice.

What would we not all do for our Johns, boys or bears, as the case may be? I am thankful to say mine is not a bear.

Richmond, N. Y.

GERTRUDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Will some or all of you—yes, the 70,000, if need be—please let your light shine on the subject of "gapes" in chickens? This subject being of the yard, and not of the house, may be just a trifle "outside" THE *HOUSEHOLD*, but from my own observation I judge that nearly all our farmers' wives take all the care of the little chicks themselves, and will naturally be interested in any thing relating to them. I wish every year to raise a large flock of chicks, but every year my hopes are blasted, and my chickens swept

off by this plague. I can cure the disease, in a majority of cases, by twirling a feather dipped in turpentine around in the windpipe, but this operation is painful to the chicks and disgusting to me. The *Rural New Yorker* says the best remedy is to put a small quantity of quicklime in a half-bushel, put the chickens in, cover them up, and shake pretty well for a minute or two, then let them out. The theory is, that the lime gets in the windpipe and kills the worms or dislodges them. This sounds as sensible as any thing I have heard, but knowing the caustic nature of lime, I am afraid to try it, for fear it will get in their eyes also. Do any of you know any thing about it. I have lost this year only 10 per cent. which is the best I have ever done. Will the sisters please air their knowledge? I am ambitious to raise two hundred chickens another summer, and I claim your sisterly help.

CAYUGA.

New York.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While my John is away on business, I will step in and spend the afternoon with your members. This is the first time you have heard from me, but perhaps not the last. I am receiving *THE HOUSEHOLD* as a wedding present this year, and shall always feel thankful to our editor for his kindness. I think his is the best plan I have ever heard of to advertise a paper. I hope to be able to take it as long as it is as interesting as at present.

If Flora will sprinck'e common salt where ants trouble they will make their disappearance. Perseverance in this will effectually banish the intruders.

Some one wanted to know how to make a substantial splasher. I made a very pretty one of white marble oil cloth, and finished the edge with a cord. I made of scarlet Germantown yarn. For each upper corner, where I have seen comb and towel racks, I put a bow of the cord, with balls made on a silver fork on each end. Vertically in the center of the splasher I put a tooth brush rack made of a strip ten inches long by two inches wide, pointed at the ends and finished with a cord. This I tacked to the splasher at regular distances, forming puffs to receive the brushes. You can use your taste as to size and shape of splasher. I had some scraps left of which I made wash stand mats, with a crocheted edge of Germantown. They are very pretty and serviceable.

WINONA.

Virginia.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—How I would like to see some of you and talk awhile, but as I'm not likely to do that until we get our badge or pin, I must say a word to you by letter. I thank the lady for recipe for ham relish. I found it a very nice change.

Queer, you are not only queer but comical. How I laughed and my John laughed when I read aloud your first experience with company. I know though, you thought it was no laughing matter at the time.

O Sweet Alyssum, where are you? How I would like to live on a ranch. The other day I was so tired when only half through ironing that I sat down to read our paper a few minutes and rest, then I happened to read just at the right time what you had to say in the last (June) number. Well, I was rested right off then, so went to work and put the rest of the clothes away without ironing, and felt so relieved, and many thanks to you for it. What is the use in working so hard just for appearance? We are all too apt to care what others will think of every thing. Isn't it just so? But, as Theresa says, "Who will know the difference a hundred years hence?"

Massachusetts, is it possible that you mean what you say, or don't you know

that the work in the city is much less than on a farm? During the first year or two before you have a family, or have raised much stock to see to, you may not see much difference, but when four or five years have passed, and you have two or three little ones, and butter to make from eight or ten cows, then I'm sure there's more work than in the city with the same family. Of course, you must have a girl to assist you, but the brunt of work comes on the mother's shoulders, and leaves very little time on one's hands. I'm not complaining. It is just what I expected when I left my city home for my farmer husband, and "would not change my station for the throne of England's queen." It is certainly a much more healthful mode of living, especially for our little ones, the most precious part of our lives, who can have the fresh air and out-door exercise, besides all the fresh milk they can drink.

But my letter is getting too long. Perhaps some of you would like to make beef pie the way we do. Take about one and one-half pounds of tender steak, (stew it half an hour, if at all tough,) cut in small pieces, one-half can of tomatoes or equivalent of raw ones, two medium-sized onions sliced, season with salt and pepper, pour over it one and one-half cups of water, or the water the beef was stewed in, dredge with flour, then line a dripping pan or earthen dish, the sides only, with good soda biscuit dough rolled thin. Put on an upper crust and bake three-quarters of an hour.

HELEN E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My Ichabod has gone to the timber for our wood, so I am entirely alone with my chickens, pigs, and one horse to take care of and to keep me company in his absence. So I will try to cheer up Katie Didn't and the poor tired farmer's wife that so many "pitched into," by telling them a little of my life and experience, and see if they are not in as good or better circumstances than some of my neighbors and I. Don't think of how unfortunate you are, but think, if possible, how much better off you are than others to my own knowledge, and be thankful that things are no worse.

I do sympathize with you and have had slight attacks of the same feelings in the short period of my four months of married life, trying to keep every thing in apple pie order, and satisfy three hungry men with first-class appetites. We have no fruit of any kind, and can only get dried fruit at our little country grocery store. We have no milk, so you can see how I have to plan and manage to keep things going with nothing.

Two years ago I moved from Illinois to California, where fruit of all kinds is abundant, and there are flowers all the year round. And four months ago I came to Idaho territory, when there was from one to three feet of snow on the ground, and mercury 40° below zero.

I left a nice, handsome house and am now living in a house fourteen by twenty-four, divided into two rooms. Our furniture consists of a set of wooden chairs, one bedstead, a home-made sofa, one table, and our cook stove. We have the best house, and better furniture than any of our neighbors. Some of them have been living here for seven or eight years. I have been at three of my neighbors since I came here, and not a boughten chair to be seen. Truly, we are in a "new country." And my silver ware, my wedding presents, look lost, and our visitors look at me and then at the table as if they had never seen so much silver in their lives before.

I never did a washing in my life before I was married, but I am my own Bridget and do my own washing and ironing. But I will say here I have the best Icha-

bod in the world. He is worth two of my mother's hired girls, and he helps me with all my heavy work.

Now, Katie Didn't, and Katie Did, and all the other dear sisters that are "away down in the Slough of Despond," take courage, and find something to be thankful and cheerful over. If a young girl can live in a new country, without relatives or a person she ever saw except her husband and not get in the Slough, cannot you find a little comfort in knowing others are worse off than you, for we are all selfish, and take comfort in it?

Here are two good recipes for puddings without milk: Three large tablespoonfuls of cooked rice, two large tablespoonfuls of sugar, yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, a little nutmeg, one pint of water, and lemon extract to suit the taste. When cooked make a frosting with the whites and brown in oven. For number two, instead of rice take two-thirds cup of cracker crumbs.

I. S. A.

Idaho Ter.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you allow me to ask a few questions of the sisters for my own benefit and also for a Dakota friend who is a constant reader of your paper?

What will mend a broken iron skillet? Have any of the ladies ever packed string beans in salt as they would pickles? If so, with what success, and what proportion of beans and salt should be used?

Will some Dakota lady tell us how she gets along without the fruit of eastern states? Please give some hints for cooking. My friend has made some jelly of the wild sheep sorrel which is nice. You must cook the sorrel in earthen, or it will taste. At least, such was her experience. Cover the sorrel with water, and let it cook until you think the juice is extracted. Pour off the juice and strain and add sugar as for other jelly. She used half sugar. Let it boil until thick as you wish, and pour into moulds.

Will Emily Hayes please tell us more about cooking health foods? How does she make oat flour blanc mange, gluten bread, and gluten gingerbread, spoken of in May *HOUSEHOLD*?

Augusta, rose leaf insertion of the May *HOUSEHOLD* is lovely. I also tried oak leaf edging, Mrs. Gates, and found it pretty.

EDA VERD.

Iowa.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I venture to ask admission as another of the brides to whom *THE HOUSEHOLD* comes as a welcome gift this year, and many are the good ideas which I have received from its pages. I have been a teacher from my fifteenth year and never knew aught of the trials of house keeping until last summer. But I find every thing else harder than the cooking, that seems to come by instinct.

Perhaps from a life of boarding I learned how not to cook. My great abomination in the boarding days was grease. Nearly every thing came on to the table soaked in warm grease. I avoid it as much as possible in cooking, and when I do use it, I see that it is hot and kept hot, until the food is scalded.

I came to Dakota over two years ago and took up a pre-emption, lived on it six months and proved up on it by paying \$1.25 per acre, then I took up a homestead and in due time proved that up, then took my tree claim, so I have four hundred and eighty acres of good Dakota land partly improved.

I pity all the sisters who do not live in Dakota, (or an equally fine country,) I like the country and climate here very much. I wish some of the tired, overworked girls in the cities could come out here and take situations in the Dakota homes. That is one great need here, girls can almost make their own terms with employers and very high wages are paid.

But sisters, I have a trouble and ask your sympathy and advice. I am so unfortunate as to weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, and I cannot take up a paper but I see some advice to fat women upon the subject of dress. Now is it the height of all hideousness to be fat? If not, why do they all tell us to wear dark colors all the year round and dress quietly and plainly? I know

that dark colors are not becoming to me at all, and that light ones are; still, according to advice, I must dress with the one idea in view, that of keeping in the background and out of sight as much as possible. I wonder if any of the sisters are so afflicted and if they follow newspaper advice regardless of complexion or personal taste, or if they do as they please in the matter?

Will some one tell me what to feed young turkeys, and what particular care must be taken to raise them?

LOUISE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I don't know as I should be called one of the sisters, perhaps grandma would come nearer to it. I have often wanted to tell you with how much pleasure I read all the articles in *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and I find myself contrasting my first efforts at housekeeping most fifty years ago, with those of the present day. But with all the appliances we have now, and new inventions for saving labor, there are just the same questions asked that I would have asked then; and what a treasure this paper would have been; so many experiences brought together.

I well recollect my first attempt at baking. The first winter after my marriage, my family consisting of only myself and husband, I decided to dispense with help, and do my own work. We were out of the village on a farm. It was Thanksgiving week, and it would have been an unheard of thing, to let the day pass without having the usual variety of pies. So after doing what I could to get things in preparation for the baking, I went bravely at work on Wednesday morning. Heating the brick oven was quite an important part. My husband made a rousing fire in it, early in the morning, and kept it up faithfully, and I commenced making mince, apple, pumpkin, and chicken pies. As we were to dine out Thanksgiving day I cooked no turkey. With what help I could get from John, I cut and stewed the pumpkin, then did a little to the mince pies, the meat of which, by the way, was boiled ready to chop. Then I began on the apple pies, cutting and peeling the apples, then a little more on the pumpkin pies. Next came the chicken pies. I cut and parboiled with help the chickens. From them I went back to the mince pies, doing a little to each kind.

In the mean time we kept a brisk fire going in the large brick oven, lest, as I thought, it should get cold. By noon I had every table, and I think every chair filled with some part of my cookery. However, I kept up good courage, and John kept a good fire. After a while I had the ingredients of the different kinds of pies about ready. I then made such a quantity of pie crust as I have never made since, and commenced getting the pies into shape, which I did with about as much system, as I made the earlier preparations. First a little to one, then a little to another. It began to get towards night, and yet there was no prospect of any thing being baked. I was tired, I had twenty-eight pies, and two chicken pies, and did not know how to get them into the oven. At last I could get no farther, and it may look very foolish to you, but I just sat down and cried. So my good husband said he would go for Aunt E. When she came, she had the oven cleared out the first thing. We had burned about a cord of wood that day. Luckily it did not cost much, as we lived in the Pine Tree state. After cooling the oven sufficiently, it was hot enough to bake three times full, and very soon, with one who knew how, every thing went in, was baked, and order was brought out of confusion, and we had enough to last through Thanksgiving!

My experience that day was a good lesson for me in many ways. I was young and inexperienced, having just left the school room, and I thought I could do just as I had seen done in my father's large family, where there was plenty of help, and the one hundred and twenty-five pies for Thanksgiving (a portion of which was always sent to those less favored) seemed not too many. Not considering the disproportion of the families, I was rather extravagant, especially as there were no poor around me to whom I could dispense my bounty. I have great sympathy with the young housekeepers, when I read their letters, and never feel like saying, "why couldn't you do this," or "why did you do that," and I rejoice with every cheering letter I see written to them.

I think *THE HOUSEHOLD* is just the paper it professes to be. Of course our ideas are not all alike, but we like to hear from each one. The knitting department interests me very much. I have tried many of the patterns. I am not an active housekeeper now, not having the care, so can attend to the little non-essentials. E. D. C.

Massachusetts.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As one after another of your interesting letters have been read, I have wondered whether one from this nook of creation would be welcomed by the circle, that I have learned, even on short acquaintance, to love.

Dear Helen Herbert, your plea for the woods had at least one appreciative reader. My childhood was spent in grand old Ohio, and trees, streams and hills seemed real companions to me. It is a pleasant occupation to think over all the gay times we children spent in old beech woods. Don't some of you know what fun it is to swing

The Parlor.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter,
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we have known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.
If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.
When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.
When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day:
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

HOW TO BEGIN.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBERT.

CHAPTER IV.

"CALL me at five," was Fanny's request as she retired; but the morning proved there was no danger of oversleeping on a farm. The birds, the fowls, the flocks, the herds, the folks, every thing and every body were up with the sun, which, with a passing smile at the ineffectual barrier of the dimity curtains, flooded her room with its early rays. At five she was in the dairy rapidly shaping the butter worked over the day before, by pressing it into a wooden six-sided mold, which held just a pound of solid butter. Each pound was pressed out again, with the square wooden pestle applied to the moveable stamp at the bottom, upon a bit of linen wet in salt and water, by means of which it was placed untouched in the long oak box in which it was to be marketed. This mold, which the hired girls had discarded as a bother and nuisance, struck our heroine as an exceedingly neat and practicable method of putting the butter in convenient and inviting shape, and when she called Mrs. Kemp to look at the golden rows, so daintily placed in the box, each pound crowned with its beautiful stamp she exclaimed:

"That beats all! You will get a fancy price for that butter and deserve it, too."

As we may not pause to enter into the details of Fanny's farm life, we will say here that the butter, sold to special customers, netted thirty-eight cents a pound, giving Fanny a profit of ten cents a pound, which Mrs. Kemp insisted she earned and should keep according to contract. Sixty pounds of butter a week was the average weekly amount, leaving about fifty pounds for the market. Thus her butter perquisite was five dollars a week. She thoroughly earned, also, the three dollars a week for her general service, and in her three or four afternoon hours of out of door life, she se-

cured something daily for the market, at an average net profit of a little over fifty cents a day, or three dollars twenty-five cents per week. Her first essay of three pecks of unseasonably early greens brought ninety cents, and although the price fell soon the quantity of greens proportionately increased; then the asparagus came on, and after that early cherries, then berries and fruits, loads of which Mrs. Kemp assured her were wasted every year for lack of time and skill to secure and market them. When Fanny reasoned with Mrs. Kemp that her twelve dollars, or more, a week was unreasonable reward for service so healthful and pleasant, she only took pains to show her ways to increase the amount, assuring her that she had tried to make other girls see things in the same light, and add to their regular earnings by special pains and by securing leisure to market what would be wasted, but they would not try to do it, or to realize that they could, adding:

"So they go off and ruin their health in factories, and shops, and school rooms, and leave us, on the farms, to see our good things perish for lack of hands to save them."

"Not many, I fear, would see things as you do, aunty, or give girls such chances for pleasant and profitable work."

"May be 'tis six of one, and half a dozen of the other; strikes you so, don't it?" asked Mrs. Kemp reflectively.

"Precisely," replied Fanny, with a laugh, as she ran just in time to get in the clothes from the lines before a thunder shower.

"Mrs. Kemp," she said as she sorted and folded the clothes which were very clean and white, "what use is it to sprinkle these perfectly dry towels, then iron them and hang them round in the way all day to air, which means to dry again, as Susie did last week? Why not fold them, now, right into the towel drawer? I am going to carry more than half my clothes right up to my room as they are, all sweet and clean and dry, just as the June sun and air has made them, time is so precious."

"A sensible thought, Fanny, but we are such children of habit about all the old ways in use when labor was plenty. There, carry off that pile to my room too. This will cut down the ironing one-half; but a thing that does need ironing should be done just right."

* * * * *

"Set the day, Fanny, and please let it be an early one."

"Thanksgiving day, if you will."

"Only a month longer of this weary waiting! Thank you, Fanny."

Allan and Fanny were conversing under the fruit-laden apple boughs of Mrs. Kemp's orchard.

"And where shall the wedding be?" asked Allan.

"Mrs. Kemp says here; and I incline to accept if you like it, although Mrs. Lacy has invited us there, and I little thought of being married in this house when I came to it."

"I do like it. Mrs. Kemp has been more truly your friend than the Lacy's, although they did not legally defraud you."

"Yes, she seems to me like a near relative, and she has made my summer a very pleasant and profitable one to me, while she insists I have been a blessing to her, and says we must always make her house a sort of home. Another spring I must try and make some efficient girl understand what a good opportunity it is for her here, and so secure Mrs. Kemp the help which she will so much need."

"You have done faithful service out here, Fanny. Not one visit have you given us at the Falls all summer. Not a day's rest have you taken."

"There has been such variety and change in my work that it has not wearied me. Don't I look rather recuperated than worn?"

"You do, indeed! Now that I see you so fresh, and blooming, and well in this fine country air I realize how much you were depressed and worn by your last summer's school, and your hard winter of housework and nursing at Mrs. Lacy's. But soon you must come out for two or three days to see about a house and furniture and such matters. I need the aid of your good taste and judgment."

"Set the time and I will come; and please don't buy any thing till then. Mrs. Kemp and I will talk it all over while we are working together, and make a list of indispensable things, so as not to spend a dollar needlessly. I want to estimate—why, there is the tea-bell! Now you will eat some of my famous butter, for do you know, Allan, that your Fanny made that Kemp butter which took the first premium at the county fair? and the good name of it to Mrs. Kemp, and twenty dollars, reconciled me a little to receiving so many favors as I have from her. She has made me put up seventy-five jars of various fruits for our future consumption. Do you feel equal to the work?"

"I have been starved for fruit all the years I have boarded, and feel equal to devouring the contents of a thousand cans. What a table! No wonder you are plump and rosy!"

The last sentences were uttered in view of the supper table, spread with cold meats, excellent white and brown bread, hominy, golden butter and rich, sweet cream, blanc mange, fruit pies, and cooked and uncooked fruits of several varieties including blackberries and peaches. It had not been customary to serve the uncooked fruits and cream upon the table, or hominy, except at rare intervals, till Fanny suggested it. She made the milk from which the cream was taken into blanc mange, with sea moss farine, or if in case of delay the milk became sour, into cottage cheese. Mrs. Kemp found her table more economical and decidedly more healthful for the change, and had almost recovered from her rheumatism, proving that fruit does not induce that disorder, as some have imagined. Allan had not yet been fully told the pecuniary results of the stay at Hickory Farm. It was quite enough for him to see his dear one so healthy and happy, with such a motherly friend as Mrs. Kemp, and he returned to Rock Falls, next morning, with a happy heart.

Two weeks later Fanny went to him there to arrange for the housekeeping, the first item being a house. Allan told her he had been courteously permitted to use, rent free, the apartments over his employer's store, to which the old furniture had been removed, thus saving his room rent, and that Mr. Rivers had felt so much safer to have him there, to guard the premises, that he was very reluctant to have him leave. He did not tell her then, that all the time she was doing so bravely at Hickory Farm, he was boarding himself in that upper story at an expense of less than two dollars per week by which means he had saved three dollars a week besides the one dollar a week room rent thus adding to his fund one hundred and twelve dollars during the last seven months besides his customary saving of about thirty dollars for that time.

The house-hunting proved a fatiguing and disheartening task, ending at the dinner hour in total failure to find any place which either Allan or Fanny felt would answer their purpose. A pleasant house for three hundred a year, unoccupied because for sale, was impracticable; so were the stived and ill arranged rooms

in the crowded tenement houses, and there seemed to be nothing between these extremes. While Fanny pronounced the three hundred dollar house utterly beyond their means she lingered over one or two of the cramped, inconvenient tenements, putting her ingenuity to the rack to create an imaginary home, but the effort was relinquished.

"We can board a few weeks while waiting for some place to be vacated," said Allan as they rested a few minutes at the Lacy's before dinner. "Building has not kept pace with the growth of the place, and the difficulty about a house is more serious than I supposed."

"But, Allan, I had so set my heart on creating a comfortable and inexpensive home out of almost any thing, that I find it very trying not to be able to secure even three or four rooms in a quiet, healthful locality."

"We'll keep a constant search and find something in due time. After dinner I want you to visit my room over the store which is very pleasant, and which I should never have thought of but for your care about that furniture, which you have not yet seen. You will meet Mr. Rivers at the counting room, who has expressed a wish to see you, and he may possibly throw some light on the house question. He has said some very kind things to me recently about my patience and faithfulness on small pay, through the dull times, and as business is now improving, he feels I should secure more.

The trouble is, if he pays one clerk more he must another, and I fear my salary cannot be raised at present. But it did me good to have him express such confidence and say how much he would like to take me as a junior partner, if I had even fifteen hundred dollars capital. He has made me welcome to the rooms, and that has virtually increased my salary this season. Then he told her of having boarded himself and the amount it had saved him.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

["Diamond Dyes" Prize Story, No. 2.]

It is always a matter of interest to note the progress of the world's work, which is a broad term, covering changes and improvements in every direction. It is not the object of this essay to specify progress in various lines of labor, only to speak particularly of that made in the art of dyeing. In primitive times, the materials and appliances used for this purpose, were very crude and imperfect, obtained mostly from the barks of trees found in our native forests. Soap suds or salt were often used as mordants, chemicals at that time being scarce and expensive. The process was lengthy, the work hard, and the results unsatisfactory. The variety of colors was small and dull in hue, liable to fade by wear and washing. But as time elapsed much improvement in colors was made by the introduction of logwood, redwood, cochineal, annatto, madder, camwood, etc. The labor and expense were but slightly decreased. There was a variety of detergents and mordants. In some cases several ingredients must be used in one color; there were washings and soakings, settings before and after. The chemicals in use were not always pure or rightly proportioned; the goods were often rotted, and much valuable time, labor and materials went to waste. There were tiresome journeys hither and yon to fetch and return the brass or copper kettle for the dye, since every family was not the happy possessor of such a utensil. Often after the greatest care the goods would "smut." The visitor would make a raid on warm water and soap, before sh

dared to show her hands at the table, "My yarn crocks so," or it might be the dress, staining the white linen in neck and sleeves.

Apropos of rotting goods I must tell a "yarn." Years ago my sister and I wanted scarlet stockings more than any thing else in the world. (We have had greater needs since.) We were both weak from recent illness, but we spun, doubled and twisted the yarn for two pairs of stockings when we could stand at the wheel only a few moments at a time. At last it was ready, twenty-five cents worth of dye obtained, and the yarn put through it. It came out a dull red color, the skeins shrunk to half their original length, and the thread so rotted that it broke at the merest touch. We tied it in a paper bag, and consigned it to the bottom of an unused trunk, and our hopes with it. The yarn is there to-day, but our scarlet hopes have since had a happy resurrection.

The old-fashioned indigo pot was a family institution. It set behind the fire-frame in winter, for warmth, when coloring was going on; in summer, out of doors in the sun. I forbear to mention its ingredients. The odor was indescribably vile. If ever inanimate matter was possessed of total depravity, surely it was a "blue dye." Sometimes a bright, durable color would develop in a few hours. Again, with no apparent cause, nothing but a dirt hue could be obtained for days and weeks. The housewife said at these unhappy times that her "blue dye had gone back;" but where it went to was a mystery of my childhood, and is a mystery still. Its return would be tenderly solicited by introducing onions or the tail of an ancient dried codfish, with or without success.

In contrast to these slowly improving, old-time methods come the Diamond Dyes. It has been left for them to crown the summit of the dyer's art, and I have dwelt on the old methods that we may better see and appreciate the benefits of the new. We have used the standard colors of these Dyes some years, for family purposes, but our knowledge has been much increased by the experiments of the last few weeks. We are thankful for the opportunity to learn so much in regard to their utility and beauty. We have made a faithful trial of them for the various uses recommended and will state plainly some of the most interesting experiments and results. As very plain directions accompany every package, for preparing goods and using dyes, I shall not multiply words to repeat them, but give only results.

Since these Dyes came into use we have been in the habit of treating the children, great and small, to the usual knitted and crocheted articles for Christmas and birthdays. It is a fact that old and young enjoy wearing tasteful colors. Even Grandpa, eighty years old, was delighted last fall with his bright blue socks. A pair of brilliant blue, clouded with white, were given to our dear old village parson, who smoothed them out lovingly on his knee, saying, "Well, now, aren't these pretty?" Two pairs, a navy blue and cardinal, were sent to a teacher in New York. He wrote, "They are the nicest and handsomest socks I ever had, much better than I can buy here." I lately gave a young bride, light blue to color wool stockings to match her wedding present of worsted slippers, a delicate shade of that color. With care she obtained the precise shade desired.

We surprised our children this year with Easter eggs, which after being duly admired, were eaten with pepper and salt; a double utility. Their little hearts have also been made happy with the bright inks, all their very own. I have tried no color which will not make an ink which

flows smoothly. For samples, I take out a little of the dissolved dye, after the hot water is added, when coloring. In this way one gets many specimens, and can give inks to all the neighborhood. A ten-cent package makes from a pint to a quart. Compare the cost with a five-cent bottle bought elsewhere of very small capacity.

A faded hair switch was put in a weak black dye, dried and oiled, and proved to be the exact shade desired, very soft and pliable.

Ladies' cotton stockings, new and old, were dyed plum, cardinal, brown and black. Those colored cardinal were striped brown and white. The brown took a deep garnet, shading beautifully with the cardinal stripe. A pair of scarlet mittens took a fine shade of garnet. Badly faded green mittens, re-colored, were very dark and rich.

Several pairs of lisle thread, light gloves

were dyed in various shades all satisfactory. My first experiment on kids, dipping them, was a failure. My second was a perfect success. A very much worn and mealy-looking glove was put on the hand, and treated to a coating of the Diamond shoe dressing, applied with a soft brush. A gentle friction with the hand gave a good, but not too heavy gloss. As to the shoe dressing, if any one wants better than can be made with the slate dye, I am willing they should buy it, but I warn you that it will cost four or five times as much.

A scarlet cashmere scarf, which had been in existence twenty years, the original color unrecognizable by reason of fading, spotting and soiling, came forth from a scarlet dye a wonder to observers. When I last saw it, the owner was folding it in tissue paper, bestowing admiring little pats and saying, "I shan't use this common again, but keep it as a relic of my youth, and the renovating powers of Diamond Dyes."

Several white worsted articles were tinted with pink with a weak eosine dye, and hair ribbons and neckties deeper shades with the same.

Feathers can be re-colored in almost every shade except black; if already black, but rusty, they can be freshened. A good plume almost never wears out, and if light, can be graded up to darker shades again and again.

A nice white ribbon, first worn on the bridal hat of a young friend, several years ago, was dyed blue for one-year-old Maud a sash. A raised satin flower took a deeper shade of blue, thus increasing the richness of appearance. The young mother brought baby and sash for exhibition, with commendable pride in both.

To come to heavier articles. A green dye wonderfully freshened a pet, plaid, green shawl. Another shawl, striped in different shades of brown, too nice to be discarded, had its colors intensified by the use of a brown dye. One virtue of the Dyes is, that they brighten colors without obliterating figures. No one can say of a garment treated with Diamond Dyes, "It looks like an old colored over thing." A slate shawl we are happy to color black as a gift to a kind neighbor, who will wear it as her best with a thankful heart.

Some young lady friends have lately appeared out in nice new spring sacques, colored over black from those very light shades so stylish two or three years ago.

Our experiments on dresses have been very successful. A good light print wrapper was so badly faded that it was condemned to the rag bag. A slate dye brought out a good dark slate color. "A regular dandy dress." A cotton and wool suit, a dark slate, somewhat faded, was colored plum, (a very strong, satisfactory dye for any purpose.) A very dark, rich plum color was the result.

Not a spot appeared, and the dress is

much admired by all who have seen it. The polonaise was dipped entire. The side plaitings on the skirt were taken off. Practically it is a new garment. Pieces of a light gray dress, laid by because wearied of, have been sampled in purple, olive green and wine dyes. All proved to be deep and desirable colors. We shall try still others on bits of the goods before making over, so as to have more of a choice. I could not believe that violet would color over black, but the result of the trial on a piece of black silk gave a hue indescribably beautiful. The printed directions promised a seal brown, but this was a bronzy brown, the bronze look being peculiar to many of the dyes when used strong. I know of somebody who will have a new silk suit this summer, made from two old ones, with ribbons to match, from old black, put through a violet dye.

Space will fail me to speak at length of crystallizing flowers, grasses, mosses, etc. Scripture mottoes hang in our church, framed in moss, colored different shades of green with the Dyes. Everlasting flowers are "just lovely," and can be done in any shade of any hue, from the merest tint to the deepest color, with the rich bronze lustre.

One can supply herself with elegant hall and carriage mats at small expense, by coloring sheep skins with wool on. (Plain directions are given for all kinds of work.) The wit of our family suggests immersing the young lamb in some desirable dye, that the animal may ever after grow colored wool for family use.

Especially dear to the hearts of many housewives are bright-hued carpet and rug rags. No dye gives so brilliant and durable a color as the Diamond; none so cheap. The Dyes for cotton are especially a boon, because formerly so difficult to obtain.

The wood stains, cherry, mahogany, black walnut, etc., are very useful in renovating old furniture, but look especially nice over white woods. Our boy has had extra luck with a mahogany stain, over pine, finished with a coat of varnish.

Result, an ornamental stand.

Fresco, kalsomine and whitewash can be tinted any hue. A friend says the blue is excellent for old ceilings, as it kills the yellow.

Perhaps nothing has more roused our enthusiasm and delight than the metamorphoses produced with artist's black, the bronze, gold, and silver paints. A looking glass, valued as an heirloom, but in shabby frame, delights us with the antique setting, gilt and ebony, the result of artist's black and gold paint. An old, unused tea tray is done in the same, a coat of varnish added, and is indeed "a thing of beauty." Knocking round in an iron box, rough with rust, we fished out an old iron candlestick for a subject for bronzing. The men folks look pretty much abused, and say, "That was an awful handy thing in hog killing time, to scrape off bristles." For no more will my elegant bronze candlestick "scrape bristles." We have gilded tarnished picture frames, making them look as well as when first hung, and touched up the gilt edges of books. A silver card basket, badly defaced, the gift of dear pupils, has been silvered over.

The design, currant leaves, with clusters of the fruit, looks lovely in its new, bright dress. These ornamental paints, applied with a camel's hair brush, are perfect. Work, which if done at a cabinet makers, would be costly, can be done at home for a trifling sum, as these paints are put at the price of ten cents as are the dyes.

But we had the most sport over the "old Prex," as we irreverently call the plaster bust of President Forest, brought home by my brother, long ago, when he

graduated from college. I dislodged him from an attic shelf, yellowed with time, and begrimed with the dust of years. I tenderly gave him a bath of warm soap suds, sand-papered an unfortunate nick out of his classic nose, gave him a bronze coat, and he stands in triumph on a parlor bracket. The injured, reproachful look for former neglect, has given place to one of complacency and pious gratitude to the inventor of Diamond Bronze Paint.

I must confess that I was skeptical in regard to the Dyes as "art colors." Nevertheless I made up a package of various colors, and sent to an artist friend for trial, with the sheet of directions. I wish this essay might be illustrated with her work, drawn and colored herself, a greater art than coloring pictures already made. Subject, a dying branch of aspen, in different shades of brown, throwing out one tuft of green leaves. A goldfinch, perfect in form, color and attitude, is poised thereon, reaching down to pluck the ripening seeds from the thistles springing up from the green grass, showing blossoms in all stages of growth, from buds to the brown seed vessel. She made a paste of the colors with water, in tiny dishes, let it dry, then, with a cup of water by her, touched a color with the wet brush, and applied it, making light or dark shades as desired. It had been a long time since she had used water colors, her recent work having been done in oils. Another dear lady in the same family, sixty-five years old, who had not touched a brush for ten years, was emulated to try her skill, and executed a bouquet, finely arranged, of old-fashioned ladies' delights, full blown roses with leaves, buds, closed and half open, sweet peas with leaves and tendrils, morning glories, pink and purple. This is to be framed for her little granddaughter as a memento of her grandmother's skill. The author of the bird picture writes a page replete with thoughtful kindness for the little ones.

"I cannot help thinking of the many little cripples and frail children, who are debarred from out-door pleasures, that might be made so happy with these bright colors to paint with. It would teach the eye to blend colors, and in many circumstances to do skillful work. To avoid spilling, the dissolved dye could be put in small shallow dishes, and dried down hard, then used with a wet brush. Tell the boys not to be afraid to try them, for the world's greatest painters were once little boys, and used much cruder materials than the Diamond Art Colors." And by the way, save all floral catalogues and other pictures for the children to practice on, presuming that you will follow the hints of my friend. They will thus be led to study nature. It will thus be another tie to bind them to home, and a refining influence in their lives.

Emboldened by the success of these friends, I tried my skill upon simple pictures, then upon photographs. My first was rather dauby, but my last very creditable, and I intend doing better still. I use the paints in liquids. A new field of pleasure has thus been opened up to me, for which I am grateful.

And now a brief summary of the virtues of Diamond Dyes. Their brilliancy and durability, facts apparent to all. Their simplicity calling for no ingredient outside of the package, except in some few cases, for some small article presumably found in every kitchen. The great variety of colors, thirty-two, with many shades of each, besides odd and beautiful colors made by combination, the variety of work done for practical and ornamental uses; for the comfort and adornment of our homes, from the tiniest to the heaviest articles.

Economy in various ways. Economy

of means, since ten cents gives more in quantity and strength, than any other known dye, one package dying from one to four pounds of goods. Economy of time and strength, which is a great desideratum. Economy in purchasing, since articles can be re-colored until worn out, and shop-faded goods or undesirable colors can be bought cheaply, and made just what is desired.

The comprehensiveness of accompanying directions. No lady nor child even makes blunders if she will faithfully follow them.

Lastly, let me offer my meed of praise for the entire truthfulness of all advertised statements, proved by many experiments. In this age of deception and fraud so often practiced on the public, it is refreshing to meet with such an honorable exception as in the case of Wells, Richardson & Co., proprietors of Diamond Dyes.

NEW ENGLAND IN AUTUMN.

Third Paper.

On a bright September morning, *en route* home from the mountains, we reach Brattleboro. Before us, as we alight on the long sheltered platform, we find a picturesque and tasteful station, built of brick, with more than the usual number of modern conveniences. Declining offers of "coach sir?" we dispose of our luggage and walk down the platform, preferring to see the town on foot and at our leisure. Looking northward we see the Connecticut river flowing past. Rising on its eastern bank, Mt. Wantastiquet lifts his head, and, before us a covered bridge leads to an island in the river and one from there leads across to the New Hampshire side of the river.

Turning, we go up the short street that leads to Main street, and at last see the town. Do not understand from this that there is no sign of it before reaching Main street, rather, merely that there are only a few scattered buildings between the station and Main street. Whetstone brook crosses the lower end of the town and standing on the bridge, before proceeding further, we can look back down to the Connecticut river, into which the brook flows. Just before it reaches the river it tumbles over a high ledge of rocks, forming a miniature Niagara and then flows out into the river. Proceeding up Main street, for we are all this time gradually ascending, as Brattleboro is built on sloping ground, we pass the American House, now the oldest hotel in the town, and, further on, the new Bank Block, built of brick with marble trimmings. The latter stands on the lower corner of Elliot and Main streets, and on the opposite corner is Crosby Block, now the largest in town.

On every side tokens of thrift and business surround us. Every variety of store; people from the towns near by doing their shopping as well as townsmen. Within Crosby Block we find the entrance to the new opera house so recently built. As we cross the street, to view the building more closely, an old familiar name attracts the eye, for there before us in unmistakable letters, we read, "THE HOUSEHOLD!" Were we strangers to every one else in town surely we could not feel alone after seeing that name. Ascending one flight of stairs, we turn to our right and find a door leading into the "editorial sanctum" and others into the composing room, etc. Mr. Crowell is, unfortunately, out, so we retrace our steps, after admiring the homelike look of the interior and descend to the street. Next to Crosby Block we find the Brooks House, the only other hotel in town, and had we time to examine the interior we should find it fully equal in comfort to the finest of hotels

in more pretentious towns or cities. Built by a wealthy gentleman, it forms, with its long, broad piazza opening out from the second story, and substantial finish, a great addition to that part of Main street in point of convenience and effect. Just here we would say that the Brooks House joins Crosby Block and the two stand between Elliot and High streets.

Reaching High street, the business portion of Main street terminates on that side, and only a few stores are found above on the opposite side. Just above the Brooks House on the opposite side of the street stands the town hall, which until the advent of the opera house was the only suitable place for plays, concerts or lectures. In the lower part of it we find the post office, which is now doing so large a business that there is talk of removing it to a larger building. Also in the town hall, we find on the first floor the new public library, which is being conducted on an admirable plan, well worth an article by itself.

Now stopping and looking directly ahead we see the upper end of Main street and a long line of trees on either side shadow it in a most delightful manner. First, on our left, leaving all traces of the business portion of the town behind us, we see a large, quaint mansion, evidently a relic of "ye olden times," although modern innovation has made many changes. This is commonly known as the "old Hunt mansion," where the noted artist, Wm. M. Hunt, spent the early part of his life as a child, with his mother and family. It is one of the oldest houses in the eastern village of Brattleboro. Opposite it stands St. Michael's Episcopal church, a small, picturesque building, surrounded by evergreens and covered with ivy. Almost opposite each other, as we advance, we find the Baptist and Congregational churches, on the left and right of the street; these come nearer the street than the first named. In the steeple of the latter we see the town clock, and constantly we see it consulted, anxiously or otherwise. Passing on we note several substantial houses before we reach the Unitarian church, which is the only remaining church on Main street. It stands on the corner of Grove and Main streets, and may well be said to be one of the finest in architectural effect of any in the state. It is built of native gray stone and stands on a little elevation. Within, if we enter, we shall find every window is a memorial, and the larger ones particularly rich in design and effect. The church is built in the form of a cross and is of Gothic architecture. Not far above the Unitarian church we find the new high school building that is in course of erection, and which promises to be a fine addition to that part of the town.

Just at this point Main street branches off into North Main and Asylum streets, the latter of which we follow. After passing several cosy homes at the head of Asylum streets, we find what is generally known as the Common, from whence, glancing to the north, we have one of the finest views in town. The Common is laid out with walks, and seats are scattered under the trees for the convenience of those who visit and enjoy the view there. It stands between Asylum and North Main streets, and as we found the eastern and western Promenade in Portland at either end of the city, so we find the Common here, forms the northern boundary although there are a few residences beyond before one reaches the farms and farm houses. From the Common we see in the distance the hills, and have also a fine view of Wantastiquet. The land is sloping from here as we go further north, and at the foot of the hill, on the brow of which

the Common stands, we see the State Insane Asylum. Beautiful grounds covering many acres surround the long brick buildings and every thing wears that air of trimness and comfort that betokens careful management and taste.

Our friend's house standing opposite the Common we enter, and after a hearty welcome, we prepare to enjoy a week in this most delightful place. Turn east or west, north or south, riding or walking, we find some beauty of nature. The most attractive drives about Brattleboro are those going north and west. Leaving the Common we will first go westward through Chase street to Oak, and thence to High street where after a short drive through this shady old-fashioned street (old-fashioned in the sense that there are many quaint residences there) we reach Western avenue. On our left rises a large stately mansion, surrounded by several acres of ground, which is only accessible by winding through a long drive. The house is one of the few aristocratic ones in size and finish on Western Avenue. It was formerly owned by a southern lady and has a long hall running through and a deep piazza on three sides of it. It is a charming place for a large family of young people.

We are now, as we proceed along Western Avenue, in that portion of the town which is being rapidly built up, but, as yet there is still considerable space to be utilized for dwellings. On our right we find Forestville, which has only been in existence a few years, and drive through it before proceeding further westward. Here tasteful residences abound, many of them built in the Queen Anne style. It is here also resides our good friend Mr. Crowell. In this vicinity and lying between Forestville and the main portion of the town, we find Highland Park. This resort which Mr. Crowell has fitted up and given to Brattleboro for picnic and pleasure grounds is naturally one of the most attractive spots in town. It is at the top of a long hill, and shaded by numbers of magnificent trees; which, with the walks, rustic arbors and music stand, aqueduct and lawns, will be a perpetual monument to the generosity of the giver.

Western Avenue is a fine place for a short drive the road being level, it is frequented by invalids often, on that account. A mile from the village we come to what is known as Centreville, and continuing westward a mile beyond we find West Brattleboro. This boasts a post office, two churches, two stores and Brattleboro Academy. Formerly West Brattleboro was the commercial center and it was then a flourishing place. Now it is very quiet, and although the academy possesses a fine principal and goodly number of pupils, there is little to enliven the general tranquility and peace. There is an old grave yard at the upper end of the town, and if one has a fondness for it, they can find there many old stones, some of which date back to 1699. A few quaint houses retain their ancient dignity and altogether it is a charming place in which to dream. Upon our return we will mention that Centreville is merely a name for a collection of houses standing half way between Brattleboro and West Brattleboro.

Stretching away northward, as a continuation of North Main street, we go out past the northern limits of the town on the Putney road. We can give but little space to description of the objects we pass. It sufficeth to say that it is one of the routes to Spofford Lake in Chesterfield, N. H., eight miles distant. This lake is daily frequented by tourists from Brattleboro, Keene, N. H., and elsewhere. It is a charming place for excursions on the water, and picnics. Returning we

can come by the other route, which, if we come by moonlight, is particularly beautiful. Winding through bits of woods and past old farm houses until we reach a spot where the road runs parallel with the Connecticut river. Here, looking down several feet we can see the river flowing peacefully, and on the other side of us Mt. Wantastiquet, rising in glory. Finally we come to a turn in the road which leads us down over the bridge to the island in the center of the river (of which we have spoken) and thence by second bridge into Vermont again.

Going down Main street we pass by the street that leads to the station and taking the right hand road ascend the long, steep hill to the cemetery which lies at the top of the hill. It is one of the finest places for a view of the town that can be had. At our feet lies the town, the river and mountain bounding it on the east, the hills on the north and west. Very beautiful it looks as the sunlight shimmers on the foliage. Behind us lies the "city of the dead." It has been called a second Mount Auburn. Among the roads and paths within the cemetery we find many beautiful marble columns, and note the grave of Wm. M. Hunt, also of his father, Hon. Jonathan Hunt. At some distance from these we find the richly carved monument of the once notorious James Fisk, Jr. We cannot forbear mentioning the Broad brook road, which is one of the most beautiful winding drives near Brattleboro. It was formerly known as the "seven mile circle." Leaving Brattleboro, we pass through the southern part of the town, out on the road that leads to Guilford. Three miles out we cross a bridge and then follow Broad brook, a shallow mill stream, until it comes out into the Connecticut Valley. Here, turning to the left, a drive of two miles brings us back into town. Dr. Virgil W. Blanchard has written a poem entitled, "Broad Brook," of which the following two stanzas fitly describe this beautiful stream:

"All hail! the daintiest fairy of the vale;

She comes,

Tripping o'er the mossy stones.

Was ever such a queenly grace?

Was ever such a sunny face?

Was ever such a voice to swell

Like distant peal of silver bell?

All hail! the daintiest fairy of the vale;

She comes,

Tripping o'er the mossy stones.

It lay,

My home in childhood by her way;

And bright

I seem to see her form to-night,

Tripping with a dainty air

Down the rocky, mossy stair;

Or with stately, queenly mien,

Walking through the meadow green.

It lay

And bright

My home in childhood by her way,

I seem to see her form to-night."

It is probable that no other poem so perfectly describing the place has ever been written.

In all the numerous drives about Brattleboro, which time and space forbid one describing at length, we find the grand mountain scenery, the meadow and woodland delightfully combined. It has been said that one could drive out every day for a month and go on a different drive each time.

The manufacturing interests are well represented in Brattleboro by the Estey Organ Company works. They are manufactured in the southwestern part of the town and the portion of the town immediately adjoining is known as Esteyville, from many of the houses of the employees being located in that vicinity.

A fine September afternoon finds us regretfully leaving this, our early home, returning to the metropolis to take up our routine of employment and be glad that we were again able to see New England in all its autumnal grandeur.

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

GRANDMOTHERS.

I'm a servant girl, an' never had much schoolin' to speak of, an' I don't suppose I've got any right to set myself up to talk to folks that knows a good deal more'n I do, but when Miss Grace was readin' THE HOUSEHOLD to me, as she does sometimes, just out of goodness, when I'm to work, I said, "I just wish some one'd write something about grandmothers. There isn't so much thought put on old folks as there ought to be. I'd just like to tell 'em somethin,'" an' Miss Grace says as earnest as could be, "Well, why don't you?" an' I says, "Laws child, I couldn't do it to save my li'e," but she coaxed an' teased me till I give in. I suppose I'm a fool to do it, an' an awful conceited one at that, but I've seen a good deal of old folks, an' my mind's made up that some of 'em don't have as nice a time as they ought to, an' I'd like to speak up for 'em.

The only relative I've got is a grandmother, an' I don't ever want to see a better one than she's been to me. When my ma died, an' I was left a baby with no one to look after me, she just took me, an' did day's work an' sewin' an' any thing she could get to support me till I was old enough to help, an' was always so chirr an' cheery through it all, as if it wasn't no trial.

Now, in my first place, I was the only girl they kept, an' I wasn't more'n sixteen an' Mis' Carter, the lady of the house, had three children, one of 'em a baby. Her husband was a nice, steady kind of a man, he was book-keeper in a store down town, an' ef his wife hadn't been all for fine clothes an' makin' a show an' gaddin' about, they might have had as pleasant a little home as any one, but all the money went into clothes, an' to fix up the parlors an' spare room, an' the rest of the house looked like scratch.

Her mother lived with her, an' ef ever I pitied any one, 'twas her, not that Mis' Carter meant to be unkind to her, but the old lady had always done every thing for her when she was a girl, an' she'd got to be that selfish that she never seemed to think but what her ma was made a purpose to accommodate her.

The children was left to her to take care of, because Mis' Carter was a goin' so much, and when she was to home she was so beat out that she must rest up.

Then when Mis' Carter had evenin' company, it was the old lady that did the fixin' refreshments an' gettin' every thing ready, because Mis' Carter didn't know how, but she wasn't never expected to be around gettin' the enjoyment of it. The fact was her clothes was too shabby. When Mis' Carter was fixed up, an' the children's best clothes got, there wasn't never any thing left for neat clothes to wear to home, or to make the old lady look nice, an' she always pretended she didn't want nothin' but what she'd got, and she used to keep her own and the children's clothes lookin' as whole an' as neat as she could.

She used to work at sewin' an' takin' care of that great, cross baby, to say nothin' of the other children, an' never had no change nor rest, till all of a sudden she broke down. Then Mis' Carter was struck all of a heap, an' said if mother'd only told her she wasn't feelin' well, an' she "couldn't understand it," an' then I just up an' spoke my mind. I hadn't no business to, but I did.

I told her it wasn't pertickler hard to understand. I asked her how long she expected an old lady, like her ma, to stand takin' care of three great, hearty young ones an' do most of the sewin' an' have all the care of the house, except what the kitchen girl did, and never have no rest nor change. I told her the old lady earned all she had there twice over, an' that as old as she was, she ought to

have had a nice easy time an' be took care of an' that she was clean used up an' ef she wasn't such a saint she wouldn't 'a' stood it.

An' I got Mis' Carter to cryin', an' then I told her it wasn't none of my business, an' I oughtn't to 'a' spoke so, an' I'd leave whenever she said so. But she said she couldn't be left without a girl now nohow, an' she'd excuse my speakin', as 'twas the first time, ef I'd stay. So I stayed till the old lady died, an' that was quite a spell, for she wasn't really sick, just hadn't no strength, an' kep' fadin' away. She had just the sweetest, patientest old face you ever see.

I had the comfort of knowin' my words set Mis' Carter to thinkin', for she couldn't be too careful of her ma after that, and she had to take care of her children, an' Mr. Carter, he'd notice every little thing she done towards stayin' to home an' keepin' the children nice, an' got to be as lovin' as a beau, till Mis' Carter took real pride in havin' things nice an' cozy for him when he got home.

I stayed till the old lady died an' they moved to another place, an' then I got a place as up-stairs girl to Mis' Harvey's.

There was an old lady there, too, but she was kept lookin' as handsome as you'd want to see, most always in black silk an' white caps, for the Harveys was awful stylish folks. She had a nice room an' nothin' to do, but I pitied her all the same, for it isn't nice clothes an' rooms old folks wants the most, it's knowin' they're thought of, an' aren't shut out of all that other folks is doin' jest because they're old.

Now, Mis' Harvey was always busy goin' out with Mis' Lou, an' seein' to company, for Mis' Lou went to lots of parties an' had lots of 'em to her house, and they hadn't no time to read to the old lady or set with her much. An' her eyes was weak so she couldn't read much at once, an' she had a great deal too much time to set an' think of the husband an' children she'd lost, an' the home she set such store by in the country. After she found I was raised in the country, she'd get to talkin' about it, an' I could see how fond she was of her old home where every thing was so quiet, an' pretty, an' where she had so many friends, an' where she took such interest in the church an' the minister.

She used to git lonesome sometimes, not but what Mis' Harvey was in an' out, seein' that she had every thing she wanted, but her time was pretty well took up, an' the young folks' heads was full of dancin' an' besus an' dressin', an' they never had no likin' to set long with their grandma'.

The only time when I see old Mis' Harvey look real happy, was Sunday night when Mr. Harvey always took his tea with her and stayed with her. I used to take up their tea, an' often he'd be lyin' on the rug before the fire with his head on her lap, an' she smoothin' his hair—an' it was gettin' gray, too—an' lookin' as ef she'd nothin' to wish for.

After a woman's gone through life, an' had children to care for an' may be lose, it seems as ef instead of spendin' all the time an' money an' work in givin' the young folks a good time, some of it ought to be used in makin' the old people as happy as they can be. It must be an awful feelin' that the ones that used to need you so much have grow'd away from you, and that you're kind of outside of every thing they care for.

But I've got into the right kind of family now, an' I mean to stay till Jim and I git ready to keep house ourselves, an' then if I don't make things nice for my grandma, it won't be because I don't know how.

The folks I live with now, aren't rich. Mr. Johnson's a professor in the academy,

an' they have five children to give schoolin' to. Mis' Johnson's a lady if there ever was one. She's jest as soft spoken an' sweet all the time as she is to company, an' she isn't one of your prim sort either, for I've seen her frolic with 'em and say cute things to get 'em all a laughin' many a time.

Her ma lives with her, an' she's got the rheumatism so that she can't walk, but has to be taken around in a chair with wheels. She's a little deaf, too, but not so but what you can make her hear by raisin' your voice. She can use her hands, an' she sets an' sews an' knits an' does a good deal to help along. The children has been taught to think of grandma, and ef any thing has been goin' on that she might like to hear about, their mother says, "Run into grandma's room and tell her," or when there's something funny said at the table that they all laugh at, they're sure to repeat it loud enough for her to hear, for she's wheeled out to the table every meal.

An when Mis' Grace and Mr. Bob has evenin' company, the old lady is always fixed up nice, an' they wheel her chair where she can see without feelin' in the way, an' she enjoys the fun as much as any one. An on her birthday they always have the minister an' his wife or some one she likes to see, in to tea, an' the children give her somethin' if it's nothin' but a bunch of flowers.

I don't mean to say that old folks is all perfect, because I know they are not. Sometimes they're exactin', an' sometimes they will meddle a little with what don't concern 'em, but what I do say is, that I think the patience and unselfishness that most of 'em shows, is surprisin' when you think how hard it must be to come down from havin' other folks dependent on you an' havin' your own say about things, to havin' to be took care of yourself. B. S. GOODHUE.

A VISIT TO THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

"To me one of Washington's brightest attractions is the Corcoran Art Gallery," wrote a friend last winter. With the memory of that enthusiastic letter fresh in my mind I sought that place one morning not long ago.

How pleasant it was for one who had recently left behind her the gray skies and the damp, snowy atmosphere of a New England spring, to walk out in the bright sunlight that day; to hear the summer birds, to see the grass so fresh and green in the circles and squares, to breathe the mild air. I easily found the building and thought before entering, "If the inward treasures are as attractive as the outward promise, I shall soon understand my friend's enthusiasm."

I looked first for Powers' "Greek Slave," for that work of art I had often heard mentioned in connection with the Corcoran gallery. I found it on the second floor in the center of a small octagon room, that I was told had been expressly prepared for its reception. It is a statue that once seen will not easily be forgotten. The artist's own description is too good to be improved. "A beautiful woman in a position of conscious sorrow, but lifted above it by conscious faith. Her father and mother are destroyed. Gather all this affliction together, add to them fortitude and resignation and there is no room for shame." It is easy to understand why this exquisite statue established Powers' reputation beyond all attacks of adverse criticism.

Six busts complete the attractions of the octagon room. Two are by Powers, "Proserpine," and "Genevra." One, the "Veiled Nun," was much admired at the Centennial. In the next room also, I found some statues whose acquaintance I made at the

Centennial. Among them the pretty little statue called "The Forced Prayer." We rarely see so much humor expressed in marble. Not far from this is a fine portrait of Washington, by Stuart, copied by his daughter.

I passed through two small rooms after leaving the octagon, and then reached the main picture gallery. I could not hope to take away in memory so many beautiful paintings, so selected a few to add to my intangible possessions. The picture of Charlotte Corday, by Charles Louis Muller, is considered by many the finest in the collection. Lovers of art are generally familiar with this painting through copies. The only photographs taken from the original, however, are sold at the Corcoran gallery. The photographs we generally see were taken from copies. The recollection of the beautiful sad eyes of Charlotte Corday will long follow those who have seen this picture, which came fresh from the artist's hand to this gallery. She is represented in a sober gray dress with a little cap of a similar color on her head. She has been writing to her father and the quill is still in her hand. She leans languidly against the window of the prison and seems to be trying to catch through the rusty iron bars a breath of the pure, free air which the gloomy walls shut out. The refinement of her appearance contrasts strongly with the coarseness of her surroundings. Her expression shows no sign of remorse but a sorrow greater than that of a mere personal affliction. Some object to the neutral tints of the picture. To me the lack of brilliant color seems in keeping with the subject and a suggestion of the fine taste of the artist. Near this picture is one of totally different character, Church's "Niagara." It was pleasant to see an American artist's work and an American subject represented after looking at a foreign masterpiece.

Before those who enter the gallery at the main entrance is Mr. Charles L. Elliott's fine portrait of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who gave this art building to the city with his private collection of works of art. Mr. Elliott, it should be said, was a student of Stuart. As I sat looking at this portrait, a Washington lady began to speak with enthusiasm of this kind and public spirited man. He is now quite old. All his family, consisting of a wife and daughter, are dead. In memory of them, he has erected in Washington the beautiful Louise Home, which bears their name. This is a refuge for refined and educated women, who through misfortune have been placed in a position requiring aid. A reception is given at the Louise Home every year to celebrate Mr. Corcoran's birthday. Formerly the reception took place in the evening, but now, owing to the gentleman's feebleness and age, it occurs in the afternoon.

Closely associated with the portrait of Mr. Corcoran is J. W. Jarvis' portrait of the sweet singer of "Home, Sweet Home," for it was this public spirited banker, who removed the body of John Howard Payne from Africa to a more fitting resting-place in Oak Hill cemetery in this country. The poet's face in the picture has a youthful and almost semi-nine beauty. This painting figured in the final obsequies. "What an interesting occasion that was!" said our Washington friend beginning to describe "the loads of flowers."

The strange, weird beauty of "Count Eberhard of Wirtemburg," ("The Weeper") by Ary Scheffer cannot easily be forgotten. Ulrich, son of Count Eberhard lost a battle and was dangerously wounded. After he recovered, he sought his father, who received him coldly. At dinner the old count cut the table cloth between himself and his son. Ulrich roused by this insult, plunged into an-

other battle, gained a victory, but lost his life. An extract from one of Schiller's ballads describes this picture by Scheffer: "And while we were celebrating the victory in our camp, what was our old count doing? Alone in his tent, weeping over the dead body of his only son."

I have lingered on the second floor too long, there is but little time left for the equally attractive marbles and bronzes below, but I must not fail to mention the little carved hatchet of John of France, who died about 1364, for does it not recall a passage of history concerning him that was as beautiful and refreshing as an unlooked for flower amid ugly surroundings? "When King John of France returned to his captivity in England he said, 'If honor were lost elsewhere upon earth it ought to be found in the conduct of kings.'

Reluctantly we leave the pretty brick building with its brown stone trimmings, but we go away richer than we came, and what thief can gain access to those new intangible possessions?

EVELYN S. FOSTER.

BERRYING.

Henry Ward Beecher waxes eloquent over the joys and sorrows of hens' eggs—of the joys of finding a freshly laid nest of the treasures, and the sorrows attending the carrying them to the house in his pockets. Hunting hens' eggs may be interesting, and I know from experience that it is, but for soulful enjoyment commend me to a berrying excursion.

What can be more truly refreshing than an early start in the morning while the dew lies beaded on the grass, and after having climbed the hills to watch the panorama before you? How the mists lie curled in the valleys! How joyous are the birds' songs, and look at the changing light and shadows where old Scargo sees itself mirrored in the lake below. The blue line of the sea yonder, with now and then a white sail looks cool and inviting, and see! right ahead are the berries, dark and thick, and we must leave the landscape and attend to our picking.

But while foot expeditions are enjoyable, I prefer riding, not wholly because it is tiresome to walk, but because a ride gives one a wider range of territory to traverse. A baggage wagon and a slow-going horse, with perhaps a sun umbrella added, are the necessities to provide one with half a day's happiness. This time we ride to the woods, and taking some unfrequented road give ourselves up to day dreams. We seldom speak except to exclaim, "How delightful!" "How romantic!" The foot-falls of the horse sound softly on the piney road; now and then we catch glimpses of the sky through the overarching boughs, and perhaps some stray branch will rudely touch us in the face and awake us from our thoughts. The hoary forms of oak and pine bear tempting festoons of moss; we seize them eagerly and bear them home for trophies.

But now the horse is going at a good round trot. It is a down grade. Hold on, boys and girls, look out for the branches! We are almost there. An opening in the trees shows us water ahead, and we all exclaim, "There is Run pond!"

We are down to its edge now. How smiling it looks with the lilies lifting their snowy petals from its shining blue. The pink sabbatia flowers wave their fringes all around the margin, and other unique wild flowers bloom in rare profusion. Into the woods we now scatter. There are berries in abundance—large, luscious blueberries, black huckleberries, and see! aren't those dangleberries?

But while the berrying mood has seized

me, let me tell you of an excursion which was novel enough to charm the most fanciful. We went in an ox cart drawn by one ox. (You need not smile, for you would have been glad to have gone yourself if you could have gotten the chance.) Well, after the pails, baskets, sugar tubs, and parcels of lunch, were stowed carefully, (for we intended to spend the day and went prepared,) we girls, and boys, and women mounted, and with a "gee, haw, go long, there!" we were off sure enough, to the fruitful hills.

Now, where shall we go? was the question. The first hill that we came to was called Jennie's Hill, after the old lady that once lived there, and the berries grew here so plentifully that part of the load was landed, but it would never do to stop at the first hill when on such an excursion. It was decided, however, not to venture far into the woods. I think the driver was afraid that horse flies would trouble the ox, so we roamed about skirting the woods until dinner time.

Never shall I forget that dinner. There is enough of the gypsy element in all of our natures to enjoy a fashionable picnic, but this time fashion was in the background and we were veritable gypsies, I think. Our hands and faces were berry stained and our dresses rent by briars. The youths wore hats with tattered rims, and some were shoeless. This interesting company drove the ox into the shade and preparations were made for dinner. A small space nearly encircled with trees was the spot chosen. A few flat stones were laid in place and a fire kindled; then came the opening of pails and baskets containing the luncheon. One person slipped several plump herrings on the coals to roast; another brought forth some cool-looking cucumbers, and stood or sat expectant. We had string beans, sandwiches, and oceans of cake, yes, and cup custards. And, really, we couldn't help it if the string beans and custards did get slightly mixed, and if the cucumbers slipped out of our hands into the dirt; and, truly, we were almost ready to cry when the great black ants crawled out of the cake.

And did we enjoy that dinner? Ask the squirrel, perched upon the tree, if he likes the dusty nuts; ask the birds and insects if they like their earthy pickings, and you have your answer, for we were verily children of nature that day and forgot the outside world.

But we were dry and would like some water. So the good old ox was re-yoked and the cart re-loaded for Uncle Cotton's where we knew was a never failing supply of the nectar-like element. And right across from Uncle Cotton's there we found the blackberries! What a scramble for pails and baskets, and how excited we were!

"Won't these make splendid jam?" one housewife exclaimed.

"Ma, can I have some blackberries and sugar when I get home?" piped a small voice.

"Yes, yes!" was the answer, "only pick smart now."

And we did pick smart. The afternoon sun dropped low in the heavens and sent the shadows far across the lea. The youngsters lagged in the shade and fell to telling fairy stories and wondering about this and that, as was their custom. Finally came the cry, "All full, we shall have to go home." And, oh dear! how cross some of us were! Fairy stories did not seem to agree with us it seemed. The ox, too, goaded by the young driver, and excited by our clamorous cries, was rather unruly.

"Gee there! back there!" called the driver, and the ox all a-nerve did back and backed right into Uncle Cotton's front fence. At this the girls on the middle seat were much frightened and

began to cry, but the girls who sat in the end of the cart rather enjoyed it and thought the other girls great geese.

At last, however, the ox turned his face homeward and nothing more annoyed us but the mosquitos, that like stragglers of an army, followed closely our progress. And we were very happy that night although the blackberriss were found in a very jammed condition when we reached home, but we had picked a bushel of them and were content.

The old ox has long since been converted into roast beef; the cart sold, for aught I know, and the participants in the excursion scattered to the four winds of heaven, but I doubt not that they like myself, weave pleasant memories over the recurring berry season.

Blessings on thee, berry time,
With thy fruitage of the vine;
With thy laden branches full,
In the valleys, sweet and cool;
With thy sunshine warm and still
Basking on the high topped hill;
Thou art beauteous! mead and wood
Join in singing thou art good.

ABIE W. HOWES.

DISCONTENTED GIRLS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Not every girl is discontented, nor are any discouraged all the time. If they were, our homes would lose much sunshine. Certainly no class in the community is so constantly written about, talked at, preached to as our girls. And still there always seems to be room left for one word more. I am persuaded that the leaven of discontent pervades girls of the several social ranks, from the fair daughter of a cultured home to her who has grown up in a crowded tenement, her highest ambition to dress like the young ladies she sees on the fashionable avenue. City girls and country girls alike know the meaning of this discontent, which sometimes amounts to morbidness and again only to nervous irritability. Many of them feel very much dissatisfied with life, and do not hesitate to say so; and, strangely enough, the accident of a collegiate or common-school education makes little difference in their conclusions.

"To what end," says the former, "have I studied hard, and widened my resources? I might have been a society girl, and had a good time, and been married and settled sometime, without going just far enough to find out what pleasure there is in study, and then stopping short." I am quoting from what girls have said to me—girls who have been graduated with distinction, and whose parents preferred that they should neither teach, nor paint, nor enter upon a profession, nor engage in any paid work. Polished after the similitude of a palace, what should the daughters do except stay at home to cheer father, and mother, play and sing in the twilight, read, shop, sew, visit, receive their friends, and be young women of elegant leisure?

If love, and love's climax, the wedding march follow soon upon a girl's leaving school, she is taken out of the ranks of girlhood, and in accepting woman's highest vocation, queenship in the kingdom of home, foregoes the ease of her girlish life and its peril of *ennui* and unhappiness together. This, however, is the fate of the minority, and while young people continue, as thousands do, to dread beginning home life upon small means, it must so remain.

Education is not a fetish, though some who ought to know better regard it in that superstitious light. No amount of school training, disengaged from religious culture and from development of the heart and of the conscience without which intellectual wealth is poverty, will lift anybody, make anybody happier or

better, or fit anybody for blithe living in this shadowy world.

I did not write this article for the purpose of saying what I hold to be the bounden duty of every father and mother in the land; viz., to educate the daughter as they educate the son, to some practical, bread winning pursuit. That should be the rule, and not the exception. A girl should be trained so that with either head or hands, as artist or artisan, in some way or other, she will be able to go into the world's market with something for which the world, being shrewd and knowing what it wants, will pay in cash. Rich or poor, the American father who fails to give his daughter this training is a short-sighted and cruel man.

My thought was rather of the girls themselves. Some of them will read this. So will some of their mothers. Mothers and daughters often, not invariably, are so truly *en rapport* that their mutual comprehension is without a flaw. And there are dear, blooming, merry-hearted, clear-eyed young women who are as gay and as elastic as bird on bough or flower in field.

To discontented girls I would say, there is for you one panacea—work; and there is one refuge—Christ. Have you been told this before? Do you say that you can find no work worth the doing? Believe me, if not in your home you need go no further than your own set, your own town, to discover it waiting for you. No one else can do it so well. Perhaps no one else can do it at all.—*Christian Union.*

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

To correct children for trifling offences continually, at home or in school, has a bad effect. It is confusing to the child and does not tend to develop or to cultivate the moral sense. It tends to make distinctions between right and wrong which do not exist, and for this very reason weakens real ones. It is surprising to see how early children begin to look into the hidden things of metaphysics. "Is it really wrong, mamma," a little boy said the other day, "or only against the law?" The astonished mother questioned the child, and found that some one had told him stories of the fugitive slaves, and of the laws of their time, and he had with the passion for generalizing which many children have, applied his knowledge to the circumstances and events occurring around him. To be perfectly honest with children, and at the same time to cultivate a power to pass by their small transgressions, which are often committed without premeditation, is sometimes well for parent and teacher. It is only necessary to think ourselves back to childhood to understand how different the child's point of view is from that of an older person, and to do this occasionally would be helpful to most parents.—*Exchange.*

A LIKENESS.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side. They cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow and foolish and childlike, and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their lives for play and another for work, and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose.—*Ruskin.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap from its first introduction to the public and have also tried almost every other kind of soap I have heard of, but have always kept Dobbins' in the house as the standard soap, and always shall, for it is every way the nicest. You are at liberty to use my name in connection with the soap whenever you think best. And as I have also been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD from its starting point, I have thought several times of giving in my testimony in regard to it. My neighbors think my clothes extra white so I explained to them the cause, but said they, "The price is what I object to," so I gave them some to try and told them to wash their dirtiest pieces with it, also to try some fine laces, etc., and report to me the result. They did so, and the consequence was, I secured Mr. Cragin seven new customers. They said they never would have tried it if I had not insisted upon it, for they did not even care to send for a sample bar. I told them they were very unjust in not being willing to give it a trial, for I know what it is, and so am willing to try all others, feeling confident no other can come up to it. But I must close, hoping you will help Mr. Cragin to outshine all other soap makers, so that even the poorest may think it the cheapest, simply because it is the best.

MRS. L. C. WOODBURY.

Spencer, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I find Dobbins' Soap excellent and just the kind of soap every woman ought to use. It saves time, labor, and washes clean, and makes the clothes look as if they were washed, and I don't get half so tired as when I used other soap.

MRS. MINNIE STUPP.

167 2d St., New York city.

MR. CROWELL:—As my housekeeper, the Rev'd sister, did try Dobbins' Electric Soap, she was surprised at the nice effects of it. 1. As saving labor and time. 2. As cleansing thoroughly all dirt. 3. As having no bad smelling odor at all. 4. As a liniment for the hands.

REV. M. G. SMITS.

Kilbourn City, Wis.

MR. CROWELL:—I take this opportunity of telling you that my mother and I have used Dobbins' Soap for seven or eight years and have been the means of getting others to use it, and our grocers to handle it, and I can honestly say that as a labor saving agent it is the greatest "washing machine" ever invented.

FLORENCE ESPY.

Fort Madison, Ia.

MR. CROWELL:—As our grocer did not keep Dobbins' Electric Soap we have sent to Boston for our soap, buying a box at a time from Messrs. C. D. Cobb & Bros., of that city. I have given away a number of bars to friends, and I think all like it and buy it. I never have any mulled flannels since we have used this soap, and those that were mulled soon grew soft, and the mull gradually left them. As the manufacturers of the soap give music to those who use the soap, I have sent a lot of wrappers to Philadelphia, so as to avail myself of their liberality.

MARY A. STODDARD.

Concord, Mass.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 80,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

I will paint a piece of satin or velvet sent me for any one who will send me a Seaside or similar story book.

M. C. DEAN.

North Bergen, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask the correspondent of February number, in the recipe column, signing her name Eva, to send her address to,

SARAH I. GREEN.

Box 80, Glen Rock, Nemaha Co., Neb.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want very much to procure Harper's Bazar, for Sept. 20, 1879, and will pay twenty cents for one. Any one having that number which she will be willing to dispose of, will confer a favor by addressing,

MRS. J. L. VREDEBURGH.

Rox 67, Austin, Texas.

Will the sisters of the Band favor me with their postal autographs? I will return the favor if desired.

MISS MARY M. DAVIS.

North Yamhill, Yamhill Co., Oregon.

Will Jean please write or send address to Lizzie Wayland, Kanona, Steuben Co., N. Y. I wish very much to hear from her.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please say to the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD that Mrs. L. H. Bickford, formerly of North San Juan, Cal., has removed to San Luis Obispo, Cal., where she will continue to exchange minerals and such curiosities as are found here.

THREE REMARKABLE CASES.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AND HEART DISEASE.

In January last a gentleman in Lynchburg, Va., ordered a Treatment of Compound Oxygen for his daughter, thirteen years of age, who had been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism since her fourth year.

Five weeks after commencing the use of our Treatment, we received the following highly gratifying report:

"LYNCHBURG, VA., February 28th, 1884.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Dear Sirs:—My daughter has been using your Compound Oxygen for five weeks.

Within a week from beginning the use of the Oxygen, she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen any thing to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has a fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood.

If the statement of the above facts in my daughter's case will be the means of inducing others similarly affected, as she has been, to use your Compound Oxygen, you are at liberty to publish it.

Very respectfully,

C. V. WINFREE.

"FEEL AS YOUNG AS I DID AT TWENTY-FIVE."

What Compound Oxygen did in a few months for one who had suffered with dyspepsia for forty years, who was troubled with catarrh, torpid liver, and suffered from hard shaking chills, will be seen in the following report: In February, 1883, a gentleman who had removed to Florida in the previous fall, asked our opinion of his case, and soon after ordered a Home Treatment. His statement of his condition we give in his own words:

"Have had dyspepsia for forty years. Came to Florida last November. Previously suffered much from headache. A month after coming here it stopped aching so badly, but became very sore and has continued so up to the present time. Have a hacking cough and hard, shaking chills. Am very weak. Liver torpid."

We heard no more from the case until about eleven months after the above was

written, when we received the subjoined gratifying letter:

"LAKE CITY, FLORIDA, }
March 31st, 1884. }

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Gentlemen: It has been, I believe, about eleven months since I quit taking the Oxygen and I am truly thankful to say that the disease has not returned.

I am under many obligations to you for your kindness to me last year, and if catarrh should return I guess you will hear from me in short order. And right here let me say that I am one of the jolliest old men you have seen lately. My digestion is first-rate. I can do more work and am in better health generally than I have been for twenty-five years. I feel as young as I did at twenty-five, and, in fact, I believe that I can do more work than I could then.

You are at liberty to publish an extract from this letter, or all of it, if you think you can do any good by it, and if anybody wants to hear from me I will answer all letters that contain stamps for postage.

I am truly yours, MARTIN HANCOCK."

"MANY THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE."

In April, 1883 we received a letter from a clergyman in Lockesburg, Ark., who had used and been much benefited by Compound Oxygen, ordering a Home Treatment for a gentleman residing in that place. The Treatment was sent, but we heard nothing from it for nearly a year, when the following letter came from the patient himself:

"LOCKESBURG, SEVIER CO., ARK., }

March 15th, 1884. }

MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—You will remember me as one of your patients. Nearly a year ago, I sent for a two months' supply of your Compound Oxygen Treatment, and it is with heartfelt gratitude I send you my many thanks for saving my life.

To tell you my condition when I commenced using your Treatment is impossible. I was taken with ilious pneumonia. I lay for two months unable to get off my bed, and part of the time to move my body. It was a month after I sat up in bed before I could walk alone.

My pneumonia had assumed a chronic form, and I was just giving up in despair, when Rev. Mr. D. came to see me and prevailed on me to send for the Oxygen Treatment. I never will get done thanking him for recommending and you for discovering such a medical agent.

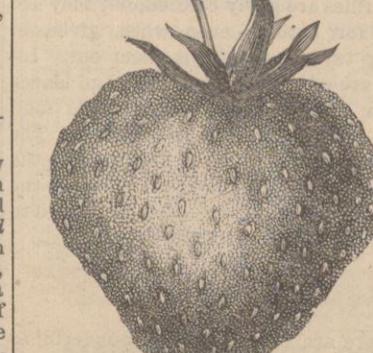
Yours truly, W. M. P."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAMPAIGN GOODS.—E. Nason & Co., 120 Fulton St., New York, whose offers for Badges, Uniforms, Torches, &c., will be found elsewhere, are, we are advised, an old, established house of excellent reputation and can be relied upon.

—How to remove weeds—Marry the widow.

Ah! you have a headache! Why don't you try Ayer's Pills? They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.



Winter Flowering Plants

AND BULBS,

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Lilies, Roses, Geraniums, Carnations, Primrose, Cyclamen, Begonia, Fuchsia, Geraniums, Strawberry Plants, and other Small Fruit Plants.

Catalogue ready last of Sept. Circular of Pot-grown Strawberry Plants, including all new sorts, now ready, free.

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill." Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other." J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. E. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

What a Mississippi Pilot Says.

Capt. D. M. Riggs, who is well known at New Orleans and along the Mississippi river, says, "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for the past five years, and from broken rest, by severe pains in the bowels and kidneys. I tried every medicine recommended for these diseases, without success. At last I used a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, which proved a perfect success in my case." It cures all liver, kidney and malarial diseases.

—Teacher—"Who reigned after Saul?" Scholar—"David." "Who came after David?" "Solomon." "Who came after Solomon?" "The Queen of Sheba," answered the pale young man on the back bench, and the teacher turned to Corinthians, and looked solemn.

The Crust of Tartar

Speedily leaves the surface of teeth upon which the cleansing and preservative influence of SO-ZODONT is daily exerted. No form of decay can infest a set of "ivories" upon which it is used. It has, moreover, a most refreshing effect upon the mouth, in which it leaves a very agreeable taste, besides rendering the breath fragrant. If the mouth be rinsed with it after smoking, the taste of the tobacco is entirely dissipated. As an auxiliary to personal cleanliness it cannot too highly be extolled. Sold by druggists.

—He would not marry her because she had false teeth. But when his wife kept him awake for nights with toothache and neuralgia, he wished he had.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.—Dear Sir:—The writer is troubled with complaints such as the Hill Electric Appliances are claimed to cure. We have been so often defrauded by unscrupulous parties that we do not know when we are safe. We will put confidence in your statement as to the merits of these appliances and the honesty and reliability of the Company in their promises, if you will be so kind as to give us the same in your replies at an early date. Also, if you can supply these articles by mail? RHEUMATIC.

In reply I will say that I am familiar in the factory, and have faith in the various appliances, the "generator" having been made at my request, that I might carry it in my vest pocket constantly. In the removal of pain, in rheumatic affections, in "toning up" the system, in aiding digestion, &c., they are valuable in my estimation. Yes, I can furnish them, if desired, selecting what I think best in individual cases, as they are made here.

J. H. H.

—Boys, can you tell me any thing remarkable in the life of Moses?" asked a Sabbath school teacher. "Yes, sir," shouted one of the boys, "he broke all the commandments at once."

LACTART.

The Acid of Milk.

A Pure, Healthful, Refreshing Drink, aiding Digestion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AVERY LACTATE CO., Boston, Mass.

—It is reported that "the Baltimore epicures eat guava jelly with snipe." We thought it should be eaten with spoons. So much for being provincial.

Ayer's Ague Cure not only affords immediate relief, but it eradicates the malarial poison which produces the disease, without leaving any injurious effect, as is the case with quinine and many of the ague medicines advertised. It is the only medicine in existence which may be considered an absolute antidote for fever and ague, and kindred diseases.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

The Cherokees have the following legend in regard to the origin of the mocking bird: Long, long ago, years before a pale face had set foot upon the shores of this western land, lived the young and beautiful princess Norayah. She had many suitors, but none of them touched her heart save the tall warrior Tonaka, chieftain of a rival tribe and her father's foe. One day while wandering in the forest the fair Norayah had been attacked by a catamount and she would have fallen a victim to the ferocious beast but for the timely arrival of the young chieftain who sent a feathered shaft through the brain of the panther laying him dead at her feet.

From that hour a strong love grew up in the bosom of each for the other, which was only strengthened by the adverse circumstances which surrounded them. Their tribes were bitterly hostile and from the nature of things the meetings of the lovers were forced to be secret and infrequent. It was only by the most adroit and disguised manner that they could meet at all.

Tonaka was gifted with a wonderful power of mimicry, and could imitate the sound of any bird or animal under the sun. Often at the midnight hour Norayah, lying awake upon her bear skin couch under the summery boughs of the lodge, would hear the preconcerted signal of the chieftain in the vast, silent depths of the woods. Sometimes the signal was the cry of the panther, the bark of the wolf or the hoot of the owl, but more frequently the note would be the exquisite song of some forest night bird. But whichever it was Norayah invariably answered the signal in person.

This went on for many months without any one suspecting the stolen meetings, but one night the lovers unfortunately protracted their interview to a later hour than usual, and they were surprised by a band of braves going out to the morning hunt. Both were condemned to die, and the fate of each unknown to the other, they were carried out at different ends of the village to meet their dreadful fate.

Cruel were the tortures each were to meet, but neither thought only of the other. So while the flames rolled up around the fair limbs of the princess she prayed that Tonaka might escape the pangs that wracked her sensitive frame; and the chieftain through the smoke lifted his hands to the Great Spirit and besought Him to be merciful to a king's daughter.

The heart of the God was touched at this tenderness of devotion, and in His compassion He saved them from the wrath of their persecutors. A mighty whirlwind swept aside the flames and dashed so much dust and ashes into the eyes of the astounded warriors that they were blinded for the time being. When the whirlwind passed nothing could be found of the prisoners.

The Great Spirit saved them indeed, but remembering that in their absorbed devotion to each other they had forgotten to observe the rites and worship due Him, he punished them by changing the chieftain to a mocking bird, and the princess to a beautiful bird of rare plumage, who should have no mate until the mocking bird succeeded in producing a weird and singular note that should have the power of calling her to his side. By this note alone can they know each other.

So ever since she has wandered over the world solitary and unrecognized, and Tonaka is forever imitating all songs and every strange sound he hears, and forming every possible combination of his own contrivings, hoping thereby to gain the

note that will restore his loved and lost Norayah.

All through the lonely night hours he sings, making most melodious music. Sometimes the nightingale joins him in his sweet refrain. Then he sings softly, bending his head to listen; but it is not the voice of his lost love that he hears, and with a sad, despairing cry, he retires still deeper into the silent wildwood.

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

COLOR IN ANIMALS.

Any one attending a zoological garden or noticing any large collection of animals, is at once struck by the variety of colors, both of the plumage and hide or skin. Some animals are highly colored, others have hues sombre and dark. What is the reason of this? Why are animals colored differently? What is the use of any coloring? These questions can only be answered by a consideration of the habits of the various animals, the means provided for their obtaining food and the weapons they have for defence. The coloring of animals is, to a large extent, protective. It enables animals to hide from their enemies, who would otherwise extinguish their species, and in other instances, where they have means of defence that warn other animals to keep away, they are highly colored, so that other animals are warned to give them a wide berth. For instance, rats, mice, bats and moles, which seek for food at night, are dark, of dusky hues, while in the light of day they conceal themselves in their holes. All the bears in the world are either brown or black, except the polar bear, which is white. So are most of the animals of the polar region white, that is, of the same color as the snow and ice they inhabit, which similarity of coloring is a means of protection from their enemies, inasmuch as they are not so readily seen. Perhaps the musk ox, or musk sheep, which is of a dark brown color, would seem an exception, but the habits of the animals explain this. They are gregarious, live in flocks, and this is the means of their protection; hence, if one strays away from the flock it is necessary that they be of a dark color, so that he can see his comrades at a distance. The raven is another instance; he is black, yet inhabits the regions of snow and ice; but he feeds on carrion and has no enemies that think his body fit for food. Armed insects are highly colored, such as wasps and bees. Their very high coloring shows to other animals what they are, and their poison protects them. Some insects have so hard a covering that they are practically uneatable. These are frequently highly colored. Others can fly rapidly, and this is a protection, so they are given a gaudy coloring, like the swift-flying rose-chafer. Butterflies are gayly colored, but they are unfit for eating; even when given to young turkeys they spit them out. Insects are often found on trees and leaves which are the exact color of the food they eat. This is a protection. The voice of the tree-toad is heard before the rain, yet so exactly is he the color of the limb on which he lies, that it is hard to find him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

BIRDS' NESTS.

There are few things as wonderful as birds' nests. These little creatures, which one would suppose good for nothing but to pour forth their sweet songs, are really capable of building "houses without hands." These are built for the purpose of rearing and protecting their young. The materials used for the nest are different with different birds, but they are generally straw, twigs, wool thread, or moss. I once saw a nest made out of

some very fine lace, taken from the clothes-line of our neighbors.

The styles of building their nests are nearly, if not quite, as numerous as those employed by man in building houses. Some English author has classified them into twelve distinct groups: miners, ground-builders, masons, carpenters, platform builders, basket-makers, weavers, tailors, felt-makers, cementers, dome-builders, and parasites. These names indicate the methods used in building. Under the head of miners come the common bank-swallows. The hawk is both a ground and platform builder. The robin is a mason, and the wood-pecker a carpenter. The martial eagle, of southern Africa, builds a platform said to be strong enough to hold the largest man. The magpie and crow are basket-makers, and hang their nests from some twig or branch where the leaves entirely conceal them. Of the weavers, the Baltimore oriole is perhaps the most familiar example.

There are many other examples of the wonderful ways in which birds construct their nests. Who teaches them how to do all these things is a question we cannot answer. We know, however, that they must have a natural impulse which leads them to do, without reasoning, what is best for their own safety.

A short time ago I read a story about a magpie, which was accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress. One day it came and perched on her shoulder, and, putting its beak between her lips, the graceful bird dropped a large fat worm into her mouth!—*Band of Mercy.*

THE LOST KITTENS.

Some years ago in a sermon one Sunday morning, says Mr. Spurgeon, I told my congregation about the awful stir that was in my house one night, and all because the kitten had been lost. I added, "If we feel happy over a found kitten, and if we feel sad about a lost one, what a sadness the Lord must feel over a lost soul, and what must be His joy over the finding of it."

Last month an old lady came to join the church and brought me a sermon, all yellow and worn, which she had carried in her pocket for some time, and there was this little bit about the kitten marked. "Sir," she said, "you introduced that story with an apology, but you need not have apologized." And then she told me a story about two kittens that were lost when she was a little girl, and described what a fright she was in when they were lost, and what joy she experienced when they were found.

"And so sir," she added, "I found peace with God from reading this, for I recollect my own joy as a girl over the finding of my kittens; and I thought God must think more of me, and be willing to save me; so I came to him and here am I."

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It relieves inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sore and restores sense of taste and smell.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure.

Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.



Newton's improved COW TIE holds them firmly, draws them forward when lying down, pushes back when standing, gives freedom of head, keeps clean.

E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, Ill.



THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Furnishes unequalled facilities for instruction in Piano, Organ, Violin, Voice, all Orchestral Instruments, and Tuning. In the ART Department for Drawing, Painting, Modeling and Portraiture. In Modern LANGUAGES, German, French and Italian, with the best native teachers. In English Branches, Common and Higher. In the College of ORATORY in Vocal, Technique, Elocution, Rhetorical Oratory, Forensic and Lyric Art. In the NEW HOME excellent board and nicely furnished rooms, with light, heat, etc., can be had from \$45 to \$75 per term of ten weeks. Tuition from \$5 to \$20 for ten weeks in classes of four. Private Lessons in any Department. New Calendar, beautifully illustrated sent free. FALL TERM begins Sept. 11th, 1884.

E. TOURJEE, Director, Franklin Sq., Boston.

SOLAR TIP SHOES

Are the CHEAPEST and BEST for CHILDREN. None genuine without trade-mark and "JOHN MUNN & CO" on sole of each pair. FIT PERFECTLY, Look Nice, Give Comfort Outwear others. The 1200 Boys in Girard College, Philadelphia, all WEAR THEM, and their Guardians will have NO OTHER MAKE. GIVE SOLAR TIP SHOES A TRIAL. Sold by all reputable dealers.

ROCKFORD WATCHES

Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE.

Used by the Chief Mechanician of the U. S. Coast Survey by the Admiral commanding in the U. S. Naval Observatory, for Astronomical work; and by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railroad men. They are recognized as THE BEST for all uses in which close time and durability are requisites. Sold in principal cities and towns by the COMPANY'S exclusive Agents (leading jewelers,) who give a Full Warranty.

HOWELL'S

PA. NO. 1882.

THE PILLOW-INHALER!

A Positive Revolution in the Treatment of Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

ALL-NIGHT INHALATION!



This wonderful appliance is curing "hopeless cases" of CATARRH and CONSUMPTIVE diseases. It applies Medicated and Curative Air to the mucous lining of the Nose, Throat and Lungs ALL-NIGHT—eight hours out of the twenty-four—whilst sleeping as usual. Perfectly comfortable, safe and pleasant. You sleep upon it the same as an ordinary pillow. No pipes or tubes.

A Radical and Permanent CURE for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HAY-FEVER and CONSUMPTION.

No matter what you have tried, or how despairing it is, the PILLOW-INHALER is a cure, unless you are so disabled your lungs will not take in enough oxygen from the air, in daily breathing, to support life.

HANNAH J. BAILEY, Winthrop, Me., says: "Having been cured of Catarrh by the PILLOW-INHALER, I heartily recommend it."

MISS MARGRIE MARSH, 231 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, says: "I have used the PILLOW-INHALER, and can say positively it is a cure for Catarrh."

MRS. M. J. CHADWICK, Mullica Hill, N. J., says: "I had Catarrh for fifteen years, and was going into Consumption. The PILLOW-INHALER has wrought such a cure for me that I feel I cannot do too much to spread the news of it to others."

Explanatory Circular and Book of Testimonials sent free. Address, THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

[Kindly mention this Paper when writing.]

Fast Potato Digging



THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER
Saves costs yearly, FIVE TIMES
OVER, to every farmer. Gar-
anteed to Dig Six Hundred
Bushels a Day!

SENT ON
60 Days'
Test Trial.

Agents Wanted.

Write postal card for FREE elegantly
illustrated Catalogue, in Six Brilliant Colors,
that cost us \$2000 to publish.

Monarch Manufacturing Co., 206 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BLAINE AGENTS WANTED!

Complete, Reliable Illustrated Life
of the PEOPLE'S CHOICE. Get the BEST. Special
terms to agents ordering from a
distance. Outfit free to actual
canvassers. Address for circulars,
W. H. THOMPSON, Pub., 404 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the new book
"OUR FAMOUS WOMEN." Just completed by Elizabeth
Stuart Phelps, Marion Harland, and other eminent
writers. The grandest book of the age. Agents sell 10 to
20 a day. Send for Circulars. Extra Terms, Specimen Plate,
etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

STAMPING for Embroidery,
New Outfit. Full
Instructions for
Stamping on Feit
Satin, Flush, &c., so
it will not rub
off. 35 Patterns for Kensington, Arrasene and
Ribbon Embroidery, Bouquets, Sprays, Fig-
ures, &c. Box powder distributor, catalogue and
Our New Sample Book, showing nearly
500 of our choicest designs and 60 Alpha-
bets, including The Owl, The Green-
way, and the Spider's Web Alphabets,
price \$1.00. Sample Book and instruc-
tions \$1.00. Our No. 2 Outfit, price, \$3.00,
contains all above and 20 Extra Patterns
of roses, daisies, golden rod, figures, outlines,
&c., worth singly \$5.00. With this outfit you can start
business and make enough in one month to buy our \$20 outfit
T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

ROYAL GOLD WATCH
WITH CHAIN AND CHARM, FOR
ONLY \$4.00!
THE CHEAPEST WATCH IN THE WORLD!!
Jewelers Puzzled and Astonished!!!



A Limited Number of our CELEBRATED SWISS
MOVEMENT WATCHES will be sold to the Readers
of this Paper at only \$4.00 each; with each Watch we
will also send a beautiful CHAIN and CHARM. We are
induced to make this sacrifice knowing that any one ordering
a Watch will be so highly satisfied that he will continue
to be a regular customer, and buy other Jewels from us
as shown in Illustrated Catalogue, that we send with each
Watch. We guarantee these Watches to be PERFECT
TIME-KEEPERS. The works are of SWISS MAKE, cele-
brated for their excellency the world over. The face
is covered with SOLID CUT CRYSTAL, the case is fin-
ished with ROYAL GOLD, the best substitute for gold
ever discovered. It puzzles jewelers to tell that it is not
Solid Gold, even by the chemical test, as it will STAND
ACID and resembles gold very closely. They are suitable
for use on RAILROADS, STEAMERS and all other places
where ACCURATE TIME is required.

We have received many demands from PROFESSION-
AL MEN, SCHOOL TEACHERS, MECHANICS, FARMERS,
YOUNG MEN and LABORERS, who are using the Watch.
In fact we GUARANTEE the WATCH and WILL
REFUND THE MONEY if you are not perfectly satisfied
after receiving it. Wishing to immediately place one
of these valuable watches in every locality in the United
States and Canada, we make the following offer:

OUR GRAND OFFER. ON RECEIPT OF THIS
ADVERTISEMENT, we hereby agree to forward by
REGISTERED MAIL, to any address, all charges paid,
one of the above described watches, a beautiful Gold
Plate Chain with a handsome Crystal Charm attached, all
securely packed in a strong Case, providing your order
is received ON OR BEFORE November 1st, 1854.

We can only send out a Limited Number of these
Watches at prices named, and in order to protect ourselves
from jewelers and speculators ordering in large numbers,
we will insert this advertisement in THIS PAPER,
BUT ONE TIME, hence require you to CUT IT OUT
and send to us with your order, that we may know you are
entitled to the benefit of this offer.

Under no circumstances will we send MORE THAN ONE
WATCH AT ABOVE PRICE, to any one person; and if
others are desired we will furnish them at regular prices.
If you do not want to wait yourself, you can sell it to some
one else and make a handsome profit. Many of our agents
sell these watches at from \$15 to \$25. We will mail you
Catalogues containing valuable certificates at the same
time we send watch, and feel that you will be so HIGHLY
PLEASED that you will exhibit Catalogues and Watch to
your friends, thus ASSISTING us in selling OTHER GOODS
OF STANDARD QUALITY which we manufacture from
new and original designs, and guarantee to give satisfac-
tion. Our firm is known all over the country, and we always
do just as we say we will. We refer you to any Bank
or Express Company in this city, if you do not order at
once. FIRST USE THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR FUTURE
USE. ORDER BEFORE November 1st. Send
Money by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order, Postal
Note or Draft. If you are in New York at any time we will
be pleased to have you call on us. Address,
STANDARD JEWELRY CO., 683 Broadway, New York.

SHERMAN & JENNE, General Insurance
and Real Estate Agents, Brattleboro, Vt.

NO FEE Until Cured.

On receipt of address, will send you a Valuable
Treatise, with home references and questions
to answer, on Dr. JUDGE'S Oxy-Hydrogenated
Air, the great cure for Deafness, Catarrh,
Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Hay Fever and all
Lung Diseases. All diseases treated. Consultation
and trial free at our office. Office hours,
9 to 3 and 6 to 9 (Sundays included). Dr. J. D.
JUDGE & CO., 79 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES
WONDERFUL
CURES OF
KIDNEY DISEASES
AND
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and
KIDNEYS at the same time:

Because it cures the system of the poison-
ous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary
Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation,
Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous
Disorders and all Female Complaints.

THE SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE
CONSTIPATION, PILES,
and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs
and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD
restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases
have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE: \$1: LIQUID OR DRY; SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail:
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

WOOD DISH DRAINERS.



Stands in the sink. Receives
and drains the dishes. Does
not break them. Does not
rust. Takes no available room
in the sink. Costs less than
wire drainers. Closes comp-
actly to put away. Lasts a
life-time. Fifty cents obtains
one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Price, \$2.00 a year.

8-page THE GOLDEN RULE Boston,
Weekly. On Trial (new subscribers only), \$1.00.
EVANGELICAL — UNSECTARIAN — TRY IT.

WANTED—LADIES THAT CAN WIT, CRO-
CHET or do fancy work to make goods for our
trade at their homes in city or country: \$5 to \$10
weekly easily made at our business; goods sent by mail
any distance. Send 10 cents, silver or stamps, for sam-
ple, postage and particulars.

HUDSON MFG CO., 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Waste Embroidery Silk.

BEAUTIFUL ASSORTED COLORS.

Elegant for Crazy Quilts and all kinds of Fancy Work.
One ounce package for 40 cents in postal notes. With
each package will be sent designs for one hundred dif-
ferent stitches for crazy work. THE BRAINERD &
ARMSTRONG CO., 469 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market
St., Philadelphia.

THE LITTLE DETECTIVE.

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



WEIGHS FROM 1-4 OZ. TO 25 LBS.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a
Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package
from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great
demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind
ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to
\$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's
life-time. With one of these Scales you need not com-
plain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights with-
out cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article
that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or
trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City,
Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable
Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as
well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of
\$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD
for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50.

Address, THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

MAKE YOUR OWN RUGS.

Turkish Rug Patterns stamped in colors on Burlap. Per-
manent business for Agents. Catalogue for stamp, E. S.
Frost & Co., 22 Tremont Row, Boston. Name this paper.

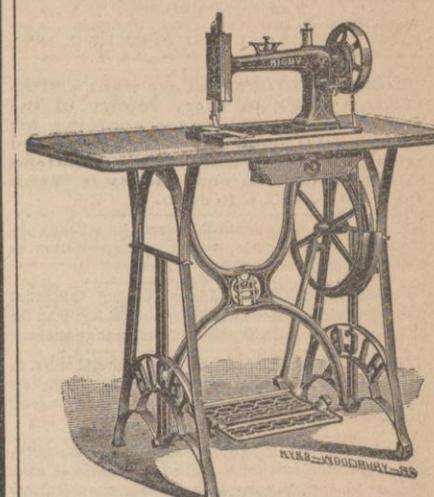
A Sure
relief for Asthma.
KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 35 cts. by mail,
STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

50 Large, New, Embossed border Chromo Cards, all gold,
silver, motto and hand, name on, 10c., 13 pks. \$1. A set
of 100 samples, 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

100 Scrap Pictures, no two alike, and set of 4 large
adv. cards for 10c. C. C. DEPUY, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Latest and Best!

THE HIGBY



SEWING MACHINE.

We call the especial attention of every lady
who has any sewing to do to the merits of this
machine, believing they will find it not only the
LATEST but also the BEST of any Sewing
Machine now in the market.

WE CLAIM

It Runs the Stillest,
It Runs the Easiest,
It Does the Best Work.

Three essential points in the working of a Sew-
ing Machine.

BESIDES THESE POINTS,

It has a more Roomy Arm,
It has fewer Parts to Wear,
It is Stronger & Better Built,

than any other, and every machine is fully war-
ranted to give entire satisfaction in every par-
ticular.

PRICE LIST.

No. 1. Plain Table.....	\$4.00
" 2. With Cover.....	45.00
" 3. Cover, Leaf and 2 Drawers,	50.00
" 4. Cover, Leaf and 4 Drawers,	55.00
" 5. Cover, Leaf and 6 Drawers,	60.00
Three-Quarter Case.....	70.00
Full Cabinet.....	80.00

Active and reliable Agents wanted everywhere.

Higby Sewing Machine Co.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

Special to the Subscribers of THE
HOUSEHOLD. We have made arrange-
ments with the Higby Sewing Machine
Co. whereby we can furnish our sub-
scribers with these machines at a discount of
\$10 from their price, and prepay freight
to any railroad station in the United
States.

We make this offer to our subscribers
knowing that the Higby is in every re-
spect a first class machine that will give
entire satisfaction. It combines all the
best qualities of the leading machines of
the day, with several peculiar to itself,
and is destined to be extremely popular
wherever it is known. We heartily en-
dorse the Higby, believing that for work
and wear it must stand at the head.

Address all orders under this offer to
THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1884.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

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.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

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.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be

readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another 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.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1884. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions truly*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or *other witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer us to any body"—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in parcels—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR 1884.

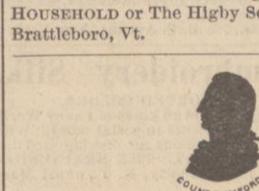
To such of our readers as wish to procure a first-class Sewing Machine on easy terms we offer the following opportunity:

For a club of 40 yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a No. 1 Highy Sewing Machine. Price \$40.

For 45 subscriptions we will send a No. 2 machine, same make. Price \$45.

For 50 subscriptions we will send a No. 3 machine, same make. Price \$50.

These machines are strictly first-class in every respect and fully warranted. There is no better Sewing Machine made than the Highy, and no better chance was ever given by which a lady could obtain so excellent a machine on such easy terms. Send for a catalogue either to THE HOUSEHOLD or The Highy Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.



BAKING PREPARATIONS OF— Prof. Horsford,

[Namely, Prof. Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation, put up in paper packages, Rumford's Yeast Powder, in bottles, and Prof. Horsford's Phosphatic Baking Powder, in bottles with wide mouths to admit a spoon.]

are made of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in powdered form, and are

HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS,

because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting.

These Baking Preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

UNIVERSALLY
USED and RECOMMENDED
by Prominent Physicians and Chemists,
and are for sale by all dealers.

THEY INCREASE THE NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF FLOUR.

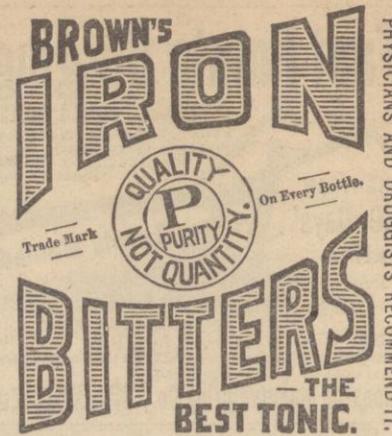
BARON LIEBIG, the world-renowned German chemist, said: "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of flour is increased ten per cent. by your phosphatic Baking Preparations, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our Wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.
RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FLORIDA MOSESSES.—Long Spanish Moss, 50c. per pound. Mixed Mosses, 75c. per pound. Deer Moss and Sweet Gum Pods for Cabinets, 70c. per pound. Address, E. M. ELY, San Mateo, Putnam Co., Florida.

SILK AND SATIN PIECES

FOR PATCHWORK. Samples with Sprays of Flowers stamped on them. Also Book of Patterns and Instructions for PATCHWORK, containing 40 Point Russe and Snow Flake Stitches. All for 17 two-cent stamps. J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.



THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness. Unequalled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

—A little girl in Rutland, Vt., wearied with the quarrelling over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of fighting forever over that milk? There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

Neuralgia has very properly been called "the twin sister" of Rheumatism. Both are equally painful, alike stubborn, and results of the same causes. ATHLOPHOROS proves that both yield to the same treatment. Says Mr. J. E. Reed, of Los Angeles, Cal.: "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I found this great remedy, ATHLOPHOROS. I had a violent pain in my face and took the remedy according to directions. Before I finished the first bottle the pain was gone and has never returned."

—Young farmer—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss G.?" Miss G.—"Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

An institution of which all Americans feel proud and in which so many are directly interested is the NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC which begins its Fall Term under the most favorable auspices. In its NEW HOME which has ample accommodations for 500 lady students, it has been a gratifying success. 1971 students representing 49 States, Territories, the British Provinces and Foreign Countries have been in attendance during the past, with every prospect of an increased number for the coming year.

—A soft job—Selling soft soap.

The manufacture of Fruit Wines, Butters, Jellies, Marmalades, &c., for family use, has increased very greatly during the past five or six years. The credit for this new departure is mainly due to the Combination Fruit Press, made by the ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO., Philadelphia. This valuable machine presses all kinds of fruits and berries, and with it every family can make its own Grape, Currant, Blackberry and other Wines and Cordials, for domestic or medicinal purposes, as well as Fruit Butters, Jellies, Marmalades, &c., of all kinds, and be assured of their purity and excellence. For further particulars concerning this Press, we refer our readers to the Advertisement in this issue.

—Speaks for itself—The phonograph.

ALL AUTHORITIES agree that the milk of a healthy mother is the best food for an infant. Next to this, and containing *all* the elements for perfect nutrition, is Mellin's Food, which, after a long test, is highly indorsed by prominent medical men. Sold by leading druggists.

—A speaking likeness—Your twin brother.

Too much can scarcely be said in favor of the Bates Waist. It seems to us that any mother with growing daughters must appreciate these neatly fitting, thoroughly made garments. We cannot help thinking that the mothers as well as the daughters would be benefited by substituting them for corsets, but surely no intelligent woman can fail to see the harm corsets must do to growing girls. In these days of sham and shoddy, it is a real treat to find a person who always does honest work. We feel no hesitancy in saying that Miss Bates' goods are all she claims for them, and we are very sure no neater workmanship can be secured anywhere than can be found in all her garments.

—The worst kind of sipping—Gossiping.

Many great calamities have resulted through an imperfect timepiece that would not have happened had one of the Standard Jewelry Co.'s Royal Gold Watches been used. They are perfect timekeepers and wonderfully cheap. Their advertisement appears in another column.

—The lap of luxury—A cat eating cream.

Our Western people are liable to be laid low by malarial fever, when breaking up new lands. The folks in the East are also complaining of fevers, chills and agues, arising from decaying vegetable matter and imperfect drainage. For either East or West the best remedy is Ayer's Ague Cure.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

NAMES OF STATES.

Maine—So called from the province of Main in France, in compliment of Queen Henrietta, of England, who, it has been said, owned the province. This is the commonly received opinion.

New Hampshire—Named by Mason, in 1739, (who with another obtained the grant from the crown) from Hampshire county, in England. The former name of the domain was Lacinia.

Vermont—From the French *verd mont*, or green mountain, indicative of the mountainous nature of the state. This name was officially recognized January 16, 1777.

Massachusetts—Indian name signifying the country about the great hills—the Blue Hills.

Rhode Island—The name was adopted in 1784, from the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean, because of the fanciful resemblance to that island.

Connecticut—This is the English orthography of the Indian word *Qunni-tuk-ut*, which signifies "upon the long river."

New York—Named by the Duke of York, under color of the title given him by the English crown in 1564.

New Jersey—So called in honor of Sir George Carteret, who was governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Pennsylvania, from Admiral Penn, the father of the founder of the colony, meaning "Penn's woods."

Maryland—After Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., of England.

Virginia—In honor of Queen Elizabeth, the "virgin queen," in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

North and South Carolina were originally in one tract, called "Carolina," after Charles IX., of France.

Georgia—So called in honor of George II., of England, who established a colony there in 1712.

Florida—Ponce de Leon who discovered this portion of North America in 1512, named it Florida in commemoration of the day he arrived there, which was the Pasque de Flores of the Spaniards, or "Feast of Flowers," otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

Alabama—Formerly a portion of Mississippi territory, admitted into the Union as a state in 1816. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "here we rest."

Mississippi—Formerly a portion of the province of Louisiana. So named in 1800, from the great river on its western margin, meaning "long river."

Louisiana—from Louis XIV., of France who for some time prior to 1763 owned the Territory.

Arkansas—From "Kansas," the Indian word "smoky water," with the French prefix "are bow."

Tennessee—Indian for "river of the big bend," i. e., the Mississippi, which is the western boundary.

Kentucky—Indian for "at the head of the river."

Ohio—From the Indian, meaning "beautiful." Previously applied to the river that traverses a great portion of its borders.

Michigan—Previously applied to the lake, the Indian name for a fish wier. So called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish trap.

Indiana—So called in 1801, from the American Indians.

Illinois—From the Indian "illini," men, and the French suffix "ois" together, signifying "tribe of men."

Wisconsin—Indian term for a wild rushing channel.

Missouri—Named in 1821, from the great branch of the Mississippi which flows through it. Indian term, meaning "muddy."

Iowa—From the Indian, signifying "the drowsy ones."

Minnesota—Indian for "cloudy water."

California—The name given by Carter, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold.

Oregon—According to some of the Indian *orion*, "river of the west." Others consider it derived from the Spanish "oregon" with marjoram, which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast.—*Ex.*

—An up-town pastor, who enlivens his Friday evening talks with anecdotes, is so fond of a joke that he would rather tell one at his own expense than not to tell one at all. This is his latest: "I was writing by my study window, and a little Irish child was busying himself by throwing beans at the window. Losing all patience I rushed out of the house, determined to frighten the boy. It happened that his mother was coming after him at the same moment, and we met by his side. I stormed at the child, and then, as the mother seemed excessively stupid, I gave her a piece of my mind. Finally as a grand and overwhelming conclusion to my scolding, I said: 'A little discipline now with your children will save you much pain, if not disgrace, in the future. Think of that madam; that is, if you ever do think.' 'Think, is it?' she replied; 'I think if you'd go back to your bedroom and wipe the ink off av your nose you'd be prettier, even if you didn't make so much av a sensation.' It was not a soft answer, but it had the effect of turning away wrath."—*Exchange.*

—A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and actually one morning discovered the truant kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broad-brim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half-open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or else thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

LACTART.
The Acid of Milk.

A Pure, Healthy, Refreshing Drink, aiding Digestion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AVERY LACTATE CO., Boston, Mass.

—A healthy writer says: "Sleepless people should court the sun." Those who don't care much about sleep, generally court the daughter.

REWARD TO ENTERPRISE.

Five years ago, James Pyle, of New York, first introduced his celebrated Pearline to the public, and now the name of Pearline is everywhere a household word, and millions upon millions of packages are annually consumed by our intelligent housekeepers.

—An old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

For nearly three years we have advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD. As a result we have sent thousands of our appliances into every state and territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This experience induces us to offer to all who may send to us for any article on the list that if on examination they should not be satisfied, they may return the article to us uninjured and we will refund the money less the postage paid out by us.

HILL BRUSH CO.

Reading, Mass., July 24th, 1884.

—The people will worship a calf, if it be a golden one.

Ayer's Ague Cure is the only remedy known, which is certain to cure Fever and Ague permanently, by expelling the malarial poison which produces the disease. It does this surely, and leaves no ill effects upon the system. Nothing is so thoroughly depressing and discouraging as the periodical return of the alternate chills, fever and sweating, peculiar to this disease.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Jennie Rohouser, Johnsville, Ohio, will exchange four pieces of print, size of a postal card, for each one of silk same size.

Miss Belle E. Moore, Chazy, Clinton Co., N. Y., will exchange a French dictionary for books, also iron ore for feather braid or rick rack edging. Write first.

Mrs. Mary Kuhn, Gardenville, Erie Co., N. Y., will exchange both prose and poetry for scrap books, for pieces of silk, satin, or velvet for crazy quilt.

Mrs. Pool, New Cassel, Wis., will exchange ad. cards, or silk handkerchief if enough are sent, for nice engravings such as are taken from magazines.

Mrs. Col. Walcott, Pawtucket, R. I., wants stockings knit, in exchange for cards, music, or minerals.

Mrs. E. C. Rittenhouse, State Road, Del., will exchange Peterson's or Godey's magazines, or Seaside Libraries for a book entitled, "Flower of the Family," by Mrs. Prentice.

Mrs. F. Thompson, Lockport, N. Y., will exchange Life of D. L. Moody for Whittier's, Longfellow's, Scott's or Burns' poems, or history of Rome, Greece, or England. Write first.

Mrs. R. L. Brown, Aberdeen, Dakota, will exchange patterns for infant's wardrobe, gentleman's dress shirt and night shirt, and kitchen apron, for fancy work, cabinet specimens, etc.

Mrs. Esther D. Howes, Dennis Port, Mass., will exchange Youth's Companion for 1883, for pieces of silk, satin, and velvet, quite large pieces wanted. No white. Write first.

Miss Lou Foster, Louisburg, N. C., will exchange peacock and fancy feathers, tanned bird skins, arrow heads or crochet work, for large illustrated bible. Write first.

Mrs. H. W. George, Pipestone, Minn., will exchange pipestone in the rough, for minerals, shells, Florida moss, point lace patterns, bulbs or anything useful or ornamental. Write first.

Miss Nellie Wetherbee, Wellisboro, Tioga Co., Pa., will exchange "How to Get Strong," by Wm. Blaikie, for a volume of Holland's, Hawthorne's or Ruskin's works. Write first.

Mrs. L. B. Haynes, Perryville, Cecil Co., Md., will exchange patterns for children's clothes, for three yards gingham or calico, fancy articles for wall adornment, or children's books.

Miss Dora B. Stockdale, Antrim, Guernsey Co., Ohio, will exchange pieces of silk or worsted for sea shells. Write first.

Mrs. S. M. Hodges, Bismarck, Dak., will exchange photographs of Sitting Bull, stereoscopic views of Montana and Dakota, for bound books and articles useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. Maggie E. Moore, Box 244, Iowa City, Iowa, will exchange foreign and U. S. postage stamps and Iowa marble, for U. S. coins, or old books. Write first.

Mrs. Charles Watts, Lockport, N. Y., will exchange instrumental music for any kind of fancy work. Write first.

Mrs. L. R. Marvel, Swansea, Mass., would like pieces of print from every state in the Union. Will send in exchange print or any thing of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. Wm. McDonald, Rochester, N. Y., will exchange sheet music for shells, pieces of bright silks or woolen, or any thing ornamental or useful. Write first.

Mrs. Ella M. Richmond, Keuka, Putnam Co., Fla., will exchange Spanish moss, or pressed wild flowers, for choice flower seeds, bulbs or rooted cuttings, fancy work or cabinet specimens.

Mrs. H. W. Champlin, N. Blenheim, N. Y., will exchange sea mosses, shells, fringing machines, and cabinet specimens, for hardy bulbs, shrubs, roses, strawberry plants, or fancy work.

M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., has button hook holder, sampler of crochet edgings, and morning glory seeds, to exchange for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. F. L. Hendee, Spencer, Clay Co., Iowa, will exchange samples of feather edged braid trimming, also waiteau wrapper and kitchen apron patterns, for moss and tiny shells.

Elmira C. Rathoorn, Strasburg, Law Co., Penn., will exchange an oil painting 19x27, for Florida moss, rambas plumes, or fancy cards. (Pampas pumas prepared.) Write first.

Mrs. M. E. Magee, Johnston Sta., Pike Co., Mich., will exchange Ladies' Floral Cabinet from 1873 to '78, for other magazines in good condition. Write first.

Mrs. Effia M. Lincoln, East Norton, Mass., will send a tumbler quilt already to quilt, to any one sending her a toilet set in darned lace work. Write first.

Mrs. Annie L. Tinkham, box 178, Middleboro, Mass., will exchange calico or woolen pieces for knit edging. Write first.

Mrs. F. M. Frame, box 421, Barnesville, Ohio, will exchange Arthur's Home Magazine for 1883, for Peterson's Magazine same year.

Fanny B. Lovett, 1311 16th Ave., Brooklyn, Cal., has China lily, tritoma, oxalis, calla lily, madeira, and grass lily bulbs, to exchange for other bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. B. Boswell, Waterbury, A. A. Co., Md., has amaryllis and onion lily bulbs, which she would like to exchange for a globe and crab cactus.

Mrs. George Graves, Suamico, Brown Co., Wis., will exchange a set of hair waves, natural curls, light brown, for a good book, or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. Maria Boynton, Berlin, Ill., will exchange a panel picture, hand painted in oils on black tin, for a volume of THE HOUSEHOLD, any year ending before September, 1882.

Miss Irene Miller, Collins Center, Erie Co., N. Y., has advertising cards to exchange for the same.

Mrs. C. G. Bickford, Redfield, Spink Co., Dak., will exchange piano music for vocal or instrumental organ music. Write first.

M. L. Narrin, Goodrich, Mich., will exchange fossil corals, gypsum, iron crystallized quartz, syenite gneiss, and peacock feathers, for Indian relics, agates, geodes, shells, and other specimens.

Mrs. J. G. Campbell, Ashaway, R. I., will exchange patterns for making wax flowers, or cutter, (new,) for a book or something useful. Write first.

Mrs. E. R. Allen, Omaha, Neb., will exchange Brainard's Musical World, music and fancy work, for shells, pampas plumes, or any thing suitable for cabinet. Write first.

Mrs. A. Wichman, Walterboro, S. C., will exchange flower seeds, slips, and plants, for silk or worsted pieces suitable for a log cabin quilt. Write first.

Mrs. H. Williams, box 91, Sharon, Mass., will exchange pattern for child's drawers, for a slip of double fuchsia, or wax plant.

Mrs. G. C. Burton, Louisville, Ill., will exchange crochet, rick rack, or feather edge work, or hair braiding, for oil paintings, sea shells, southern moss, etc. Write first.

Mrs. Mamie Morris, Jackson, Madison Co., Tenn., will exchange large rag dolls, cut and stitched ready for stuffing, for fancy work of any kind.

Mrs. L. M. Moore, North San Juan, Nevada Co., Cal., will exchange the best of agates, opals, fossil wood, Chinese curiosities and suay sings, for something useful.

M. M. Griswold, Clemens, Marshall Co., Iowa, will exchange Thomson's arithmetic, Davie's algebra, Sill's Syntheses of English Sentences and Wells' grammar, for books. Write first.

Miss Lizzie J. Robbin, Newton, Mass., will exchange pieces of silk or velvet for patchwork or lily of the valley bulbs, for hyacinth bulbs.

Mrs. J. C. Meins, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon, will exchange fancy work, mittens, etc., for choice specimens, shells, old coins and books, Indian relics, etc. Write first.

Mrs. K. R. Griffin, Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y., will exchange flower seeds, red peony and lily bulbs, for gladioli, dahia or tulip bulbs.

S. F. Jones, box 149, Auburn, Maine, will exchange tulip bulbs, for a root of variegated wax plant, (*hoya variegata*).

Mrs. B. Taylor, Lincoln, Del., will exchange point lace butterflies, for books of poems, or something useful or ornamental.

Miss E. M. Blodgett, Conneaut, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, will exchange six of Dr. Jackson's Health Journals, for as many of Arthur's or Harper's magazines. Write first.

Carrie P. Hammond, Snow's Falls, Me., will exchange pieces of print, size of postal card.

Mrs. A. L. Foster, box 1389, Los Angeles, Cal., will exchange tarantula nests and the spiders, (often five inches in length,) for fancy articles for home decoration.

Mrs. N. Bridgeman, North Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y., will exchange flower seeds for silk, satin, velvet, or plush for crazy patchwork.

M. M. Griswold, Clemens, Marshall Co., Iowa, will exchange a nice, dark brown hair switch, for Godey's Lady's Book. Write first.

Mrs. E. W. Dearborn, box 77, Saginaw, Mich., will exchange samples of darned net and hand-painted silks for crazy work, for remnants of zephyr or soft yarn.

Mrs. Frank Bellville, Bradford, Vt., will exchange cat-tail (catkins), knitted mittens, black with shell backs, or crocheted overshoes, for lambrequins, oil paintings, etc. Write first.

Mary F. Vaughan, N. Prescott, Mass., will exchange pattern of darned lace, with insertion, for two blocks of cretonne, blocks seven inches square. Write first.

Mrs. Noah S. Griffith, Independence, Jackson Co., Missouri, will exchange boxes of polished woods, twelve kinds, for shells, stuffed birds, Indian relics, sea fans, mosse, etc. Write first.

Mrs. L. A. Bryan, Brownwood, Brown Co., Texas, will exchange handsomely bound volumes of Seaside, for the same books unbound in Munro's Library edition. Write first.

Mrs. Geo. W. Nelson, Cortland, N. Y., will exchange new sheet music for something useful or ornamental.

Mrs. A. T. Humphrey, Bartlett, Oneida Co., N. Y., will exchange Milton's poems, Waverley, or a magic lantern, for books, magazines, stereoscopic views, or any thing of equal value.

Elvie E. Larkin, East Otto, Catt. Co., N. Y., will exchange point lace patterns for rosettes, barbes, edgings, tidies, lambrequins, collars, etc., for stereoscopic views.

M. J. Stitt, Sabetha, Kan., will exchange a Commercial Register giving names and business standing of every business firm in the U. S., for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

THE

Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD scales who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufacturer at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

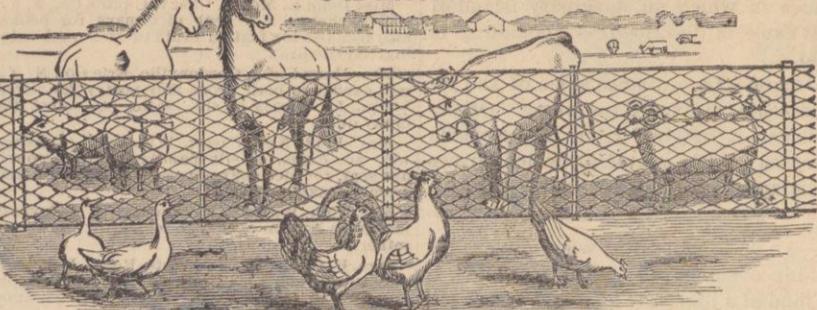
as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

ZIMMERMAN
FRUIT AND VEGETABLE EVAPORATOR

Made of Galvanized Iron. FIVE SIZES. 15,000 SOLD. Economical, Durable and Fire Proof. Will pay for itself in 30 days use, out of sale of its own products. FREE! Our Illustrated Catalogue and Treatise. Address, ZIMMERMAN MFG CO., Cincinnati, O. or Burlington, Iowa.

SEDWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.



Is the only general purpose Wire Fence in use, being a Strong Net-Work without Barbs. It will turn legs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as the most vicious stock, without injury to either fence or stock. It is just the fence for farms, gardens, stock ranges and railroads, and very neat for lawns, parks, school lots and cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint (or galvanized) it will last a life-time. It is Superior to Boards or Barbed Wire in every respect. We ask for it a fair trial, knowing it will wear itself into favor. The SEDWICK Gates, made of wrought iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in neatness, strength and durability. We also make the best and cheapest All Iron Automatic or Self-Opening Gate, also Cheapest and Nearest all Iron Fence. Best Wire Stretcher and Post Auger. Also Manufacture Russell's excellent Wind Engines for pumping water, or geared engines for grinding and other light work. For prices and particulars ask hardware dealers, or address, mentioning paper, SEDGWICK BROS. MFRS., Richmond, Indiana.

HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY.

This is the general name of an unrivaled collection of BOUND VOLUMES of Vocal or Instrumental Music, alike in shape, binding and price, but not otherwise connected. Each book has 200 to 250 pages, Sheet Music Size. Collectively they contain 4000 pieces, the best of at least 150,000 pieces, and are therefore choice collections.

Uniform Price. Each, \$2.00 Boards; \$2.50 Cloth; \$3.00 Gilt.

VOCAL.

Gems of English Song. Musical Favorite. Cluster of Gems. Gems of German Song. Gems of Sacred Song. Beauties of Sacred Song. Franz's Album of Song. Moore's Irish Melodies. Minstrel Songs. Operatic Pearls. Silver Chord. Household Melodies, Vol. I. Household Melodies, Vol. II. Shower of Pearls. World of Song. Sunshine of Song. Wreath of Gems.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Gems of English Song. Musical Favorite. Cluster of Gems. Gems of German Song. Gems of Sacred Song. Beauties of Sacred Song. Franz's Album of Song. Moore's Irish Melodies. Minstrel Songs. Operatic Pearls. Home Circle, Vol. I. Home Circle, Vol. II. Silver Wreath. Creme de la Creme, Vol. I. Creme de la Creme, Vol. II. Household Melodies, Vol. I. Household Melodies, Vol. II. Pianoforte Gems. Pianist's Album. Fountain of Gems. Musical Treasure.

Full descriptions and contents sent on application. Pieces and accompaniments may be played on Piano or Reed Organ. Mailed for above prices.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

SHOT GUNS Revolvers, RIFLES, ETC.
FISHES Address Great Western Catalogue free. Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

\$1 SAMPLES FREE. Men and women making less than \$70 per week, should investigate our easy money-making business. Proofs sent that either sex clear \$70 per week. If your present occupation does not pay you, send a stamp for our \$5 "Eye-Opener" and try our "NEW PLAN" Address, L. Merrill & Co., Chicago

THE IDEAL BICYCLE The best and neatest bicycle for the price made in United States. Sizes from 38 to 50 inch. Prices from \$35 to \$72. Send stamp for Catalogue to the manufacturers, Gormully & Jeffery, 222 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS Wanted for our new book BURIED CITIES RECOVERED. Buried Nations exhausted; obliterated history, rewritten. The doings of Patriarchs, Prophets and Kings unfolded. Great discoveries. Latest researches. Testimony of Pyramids. Plain to a child; absorbing to all. Richly Illustrated. New maps. Low price. Sells grandly. Subscribers delighted. BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO., 66 N. 4th St., Phila., Pa.

WORK AT HOME Men, Women, Boys, and Girls wanted to start a new business at their own home. Work to be done quickly in daytime or evening, no paddling, is strictly honorable, unlike anything else advertised and will bring you in more ready cash than anything else. From 30c. to \$2 made every evening at home; or, by devoting exclusive time you can clear, in a few months, from \$200 to \$300. If sent for at once, we will send by return mail 15 SAMPLES FREE, that will do to commence work on, with full instructions. Send 10 cts. silver or stamp, to postage, advertising, etc. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Don't Miss this Chance. WRITE TO-DAY! Address H. M. CHESEY & CO., Waltham, Mass.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

50 Splendid Chromos with name, 10c., 3 pkgs. and lovely Sample Sheet of new style Cards, 30c., 5 pkgs. with Gold Plated Ring and Sample Sheet, 50 cts. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn.

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.



HILL'S PATENT MAGNETO ELECTRIC APPLIANCES AS CURATIVE AGENTS, HAVE NO EQUALS.

They are used and prescribed by the best and most reliable physicians in their practice.

They have found their way into the medical colleges, where they are used by the professors and their families and highly appreciated.

They seldom fail to cure where all other known remedies have failed to do so.

They contain no poisonous solutions, which poison the blood in their work. Nothing but PURE MAGNETISM from especially prepared steel magnets is used by us.

These Electric currents from these magnets penetrate the blood, bones and whole system, and all Nature with Nature's own instrument in healing action.

When sensibly applied they never fail in their good results.

For proof of which we have the abundant, honest testimony of the young and the aged, the rich and the poor.

These appliances are sold at prices much below any others, though there are no others in the market costing so much, or which can compare with ours in their MARVELOUS CURES.

They are numbered and described as follows and by these numbers may be ordered, viz.:

No. 1.	In a Double Electric Pad. It covers, Price, supports, and vitalizes the Abdomen, the Kidneys and the Spine	\$6.00
" 2.	Front Seat	2.50
" 3.	Back	2.50
" 4.	Small Pad for Front or Back	2.00
" 5.	Pocket with Belt for one Generator (No. 17)	2.00
" 6.	Pockets with Belt for two Generators (No. 17)	3.50
" 7.	Full Belt extending around the Body, adjustable to any size	4.50
" 8.	Single Scatric Pad, adjustable to either side	3.00
" 9.	Double Scatric Pad, adjustable to both sides	4.50
" 10.	Lung Protector and Vitalizer—Front only	3.00
" 11.	Lung Protector and Vitalizer—Front and Back	4.50
" 12.	Lung Protector and Vitalizer—Front (large size)	4.00
" 13.	Lung Protector and Vitalizer—Front and Back, Buff Finish	6.00

The above 13 numbers are made of fine, soft felt and flannel and buff leather and bound with Prussian silk binding. Strongly charged, pure steel magnets are switched between. The price is largely determined by the number of magnets contained. In many cases the lower priced articles will cure as surely as the larger and higher priced ones. They contain from 5 to 18 magnets each, which have gone through ten processes under our care, many of which are secrets and known only to us and have cost us much hard study and labor by the "midnight oil."

No. 14. Electric Insoles for Ladies and Gents. Price, per pair

" 15. Electric Brush, for hair or flesh

" 16. " " " " with cut handle. (Pocket Companion)

" 17. Electric Generator. This is 3 inches in diameter, 1-4 inch thick, with six strong silvered magnets upon the inside, to be worn upon the weak or painful spot.

" 18. Electric Throat Protector

" 19. " " " " Worsted Wristers, each

" 20. " " " " Knee Bands, each \$3.00 & 3.00

" 21. Life Renewer. This is a beautifully engraved composition plate 4 by 6 inches, molded on a circle to fit the chest, back or spine, for either sex. Contains 12 large, strong silvered magnets embedded into the inner surface. Its cures are almost incredible.

For the purpose of directly reaching the suffering with our appliances so they can advertise their own wonderful curative powers, we prepay postage and mail any article on receipt of the price. If 10 cts. extra be sent, we register and guarantee safe delivery. AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Many are making large pay.

Address: HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

NEW STAMPING OUTFIT

For KENSINGTON, OUTLINE and RIBBON EMBROIDERY, BRAIDING, etc.

With this Outfit you can do your own Stamping, and Stamping for others.

Our New Outfit contains 35 STAMPING PATTERNS, Designs of Daisies, Ferns,

Wild Rose, Lilies of the Valley, Bouquets, Orlines, Half Wreath of Roses

for Pillow Shams, Strips for Flannel Skirts, Scallops, Vines, Braiding Patterns, Cherries, Butterflies, Grass-Hopper, Mouse, Kitten, Frog, Anchor, Star, etc. Price List of Floss, Crewels, Silk, Chenille, Felt, etc. Full Instructions for Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping. NEW SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coxcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Orlines, Alphabets, etc., etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 10c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping. NEW SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coxcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Orlines, Alphabets, etc., etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 10c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping. NEW SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coxcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Orlines, Alphabets, etc., etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 10c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping. NEW SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coxcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Orlines, Alphabets, etc., etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

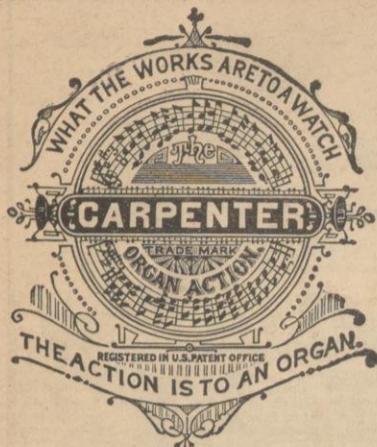
EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 10c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping. NEW SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coxcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Orlines, Alphabets, etc., etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 10c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping. NEW SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coxcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Orlines, Alphabets, etc., etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this

ESTABLISHED 1850. INCORPORATED 1883.



None genuine except they bear the above trade mark.

The Carpenter Organs, Brattleboro, Vt.

Removed from Worcester, Mass.

The Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action,

which is a guarantee of their superior excellence. Before buying an Organ send for our large new Catalogue of latest styles, free to all applicants. In towns where we have no agent we will sell direct to parties desiring an organ for their own use, at reduced prices.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability, and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an *honest* organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."—*Youth's Companion*.

WARRANT.

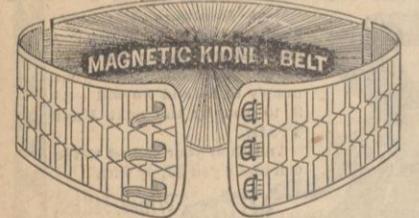
Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the best and most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity, and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser may have, if he desires, a written guarantee for eight years.

Address

E. P. CARPENTER & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

We refer by permission to publisher of *The Household*.

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY,
FITCHBURG, MASS.



A Revolution in the Treatment of Disease.

MAGNETIC SHIELDS, the great curative agent of the times. Nothing in the history of our world equals the wonderful cures wrought by wearing our Magnetic Shields. Astonishing as it seems, it is true. Consumptives and broken-down invalids need not despair. We are causing thousands of the sick to rejoice in the sunshine of health, again. Our shields care nearly every form of disease, and impart the life-giving force called Magnetism. Our shields are made from genuine MAGNETISM, insulated and placed upon the body so as to be worn constantly. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and dyspepsia CANNOT EXIST where these shields are worn! A single pair of our Foot Batteries (i. e., Insoles,) will convince any skeptic of the truth of all we say. Try a pair. Price, \$1, by mail to any address. Send for our book. *A Plain Road to Health*. Free to the whole world. The grand science of Magnetism explained in this book.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,
No. 6 Central Music Hall, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures, exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, perilous journeys, daring raids and bold deeds on both sides during the Great Civil War. No book like it PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. Outsell all. Address SCAMMEL & CO., Box 4168, Philadelphia or St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED.
DEEDS OF DARING
BLUE & GRAY.

The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures, exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, perilous journeys, daring raids and bold deeds on both sides during the Great Civil War. No book like it PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. Outsell all. Address SCAMMEL & CO., Box 4168, Philadelphia or St. Louis.

40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, large size, imported floral gems. They are beauties; try them. Name on, 10c. Attna Printing Co. Northford, Ct.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use any thing else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular,

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hep plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability."

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pinning away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good,"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



Woman at Work

is a large 32-page Literary Magazine, printed in the best style on fine, cream tinted paper, and well edited by Mrs. Esther T. Housh. The eighth volume begins with the July number. The present department—Literary, "Our Girls," "The Home," "The World," and "Editor's Notes" will continue to interest and instruct all; with 12 FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS

by the best artists—one in each issue—as an expensive NEW FEATURE. SPECIAL to the readers of "The Household."—Balance of this year from time order is received for only 30 cts. in 2-cent stamps or postal note. AGENTS WANTED.

FRANK E. HOUSH, PUBLISHER, Brattleboro, Vt.

CACTI Rare and Beautiful PLANTS Texan and Mexican Hardy, requiring absolutely no care. Strange, weird forms. Flowers of various colors, some fragrant. Grows in the sun, others in shade. Small, well rooted, 30c., worth 60c.; or 3 strong specimens, none alike, \$2.00. Thousands of delighted Northern customers. Free to you if you name this paper. Catalogue, handsomely illustrated, telling all about Cacti. Nothing like it on earth. Write now. TROUPE NURSERIES, TROUPE, TEXAS.

FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes, Velvet Paper Letters, forming the words

HAVE FAITH IN GOD,
mailed for Fifty Cents, by CHENEY & CLAPP, Brattleboro, Vermont.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of *THE HOUSEHOLD*. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, Apple Blossoms, or May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	St. Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	6
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.50	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.75	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt cup,	3.00	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00	8
30	Spoon Holder,	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4.00	9
32	Pie Knife,	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	3.50	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	3.50	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3.75	10
39	doz. Teaspoons,	4.50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5.00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5.00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4.00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	4.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5.00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5.00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5.00	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5.50	14
50	Caster,	6.00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6.50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7.00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	8.00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
56	Folding Chair,	7.50	15
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7.00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7.00	16
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7.50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8.00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7.50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7.50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8.00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8.00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
67	Caster,	8.00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10.00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8.00	24
73	Cash,	6.25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10.00	25
75	Webster's Unabrig'd Dictionary, 12 doz.	12.00	30
76	doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14.00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15.00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	40.00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20.00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20.00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	50.00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35.00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50.00	100
84	Cash,	35.00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75.00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150.00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80.00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125.00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:
1 m. 2 m. 3 m. 4 m. 6 m. 1 yr.
Half Inch, \$3.25 \$6.00 \$9.00 \$12.00 \$17.50 \$32.00
One " 6.00 12.00 17.50 23.00 32.00 60.00
Two " 12.00 23.00 32.00 42.00 60.00 115.00
Three " 17.50 32.00 47.00 60.00 90.00 170.00
Four " 23.00 42.00 60.00 80.00 115.00 225.00
Six " 32.00 60.00 90.00 115.00 170.00 320.00
Nine " 47.00 90.00 135.00 170.00 250.00 470.00
One column, 60.00 115.00 170.00 225.00 320.00 600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Best Baking Powder.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analyses of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation. — *Hall's Journal of Health.*

Receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

When Doctors Disagree

It will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou, of Monkton, says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

Well Dressed People don't wear dingy or faded things when the 10c. and guaranteed Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect. Get at druggist's and be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Scrap Pictures 10c., Scrap Books 35c., 50c., and \$1.00. SCRAP BOOK CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices, and by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without Ball's name on box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.
FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send, to any one wishing them, ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Mrs. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE,) Brattleboro, Vt.

TO THE READERS OF
THE HOUSEHOLD.

We are agents for the sale of the celebrated granite Iron Wares. If you who desire these goods cannot obtain them from the stores in your vicinity, please send to us for illustrated catalogue of same, with sizes and prices at which we will furnish them.

DOVER'S CAMPING CO., Boston, Mass.

Ladies, Look.

10 patterns Infants' Wardrobe, 50 cts.; 10 patterns First Short Clothes, 50c. Full directions on each, with latest styles. Address Combination Pattern Co., Poultny, Vt.

LOOK. For PATCHWORK.

Plain and Brocade Silks, Satins, and Velvets in new designs, large pieces and all bright colors. Packages containing 50 squares, \$1.00; 25 squares, 50 cts.; or ten sample squares, 25 cts. Each dollar package contains a sampler with a large variety of fancy stitches.

H. H. WILLMOND,
P. O. box 1184, Boston, Mass.

LADY of education wanted on SALARY in every city and village A FEW wanted to travel. NO capital required.

TYLER & CO., Detroit, Mich.

100 Scrap Pictures and 100 Album Quotations or ly 10c.
50 Comic Cards 10c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

PURE
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.



THE STUDIOUS MAN.

OUT through the gates of Ispahan
One morning rode a studious man.
"Oh, whither bound? a traveler cried,
Who rested by a fountain side.
"I go to seek," replied the sage,
"The greatest wonder of the age."
"Then from your saddle now descend
And call your journey at an end,
For here within this sack I hold
The greatest wonder bought or sold."
And stooping down, the speaker drew

A cake of IVORY SOAP in view.
"No alkali this soap contains,
It leaves the lace and takes the stains;
It comes from oils, sweet as the rose
That in the palace garden grows;
It floats like cork upon the wave;
With this we may both wash and shave—"
"Enough, enough!" the student cried;
"You've saved me from a longer ride,"
And turning round his wisdom showed,
For back to Ispahan he rode.

"The 'IVORY' is a Scap of unusual purity and unusual strength."

A. B. PRESCOTT, M. D., F. C. S.,
Professor of Applied Chemistry, University of Michigan.

Free of charge. A full size cake of IVORY SOAP will be sent to any one who can not get it of their grocer, if six two-cent stamps, to pay postage, are sent to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati. Please mention this paper.

ENTERPRISE
COMBINATION
FRUIT, WINE and JELLY PRESS
MAKES THE LADIES HAPPY!

With it they can extract the Juice from
Strawberries, Raspberries, Cran-
berries, Huckleberries, Goose-
berries, Elderberries, Blackberries, Grapes,
Currants, Tomatoes, Pineapples, Quinces,
&c., &c.
Refuse Seeds and Skins are
Discharged Perfectly Dry.

**THERE IS
No Waste!**
YOU
Cannot Afford
TO DO WITHOUT IT.

PRICE, - - - \$3.00.

Enterprise Manufacturing Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mention this Paper when writing us.

BEST OFFER EVER MADE
CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

We are head-quarters for all Campaign Goods, Banners, Flags, Caps, Capes, Torches, Badges, etc. Agents can make big pay canvassing among Political Clubs until November. Go to work at once. The Badges are large size, gold plated, and have a true Photo of President and Vice President of Republican and Democratic Candidates. Scarf Pin Torch, a Campaign Novelty; a perfect Swing Torch the size of a Scarf Pin, the Torch is gold plated, with Red, White and Blue Wick. Every young man will want one of these Scarf Pin Torches. All clubs wear them. Price 5 Cts., to Agents, sample by mail 15 Cts., per dozen \$1.00. Handsomest and largest assortment of gold plated Badges in the market. Large Gold Plated Badge on Red, White and Blue Ribbon or 5 cts. If you will act as Agent we will send 5 samples assorted, by mail for 10 cts., with our large 50 page Catalogue of Campaign goods. Don't order elsewhere until you have seen our samples.

Cut Quartersize. J. E. NASON & CO. Manuf' of Campaign Goods, 120 Fulton Street, New York.