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THE
HOUSEHOLD
ESTABLISHED
1868.
IN A. BUCHARD'S FARM.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 17.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1884.

No. 1.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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CROSBY BLOCK, --- MAIN STREET,
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The Veranda.

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

Come, gather round the glowing hearth,
While swift the moments fly,
The hour which gives the New Year birth
On Time's swift wing draws nigh;
So gather here, with song and cheer,
We bid the dear, the gray Old Year
In rain and wind and snow.

He brought such gentle-dropping showers
To glad the silent plain,
Such precious wealth of fruit and flowers,
Such harvest fields of grain;
The gay Old Year, grown sad and drear,
We hold him dear, who leaves us here
Never to return again.

His form is bent, his face is white,
He hath seen many a day.
Soon will he pass into the night
To go upon his way.
The fond Old Year we hold so dear,
For him what cheer who lingers here
Where he is wont to stay?

What though he touched some hearts with grief,
If others he made strong?
Bid him farewell, the night grows brief,
He must be gone ere long.
The pale Old Year, now blanched and sere,
Whose hour draws near, forgive him here,
Whatever is of wrong.

Hark! heavy o'er the frozen snow
The belfry's pealing bell;
O sexton, toll it soft and slow,
It is his funeral knell;
Good by, Old Year, to memory dear,
God rest thy bier! with many a tear
We give thee our farewell.

—Exchange.

STRAWBERRIES.

HERE are but very few people who cannot eat strawberries, the most delicious and wholesome of all small fruits. More berries of this one kind are grown and consumed than of all other small fruits combined, ripening as they do the first of all kinds of fruit in the year when the appetite craves a vegetable diet. They are generally eaten with a greater relish by three-fourths of the people than any other berry.

Millions of bushels are now cultivated annually for the great central markets, the first shipments being made from Florida to New York in February, and selling as high as two dollars per quart. The ripening season gradually extends north, strawberries ripening in parts of Canada and northern Maine as late as the fifteenth of July and the first of August, furnishing New York city with fresh berries, shipped in special refrigerator cars or boats, about six months in the year, from five cents to two dollars per quart.

Thus has the strawberry business grown during the past ten years, and so extensively have the varieties increased with

the business that the best growers of experience are often bewildered to know what to plant. It requires constant study and experimenting to choose better qualities than have already been found in berries, and a little practical experience in the common way of cultivating the strawberry may be of some benefit to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

The variety of soil is of no great importance to many of the most productive varieties, rather a light, sandy loam, with a clay subsoil, being generally preferred. For the large, late, high-flavored varieties, a strong, heavy soil is best, arranged so that water can be freely given in the fruiting season in case of drouth. When your soil is selected, prepare it in fall or spring by working into it well decayed manure. Bone ashes or phosphates can be used if no other fertilizer is at hand. Mark your rows about two feet apart for garden culture, and three feet apart for field culture, setting the plants one foot apart in the rows.

Now select your varieties, which you can do yourself, or leave to any reliable grower of experience to select for you. Set out at least two varieties, and if three or four, all the better, to get the best flavored berries, as well as the early, medium, late and most productive kinds. Occasionally give the new sorts a trial, if well recommended, as many are gradually taking the place of older ones. They can be set in the fall or spring, but if set in the fall, protect by a light covering for winter. For August and September planting the pot grown plants are the most sure to produce a crop the following season.

Stir the soil often, once every two weeks, and keep off all runners. Stirring the soil encourages growth, and keeps free from weeds. By fall you will have large stools, one foot in diameter, capable of yielding from a pint to a quart to each plant, if kept in hills and good care has been given. Cover your plants in the fall as soon as the ground has frozen for winter, in this section from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of November, with fine hay, coarse straw manure, pine or any evergreen boughs, to shade the ground, and prevent thawing and freezing heaving the plant and injuring the fruit germ.

Remove the covering in spring as soon as the heavy frosts are over, or leave for mulching during the fruiting season, to protect the fruit and keep down weeds. Be careful not to disturb the soil while the plants are in bloom, and not till they are done fruiting. Then fork and spade the ground, working in liberally well decayed manure or other fertilizers to prepare growth for another season.

The following will be found among the best well-tried varieties to plant for family use to ripen fruit in succession: Longfellow, the earliest and best flavored; Crescent, early to medium; Sharpless, Charles Downing, Miner's Prolific, Bidwell, all are of fine flavor, good to yield, medium to late in ripening. The

late varieties are Seth Boyden, J. Queen, Kentucky and Manchester, and, really, the Manchester is the best, largest, most prolific, and firmest berry, yet well tested. The new varieties, James Vick, Garfield, and Atlantic, have their special merits and are worthy of trial. C. E. ALLEN.

RURAL TASTE.

It is a common mode of thought to assert that the farm and the home should be the spot in which a taste for rural ornament can be most appropriately and successfully developed. This is true but as a sequence from other beginnings; and we are disposed to attribute the education of one's taste as much to the associations of the school room and grounds as to home associations. If in our country districts the old shaggy, red or brown weather-beaten structures were replaced with buildings of an ornamental style of architecture, with grounds appropriately laid out and planted in something simple, perhaps nothing beyond a pretty lawn plat, surrounded by a neat fence, and planted in evergreens, we feel sure that the constant sight of this pleasant object, and the associations naturally formed in the mind of the scholar, would do far more good than centuries of lectures or libraries of books.

The taste of a child comes from the school room as well as the home, and goes from the one to the other. Hence we make a plea not only for the improvement of our county school-houses, but for the importance of extending this subject even beyond, to college grounds.

In the minds of college managers it seems only necessary to secure the ground, "the *terra firma*," and then build their massive walls; and when that is done, all is done. Not so, indeed. Thousands of young men and women frequent these grounds day after day and year after year. If the grounds are well laid out and tastefully displayed, there is an opportunity presented for the development and culture of a refining taste, such as no musty literature ever possessed. It is practical too, and will insensibly help to mould the future disposition and character, and act on it for years to come. Let us then remember, that if we would have rural art and taste become widespread, we must begin with the youth of the country, and at the fountain heads of education.—*Horticulturist.*

THE OLDEST AND COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.—According to Humboldt, the oldest town in the world is Jakutsk, 5,000 inhabitants, in eastern Siberia. It is not only the oldest, but probably, also, the coldest. The ground remains always frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. The mean temperature for the year is 13.7° F. For ten days in August the thermometer goes as high as 85°. From November to February the temperature remains between 42° and 68° below zero. The river Lena remains frozen for nine months in the year.

The Drawing Room.

GUEST AND HOSTESS.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

"A WELCOME guest!" "A kindly hostess!" What is it makes the words ring so melodiously to the ear? Memory recalls the guest who, whether relative, friend, or mere acquaintance, with ineffaceable characters inscribed her name, a living tribute to those things that are "lovely and of good report." And not less enduring the traceries of the one who by her own felicitous hospitalities, by right entitled herself the "kindly hostess."

Perhaps it may be a general belief that it is easier to be an agreeable guest than to prove one's self hospitably entertaining. Still all persons do not seem to have been born to be pleased and entertained, any more than they are all fitted by nature, graciously to confer pleasure on others. Some very passive people are nevertheless agreeable guests. However, they could be particularly so only to those entertainers whose chief delight is found in self-action. But I do not believe the latter realize that, even to inert guests, they are themselves not always altogether pleasing. It is no valid reason that because a person is for the most part silent and receptive, she appreciates being stormed with attentions from another.

Let me repeat. The quiet person is not necessarily dull. In conversation, her manner betrays whether or not she be an interested listener. And she has, perhaps, more companionship within herself than her more voluble friend. Again, it is more beneficial to be a good listener than a ready talker, albeit one should not show such selfishness as to desire the benefits of conversation without some active interest therein. Conversation is not by any means the whole portion of entertaining, as it is not to be the exclusive theme of this brief dissertation.

There are persons, indisputably, who possess the gift of pleasing and winning others. Nature has crowned them with this grace. She has not left others graceless, however, for not a reasonable being is there who has not some special gift from this faithful bestower which may serve as an attraction to others. The extent of the attraction depends more or less upon the culture of the individual power. In this way things are often equalized, and we observe the moderately endowed person attaining to worthy practice and esteem, while the careless "favorite of the gods and graces" proportionately deteriorates. Nature's laws are immutable, and her children must learn, and utilize their learning, else suffer the consequences of ignorance.

Most of us expect at various times in our lives to be guests in some one's home. Do you think that we should assume such a position, with the idea that we are the ones chiefly to derive pleasure and advan-

tage from the visit? Should we not rather desire mutual benefit between ourselves and our hostess, reciprocating her kindly attentions with our own thoughtfulness of her comfort? If in practical ways she will not allow us to assist her, (and I have been the guest of one hostess, than whom I never knew one more devoted and well-intentioned, who took it as a high offence if her visitor insisted upon assuming even the lightest part of her housewifely service,) we can by watchful study of her discover in what manner we may lessen her care; perhaps, in no better way than in silently showing her that we are capable of some self-entertaining in those hours when her house and family make special demands upon herself; for, of course, no sensible person imagines that the regular routine of domestic duties should be greatly disturbed because of her entering the home as a guest.

It is not difficult to ascertain if one is seriously incommoding a family by her presence, nor does a keen observer need the telling whether or not she be really considered as "company." Better not to remain, although an invited guest, where one suspects the former. None should be willingly tedious or burdensome to others, although I think conditions sometimes render it proper not to withdraw, if one's society appears to benefit the hostess, who, doubtless, by right requested it in her home. She is the member, if any of the family, whose every comfort and convenience should be consulted, particularly, if her ministrations to her guests be unassisted by efficient hands in the culinary department.

* Truly, a guest requires very nice discriminative faculties to avoid undue suspicion, it being sometimes quite another than the member whom it may seem who objects to visitors. There are, certainly, family rights to be regarded by every one of its members, not one of them having moral authority to deprive any of the others of the true socialities of life, which the Supreme Being has, ordered out of his own sympathy and wisdom, for universal good.

There is a desire on the part of some hostesses to inspire their guests with the feeling that they are not occasioning her the least trouble. And so, perhaps, she tells them that she is making no extra exertions, is doing exactly the same as if they were not present. Some guests might acquire at this a more at-home sensation, while others, somewhat more sensitive to impressions, would very likely have an unspoken thought, "Perhaps we are considered unworthy of the extra exertions." While any thoughtful person would feel more at ease in observing that she as a guest was not troublesome, she has just enough of that self-esteem which enables her to enjoy being treated with the especial courtesy that any well-bred family shows towards the transitory inmates of its home.

Bestowing polite attentions upon company, and reserving rudeness and indifference for one's household is contemptible in any person. There is a fine distinction to be drawn by which the family shall know that it suffers no loss of natural tenderness and care, while the guest receives for the time her rightful meed of superior civilities.

Some people entertain finely without an apparent effort, while others appear only capable of affecting the guests with an ill-at-ease feeling, through too arduous efforts. Some homes are restful and delightful to every one who enters them. Such are generally those in which the whole family unites in refined and unassuming courtesy, towards others—the very home atmosphere!

It is well with any hostess who can feel that her guests are at ease in her home.

It certainly is the duty of every hostess to encourage this best promoter of enjoyment. It does not follow that all guests should feel at home in her house, for one may be really at home and yet not entirely at ease, or *vice versa*. For my part, if I were hostess, I should desire the ease of any guest. But I should not wish, without distinction, my guests to feel "quite at home." Ought not the true hostess to distinguish between one guest and another, the right of that nearest relation in her home, just as the real friend reserves for her most cherished ones, the most precious tokens of endearment, yet is sincerely considerate of her position towards all?

Lessons in politeness and courtesy can scarcely be taught, the fruits of these qualities spring so almost involuntarily from a kindly heart. Books and treatises upon manners and customs in polite society are merely subservient intelligences to the true heart of humanity, whose social amenities are always its habit. Assuetude of courteous civilities is not servilely sought, but a gentle, constant usage of the Christian graces elevates society and the individual.

Most of us know of some of those persons who are always ready guests, yet who, even if their invitation in return be cordial, but poorly repay the honors they have themselves appropriated, when their own homes are the places of visitation. These are that selfish kind who mean to get all they can "out of the world," at whatever sacrifice. Others, in whom the spirit of benevolence reigns, are oppositely affected, always unconsciously giving more than they receive. The one would feel mean to measure kindness for kindness, out of the abundance of the heart; while the other would feel that any considerable exertion for the pleasure of others was so much personal loss of ease and advantage.

In entertaining guests, it sometimes seems to make a great difference who the guest may be. If she be familiar by experience with the same circumstances in life as those of her hostess, the attitude of either towards the other is usually more befitting. The hostess feels no concern lest her guest greatly miss many things to which she has been constantly accustomed, and the guest feels a corresponding freedom in the knowledge that things are very much as they are within her own home. But, out of justice to some very worthy folk, the uneasiness that some people cherish as to entertaining those friends or acquaintances in more affluent situations ought to be overcome. If you have been entertained in princely style in the home of some real friend, is it complimentary to that friend that you fail in doing the best you can for her in return? It seems to me not. A selfish fear that you shall expose your much more bumble manner of living, together with the more pardonable belief that your friend may misunderstand some of your omissions in providing for her comfort during her visit with you, conflict with the nobler workings of your nature. Why not yield to the latter, giving the surety of your esteem and good will, rather than that your hospitable friend (all wealthy people are not commended by true hospitality!) should doubt your faithfulness? I have heard one person declare that she has suffered the deprivation of many a visit which might have afforded her much pleasure as well as gratification, because some of her own friends were afraid to give her the invitation. And she attested to the agreeableness of a sojourn in the home of one lady who was persuaded to ignore her foolish imaginings. Said she, "I did not care to go away to have every thing just as it is at home. I wanted variety and change—and to be with my friend."

Wild peach, which propagates in loamy soil contiguous to our creeks, is a useful and an ornamental evergreen. Immediately after winter has resigned his icy diadem, just when the earliest daisies and violets begin to peep from their covers, just when yellow jessamine begins to emit fragrance from its golden bells, wild peach contributes its quota toward rendering the air of early spring odoriferous. The two opposite sides of wild peach branchlets support medium-sized, oblong leaves, of a dark green color, and, in the proper season, many small clusters of tiny flowers. Their color is a mixture of delicate pink and cream color when they first bloom, but before withering and dropping they become almost white. Each cluster contains from ten to fifteen perfectly formed flowerets, and the leaves against which they rest, form an effective

background for them. After these flowerets have dropped, seeds in the form of small green balls appear where flowerets erst blossomed. Six or eight months after their formation these seeds, having matured and changed to a purplish black color, are ready to be planted. If allowed to remain in their pristine state, wild peach trees attain large dimensions, which are not attained after the shrubs have been transplanted, because floricultural shears and pruning knives prevent the increase of height and breadth. The yard of this dear old home used to be ornamented with hedges of wild peach. One of these hedges in lieu of a fence environed our flower garden in which each parterre was enclosed by a low, narrow hedge of an evergreen shrub called dwarf box. This shrub with its glossy green leaves and crimson berries formed one of the principal attractions of the garden after freezing weather had killed chrysanthemums and other autumnal flowers.

Magnolia ranks as queen among our forest evergreens. In fertile soil it grows as large as poplar, ash, and some other forest trees. Magnolia leaves are oval or elliptical, and while the oldest ones are bottle green, those of more recent growth are a shade darker than clover leaves, and those of most recent growth are a trifle darker than sea green. The canescent flowers, notable alike for beauty and fragrance, are produced at the extremities of the branchlets. The corolla consists of five large, canescent petals, which are narrow at their base, but broad across their centers and extremities. These petals are arranged regu'larly in a single row within a calyx, which is composed of five sepals. The extremities of the petals converge toward a large, buff pistil, which is covered with buff anthers. The stamens of this flower are composite in color, the upper portion being pale yellow, and the lower portion a light shade of maroon. On account of having but one pistil this much admired flower ranks in the botanical order of monogylia, and owing to the multiplicity of stamens, belongs to the class called polyandria. After the petals, stamens and sepals have withered and dropped, the pistil develops into a large, oval-shaped pericarp filled with capsules. In November these capsules become dehiscent, and reveal red seeds which are shaped so like beans that if they were white instead of red, they would be considered by all except botanical connoisseurs, fac-similes of the white beans imported to our southern markets from the north and west. I am unable to inform my correspondents whether magnolia will propagate from seeds sowed in a flower garden, but I can state positively that we have always found it difficult to transplant magnolia shrubs successfully. If one out of ten grows after having been transplanted its possessor will have reason to feel rep'ld for the trouble of transplanting.

Prior to the late civil war, my aunt owned an enormous flower garden which contained flowers of innumerable species. In the midst of the parterres in this garden, was a spot upon which stood a miniature mound, thickly covered with Bermuda grass. In the center of this mound, a magnolia tree, trimmed into a spherical shape, was growing. When the aromatic odor of its flowers mingled with the perfume of rare exotics, and its pure canescence contrasted with their brilliant hues, the verdict pronounced by those beholding its loveliness and inhaling its fragrance, was that it was an acquisition to those highly cultivated subjects of Flora's realm. An avenue of large magnolia trees was contiguous to this flower garden, and hedges of cedar, arbor vitæ, and other evergreens beautified the entire yard near it.

The Conservatory.

WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintry winds are sweeping,
Through the snow drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the wood with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow birds twittering
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long fire-lit nights.

—From the German of Holty.

EVERGREENS.

Part I.

NATURE'S devotees can never become satiated with the beauty and perfection of her works. To the reflecting observer earth teems with beauteous novelty, and all things from arctic lichens to tropical palms proclaim voicelessly the omnipotent goodness of Him who surrounds us with enough to make our planet a terrestrial paradise. To us who appreciate sylvan privileges, woodland rambles are always enjoyable and instructive. Upon all sides as we stray over hill and vale, there is something to intensify our enjoyment of the short day we call human life, something to cause us to admire nature's handicraft, and adore nature's God.

Which of these multifarious beauties shall I describe? I query to myself as I wander in our woodland this bright, warm, wintery day, and recall the vanished loveliness of Flora's wild subjects, pink crab apple, white haw, pink honeysuckle, blue and white daisies, white dogwood, red bud, crimson maple, speckled catawpa, white locust, purple China, yellow witch hazel, and white lob-lolly blossoms.

Not the leaves and the flowers of our deciduous trees; not our green, velvet-like moss which forms the attractive exterior of our sequestered nooks, or covers our declivities; not our gray moss and gray lichens. Evergreens shall now be my theme, reply I to myself as I recollect letters, written me by unknown friends far away, requesting me to give an explicit description of the evergreens which grow in this portion of Mississippi.

Wild peach, which propagates in loamy soil contiguous to our creeks, is a useful and an ornamental evergreen. Immediately after winter has resigned his icy diadem, just when the earliest daisies and violets begin to peep from their covers, just when yellow jessamine begins to emit fragrance from its golden bells, wild peach contributes its quota toward rendering the air of early spring odoriferous. The two opposite sides of wild peach branchlets support medium-sized, oblong leaves, of a dark green color, and, in the proper season, many small clusters of tiny flowers. Their color is a mixture of delicate pink and cream color when they first bloom, but before withering and dropping they become almost white. Each cluster contains from ten to fifteen perfectly formed flowerets, and the leaves against which they rest, form an effective

Much smaller than magnolia leaves are bay leaves. The latter as well as the former leaves are perennial. The yellowish substance which represents bay flowers, and the parenchymous excrescence which constitutes bay fruit, are annual. The seeds are minute black particles dotted throughout this pithy substance which our children call "bay apples."

Holly with its semi-dentate leaves, sparsely supplied with setaceous points, straw-colored flowers, and scarlet berries, is always in high repute among our evergreens, especially when the time draws near for mythical Kris Kringle to harness his reindeer to his sleigh, and drive forth to deposit his oblations upon myriads of Christmas trees awaiting his donations.

Cypress with its graceful foliage, and pine with its acrose, subulate foliage, are considered the most useful of Mississippi's evergreens. Cypress seeds consist of small globular balls, which turn brown when ripe. Between them and the small, globular seeds of cedar exists a similarity. Pine is coniferous and resinous. The compact, yellow substance which forms its blossom is an inch in diameter, and about one-eighth of an inch in circumference.

The interstices in pine foliage freely admit air, and it produces melodies more variable than those produced by an Aeolian harp. Gentle breezes sighing through this foliage melodize a low, plaintive *preludio*, but when

"The loud wind through the forest walks,
With sound like ocean's roaring, loud and deep,"

these *doloroso* measures attain a *crescendo* pitch similar to that described by the Scotch bard Robert Burns. The abatement of the wind composes a *diminuendo* interlude, and the symphony's second strain consists of a *dolce cadenza*. This aeriform sinfonia owes much of its melodiousness to its variability. One moment its tema seems to be

"Sighing like the night wind, and sobbing like the rain,
Moaning for the lost one who comes not again."

The next moment this rondeau changes, and its low pathetic wail, its requiem over dead loves and blighted hopes swells into a diapason which Aeolus executes with *furioso*, and to the imaginative, appreciative listener, the syncopation denotes that this *sonata* has changed into a revengeful menace.

If some of my readers are surprised at what they may, perchance, term my enthusiasm over music among the pines, such readers do not appreciate these trees as I do. Pine trees have ever been my delight. When a child I whiled away happy hours playing beneath the same loved pines which sheltered me in girlhood and shelter me in womanhood. These grand old trees can never be despoiled of the grandeur and pathos with which I have always invested them. From the four windows of my bed room up stairs, I can behold pine trees of all sizes stretching away as far as vision can penetrate. Touching the horizon irregularly, the topmost branches of the gigantic ones tower above those of lesser height, seem to be painted upon banks of fleecy or murky clouds, and form an attractive background for the branches of deciduous trees after they have been defoliated. Pine, cypress, cedar, and arbor vitæ trees appear to good advantage when powdered with thick hoar frost or filmy snow flakes, or when covered with a transparent vail of congealed rain drops, with icicles forming pendants to it.

Pine cones, or strobiles as they are termed in the botanical vocabulary, are oblong and imbricate and form an aggregate pericarp. The seeds are closely screened by the scales which overlap each other like shingles upon the roof of a house. When ready to cast forth their seeds these capsules become dehiscent, and these cones drop off the boughs.

Pine trees have scabrous bark. If it is removed from the trunks, and they are tapped or "blazed," quantities of thick, resinous substance, somewhat similar to the gum which exudes from our gum trees, exudes from the artificial incisions made in the trunks of the trees.

Fifty miles and more from this county is the pine woods region which is notable for sterile soil, and vast forests of gigantic trees called "long leaf pine." The latter trees are a species of the genus of pines which, according to Professor Lindley's assertion, are natives of various parts of the globe, from the perpetual snows and frigid climate of arctic America, to the hottest regions of the Indian archipelago. These long leaf pines were ferreted out a year ago by some northern tourists, who invested a portion of their idle capital in them, and converted them into lumber, which was shipped to lucrative marts, and yielded so large a per cent. upon funds invested in it that some Michiganders who are cognizant of this transaction compare Mississippi's pine forests to Golconda's mine.

A species of live oak which has lobe-shaped leaves, has always been popular here. Avenues bordered with this evergreen tree still lead to the residences of some few Mississippians who are fortunately not too impoverished to attend as of yore to beautifying their lawns and yards.

Palmetto and several varieties of ferns are among our wild wood evergreens. The fronds of our native ferns are pinnatifid, their stipes smooth and grooved upon their upper side, their sori uncovered and solitary, and the segments of their fronds are serrate and much shorter toward their upper extremities than at their lower extremities and center.

Our only repellent evergreen is a shrub upon which Mississippi nomenclators have bestowed the appropriate cognomen Spanish dagger. This shrub consists of a single stalk, several feet in diameter, and many inches in circumference. From this stalk projects its cuspated, repellent foliage. It consists entirely of myriads of dark green, cuspated strips of fibrous substance. These strips vary from eight to twelve inches in length. Each strip when fully grown is one and one-half inches in width where it unites with the stalk, but the width gradually diminishes until it terminates in a point as sharp as the point of a needle. This spicular foliage is as odd as it is repellent. The apex of each Spanish dagger shrub is surmounted in April, May, and June, with a single, prodigious, pyramidal cluster of attractive-looking, white flowers, which descend from their stems like beautiful, white floral bells. These flowers are attractive only in appearance, for their scent is not altogether agreeable. Placed in a large vase or pot, they form an ornamental decoration for an open fire-place, especially if the back and sides of it are covered with twigs of pine, fir, cedar or arbor vitæ. In lieu of berries the apices of Spanish dagger shrubs bear pyramids composed of mucilaginous substance designated fruit. It grows upon its stem just as bananas grow upon their stems. It is shaped something like a banana or a papaw, but is much smaller than either, and instead of being yellow as they are when ripe, it looks almost black when it is perfectly ripe. Strange as it may seem, however, jelly has been made of juice extracted from Spanish dagger fruit when it was half ripe.

LINDA WALTON.
Fayette, Miss.

HANGING BASKETS.

One day in the May time, when idly wandering through the sweet, wild, woodland ways, I chanced upon a bed of moss, in which plantlets of the walking

fern thickly grew. Securing this treasure so as not to injure the roots in the least, and with all the rich woodland soil adhering to them, and carrying them carefully home, I lined a wire hanging basket with it, of course, placing the moss-grown, ferny side out, in which the wires sunk, and were soon completely embedded. The basket was filled with woodland earth, and in the center of it was slipped from a pot, a fine young artillery plant, and at each of the strings was planted a well-rooted Japanese fern, and at the edge of the basket was planted rooted sprays of love-en-tangle, and one small plant of a wax-leaved begonia, with a few other things, was slipped in the basket.

This basket, when completed, was sprinkled with water, and suspended from the edge of a shady piazza. And never a plant wilted in the least. The graceful, delicate, climbing ferns have grown up the strings, and the walking ferns have grown luxuriantly. The long slender leaves of the ferns have intermingled, and have crossed each other, forming loops, and the long, slender, thread-like tips have again rooted, and again formed loops, and again rooted, thus forming the most beautiful mass of verdure conceivable, all intermingled and looped and tangled together in the most exquisite manner possible. The artillery plant is nearly a foot tall, and spreads out its fern-like leaves over the basket like a net work, and altogether this basket is most beautiful.

Another basket lined with the same kind of moss and ferns has growing in it several large sea onions. These I thought at first that I should not like, but now I am fain to confess that I admire them greatly. The long, clear, waxen leaves are beautiful, and have grown so long that the tips have met below the basket. This basket is very attractive, as, indeed, are all of my hanging baskets, of which I will, at present, only mention one more.

This basket, too, was lined with fresh moss, without the fern, and filled with woodland mould, and in the center thereof was planted an English fern, and lycopodium, a creeping variety, was planted around the edge of the basket. This grew rapidly and soon carpeted the top of the basket, and grew over the edge, and crept down the sides, and grew, massed and piled, and massed again, until the whole basket was completely covered with a mass of living green, which, crowned with the English ferns, presented an appearance that was unique and singularly beautiful.

These baskets do not receive any extra care. They are watered every day, and two or three times a week they are taken down and drenched in the rain barrel.

West Virginia.

must be kept clean and the dust raised from sweeping must be removed frequently. In applying water to the soil enough should be given to soak the soil thoroughly; then no more should be given until the moisture has been taken up by the plant.

Many persons in their first attempts to make a collection of plants for house culture, select too great a number of kinds, thereby increasing their chances of failure. They do not appear to consider, that while some plants require an abundance of moisture and a high temperature, others thrive best in a cool, moist, shady situation, but treat them all alike, consequently many of them do not thrive. For window plants perhaps zone are better adapted for window culture than the geraniums, of which there are many varieties, some of them really ornamental when not in bloom. The monthly carnation ranks next, in our estimation, as it is a plant of easy culture. The evergreen fern is not to be by any means despised because it is common and can be got in any of our northern woods by the trouble of collecting it. The Chinese primrose is a free bloomer during the winter months, as is also heliotrope, and many kinds of fuchsia. Bulb plants such as hyacinths, crocuses, and some kinds of lilies, may be forced into blossom during the winter months, if one has the facilities, and the time to attend to them.

Meridian, N. Y.

MRS. A. B.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I bought a *Harrissia* lily in the summer when it was in bloom. It had two stalks of flowers. After it was done flowering I put it out in the yard and kept it there until September, it all died down. The bulb looks green and has shoots that have come to the surface, but does not progress any, has been so for a long time. Ought it to be re-potted and have new soil, or shall I let it remain as it is? M. E. A.

Will some one tell me how to treat euonymus? The leaves are all green instead of golden center; also my achania has something that looks like fine sand on the leaves. The lady that gave it to me, said they were always so. I brushed it off a few months, and thought it looked better. Last summer it had no care except watering and now the leaves are turning yellow. Ought I to keep it brushed? It is full of buds.

What can I do to make a white azalea grow? It is no larger than when I bought it last spring, the leaves are very small. I would be glad of any information, as I am very fond of plants, have nearly one hundred, and succeed finely with some. Three roots of callas gave me two dozen lilies last winter, and I have the fifth bud now, this fall, and more coming.

Three years ago I sent for a laurestinus. From the description, I thought it would be nice. It grows well, but has never blossomed. Is there any thing I can do to make it blossom?

MRS. D. N. WARE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what treatment to give *Amaryllis* *Treatae* to make it bloom, and how to treat gloxinia raised from seed? I planted a package of seeds last spring. They came up and grew well until transplanted, when part of them died and the others have not grown any. I would like also to ask how to grow trailing arbutus? I have succeeded in rooting a slip but its growth is almost imperceptible and now the leaves are beginning to drop off.

Is the ivy that is grown over churches, and the hard leafed kind grown in the house one and the same? If not, what is the name of the kind grown in the house and will it hurt it to freeze?

I have two kinds of cacti very thin. Will it make any difference in regard to their blooming, when old enough? They are but two years old.

How old must a rainbow cactus be to blossom, and what is the color of the flower?

MRS. GEO. L. HUTCHINSON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Fanny wants to know what geranium will bloom in winter. I have had the *gillian mangia*, a dwarf semi-double, two shades of maranta in bloom continually for two years.

Black-eyed Susan is an annual hibiscus, delicate buff cup, black-hearted flower.

The saxifrage, or strawberry geranium, in old times was known as the wandering Jew, and was quite a curiosity.

Abutilon, lantana, and oak geranium, are nice winter blooming plants.

MRS. I. M. CUNNINGHAM.

The Nursery.

THE MORNING WORLD.

BY MRS. CRAIK.

He comes down from youth's mountain top,
Before him manhood's glittering plain
Lies stretched; vales, hamlets, towers and towns,
Huge cities, dim and silent down,
Wide, unpeopled fields of shining grain.

All seems a landscape fair as near,
So easy to be crossed and won!
No mist the distant ocean hides,
And overhead majestic rides
The wondrous, never-setting sun.

Gaze on, gaze on, thou eager boy,
For earth is lovely, life is grand;
Yet from the boundary of the plain
Thy faded eyes may turn again
Wistfully to the morning land.

How lovely then o'er wastes of toll
That long-left mountain height appears!
How soft the lights and shadows glide;
How the rough places, glorified,
Transcend whole leagues of level years!

And standing by the sea of death,
With anchor weighed and sails unfurled,
Blessed the man before whose eyes
The very hills of paradise
Glow, colored like his morning world.

—Living Age.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

YOU would not have said that John Hammond looked in the least like a hero, a square-shouldered, rough-harded fellow of fifteen, wearing a very happy-go-lucky checked shirt and blue overalls. Those blue overalls had seen service, as their irregular patches bore witness; driving the cows through the morning dew, hoeing, milking and tramping the fields, they, and others exactly like them, had been of John's wearing apparel for as many years as he cared to remember. And of course no boy takes pains to look back at the days when he wore short skirts and pinnafores; he imagines life begins when he puts on boots and jacket and trousers. But, though John was a country fellow, with rather a steady and monotonous round of work before him, and no very brilliant prospects in the future, as far as eye could see, he had, like all boys worth any thing, ambition of his own.

His father was a hard working man who had, as a boy, lived on the large, rather barren farm which he had at last been able to purchase with his jealously treasured "savings," and held naturally the belief that his son would work and improve the same land after he had grown old, died and left it.

John had other thoughts; he felt in himself an ability for pursuits different from the one his father chose. That was well enough. Boy as he was, he saw it to be a noble and dignified thing to till the ground and make it fair with orchard and garden, but all men were not intended by nature for the same work. He had a genuine love for mechanical pursuits, and there was a cunning at his fingers' ends which seemed to promise a real bent toward making and fashioning. It was better to be a carpenter even, than a farmer, but best of all would be engineering; the building of stupendous bridges and laying out of long lines of railroads.

His mother knew all these longings. Most mothers do find out their boys' inclination, I fancy, in the right kind of family. "I wish you could have all the learning you want, Johnnie," she said one morning, fondly patting the rough head that lay on her ironing table. Then, getting a fresh iron from the stove and skillfully "trying it" with her finger, she went on, "but I don't think it would do any good to talk it over with father. He wouldn't hear to it, because he thinks farming's good enough for anybody. And besides that, you know there isn't any money."

"Yes, I rather guess I do," said John, dolefully. Then catching the troubled look on his mother's face, he said, bravely, "But don't be bothered, I can stand it anyhow." There was a good deal of real tenderness between his mother and himself. That night, as John was bringing in the wood to fill the great box by the kitchen stove, an idea struck him; such a bright idea that he stopped short, and nearly let fall an armful of kindlings. "I'll do it!" he said aloud. "No, nothing, mother, I was only talking to myself," as Mrs. Hammond came out in time to hear the exclamation.

Just after dark John might have been seen going up the neatly kept walk that led to the minister's trim little house. His only concession to the importance of making a call all by himself had consisted in brushing his hair very smoothly and polishing his square, determined face with soap and water till it shone again. It would not have done to put his best clothes on, for, aside from the fact that they made him ill at ease, he had been careful that no one at home should suspect his absence on any unusual errand. Yes, the minister was at home and would be glad to see John alone. The boy's heart beat loudly as he was ushered into the study; ministers were in his mind inseparably connected with churches, communion tables and funerals, and nothing but the importance of his present errand could have induced him to encounter one alone. Mr. Burns was a hearty, jovial-looking man.

"Glad to see you, John," he said warmly, rising from his study table, and greeting him, John thought proudly, just as if he were a grown man. "Now this is nice to have you come by yourself for a call."

"I wanted to ask you a question," said John, choking a little in his awkwardness, choosing the extreme edge of his chair as presenting greater advantages than a larger surface. "I want to go to school and have a real business, different from farming, and I thought you'd know better about such things than anybody here. We haven't got any money, and I want to know what to do." It seemed a very long speech to the boy, when he had finished, and his heart beat alarmingly at his own daring.

"Ah!" said the minister, rubbing his chin and eyeing the boy sharply. "So you want a profession. Have you talked with your father?"

"No, sir, but mother knows about it. I thought it wasn't any use to speak to father till I could see a way to do it. He'd say no, unless he could see some real sense in it."

"Yes, I understand, and it is wise of you to think of it. Do you want to go to college, or haven't you got as far as settling that?"

So John, encouraged by the kind tone and apparent interest of his listener, went on to talk of his plans more freely than he had ever told them to any one. The minister listened, put in a word now and then, and at the end gave a nod of approval.

"I think something must be done for you, my boy," he said, heartily. "But I can't say a word more till I've thought it all over, and when I have, I'll either send for you or go up and see your father. Will that do?"

It would do beautifully, John thought, and he went away delighted beyond reason. And in the days which followed he did very little but whistle and toss his cap up into the air at uncertain intervals, rousing in his mother, homely fears that "John wasn't well, because his appetite was so poor."

But after waiting, the day came when the minister called and asked to see his father. John on his way from a neigh-

bor's saw the two in close conclave near the kitchen window, and, in a ridiculous desperation, ran into the barn to hide on the highest hay-mow of all. No one came to find him, a fact not to be wondered at considering that the hay-mow is not a common resort for families in general, however well the boys may know its fragrant, dusty corners. Finally he crept out and went into the house, rather shamefaced, but very conspicuously unconscious of out-of-the-way occurrence. His mother, rather flushed and excited, was laying the supper table; his father, by the window, was reading the Bellbrook Gazette upside down.

"So you want to go to school," said the father rather gruffly.

"Why didn't you come to me about it first?"

John's heart sank into his boots at the tone.

"I thought Mr. Burns might know best whether it was foolish or not, and—"

"Oh, tell the boy, father," broke out his mother. "It's a shame to keep him waiting. And don't you see, he's ready to cry?"

It all came out then, and I am not sure good as the news was, that John did not cry after all. He was to study with the minister that winter, mathematics and general English branches, and the next fall enter the Boston institute of technology. His father would mortgage the river pasture, or perhaps sell it for the money necessary for the first year's expenses; they could not plan beyond that.

Perhaps, then, the boy's ability would have proved itself worth the borrowing of money, if he cared to pledge himself for its payment, when he had gotten to the point of earning it himself. How

John worked that winter at books and "chores" no other boy without an object in life would ever believe. And when summer came, a little tired, but still enthusiastic, he was all hope for the coming fall term at school. Mr. Burns praised his scholarship and ability without measure, and the father, at first agreeing to the plan under protest, and because the minister declared it to be the best thing, grew prouder than ever of his boy, and willing that he should make his way in the world, let the farm pass into what hands it would.

There came a morning—and I am sorry to tell this part of the story—when the little household was all in confusion, and the village doctor was looked for with as much anxiety as if he carried the keys of life in his black case. Mr. Hammond had had a stroke of paralysis, and the doctor could only say, pityingly, that there was no immediate danger of his death, but that he must be a helpless man always. The farmer moaned and tried to speak.

The good doctor's voice had not been low enough, and from outside the door the verdict had reached the sick man's ears. John was close by his father's side, half terrified by his drawn face. The moan came again, and he put his own face down to translate the half articulate sound. "The farm? the work?" he questioned. The eyes brightened with assent.

"Oh, father, don't bother about that. I shall stay at home. I'll take care of the farm just as you would." And he kept his promise.

Sick people through weakness and pity of themselves, cannot always be generous, and it is a question whether Farmer Hammond ever quite understood the sacrifice his son made for him. His mind became a little clouded by bodily illness, and as no one ever reminded him that John had hoped for a different life, he forgot the fact altogether.

Do you know how a hard blow sometimes hardens character, and changes the

boy into the man in the space of days? It was so with John. He put his own plans resolutely aside, and took on his shoulders the burden of his father's work, hiring when it was necessary, but bending all his energies toward making the farm pay. And it did, as farms go; there was never much ready money in the family purse, but there were fields of grain, a cellar stocked with vegetable beauties, and thriving live-stock as witnesses of success. Beyond that, his father had been made as happy as a man so disabled ever could be.

When, after years, the father died, it was too late for the accomplishment of John's boyish purpose. If you should ask him to-day how he regards his life, it

is probable he would tell you that it seems a failure, but his townsmen tell a different story. Cheery, helpful and brave, he never fails a friend, and has made the very best of the place duty seemed to mark out for him. I could

show you a score of intelligent articles from his pen on various agricultural subjects. I could recount dozens of his brave deeds, but the story of his life

dwindles down to the one moral—that, although circumstances may deny a man

what he longs for most, he can succeed in becoming good and great at heart in spite of them. And after all, character is the only thing worth striving for.—*Boston Budget.*

THE STORY BESSIE TOLD ME.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Aunt Jo says I was dreaming, but I'm sure I wasn't asleep, so how could I be dreaming? It was only a few nights ago, just after Susan had put me in my trundle bed, and laid Bessie on my pillow, and had gone down to supper. Mamma was sitting in her low chair before the fire, rocking Baby Jack to sleep, and the lamps were not lighted. I didn't feel sleepy, and I lay still, watching the big shadow of mamma and baby, on the ceiling, that the firelight made, and wishing baby would go to sleep so I could ask mamma what made it so big, when Bessie spoke to me. She talked plain talk, just like folks, but I can't get her to speak any more since then.

"I am so glad to get out here to live with you, Madge," she said. "I have wanted a country home for a long time."

"How did you know any thing about the country?" I asked her.

"Oh, I've been in the country before; it's a nice little story, and if Susan don't come and jerk me up, and put me in the box, I'll tell it before you go to sleep."

So I threw my arm over Bessie to keep Susan from disturbing her, and this is what she told me:

"I don't remember any thing about being made, any more than you remember when you were as little as Baby Jack, yonder. The first thing I know of myself is, that I was taken out of a big, big box, full of wax dolls, all pretty much alike, and that I was put up, standing, on the shelf, wrapped in tissue paper up to my chin. Soon after I was put on this shelf, an old gentleman, who was walking up and down, with his hands behind him, called out very crossly, 'Vat's dis brown-eyed doll doin' up here? Vere she come from?'

Then the young lady who unpacked us was called, and she had a great deal of trouble to make the cross old gentleman believe that the brown-eyed doll came in that box. All this time I didn't know they were talking about me, for of course I didn't know that my eyes were a different color from those of all the dolls on the shelf, but the young lady put up a soft hand and took me down.

"You needn't worry about it, Mr. Gus,

she said pleasantly, 'it's the prettiest doll in the lot!'

'Dat may be, dat may be,' he answered, shaking his head, 'but off every hundred lesser girls, one ninety-nine say, "Gif me blue-eyed doll!"'

'Very well, we'll save this for the little hundredth,' she said with a pretty laugh, and put me up.

But Mr. Gus was right. The blue-eyed dolls on each side of me soon found little owners, and I was left in the hateful store, with the noise of the street cars always ringing in my ears, and the smell of onions from the back building making me sick. I hated the sight of the streams of people, dressed so fine, parading about. I was a very miserable doll, and I did hope the young lady with the soft hands would break me some day.

But just before Christmas, a young lady came into the store and ordered twelve wax dolls. 'They are all to be dressed as fairies,' she said, 'for a festival, so, of course, they must have blue eyes and blonde hair. I will send the carriage round this afternoon, so please pack them carefully and have them ready.'

When she went out I heard them say that she lived in the country and was a good customer, for besides her own little family, she had much to do with Sunday schools, and Christmas trees, and everybody else's children. Then my young lady got a big light basket, lined it with soft paper, and began to lay the dolls in, putting a dab of raw cotton over each face. She was counting very carefully, and had gotten as many as nine in, when something seemed to make her lose count. I didn't see any thing except the same endless stream of people, but I remember that the one next to her was a large, strong-looking young man, in a rough overcoat, with a whip in his hand, and that he came up very close to where she stood, and said something about coming in his sleigh Christmas Eve, to drive her out to her mother's. I couldn't see her face, but the pretty little ear next to me got very pink—I wondered why—and she only said, 'Go away, John, I'm busy counting,' took me down without once looking at me, and said 'nine,' as she put me in the basket, though I knew well enough that there were nine there before. But John didn't go until the sleigh ride was settled, and even then I began to wish that I might live in the coun'ry. I liked this rough, merry-looking fellow who made my pretty lady agree to his plans, and knowing that I had no business among the fairy dolls, I sighed to go on that sleigh ride.

I thanked fortune that my lady had been so bothered with John that she forgot to pack my face with cotton, and put me in on the wrong side of the paper, for lying against the crack of the basket, up on the coachman's box, I got a good look at every thing. And, oh, it was all so pretty! I wondered that anybody should choose to live jammed up among ugly houses, when there was so much room out here in the beautiful, white fields. And the sky was so big and so blue, do you think those poor city folks know how much prettier it is than the shop windows? I was sorry when the carriage stopped, and the basket was carried into the house. But it was just the sort of house that I liked. I had many a time been sent round in a box, when the city ladies would send for a lot to choose from. They never chose me, may be that's the reason I didn't like their ways. But this country house was so different from theirs, it had broad, covered porches, and wide halls, and there wasn't a bit of old china standing about in that untidy way in the parlor. The carpet didn't seem at all afraid of the afternoon sun, which was pouring through the bay window, over the snow, and a big

wood fire roared and blazed behind a low brass fender. There seemed to be no end to the little boys and girls belonging to that house, and when they all crowded into the bay window, smoothing down their pretty, high-necked muslin aprons, and priming one another's hair, I found out from their talk that six young ladies were coming to dress the fairy dolls, and spend the evening.

Soon the sleighs began to tinkle up to the door, and the girls came fluttering in like a flock of bright birds. I liked the country girls as much as I had liked the fields. They took off their pretty close-fitting coats, not a single clumsy seal skin among them, tied dainty white aprons over their Sunday dresses, and went to work with a will on the pink and white gauze. There were some big boys in the party, though I couldn't see what they came for, unless it was to pick up the scissors that were always dropping.

When I was taken out of the basket there was a great outcry among the girls, 'A brown-eyed fairy! who ever heard of such a thing!'

'I know one,' whispered somebody to the girl who was holding me up.

She laughed, and her own brown eyes looked very bright, but the children's mother came in, and there was a heap of talk. What was to be done about it? One of the small boys marched himself off of his own accord, and came back dragging 'papa' by the hand triumphantly, as if all the trouble would be over now. And so it was. 'Papa' counted the dolls right off, and found the twelve blue-eyed fairies, and I was left in the basket. The children wanted to have me to play with, but the mother said I must go back to town in the morning, so she took me quickly, but very gently, away from the little girls, and opening the glass doors of a large bookcase that stood against the wall, she pushed two books far back, and set me in their place, and then locked the door. I could see all that went on through the glass doors, and I enjoyed my evening very much. So did the whole company. They went out to supper, and came back gayer than before, and when all the dolls were dressed, about ten o'clock, cakes and cider were handed around, and then the boys went out and brought up the sleighs. I could see through the window that the country looked even more beautiful by moonlight than in the sunshine, and I envied the girls their sleigh ride. But I was tired out with the excitements of the day, and I dropped off to sleep before the lights were put out.

The sun was shining the next morning, when I waked up, and the children's papa was in the room, talking with an old, grey-haired gentleman, who was mixing up little white powders at the table.

'You say they've been complaining for a day or two,' the old gentleman was saying, 'feverish, eh? disordered stomach? yes—to—be—sure—and you thought it was bad colds—my dear sir, it's a clear case of scarlet fever, and I advise you to take all the furniture out of this room, and open the door that leads into your chamber. This will give you two hospital wards, and you can air them by turns. Fresh air, my dear sir, fresh air, is my first, second and third prescription.'

Then there was a prodigious stirring around. All the chairs and sofas were carried out, and I was afraid my bookcase would go to, but it did not. Presently, two little white cots were brought in, and 'papa' brought in two little girls to put in them. They were not white, oh dear, no! They were almost as red as the lining of your mamma's dressing gown. Four of the six children had it, but they were not very sick, and in a week's time they were as full of play as ever.

You and Janet think you know how to play, but just wait till you see those Boardley children at their games! One favorite play was 'Mother Goose.' They would begin at 'Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!' some would come in dressed as beggars, and the others would be little dogs barking. They would go through 'Toby Was a Welchman,' stealing the piece of beef and the marrow bone, and the silver pin, and end off by giving Toby a loud whack on the head with the door mat, doubled up to play the piece of beef. Of course, they had 'The Old Woman that Lived in her Shoe,' and many more than I can remember or could tell about.

Oh! I enjoyed myself finely those three weeks that I stayed in the book case. They wouldn't take me out for fear I might carry the disease when I was sent back to the store.

'It's a good thing that I shut the brown-eyed doll up in the book case,' said the mother, 'now she must stay there until the children get well.'

So I spent that Christmas at Annandale, and it was a sad day for me when I was sent back to the city. I thought I should have to spend the whole year in the store, but one happy, happy day—'

Just then Susan took my dolly up to put her away. I cried so loud that mamma had to say "Margaret! Margaret!" I told her that Bess hadn't quite finished her story, and then Auntie Jo came in and laughed, and said I was dreaming. Now don't you think that was funny in my auntie, when I hadn't been asleep at all?

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

MOTHERS' TALK.

When mothers meet what a meeting is that! There is a bond of sympathy and an exchange of experience that needs no special effort to call out. I have often thought of telling any young mothers who have a child who grieves and frightens them by holding its breath, (she will know what that means), my experience with our little girl who has now overcome it entirely. I thought at first it was an evidence of temper and sheer perverseness but soon saw that she held her breath, (sometimes till we thought she would never regain it or go into convulsions), not only when vexed, but if she was hurt, or indeed, whenever she cried for any cause. We tried bathing her face and throwing water in it, then would catch her by the arm and shake her or treat her by strokes on the back as if choking. I punished her for it and talked to her often about trying to overcome it herself but all for naught. Finally I began to ask her a question. What is it? Who hurt you? Or some similar one, insisting upon an answer and found that in the effort to answer me she would overcome it at the first, then I told the rest of the family my plan, and, as they all were frightened when she began to cry, they too, would try it and I talked to her saying she should try to answer and so help us to help her, and now she never does it at all.

I suppose Dr. Hanaford could tell us something about a child holding its breath, and trust he will approve my treatment of the only case I ever had to deal with. While I hope some young mother may try my remedy with good results, as such cases are very annoying, and if not corrected may be very serious defects in the character of the growing child, apparently giving it a reputation for display of temper which it may not deserve.

Another experience. One of the little ones contracted a habit of making up a mouth when displeased. We reproved him for it often, in vain, even punished

him, but a lovely lady friend observing it said, "Why, I—wants to be kissed, I always put up my mouth so for a kiss." We followed up this notion and soon there was no trouble of that sort. Sometimes such a turning off into fun or misunderstanding of a naughty trick will cure it more effectually than punishment, though timely punishment for real wrong doing, disobedience, untruthfulness or cruelty will be found best and often save a more severe punishment afterwards. Of all things disobedience is a most abominable fault in a child and for it the child is not to blame, it should be taught better as soon as it is old enough to know that it "don't want to." No objection to giving reasons, but if one does not intend to be obeyed, better not tell a child to do or not to do at all.

ROSAMOND E.

RESPONDING MOTHERS.

"I have done nothing to-day but keep things straight in the house," you say wearily at the close of it. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy and happy, and secured from evil influence? Nothing that neatness, and thrift, and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger-tips? Nothing that beauty in place of ugliness meets the eye of the cheerful little ones, in the plants at your window, in the picture on the wall? Nothing that home to them means home, and will always do so to the end of life, what vicissitudes soever that may involve? Oh, careworn mother, is all this nothing?" Is it nothing that over against your sometime mistakes and sometime discouragements shall be written, "She hath done what she could?"

I AM SORRY.

These words are easily spoken, teach your children to speak them. Teach them to say so, whenever they have done wrong, the habit is a good one. Here, for instance, a woman is knocked down in the street by careless driving, and two wheels of a wagon pass over her back. The wagon carries two women and a boy some ten or twelve years old. The woman is not seriously injured, but the nerves and muscles of her back are lame for a while, and then she walks again. But when she becomes an old lady, the weakened body gives out partially, and her physical powers become less. She says it would have been a comfort to her through all these years, if those women had stopped and said "Oh, I'm sorry! What can we do for you now to comfort you?" Instead of that they whipped up the horse, and were soon out of sight. So far as is known these women do not know but the person knocked down and run over was killed. It would seem as if they would have been more comfortable all these years if they had stopped and said, "I'm sorry."

Yes, teach your children first to feel sorry, and then to say so. The conscience should be educated, and feeling a wrong done to another person, and expressing sorrow for it, helps us to realize our sins and our wrong doings towards our Lord, and makes it easier to say so to Him. It is important to confess our faults one to another, and it is imperative that we humble ourselves before God, and become reconciled to Him through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our eternity depends upon this, and present time is all we are sure of for doing this great work. Do it now.

HANS DORCOMB.

Westminster, Vt.

—Little sins commonly lead to great evils.

—Confidence may not be reciprocal, but kindness should be.

The Library.

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

[St. Mark, vi: 60.]

The night is dark on Galilee,
The wind blows high across the sea,
Weary and faint a patient band,
Toll with the oars to gain the land.

But see! a white and spectral form
Walks on the waves amid the storm,
With quaking hearts they cry with fear,
For lo! the awful form draws near.

But hark! who answers to their cry?
No foe that voice. The Lord draws nigh.
He speaks to cheer, not to upbraid.
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

Our human hearts oft faint and fear,
Oppressed and sad while ills draw near.
Ah! often heaviest clouds that rise
Are only blessings in disguise.

ANNA HOLYOK HOWARD.

CHAUTAUQUA STUDIES.

Number One.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

IN THE Chautauquan, a magazine of high literary art, published October, 1883, we find the following on page forty-eight.

"Popular Education. Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle.

This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine in daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited) so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

The course of study prescribed shall cover a period of four years.

Required reading for 1883-84. History of Greece Vol. II, 'Stories in English History, by the Great Historians.' Chautauqua text-books, nine in number, 'Preparatory Latin Course in English,' 'Primer of American Literature,' biographical stories by Hawthorne, 'How to get Strong and How to Stay so,' Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology, 'Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation,' and published in The Chautauquan, Sunday Readings by Dr. J. H. Vincent, Readings in Commercial Law, Readings in Political Economy, Readings in French History and Literature, Studies in American History and Literature, also Readings in German History and Literature, Readings in Roman History, Readings in American Literature, Readings about the Arts, Artists, and their Masterpieces, and Readings in Physical Science." And this course is divided for the school or college year from October to July, inclusives.

We do not propose in these Chautauqua studies and stories to enter into the reading in all its parts, but state quite briefly and as interestingly as we can the main points, or some of them, as they shall occur in our reading. These outline facts cannot embrace the whole, but if it shall interest even a few, leading them to seek further knowledge we shall be very glad we made the attempt. We intend taking the course as given, starting with the months of October and November.

Standing first upon the list for October is Timayenis's "History of Greece," parts seven and eight, Vol. II., and in connection Chautauqua Text-book, number five, by Dr. J. H. Vincent. This history is more particularly the history of ancient Hellas than the Greece of modern times. Vol. I (last year) started away back in earliest history, and this, (Vol. II,) begins with the Theban supremacy or rise of Theban power in the fourth century B. C. This supremacy covers a period of ten years, during which time the city of Thebes, with its splendid and costly

public buildings, and works of art, was the acknowledged capital and leading city of the Hellenic nation. The three most noted cities of that ancient center of literature and arts were Athens, Sparta and Thebes. And, though the Theban supremacy was short, they are noted in history as brave and resolute soldiers, possessing bodies athletic and well prepared by exercise and thorough drill from early childhood, for every military duty. It is stated that the life and constitution of the Thebans were for a long time almost unproductive; until from a powerful sentiment of liberty and ambition stirring the lowest and apparently insensible depths, there suddenly burst forth a living spring which changed the desert into a garden. The two names connected with Theban power are Epaminondas and Pelopidas.

After the fall of Thebes the next great political power that arose was Philip of Macedonia, 361 B. C. It was at this time that Demosthenes, the immortal orator, delivered his master-pieces of eloquence. Perhaps a few words as to the history of this famed person may not be out of place. Consulting my history I find he was born, according to what seems the most trustworthy among contradictory accounts, in 382 or 381 B. C., and was educated in the Athenian schools, early showing a decided fondness for rhetoric. But he was from childhood of a sickly constitution and weak muscular frame. The disproportion between the mental and physical force of Demosthenes was destined to be immortalized by the following famous inscription placed on his statue after his death:

"Had thy valor, Demosthenes, been equal to thy eloquence,
The war-like Macedonian would never have ruled in Hellas."

He was not dismayed by failure, and his strength of will and patience in overcoming natural defects, so as to satisfy a critical audience like the Athenian, are highly admirable in the man. He was twenty-seven years old when he first appeared as a political counselor, and many regard him not only as the greatest of orators but as the last defender of Hellas; but notwithstanding his earnestness and eloquence in arousing the people, Philip conquered and thereafter for a period of two hundred and fifteen years Hellas was sunk in Macedonian rule.

Philip was succeeded by his son, Alexander The Great, who proceeded to convince the Greeks, the "son was a greater terror than the sire." He extended Hellenism more fully into Asia Minor, conquering even the distant land of Egypt, founding there the city of Alexandria, and forcing his way to India—the far east.

This could not have been wholly compulsory on the part of the Greeks, since it had been their unfading dream to conquer Persia since the time when Xerxes marshalled his immense army on Hellenic plains.

Alexander The Great died of a fever in Babylon at the age of thirty-two years, and the next conquering nation was the Roman, when Julius Cæsar rebuilt the city of Corinth, making it a splendid city. It was here at the city of Corinth half a century after the birth of Christ that Paul worked at tent-making, wrote his letters to the Thessalonians, and remained nearly two years.

In 330 A. D., the seat of government was removed from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople). In 395 A. D., the separation of the eastern and western empires took place, the Greeks belonging to the eastern; this also gave name to the great eastern (or Greek) church.

The name of Constantine The Great, stands fixed as the first emperor who raised the Christian flag. He flourished

early in the fourth century A. D., became converted to the Christian religion—then the new religion—and established Christianity throughout his empire.

The Roman rule embraces a period of five hundred and forty-one years, after which the Byzantine, ten hundred and fifty-eight years.

In 1453 Mahomed II. took Constantinople, and a little later the Turks extended their conquests over the whole of Greece which became a part of the Turkish Empire. This brings Greek history to the modern period, embracing thus far four hundred and twenty-seven years.

The ancient Greeks or Hellenes were a very brave, enthusiastic people, worshiping the immortal gods, which were supposed to dwell at Delphi, Mount Olympus. Among the chief are, Zeus, (King of Heaven), Apollo, (God of Light), Athene, (Goddess of Wisdom), Hera, (Queen of Heaven), and many others. Besides these divinities were the Nine Muses, and other deities, and The Fates.

The Seven Wise Men of Greece were Bias, Cleobulus, Chilo, Pittacus, Periander, Solon, and Thales.

In reviewing the readings of October and November, we will now skip a period of about two thousand years from the time we started and glance at the history—especially the earlier history—of American literature.

When the English colonists landed on American shores they began to think of establishing schools. In Virginia for the purpose of educating the Indians, in Massachusetts Bay for supply of church pastors. Several attempts were made at the former place, but the college of William and Mary did not receive its charter until 1693. The Puritans of Massachusetts, more successful than the Cavaliers of Virginia, depended upon themselves and established at Newtown (Cambridge) their school or college, in 1636. Two years later it received a sum of money, also a respectable library by the will of John Harvard, a young Charlestown minister, whose name Harvard University now bears. From this time on, schools and their inevitable result, book-making, appeared.

The first writers were of English birth and education, and, as the settlers of Massachusetts Bay were men who had fought and suffered for their religious opinions they held them with firmness, opposed to the Church of England on one hand and the Baptists and Quakers on the other. So long as the influence of the Puritans predominated it was but natural that the affairs of the soul should be uppermost, and the vital issues of the press continued religious books and tracts until politics began to interest and attract the attention of the colonists.

Novels and plays were unknown in the early days of the nation. One of the very first issues of the printing press set up at Cambridge in 1639, was the Bay Psalm book, mainly written by New England divines. This was the first book written and printed at home.

The names of Increase and Cotton Mather stand at the head of theological writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The publications of the former number eighty-five, and of the latter not less than three hundred and eighty-two.

Increase Mather was president of Harvard college from 1685 to 1701. Father and son fully believed in witchcraft, and one of their important books (Cotton's, I believe) justified the Salem executions.

John Eliot, the "apostle to the Indians," was also prominent in the seventeenth century. The Indians in his opinion were descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He wrote a number of books, but his reputation rests upon his translation of the bible into the Indian language.

The honor of the first publication of a volume of poems in New England belongs to Anne Bradstreet, which appeared in 1678.

Early in the eighteenth century appeared Jonathan Edwards. In Stockbridge between 1751 and 1754 he wrote his great treatise on the freedom of the will, the full title of which was, "A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Notion of that Freedom of Will which is Supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame." The principal followers of Edwards are given as Samuel Hopkins, Nathaniel Emmons, and Timothy Dwight. Dr. Dwight was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time, writing poetry and a book of travels, though his expeditions and explorations extended no farther than New England and New York.

The name of Benjamin Franklin now appears on the page of literature, he having been born in Boston in 1706. In early life he went to Philadelphia Pa., where in 1732 appeared "Poor Richard's Almanac," which continued for twenty-five years.

The inculcation of practices of prudence and economy was always a leading idea in the maxims of the Almanac and had a prompt effect in increasing the amount of spare money in Philadelphia. Much of his writings consists of papers on political, financial, social, and scientific subjects. He did a great deal for the advancement of the country, being prominent in the time of the Revolution and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Many other writers in the early history of our country are worthy of note but space will not allow. We will only mention Thomas Prince, a minister of the old south church, Boston, and Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, as prominent men in the colony who wrote several books, and the diary of the latter is considered one of the most remarkable contributions to American social history.

The American Revolution was now stirring the country to its center, and the names of Adams and Otis stand prominent in literature, not omitting that of George Washington.

Newspapers began to flourish as the people took deeper interest in politics. The Federalist, of which Alexander Hamilton was one of the chief editors, was quite prominent.

The introduction of fiction into American literature was by Charles Brockden Brown, "Wie and," printed in 1798. "Ormond" was his second story and "Arthur Mervyn," the third. He also started a monthly magazine and was the first of American authors to make his whole living out of literature.

Histories began to appear about this time. Hannah Adams' "History of New England," was the first standard work written by a New England woman.

Many historians, biographers and theological writers appeared, which considering their limited libraries and other means, were worthy to be reckoned among the country's literature, but no very considerable change occurred until early in the nineteenth century, the Knickerbocker school was established in New York with Washington Irving at its head. He was a striking light in American literature, and, from his time on, its history is replete with names whose luster shines at home and abroad.

The five poets termed "the great American poets," are Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. Historians of the present century, Hildreth, Bancroft, Palfrey, Prescott, and Motley. Eminent in the literature of arctic discoveries, Kane, Hall and Hayes. Nathaniel Hawthorne has been called the greatest imaginative writer since the time of

Shakespeare. Ralph Waldo Emerson the first American essayist, and Louisa M. Alcott the best American writer for juveniles, but the greatest success of any American book has been "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is stated that between five and six hundred thousand copies have been sold in this country alone, and that it has been forty times translated.

Thus with a glance at "The Primer of American Literature," which cannot begin to do it justice we give in brief the remainder of the reading for the first two months of the Reading year.

In The Chautauquan for October we find a paper on German History which we cannot detail at all, merely saying it begins with the early life of the nation, bringing it to the third century or thereabouts, A. D. Also Physical Science—The Air, A paper on Political Economy by G. M. Steele, D. D. Readings in Art—Sculpture. Selections in American Literature, giving a more extended account of Increase and Cotton Mather than "The Primer," and Sunday Readings selected by Dr. Vincent. This is a sermon for each Sunday in the month by some noted minister and extending through the year. These alone are worth the price of the magazine, which is published by Rev. Theodore Flood, Meadville, Pa. Many people not taking the whole course reckon this as one of their magazines for the year.

In November is a continuation of German History, German Literature, Physical Science, Political Economy, Readings in Art, and Selections from American literature.

I have seen it occasionally stated that the Chautauqua reading was a necessity of the age. If this be true there are about fifty thousand embracing this necessity in the United States, and the number probably includes many of our HOUSEHOLD readers.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers be kind enough to send me the words of "Kathleen Mavourneen," also of "When They Played the Guard's Waltz?" The latter is by Eben E. Rexford, I think. If any one could send the remaining stanzas of "Arnold Stand," by Julia Breckinridge, I should be much pleased. My copy is incomplete, closing with the first two lines of the nineteenth stanza,

"And straight to his heart a bullet was sent,
Straight through the cross he wore."
I will gladly repay the favor in any way I can.

GRACIA A. SMITH.
Box 85, N. Wilbraham, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some member of the Band furnish me with the words of an old poem, entitled St. Clair's defeat, which commences something like this:

"November the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,
We had a sore engagement near Fort Jefferson,
St. Clair was our commander, which may be remembered
For there we left nine hundred men in the Western Territory?"

MRS. LIZZIE HOWELL.
Echo, Umatilla Co., Oregon.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send me the poem entitled "Curfew Must not Ring to-night?" I will send any poem that I have in return.

ALICE A. BLANCHARD.
Abington, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the rest of the poem one verse of which is,

"I am sitting alone to-night, darling,
Alone in the dear old room;
And the sound of the rain as it falls on the pane,
Makes deeper the gathering gloom.
For I know it falls on a grave, darling,
A grave 'neath the evergreen shade,
Where we laid you away one bright autumn day,
When the flowers were beginning to fade?"

This poem, and the writer's name will greatly oblige,

VIOLA ADAMS.
Pittsfield, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am one of the shut-in sisters, and I wish to ask a favor of you. I would ask of one or more of the sisters to recommend some choice reading, as myself and daughters

have a great deal of time on our hands. I do not wish light reading, but interesting and entertaining. Also, can any of the sisters send me the words and music of "Paul Vane" and "Grandmother's Watch?" I would send music in exchange, if wished.

E. J. SPRINGER.
Watkins, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your many readers furnish me with the piece of poetry entitled "The Deacon's Dream," published in the Congregationalist a few years ago? I wish very much to get it, either copied or cut out of the paper, and tell me how to repay the favor.

Gilsum, N. H. MRS. L. W. F. MARK.

THE REVIEWER.

OUR BOYS IN CHINA, by Harry W. French, forms the second volume of the adventures of two young Americans, whose previous experiences were related in "Our Boys in India." Readers of that book will remember that leave was taken of the young adventurers on the deck of the steamer Tigress, just as they were leaving Calcutta for Hong Kong. On the voyage thither the steamer encountered a typhoon in the Chinese sea, which it weathered only to take fire later, the boys being saved on a raft, with a young Chinese lad, who had become strongly attached to them. How they wandered from place to place through China, what strange things they saw and what wonderful adventures they passed through, is fascinatingly told. The volume is profusely illustrated and handsomely bound. \$1.75. Boston: James H. Earle, 178 Washington street.

Mr. Underwood's biography of JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is marked by the same pleasing touch which made his life of Longfellow such an acceptable work. That Mr. Whittier should have an active part in its preparation lends an unusual interest. The story of the quiet, uneventful life spent among his books, the sketches of his family, especially those of his aunt and gifted young sister, makes the record one which seems in beautiful harmony with the sometimes powerful, but often sweet and tender verse which has made the name of Whittier a household word. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The third volume in Mr. Edward Greer's series of Japanese juvenile books is entitled "THE BEAR WORSHIPERS OF YEZO," and is a continuation of the adventures of the Jewett family and their Japanese friend, Oto Nambo. In his two former works, "Young America in Japan" and "The Wonderful City of Tokio," Mr. Greer gave a vivid picture of life among the Japanese, describing, under the guise of a story, their social and religious customs, their peculiar traits of character, their industries and the manner in which they are carried on, their amusements, their modes of travel and their peculiar traditions, religious and historical. The present volume is devoted to a story of the Ainos, a tribe of strange people dwelling in Karafuto and Yezo. The volume is intensely interesting and is rendered even more so by the numerous illustrations, most of which were drawn by native Japanese artists. \$1.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

The boys with whom Mr. Trowbridge is so deservedly a favorite will be delighted with the new editions of two of his best stories, THE TINKHAM BROTHERS TIDE-MILL, which many of them read in St. Nicholas, impatiently waiting from month to month, and PHIL AND HIS FRIENDS. Both are helpful stories of boys striving to make themselves successful and useful men, and few boys, or girls either, can read them without learning something from their pleasant lessons.

\$1.75 each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

GUENN, Miss Blanche W. Howard's new book, is a fine study of Breton peasantry and the wild and picturesque Breton coast. It is full of artistic touches, the coarseness and brutality of the rough fisher-people fitting into the story like the clouds in a picture of storm. The characters are sketched with a strong hand; that of Thymert the Breton priest, in striking contrast to the wild, strong-willed, passionate little Guenn, and the selfish, smiling Hamor, one of the three artists who make the foreign element of the sketch. The pathos in the final meeting of Hamor and Thymert is far more tragic than the drowning of the heroine, which seems a hasty, and an uncertain

touch, as if the author did not know, really, what else to do with her, and to let her "get over" her fancy for this smiling young artist and marry her fisherman would be too tame an ending. To us the incident seems a wrong stroke of the brush in an otherwise fine picture. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

CAPITAL FOR WORKING BOYS, by Mrs. J. E. McConaughy is a book we should like to place in the hands of every boy in the country. It is full of sensible, practical advice, given in a very pleasant manner, calculated to interest her readers from the beginning. Its suggestions and helps are made charming by illustration and incident happily adapted by the author to please the young, to whom it cannot fail to be a helpful guide. Our readers will many of them recognize the familiar initials over which the writer's practical, helpful articles have appeared from time to time in our paper. We can offer no better wish than that her book may meet with the success it deserves.

\$1.00. Boston: James H. Earle, 178 Washington street.

Goldsmith's quaint old story of THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD is always a favorite, and a new edition must needs find many readers. We may laugh at the sometimes stilted style and the romantic *dénouements*, but the homely virtues of the vicar and his family who have been household friends for more than a century, are dear to us even while we laugh. The illustrations are well suited to the story, as is the plain yet pretty binding. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

CHATTERBOX JUNIOR has won a deserved popularity among our children which the new volume will sustain. Each page has a picture and each picture tells its own interesting story so plainly that no bright boy or girl can miss it. They are just the sort of engravings that children take delight in studying, being of games and amusements, story-book heroes and fairies, of dogs and monkeys, and hundreds of things that children delight in. The reading matter embraces stories, sketches and rhymes in great variety, prepared expressly to accompany the pictures. \$1.25. New York: R. Worthington & Co.

The boys who admired Dory Dornwood, the bright little hero of "All Adrift," will be glad indeed to meet him again in Oliver Optic's new book SNUG HARBOR, or the Champion Mechanics. How he became famous, not only as master of his pretty yacht, but as the leader among the boys gathered together in his uncle's excellent school, we will leave them to find out for themselves. Price \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

Sophie May has not forgotten the "wee girlies" as the bright little story of FLAXIES' KITTYLEEN bears witness. All the children know Flaxie Frizzle, and her trials with her meddlesome little neighbor will arouse much sympathy in her behalf. The little book is prettily illustrated and also prettily bound. Price 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

The Holiday HARPER'S is an unusually brilliant number, reading matter and illustrations being excellent. Mr. Curtis' Christmas paper is full of his old grace and beauty of expression, and the opening chapters of Mr. Roe's new serial are very pleasant. The many who love Tennyson and his grand verse will read with real enjoyment, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie's sketch of the poet and his home, while Mr. Black is always welcome, even when he contributes such a short article as his "Gossip about the Western Highlands." There are many beautiful Christmas sketches and poems, most of them exquisitely illustrated, while the editorial departments offer the usual attractions. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, the December number of which is before us, offers a most attractive amount of beautiful illustrations and excellent reading. The fine etching from Mr. Farrier's sketch, "Evening by the River," offered by the publishers to each subscriber for the coming year, is a picture which all lovers of art will appreciate, although the magazine needs no inducement to subscribers beyond its own excellence. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

The October number of the INDUSTRIAL NEWS published by the Inventors' Institute of New York is filled with valuable information to those interested in the varied inventions of the day. The description of articles in the permanent exposition is most interesting, and the work cannot fail to be helpful in encouraging industrial tal-

LA MARSEILLAISE GRAND MARCH.

Maestoso.

ent and inventive genius. \$1.50 a year. Inventors' Institute. New York: Cooper Union.

One of the daintiest and prettiest of gifts for the little folks, in the GOLDEN FLORAL FRINGED series, is that of the little nursery rhyme, so familiar to most of them, of the little girl who, when good, was "so very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid." The exquisite covers, with their fringe of delicate pink, and the beauty of the illuminated print inside, are not out of harmony with the humor of the very funny silhouettes which illustrate the little rhyme. Altogether it is a charming Christmas gift for little girls. Price, \$1.50. New York: R. Worthington & Co.

There could be no happier combination than that just made of the WHEELMAN with OUTING. Both were devoted to recreation and out-door life. Both were bright, cheery and always welcome, and together ought to make one of the most delightful magazines published. 608

Washington St., Boston: Outing and the Wheelman.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INSANE OUTSIDE OF ASYLUMS, by Dr. Draper, of the Vermont Asylum, is an excellent and timely paper on this important subject, just now beginning to receive the attention it demands.

THE ART FOLIO for November is an attractive number, from its plain artistic cover to its last page. The full-page engravings are pleasing, the literary matter good, and paper and print are alike excellent. \$3.00 a year. J. A. & A. R. Reid, Providence, R. I.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

THE CENTURY for December. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

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

THE CONTINENT for November. Weekly, \$4.00 a year. New York: Our Continent Publishing Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for December. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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

THE ARTIST. Weekly, \$2.00 a year, 10 cents a number. Boston: 1 Pemberton Square.

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

THE FOLIO for December. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD for November. \$1.50 a year. S. Brainard's Sons. Cleveland: Ohio.

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

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Weekly, \$1.75 a year. Boston: The Youth's Companion Publishing Co.

WIDE AWAKE for December. \$2.50 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

THE INTERWORDIAN MAGAZINE. \$2.50 a year. Toronto, Can.: Hunter, Rose & Co.

GOLDEN DAYS. A weekly for young people. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia.

THE PANSY. A weekly magazine for little readers. 75 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

NEW MUSIC. We have received from Russell Brothers, Boston, "Only a Forget-me-not," *valse brillante*, by Richard Stahl, 75 cents; "The Organist," vocal improvisation, by Arthur J. Mundy, 40 cents; and three numbers of Russell's Musical Library: "I've Spent My Last Dime," by Gus Williams, 40 cents; "Who'd have Thought It?" and "Parlez vous Francais?" 40 cents each.

From J. M. Russell, Boston, "Old Nicodemus, de Euler oh de Jews," by Sam Lucas, 40 cents.

The Dispensary.

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

NEURALGIA simply means nerve pain. If the pain proceeds from the hip or sciatic nerve, it is called sciatica. Not that the pain must necessarily be in the hip. The nerve begins there, and extends down to the feet, and the pain may be anywhere on the way. If the pain is in the face it is called tic doloreux, or face ache; if in one side of the head, hemicrania, etc. It would seem as if neuralgia must be a disease peculiar to modern times, as it is not mentioned at all in some ancient medical works, but we find some of its forms under the heads rheumatism and gout. Doubtless, there are in these diseases points of resemblance, one of which is that they are all very painful. Rheumatism is characterized by pain in the larger joints, or in the muscles. In acute rheumatism there is fever and swelling of the parts affected. In chronic rheumatism there is no fever nor swelling, simply pain, and that is often very severe indeed, almost as bad as the pain of toothache, sciatica, or gout. A Frenchman says, "Place your joint in a vice, turn the screw till you can bear it no longer; that gives you an idea of rheumatism; now give the instrument one more turn, and you have gout."

Gout is prevalent among those who eat and drink too much and work too little, rheumatism, among those who eat too little and work too much. Dr. Warren says, "Gout is rheumatism's cousin; the parentage of both belongs to the brotherhood of the acids. A very acid state of the blood, or a state favorable to the formation of acid, is supposed to be the cause of the inflammation peculiar to both these disorders. In rheumatism, an acid which exists in sour milk and in cider, called lactic acid is thought to be the disturbing element." (The acid in cider is generally supposed to be malic acid, or the acid found in apples.) "In gout, lithic or uric acid is known to be uncommonly abundant."

Had we time and space, it might be an interesting matter of speculation to inquire how the acid got in there, and once in how we are to get it out. There are various theories on this subject. One writer says, "Rheumatism proceeds from a vitiated condition of the blood. An hereditary taint in the circulating fluid may be excited into morbid action by a slight cold, but more commonly the blood becomes vitiated through mal-assimilation, and a faulty metamorphosis action. The precise principle of the poison engendered has not been fully ascertained. It is generally believed to be lactic acid."

Extremely clear, isn't it? But practical people may at least try to avoid taking cold and so exciting this "morbid action," and may be careful to take nourishing, easily digested food, that it may be readily "assimilated," and metamorphosed," i.e., changed, into good, healthy blood and muscle. So much by way of "preventive," which all sensible people are aware is "worth a pound of cure."

Now, how to eliminate or get rid of this offending acid is the next question. Upon this point physicians have various opinions. Some eminent physicians recommend alkalies to neutralize the acid, others recommend other acids, as, for example, lemonade, or cream of tartar water, drank freely, perhaps on the old principle, *Similia similibus curantur*, "Like cures like," and the latter seem as successful as the former. This may, perhaps, be partly explained in the fact that what suits one constitution does not suit

another; for example, in the nervous temperament there is an excess of alkaline matter, and such people crave acids, and find them an aid to digestion, while others dislike and avoid everything acid, because it has been found to disagree with them. To go into particulars a little, with some prescriptions Dr. Fuller prescribes an effervescent citrate of potash draught, with an excess of forty to sixty grains of bicarbonate of soda, or bicarbonate of potash, at two, three, and four hours' interval. Another physician recommends a small quantity of common baking soda, say a quarter of a teaspoonful in a few spoonfuls of water, after each meal. This is given on the principle that alkalies neutralize acids, but we must remember that the injurious acid is in the blood and not in the stomach. Common soda is very powerful and corrosive, and unless neutralized by a proper proportion of acid is very injurious to the delicate coats of the stomach. Only occasionally do we find people who are liable to acid stomach with whom soda agrees. Oftener we find people who would be the worse for taking it, and who require acids to promote digestion.

The true way of getting rid of impurities of the blood is by keeping active and in good working order all the eliminatory organs of the body, as the perspiratory ducts in the skin, the bowels, the kidneys, the lungs, and the liver. When these are in good condition we do not hear of rheumatism or gout. And just here we may observe that an excess of lactic acid is found in the blood in pleurisy, also; and pleurisy or inflammation of the pleura or sack which envelops the lungs, is always brought on by taking cold, sudden checking of the insensible perspiration, and consequent closing of the myriad little tubes all over the body that convey away the perspiration, that safety valve which passes off so much of the poisonous, effete matter of the system, which, if allowed to accumulate, would give rise to countless disorders and pains and soon bring death.

An English writer speaks of vicissitudes of temperature as among the most common causes of rheumatism, and all agree in this opinion. It is therefore extremely important that those who are liable to it, should wear flannels, thick or light all the year round, avoid damp localities, and night air, and sudden transitions from heat to cold. A piece of oiled silk worn over a little cotton batting upon the painful part is a good thing, promoting warmth and perspiration, and so relieving pain. If the cotton is wet with camphorated spirit or chloroform liniment, it is still more efficacious. This is also good for neuralgia. In all these diseases, as well as in health, as a safeguard, the bowels must be kept free by laxative food, exercise, and, if necessary, mild aperients. Preparations of colchicum are recommended in both rheumatism and gout to act upon the kidneys, and throw off the offending acid in this way.

As the chief cause of gout is high living and indolence, it is happily not common among our active country men and women, who oftener have too much rather than too little to do. Dr. Buchan says in a famous medical work published in 1790, speaking of gout, "Excess and idleness are the true sources from which it springs, and all who would avoid it, must be active and temperate," yet he goes on to say afterwards that it is sometimes caused by "intense study, grief, uneasiness of mind, night watching, or obstructions of any of the customary discharges." But, as we have seen already, obstructions of accustomed discharges, especially checking the perspiration by cold, are among the causes of rheumatism, while loss of sleep, grief and anxiety and excessive mental application are

among the causes of neuralgia. As Dr. Buchan makes no mention of neuralgia in his large work, we may conclude that some of them were really neuralgic patients. Yet neuralgia is a disease of the nervous system, rheumatism a disease of the fibrous tissue of the muscles or of the synovial membrane that covers the joints, caused by a too acid state of the blood, in which particular it resembles gout. Gout is most prevalent among the very rich who have little incitement to labor. Rheumatism is most prevalent among people who are overworked, underfed, and badly or unsuitably clothed.

For example, a woman exercises violently, endeavoring to accomplish as well and as quickly as possible her household duties, washing, for instance, and when in a perspiration over the steam, goes out in the wind and cold to hang out her clothes before she has cooled off, or without being wrapped up; or, for another example, she gets into a heat with cooking, preserving or pickling, and then feeling uncomfortably warm sits down in a cool room with a visitor, or takes up her sewing, knitting, writing, book or paper, as the case may be, near a window, to see better as the day wanes. Before she is aware of it, some imperceptible current of air has come in upon her head, her neck, her back, her face, her shoulder, or her limbs, checking the insensible perspiration. The effete, poisonous matter which should have been thus discharged is retained in the system, making the blood impure, and often hours, days, nay, perhaps even weeks or years of suffering may result from this little piece of carelessness, for neuralgia and rheumatism, like bad habits and many other ills, are easy to get, but often very hard to cure; so let busy, hard-working housekeepers take warning in time.

But suppose one is already a sufferer, what then? We must certainly try to advise some way of relief. It is said that hot whey, drank freely, is a specific for rheumatism. Whey may be made in more ways than one. Dr. Buchan recommends the following for rheumatism:

"Mustard Whey for Rheumatism, Dropsey, etc.—Take milk and water, of each a pint; bruised mustard seed an ounce and a half. Boil them together till the curd is perfectly separated, afterwards strain the whey through a cloth. The dose is an ordinary teacupful four or five times a day."

Dr. Warren and others recommend passing a current of electric magnetism through the affected part. Turkish baths are said to be a delightful and certain cure. But these are expensive and not within the reach of all. There can be no doubt of the benefit of warm bathing at home, if one is careful not to take cold after it. The severest pain is often relieved at once while lying in a bath of hot water. When the patient comes out, wipe dry and roll in a flannel sheet or long flannel night dress, of which all who can afford it should possess at least two, and go quickly into a warm bed containing a hot freestone or bottle of hot water. Or else, if well enough, dress quickly in warm clothes, and avoid all drafts of air and exposure to cold. Frequent bathing, as we all know, is as necessary for health as for cleanliness.

The use of the flesh brush night and morning is recommended by the best physicians, and is especially good in curing rheumatism and neuralgia. It opens the pores, quickens the circulation, and invigorates and strengthens the organs in various ways. It is particularly beneficial for people whose employments keep them sitting most of the time.

The sun bath is highly recommended also as a cure, and too much can hardly be said of the sun's rays as a life and health giving agency. In winter at least

we can hardly be in danger of having too much of it. Dr. Forbes Winslow who has written on "Influence of Light," says, "I have assisted many dyspeptics, rheumatic, neuralgic, hypochondriacal people into health by the sun cure," and Florence Nightingale, in her excellent "Notes on Nursing," says, "Put the pale, withering plant and human being into the sun, and if not too far gone, they will recover health and spirit."

As rheumatism is caused by cold, so it is relieved by heat. A warm flatiron passed over the affected part is a common method of relief practiced among poor people in England. A hot freestone in a flannel bag kept under or near the suffering joints or muscles through the night is still better. I can personally testify to the comfort I have experienced in (like Jacob) taking a stone for a pillow, when suffering from rheumatic or neuralgic pains in the head, neck and shoulders. Of course, it must be a hot, not a cold stone. A glass bottle filled with hot water, if securely corked, is still better, and a rubber bag made for the purpose with a tight screw cork, filled with hot water, and encased in a flannel bag is best of all for those who can afford this luxury. It affords almost instantaneous and complete relief from pain, and the patient falls into a delicious sleep under its soothing influence. Mattresses of rubber are now made in this way for invalids, and used in some of the best hospitals, filled with water of any desired temperature. Whoever has suffered pain, knows how hard the pillow and the bed always seem when ill, one can never find an easy position, but the water is so yielding and accommodating, adjusting itself without trouble to the slightest turn, and the warmth is so grateful and comfortable that sleep comes like magic.

Relief obtained thus by heat does not, however, always cure permanently. When the heat is gone the pains are liable to return. To prevent this and to effect a permanent cure,

1. We must wear clothing enough to keep us warm, be it one, two or three sets of flannels. The amount of clothing worn by one is no criterion for another. We must dress according to our work and to the weather.

2. Keep the eliminatory organs active by a suitable aliment, the use of the flesh brush, frequent bathing, and other means, if necessary.

3. Carefully avoid exposures and sudden transitions of temperature; but do not grow tender by staying in the house too much. Exercise out of doors every day regularly. In winter, spring and fall, it should be near the middle of the day. Live as much as possible in the sunshine.

4. Take time for rest and recreation, cultivate congenial friends and surroundings, try to forget unpleasant things that cannot be remedied, and think of what is lovely, beautiful and pleasant, thank God for all that is good, and take courage. There is nothing so good for the health as happiness.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

CURE FOR CORNS.—The following from the Journal of Chemistry is worth trying: "Soak the feet well in warm water, pare off as much of the corn as can be done without pain, and bind up the part with a piece of linen or muslin, thoroughly saturated with sperm oil, or, what is better, the oil from herring or mackerel. After three or four days the dressing may be found of a soft and healthy texture, and less liable to the formation of a new corn than before. We have obtained this recipe from a reliable source which we cannot well doubt, and we publish it for the benefit of many readers."

and fastening to the wall. Wheel your "sleepy hollow" chair into this alcove and your "cozy corner" is complete when some friend is seated there.

Cousin Frank.

BABY SHIRT.

High neck and long sleeves. One skein of Saxony yarn will make two shirts. Use bone needles of medium size.

Cast on sixty stitches loosely. Knit across and back; this forms one ridge. Slip the first stitch always. Knit till you have twenty ridges on one side of the work, which will now be three inches deep. Then knit two stitches and seam two for twenty rows, or two inches. Then knit back and forth till you have twenty ridges. Now knit forty of the stitches and take off the other twenty on a thread. Bind off twenty stitches for back of neck, and on the remaining twenty * knit till you have four ridges. Cast on ten stitches for neck in front, and knit these thirty stitches till you have sixteen ridges. Then knit two stitches and seam two for twenty rows, and take the stitches off on a thread. Repeat from * with the twenty stitches first taken off on a thread. Then knit across the whole sixty stitches till you have twenty ridges, and bind off loosely. Sew up the sides five inches, leaving the part above the ribbed work for the arm-holes.

Sleeve.—Cast on sixty stitches and knit till you have twenty ridges, narrowing once at the end of needle every other time across till there are forty stitches on the needle.

Knit two stitches and seam two for ten rows at wrist, and bind off. Sew in sleeves. Finish bottom of shirt and sleeves, also the neck and opening in the front half, by crocheting a row of holes in double crochet. Then a row of scallops thus: put four double crochet in every other hole and a single crochet in the alternate holes.

To make a handsomer shirt, have four rows of scallop knitting at the bottom of shirt and sleeves, and finish by knitting two and seaming two stitches for rest of shirt.

M. B.

CROCHET EDGING.

Commence with four chain, join, three chain, turn, two trebles under four chain, one chain, one treble under the four chain, two chain, two trebles separated by one, one treble under the chain, four chain, turn, * two trebles separated by one chain under two chain, two chain, two trebles separated by one chain under same two chain, four chain, turn, two trebles separated by one chain under two chain, two chain, two trebles separated by one chain under same two chain, eight trebles, each separated by one chain under four chain at the turn of second row, one double under four chain at the turn of first row, turn, * one double under one chain, three chain, one double under same chain; repeat from last *. Six turns more, two chain, two trebles separated by one chain under two chain of last row, two chain, two trebles separated by one chain under two chain of last row, two chain, two trebles separated by one chain under same two chain, four chain, turn, then repeat from first *.

For the heading, three double trebles under four chain, keep the top loop on the hook, three double treble under next four chain, keep the top loop of each on the hook, draw thread through all the loops on the hook together, five chain. Repeat from beginning of row.

RHONA.

CALLA LILY MAT.

Materials: One and one-fourth skeins of green Germantown, one skein of white zephyr, and three cents' worth of yellow zephyr.

Commence with green, crochet in loose double crochet seven times around; that makes the center of the mat. Then make a chain of ten stitches, crochet back in chain without putting thread over; make six of these at equal distances apart around the mat. These chains are the centers of leaves. Crochet in loose double crochet three times around mat and chain, narrowing between the chains every time around or it will be too full. Put in stitches at the end of chain so it will lie flat. Crochet once around without putting the thread over. It makes a prettier finish.

Now for the lilies. Take white, begin with one stitch, make three in it; crochet back and forth, each time putting three in center stitch until it measures three inches on the outside edges, (this is to be made without putting thread over;) sew the outside edges together, and crochet a cord of the yellow, fasten inside the lily, and you have a pretty good imitation calla lily. Make six of these and fasten under the fullness between the leaves. Then run a piece of green yarn in the last row you crocheted before you began the leaves, draw it up a little, and crochet one row around it so it will stand up around whatever you set in the mat.

ESSIE.

INSERTION EDGING.

Cast on sixteen stitches, and knit twice across plain.

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

2. Knit ten, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, etc., like first row.

4. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, etc., like first row.

6. Knit twelve, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit five, etc., like first row.

8. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit six, etc., like first row.

10. Knit fourteen, rest like second row.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit seven, etc., like first row.

12. Cast off six, knit eight, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

Begin at first row. D. N. C.

HOW TO POLISH HORNS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell O. T. F. our way of polishing a cow's horn. Boil the horn to remove the pith unless it is already out. Scrape with glass or a sharp knife, dipping the horn in hot water occasionally to keep it soft. When all the roughness and spots are off, rub with fine sand paper or emery paper around the horn. When as smooth as they can be made in this way, take powdered pumice stone or rotten stone, with a flannel cloth and linseed oil, and rub lengthwise till all the sand paper marks are removed. Then rub with a clean flannel cloth till fully polished. It is said that after this a cotton cloth and finely tissue paper will produce a still higher polish, and I think it worth trying. A pair of horns can be mounted by taking

a block of wood long enough to extend into the horns, leaving them the original distance apart. Then fill the horns with wet plaster of Paris, and push them on the ends of the block. When dry they will be solid, and if the block is properly shaped, and covered with satin or plush, they will be "perfectly splendid." The block may be rounded at the top and flattened at the bottom, so as to set securely on a shelf or bracket. MAY BOYD.

Eau Claire, Wis.

NARROW CROCHET EDGING.

S. c., put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the thread through, take up the thread and pull through loop just made, and through the loop on the needle.

D. c., turn the thread around the needle, put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the thread through, then take it up and bring it through two loops twice.

Ch. means chain.

Chain fifteen stitches.

1. S. c. in sixth stitch, ch. three, s. c. in ninth stitch, ch. three, s. c. in twelfth stitch, ch. three, s. c. in fifteenth stitch, ch. four, turn.

2. S. c. in first loop, ch. three, s. c. in next, ch. three, s. c. in next, ch. three, s. c. in last, ch. four, turn.

3. S. c. in first loop, ch. three, s. c. in next, ch. three, s. c. in next, ch. three, seven d. c. in next, ch. three, turn.

4. S. c. between first and second d. c., ch. three, s. c. between second and third, so continue, ch. three and s. c. between d. c. and between each loop till you have ten "ch. three." This finishes one scallop.

Begin at first row. You will have to ch. four to start, and s. c. in loop instead of foundation stitch. M. R. M.

RASPBERRY STITCH.

I send this pretty stitch for the benefit of some one, as I have received so much benefit and good instruction from our excellent paper.

Cast on any number of stitches that will be a multiple of four and add two more; for instance, sixteen and two, or twenty-four and two.

1. Purl clear across.

2. Knit first stitch, knit, purl and knit before slipping the second stitch, making three stitches of one. Purl the next three together, knit, purl and knit the next stitch, making three stitches of one. Purl the next three together, and so repeat throughout the needle.

3. Like the first.

4. Knit the first, purl the next three together, then knit, purl and knit the next before slipping, making three stitches out of one, etc., thus changing the order with the second row. Remember always to knit the first stitch and change the order of the berries. It makes the pattern very simple.

We are making our afghan of stripes of afghan stitch, embroidered in gay colors, alternating with stripes of raspberry stitch. "Stripes" is the proper word.

PRETTY PATTERN FOR SHAWLS.

Cast on nineteen stitches.

1. Knit three, thread over and narrow clear across, making eight holes.

2. Across plain.

3. Same as first row.

4. Across plain.

5. Same as first row.

6. Across plain.

7. Across plain. You are now at the bottom or lower edge of the trimming.

8. Knit sixteen stitches, leaving them very loose on the needle, at least one-fourth inch if the yarn is fine, longer if it is coarse, then knit three just as usual.

9. Knit three, count four stitches, and leaving them on the needle knit the next

four, then knit the four left at first, leave the next four, knitting the last four, then knit the four left. There are eight stitches crossed, four each way, in two places.

10. Knit across plain.

11. Knit three, thread over, and narrow, the same as first row.

SUBSCRIBER.

LEAF PATTERN.

Count nine stitches for each pattern and three for the purled stripe.

1. Knit one, over, knit one, over, knit five, narrow (by knitting two together), purl three.

2. Knit eight, narrow, purl three.

3. Knit two, over, knit one, over, knit four, narrow, purl three.

4. Same as second row.

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

6. Same as second row.

7. Knit four, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, purl three.

8. Same as second row.

9. Knit five, over, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, purl three.

10. Same as second row.

11. Knit six, over, knit one, over, narrow, purl three.

12. Same as second row.

Repeat from first row. COM.

TABLE MATS.

Materials: Some heavy pasteboard, glue, and one bunch each of light and dark wood splints, such as were used so much a few years ago for fancy work. Cut the pasteboard in the shape you wish the mat, round or oval. Cover one side of each splint with glue as you put it on. Be careful to begin straight, alternate dark and light, and press each one down closely on the pasteboard. When it is all covered, put it under a heavy weight to dry. Trim off the ends of the splints even with the board, and you will have a pretty set of mats at small cost. A coat of varnish over all is an improvement. If any one tries it I hope she will tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD if she is pleased.

CONSTANCE GREGORY.

WORSTED BALLS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Enquirer will take a common silver fork and wind her wool forty or fifty times, (according to size) then tie between the two middle prongs with linen thread, double, leaving a few inches, slip off the fork and clip till good shape, roll in the hands, and you have a neat little ball for fancy work, with but little trouble, much easier than using cardboard.

Lillie, those *'s and +'s mean repeat from one to the other. I have very good success in taking patterns from directions given.

Will some one give directions for crocheting a lady's hood, and the kind and quantity of wool required?

JEANNETTE.

WATCH POCKET.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number I noticed May's request for a watch pocket. I will tell her how I have made some of silk and also of worsted. At the hardware store get about three dozen curtain rings the next to the smallest size, crochet into these with a double crochet stitch until each is full, it may not take the three dozen, it is according to the size required. You can use two colors or one as you wish. When you have enough rings filled fasten together with a needle and some of the silk. I made the back of mine a diamond and the front a half diamond and fastened together around the edge.

COM.

KNITTED LACE NECKTIE.

In a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD Esther asks for a lace tie pattern. I send one which I think pretty. It is called the Normandy lace tie.

Cast on fifty-five stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, * make one, knit three, make one, narrow, knit nine, narrow, repeat from * twice, make one, knit three, make one, knit two.

2. Knit two, * make one, knit five, make one, narrow, knit seven, narrow, repeat from * twice, make one, knit five, make one, knit two.

3. Knit two, * make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, narrow, knit five, narrow, repeat from * twice, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, knit two.

4. Knit two, * make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit three, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, narrow, knit three, narrow, repeat from * twice, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit three, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, knit two.

5. Knit two, * make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit five, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one, narrow, repeat from * twice, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, knit two.

6. Knit two, * make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit three, make one, narrow, knit two, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, narrow, knit three, repeat from * twice, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit three, make one, narrow, knit two, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, knit two.

7. Slip and bind one, knit one, make one, narrow, * knit one, make one, narrow, knit three, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit three, make one, narrow, repeat from * twice, knit one, make one, narrow, knit three, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit two.

8. Slip and bind one, knit one, make one, narrow, * knit one, make one, narrow, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, narrow, repeat from * twice, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow.

9. Slip and bind one, knit one, make one, narrow, * knit one, make one, slip one (as if about to purl), narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, make one, knit one, narrow, make one, knit seven, make one, narrow, repeat from * twice, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow.

10. Slip and bind one, knit one, make one, narrow, knit three, narrow, make one, knit nine, make one, repeat from * twice, narrow, knit three, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow.

11. Slip and bind one, knit one, make one, * narrow, knit one, narrow, make one, knit eleven, make one, repeat from * twice, narrow, knit one, narrow, make one, knit one, narrow.

12. Slip and bind one, knit one, make one, * slip one, narrow, throw over slipped stitch, make one, knit thirteen, make one, repeat from * twice, slip one, narrow, throw over slipped stitch, make one, knit one, narrow.

Repeat from first row.

CARRIE P. WALTON.
Hornitas, Mariposa Co., Cal.

each pattern and repeating the directions between the stars accordingly.

It is very pretty made of Barbour's linen thread number eighty, with medium sized needles, but still handsomer made of silk.

Mother is knitting the star quilt from the pattern given by Delia, and she is very much pleased with it. I am knitting the border for it from the pattern given by Carrie P. Walton, and think it very handsome.

We have also commenced a worsted tidy for a large chair, from Faith Hopkin's pattern, and it is, we find, both simple to make and pretty to look at.

ELLA W. REYNOLDS.

Chico, Butte Co., Cal.

HANDSOME LACE.

I see in one of the late numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD a sister asking for wide lace, suitable for pillow shams. I here give directions for a very pretty pattern.

Use number twenty or twenty-four spool cotton.

Cast on thirty-four stitches.

1. Slip one, knit three, over, take two together at the back, (this means insert the needle through the stitches, toward the left, back of the needle in the left hand, instead of the front, and knit two together,) knit three, narrow, over twice, seam three, over, take two together at the back, knit three, over, take two together at the back, over, narrow six times, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit twenty-three, seam five, knit three, in the next stitch both knit and seam a stitch, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit five, over, take two together at the back, knit one, narrow, over twice, seam five, over, take two together at the back, knit three, over, narrow six times, knit one.

4. Slip one, knit twenty-four, seam three, knit five, knit one and seam one, both in the same stitch, knit one. (Thirty-six stitches.)

5. Slip one, knit seven, over, knit three stitches together, over twice, seam seven, over, take two together at the back, knit three, over, narrow six times, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit twenty-five, seam one, knit seven, knit one and seam one in the same stitch, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit six, narrow, over, knit three, over, take two together at the back, seam three, narrow, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit one from the back, over, narrow five times, knit two.

8. Slip one, knit twenty-four, seam three, knit six, narrow, knit one.

9. Slip one, knit four, narrow, over, knit five, over, take two together at the back, seam one, narrow, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit one at the back, over, narrow six times, knit one.

10. Slip one, knit twenty-three, seam five, knit four, narrow, knit one.

11. Slip one, knit two, narrow, over, knit seven, over, knit three together, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit one at the back, over, narrow six times, knit two.

12. Slip one, knit twenty-one, seam seven, knit two, narrow, knit two.

Repeat from first row.

CARRIE P. WALTON.

Hornitas, Mariposa Co., Cal.

KNITTED UNDERDRAWERS.

Materials, two large fifty-cent skeins of four-threaded Saxony yarn, cream white or scarlet. A pair of number four and some number eight needles are required.

With number eight needles cast on two hundred stitches for the body and one extra. This one extra stitch is to be marked by some different colored thread

in the middle of the work, to form the center to the body.

1. One hundred stitches plain, (seam one, which is the center stitch,) one hundred plain.

2. Two plain, seam two, repeat to end of row.

3. Two plain, seam two, repeat to end of row.

Repeat third row three times more. In the seventh row increase a stitch (by putting wool over the needle) on each side the center stitch. All the rest of the row is two plain, seam two.

8, 9, 10 and 11. Like second row.

12. Like seventh row.

Next four rows like second row.

17. Like seventh row.

Go on in this manner, increasing a stitch on each side the center stitch in every fifth row, until you have worked sixty-eight rows.

Now divide the stitches in half for the legs. Knit on the first half of the stitches sixteen plain rows, still keeping the rib of two plain, two seam.

At the seventeenth row, with four number eight needles join the work, knit eleven rounds, two plain, two seam.

12. Decrease one (that is, narrow) on each side of the seam stitch, which now is the stitch where the work is joined.

* Thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds ribbed by knitting two plain, two seam, as above. Sixteenth round, decrease one on each side of seam stitch.* Repeat from * to * four ribbed rounds as above between each round of decreasing.

Work in this manner until you have only fifty-four stitches left on the needles. Now knit twenty rows of one plain, seam one, and bind off loosely.

Take up the stitches on the other leg, and repeat the above directions exactly.

When both legs are finished, take up the center stitch of the body and knit a gusset. This is done thus: One plain, turn, take up the stitch on last row of leg, knit it plain, turn, slip the first stitch, next plain, knit the first stitch on the other leg, turn, slip one, two plain, increase, knit one plain on the next leg, turn, slip one, four plain. Take up one stitch on the next leg, turn, slip one, knit all the rest plain and take one stitch up at the end of each row until the stitches are all knitted up to the join of the legs. Then continue to knit, decreasing one at the end of each row as you take up the stitches on the other side of the leg, and up the front of the body, until you have only one stitch left, knit this plain, take up the stitches on the sides of the two fronts, three plain rows. Sew over strongly in the front. Then take a crochet needle and crochet a band of ten rows.

EVA M. NILES.

East Gloucester, Mass.

CHILD'S SACQUE IN STAR STITCH.

A. B. H. asks for the above pattern, in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD. I send the following which I hope may please her.

Materials, one skein of white Shetland wool and one of blue or scarlet, or any color can be used, according to the taste of the knitter.

Begin at the bottom, making a chain of one hundred and eighty-two stitches, crochet ten times across, keeping the edges straight.

11. Narrow in the center of the back, then work eight times across, narrowing in the center of the back each time.

To make the armhole, crochet ten stars, break your wool, omit one, and proceed to the center of the back, narrow one when within eleven stars of the other edge, break the wool and omit one star as on the other side, crochet seven times across in this way, and you then have a slot for the sleeve. Crochet across four

times, narrowing on each shoulder and in the center of the back.

For sleeve, set up a chain of fifty-four stitches, crochet round and round, not breaking the wool, until you reach the top of the sleeve. Twenty times around will be sufficient. Crochet nearly around, omitting two stars, break the wool, crochet three times across, omitting one star at the beginning and dropping one at the end of each row. This will round up the top of the sleeve.

Finish with an edge of blue or scarlet. A cord run in the neck, with tassels to be tied at the back, completes the sacque. This is sufficiently large for a child ten months old.

MRS. J. C. MEINS.

The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon.

ECONOMICAL SKIRTS.

A good way to utilize ribbed socks when the feet are past wearing, is to cut the legs off straight above the heel, open up the back, sew, or crochet, enough of them together to give width for child's skirt, making shell trimming for the bottom, and sewing into a band at the waist. These are warm, durable and pretty, and little trouble to make.

KATE A. M.

THE WORK TABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to C. D. S., if she will send her address to Mrs. L. R. Marvel, Swansea, Mass., she will receive the desired information in regard to the purse, either knitted or crocheted, several different patterns.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please explain to me some of the stitches in crochet, single, double, treble and Indian?

SCOTCH LASSIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers please tell me how to prepare alum for crystallizing ferns and grasses? I would also like to know very much, how to make a pretty basket for holding cards.

N. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers give directions for making a rag doll?

Newport, R. I.

MRS. J. D. GROFF.

Will some one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send full and plain directions for a stitch either in knitting or crochet for a square shawl? Would like the center close and warm, the border open. The material to be used is split zephyr. Also directions for a gentleman's scarf in single zephyr, crocheted preferred, but do not want the afghan stitch?

The directions for feather-edge braid in the October number are beautiful, but can any one give directions for a kind that needs to be gone over twice to be completed? When done, the scallops are round and about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar. It is very handsome and decidedly uncommon.

Who will describe the stitch known as crazy stitch?

C. J. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please tell me what kind of drapery to use for windows when the room is used for bed room and sitting room?

E. D. S.

North Carolina.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give directions how to crochet a bead watch guard?

M. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make clover leaf crochet edging, also give directions for making a crocheted tidy?

I. B. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please give directions for crocheting a lady's close fitting sacque (crazy stitch) with high neck and long sleeves, also what material and how much is required?

SUBSCRIBER.

Reply to O. T. F. The cow's horn can be easily polished in the following way: Take a rather coarse file and file all of the rough places as smooth as convenient; then take number 2 sand paper and rub until a good surface is obtained, then number one, and follow with number 0. After all of the scratches from the coarser sand paper are removed, rub with rotten-stone and oil on a woolen rag. This will give it a mirror-like polish if all of the scratches are previously removed.

Will some one give directions for inlaying wood, called mosaic veneer?

T.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Thirty-five.

BY THE appearance of the notes I have jotted down that I might remember all the things I want to talk about to-day, I think it will be a veritable chapter of odds and ends, so I will just take time to wish every one of our HOUSEHOLD Band a "Happy New Year," and proceed to business.

I want to tell Mrs. F. E. A., who asked so long ago how to remove finger marks, etc., from her piano—although it

may not properly belong in this department—how we were told by the manufacturer from whom we purchased ours, to keep it in order. Spread newspapers upon the floor and roll the piano on them, letting the carpet be well covered for some distance about it. Dust thoroughly. Sift a little flour, perhaps half a cupful, on a plate, have an ounce of pure olive oil in a cup, and provide yourself with small pieces of new Canton flannel and a soft silk handkerchief, the older and softer the better. Now twist a piece of the flannel, nap side out, about two fingers and dip very carefully into the oil, taking up only a few drops. Rub the wood rapidly and with as much strength as you can spare, and rub over only a small place at a time. Do the front first. Rub again with a dry piece, and still again if necessary. Then with another dipped into the flour go over it again. This absorbs the oil, if any remains. Then rub with the silk handkerchief, and you will be perfectly satisfied with the handsome polish. Once or twice a year should be sufficiently often to go through with this tiresome performance, and little people should be, and can be easily, taught that the keyboard of a piano is the only part which they may touch, and that carefully.

Now from pianos to—cookies! I can sympathize with the disappointed ones who have had a recipe given them ending with, "Stir in sufficient flour to make a stiff dough," and after spending considerable time and strength over the mixing and rolling, to take a pan of cookies from the oven tough and dry from a surplus of flour. But I conquered at last by spoiling a good many "messes" of sugar, butter and flour in experimenting, and now every recipe for cookies which is used at "our house" has the necessary amount of flour given. It should be remembered that if the patent flour is not used, a little more flour, (perhaps an extra heaping teaspoonful to each cupful will be a fair proportion,) is needed.

For nice sugar cookies, not too good, however, for every day, we like the following recipe very much. One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda and four cupfuls of flour. Flavor with any spice or extract desired. Remember that the tablespoon must be a real tablespoon. If you use the big mixing spoon the cookies will be spoiled. Cream butter and sugar together, then add the eggs, well beaten, then the cream with the soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of boiling water stirred well into it, then add whatever flavoring is used and the flour, stirring quickly till well mixed. Use as little flour as possible on the moulding board. We often leave a little from the last cupful to use for this, as one is apt to use more than is necessary. These cookies, or any others in fact, should not be kneaded or mixed at all on the board. If properly mixed in the bowl they will be ready to roll without any kneading.

The following is an excellent recipe for

soft molasses cookies. One and one-fourth cupfuls of best New Orleans molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of thick cream, slightly sour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, slightly heaped, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Six cupfuls of flour. Roll about one-fourth of an inch thick. This recipe makes three and one-half dozens. If cream is not to be had, use milk, and to each cupful called for in any recipe, whether sweet or sour, allow one heaping tablespoonful of butter, warmed enough to stir into the milk. This amount of butter is entirely independent of any other amount given in the recipe.

In recipes in which buttermilk is mentioned, and which many people cannot procure, milk may be used, adding butter in the proportion of a scant tablespoonful to each cupful of milk. We should never use buttermilk, even if we could get it, milk being always preferable.

Another little cake, not exactly a cooky, but easier to make, and we think better, is as follows: One-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of best New Orleans molasses, one-third cupful of melted butter, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Mix the soda with a teaspoonful of boiling water and stir into the molasses. Add the butter, egg, salt and spice, part of the flour, then the sugar and the remainder of the flour. When well mixed, flour the hands, and take off pieces of the dough the size of a nutmeg, roll slightly, then roll them in granulated sugar. Put on buttered tins an inch apart, and bake in a quick oven. These are very nice. We also make the first recipe for cookies in this manner, leaving out a cupful of the flour. Sometimes instead of flavoring these we put a little cinnamon in the sugar in which they are rolled. They are very nice and will keep, if closely covered, for three or four weeks.

We make a sort of Sally Lunn, or breakfast cake, which is very nice. We call it a "breakfast" cake, although it makes a frequent appearance at our tea table, and often does duty as dessert, with canned or fresh fruits. Three cupfuls of flour, one scant tablespoonful of butter, warmed enough to soften it, one egg well beaten, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, as one likes best, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, which should be mixed thoroughly with the flour. Mix the beaten egg, milk, butter and salt together, and stir the flour in rapidly. When the batter is smooth, pour into a long biscuit tin, well buttered, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. When done, mark the crust with a warmed knife, and break the cake in pieces. It should never be cut, neither should any warm cake.

There are many nice recipes for muffins, so many, however, have been given in our HOUSEHOLD that it seems almost useless to give more, but we have one favorite, for plain muffins, very nice in winter when eggs are not always plenty, which may be new to most of our readers. Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with the flour. Warm the butter just enough to soften it, put all the ingredients together, and mix well and rapidly. Heat and butter roll pans, and put a tablespoonful of the batter into each, and bake in a quick oven, or, as we generally cook them, but-

ter muffin rings, and put them on a hot griddle, fill half full with the batter, cover with a pan or deep tin cover, which will not interfere with the rising of the muffins. When nicely browned at the under crust, turn carefully and quickly. They should not be covered this time, and need but a few minutes cooking. As soon as they are well browned they are done. This quantity makes a dozen muffins in good sized rings, and we find this method of cooking very convenient in the morning when one is hurried and doesn't want to wait for the oven to heat, or when the fire is "contrary" or too low to heat it, and especially convenient when the weather is too warm to keep sufficient fire to ensure a hot oven.

So many have asked for a good recipe for brown bread that, although many have been given, and excellent ones, too, we have never seen one just like our real Boston brown bread. Two cupfuls of corn meal, one cupful of graham, one-third cupful of the best molasses, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoon round full of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered bread boiller, or tin pail, which should be placed in a kettle of boiling water and cook steadily for five hours. The pail, if used, should be one with a tight cover. The kettle should also be covered, and care taken that the water does not stop boiling. Fill up the kettle with boiling water from time to time as it may be needed.

This makes a small loaf, but the quantities may be easily doubled if more is wanted, and the bread is light and delicious, and of a rich, dark, reddish brown color. Rye meal may be used instead of graham, but we prefer the latter. The milk should not be very sour, if it is, half sweet may be used, which will make it right. If much soda has to be used in any thing with corn meal or graham the flavor of each is spoiled, beside the unwholesome effects of soda upon our digestive organs. We never use sour milk or cream in any thing which does not require molasses, as brown bread, ginger bread and molasses cookies, excepting in making some kinds of griddle cakes, or cream cookies.

There is an old-fashioned dish made of brown bread crusts and pieces called brewis, which is very nice, and some of our HOUSEHOLD readers may not know how to prepare it. Put the slices of bread, the crusts and broken pieces into a hot oven until they are well browned, then break them and put into a sauce pan with salt and butter to cover the bread. Simmer slowly for an hour or two, adding milk as it boils away or is absorbed by the bread. Serve hot, and you will have a wholesome and palatable dish.

EMILY HAYES.

—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. The visitor has probably seen during the day no inanimate thing which seemed so fair; and this is not only because he loves a good dinner, and sees in this the promise of it, but also because it

is more nearly beautiful than his office, his friend's parlor, and household furniture he knows, or any thing he sees in the streets.

THE DESSERT.

—A little southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied: "One end of him is good."

— "Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor; "can't you go nice and slow, like a policeman?"

— "Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please." "It's of no use, doctor," replied the patient, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

— The young lady who made seven hundred words out of "conservatory" last fall, has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of "flour."

— A Waterloo infant who had been badly bitten by mosquitoes, happening to see a lightning-bug ran to its mother declaring that one of the mosquitoes was looking for him with a lantern.

— A young woman in an Ohio town has married her brother's wife's father. When last seen she was busy with a compass and a dictionary trying to study out what relation she was to herself.

— He stood before her holding both her hands in his and he asked softly, "Why am I like a railroad train?" "Because you never get any thing to eat?" "No, my own, it is because I hold two-wrists."

— She was eating green corn from a cob, when her teeth became entangled with a corn-silk. "O dear!" said she impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the bastings-threads."

— A pretty woman in a hardware store announced that she wanted a masher, when all the clerks made a rush toward her to offer themselves, but retired demoralized when she calmly added, "a potato masher."

— "What shall I write about?" asked a young reporter of the managing editor. "Oh, write about the first thing that comes to hand," was the brief order. The scribe drew pay that night for an article on door-knobs.

— There is a man here whose conscience is annoying him on account of his possession of money stolen from the government. He would give it up, but he fears that would hurt him worse than his conscience does.—*Exchange*.

— "Still alive, Uncle Reuben, I see." "Yes, sah; yes, sah; an Ise gwine to lib anunder yeah, suah." "How do you know that?" "Why, sah, Ise mos allus notiss dat when I lib fru de monf of March, I lib fru de whole yeah."

— Did you ever notice the warning, "Paint," posted on a door that you didn't test the matter with your finger just to find out if it wasn't dry enough to take down the sign? You probably never did. It would be contrary to human nature.

— As little Johnny was coming into the rear side door of his house, it being muddy outside, his mother asked: "Did you wipe off your feet?" "No, ma'am," responded Johnny. "Why not?" asked the mother. "'Cause if I did, I wouldn't have any feet, that's the reason."

— A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, after much time, returned. "Noo, Mick, asked the plater, "What size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

The Kitchen.

ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Second Paper.

BEFORE proceeding, I think it but right to describe two very important personages connected with our establishment, namely, our farmer and his wife, or, to give them their proper titles, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis. He was the farmer, but his—I was about to say better half—though it would be more correct to say his better nine-tenths was in reality the controller of the two hundred acres and all the appurtenances thereof. They with six children occupied a small house, just at a comfortable walking distance from ours, so that when Mrs. Loomis became disgusted with proceedings in her own home, or annoyed with the monotony of her household cares, it was a nice recreation for her to take the youngest in her arms, and with one or more following, saunter slowly over to inspect me and my deficiencies.

I think I see her now, a short, stout woman, with black hair and keen black eyes, always dressed in a clean calico, with three or four of the children following at regular intervals, and so, like Jupiter with his moons, she revolved slowly along, her black eye moving with a keen, collected, just-as-I-expected sort of glance from one side to the other, as she drew near the house.

Such was "mother," at least so far as outward appearance went, otherwise she was a shrewd, sensible, kind-hearted woman, though for a long time a veritable thorn in my side, but a thorn I could not afford to part with, I depended too much upon her. A word or glance of approval from her was of consequence to me. But before "mother's" silence who could stand? It was terrible. A sniff or a grunt—she was given to these forms of expression—would have been an encouragement, but when "mother's" black eyes regarded some of my attempts in silence, I was a miserable creature.

However, I must admit that my trials with Mrs. Loomis were nothing to be compared to Charlie's sufferings with her husband. "Father" was a good man in the main, hard-working and conscientious in his efforts to carry out his wife's designs and make a good farm out of the two hundred acres and a good farmer of Charlie, but (and this is a very big but) "father" had a tongue that no man, woman, nor child could tame, a sharp, biting, sarcastic, stinging tongue, though, fortunately, he resembled his wife in this respect, that he was not given to much talking, and it is only fair to add that Charlie did not take the best plan with him. Of course, Charlie was not a practical farmer. I say, of course, because it is a matter of course. No one need doubt, or if any one should doubt my statement, I should like that individual to have a few moments' conversation with "Father" Loomis, and hear what he had to say.

But if Charlie was not a practical farmer he was a theoretical one. He had an inexhaustible store of information gathered, as was most of our information, from books. Books are very useful, but in farming there are such little contingencies as weather, early and late seasons, not to mention other unavoidable incidents for which books cannot always allow, and in regard to which they cannot take the place of experience.

As I said before Charlie did not take the best plan with his "principal." He was wont to draw upon his stock of "book larnin'" as the Loomises scornfully styled it, and not only give "father" ad-

vice which he did not need, and certainly did not want, but would stick to his point with the greatest persistence.

"Haven't I read up on this?" he would demand of "father" when that worthy was insisting with more force than politeness upon the proper method and time for attending to certain farm matters.

There would be an ominous pause for a moment or two, when the reply would come with great deliberation. "Oh, yes, I reckon 's fur's readin'" (scornful emphasis) goes, ye've read up on most every thin'. Now, ef I was you, I'd take an' read down on it, 'n' see ef I couldn't know a little more. Try that a spell, see ef 'twould work any better than readin' up. Zeke Loomis has come to a pretty thing, when a boy from town comes out to teach him when to do his fall plowin'."

Of course, Charlie always got the worst of the encounter, but then he wouldn't be advised by me, neither would he take a leaf out of my book. Now, when Mrs. Loomis came to see me, I was honest, and made no pretence of knowing any thing, thereby putting myself in a way to learn a great deal, and at the same time running no risk of irritating her. Not that she was easily roused, for "mother" was a true philosopher. She "didn't consider it worth while to get mad."

Even her husband's tongue could not ruffle her, she "just let him go till he came round." For though Mrs. Loomis took very little notice, she didn't approve of her husband's behavior when he was "mad." Time and again she came over on some pretext, but really to let me know that Zekel was "kind o' riled today," which was intended as a hint to keep Charlie out of the way, or else bind him over to keep the peace.

Now, I admire "Mother" Loomis when I think of her and the cool, quiet way in which with her good head, and under her two hands so much came to pass. Every thing connected with us and our two hundred acres she watched and considered with as keen an eye to our advantage as if it had been her own. At the same time her home was never neglected. Zekel's meals were always well prepared and ready at a given hour, and so far as she could manage nothing ever transpired to rouse his unruly member. The children were well fed—off a wonderfully limited supply sometimes—and they were all dressed as well as their circumstances called for, and all was done quietly and without any apparent effort.

Of course, "mother" was human, she felt as other people, but she did not show it. I know she often came to see me when she was tired of her own work, but she never admitted it. My conscience smites me at this moment, when I remember what a thorn in my flesh poor "mother" was in those days. It must be understood that her manner was not polished, and she had not the knack of taking a roundabout way to get at any thing. Well she knew that her intentions were good, and so long as the proper results were obtained, what difference did it make? People who know nothing and are anxious to learn, should not be too sensitive, I am well aware, and yet it used to try me sorely to see "mother's" collected eye moving slowly around the kitchen from ceiling to floor, noting every mistake from the least to the greatest, and remarking thereupon in a style very similar to that of a considerate mistress to a scatter-brained handmaid.

"Them winders is in need of a rub," she would remark, without apparently inspecting them very closely, "dust kind o' settles, an' then the steam from the cookin' an' sich. Nothin' makes a place look more shiftless than dirty winders."

"Yes, that is very true. We don't for-

get it, Mrs. Loomis, but we've been 'so busy."

"U-m! yes, most folks is, it's a busy world, guess that was the Almighty's intention in the first place. Thing is to manage your work so it won't manage you. It's a good plan to do winders bright and arly, so's not to have it come in the middle of the other work."

Then she would proceed to another subject. "She'd orter keep her dishes on one table," this referring to Nora who generally made her escape when "mother" came in, "no use in clutterin' up every corner of the house." Or, "This floor been scrubbed yet? A good house-keeper allus has these things done bright and arly."

But one day "mother" went so far, that I could gladly have quarreled with her on the spot. It was in the morning, and I, with cook book open on the table, was deep in the mysteries of a pudding.

It was something I had never tried before, but Charlie had been accustomed to it in his mother's house, and to do something his mother had done, would be a grand triumph for me. Nora was out, the kitchen pretty tidy, and I had it to myself, which was a great relief. For some reason or other the pudding was not going smoothly, and I had just reached the trying point when I was considering what I should do next, when I happened to look out of the window, and behold! there was "Mother" Loomis moving slowly on, making as she progressed a critical survey of vegetable garden, yard, wood pile, and every thing within range of that far-seeing eye. This morning she appeared in the character of Jupiter, for beside the baby Zekel in her arms, there was another a few feet behind her, and at a respectful distance, two more moons were dodging along, quietly endeavoring to keep up with the center of their system, or rather their planet, without attracting her attention, and so run the risk of being sent back. But I never was afraid of the Loomis children, the same quiet, almost unnoticeable management which carried us all on, kept them docile and well behaved in my house.

Well, what was I to do? I could not afford to wait until the visit should be over. So glancing out again I timed "mother" and her offspring, and in desperation proceeded to mix some of my ingredients, hoping to have my pudding finished before her arrival. But "more haste less speed," is a proverb I have never failed to verify. Of course, in my hurry, I made a mistake, then I spilled part of it. By that time my guests had arrived, and I was obliged to receive them as well as I could. While Mrs. Loomis was disposing of herself in a rocking chair, I threw a towel over my last failure, for now I had but one wish, and that was to hide it from sight.

"Gettin' dinner?" inquired "mother," with a preliminary gaze about.

"Yes," I replied rather faintly.

"Makin' puddin'?" glancing at the table.

"Y-es, at least, I was thinking o' it."

This was quite true. I had been thinking, moreover, I was thinking of it at that very moment, and my thoughts were very painful. I may mention that when covering my pudding I had forgotten the book, so it lay on the table, exposed to the sweep of "mother's" eye. Now, though "mother" was much more liberal than her husband, she shared to some extent his contempt for books as far as the practical affairs of life were concerned.

"Puddin's is very ticklish things to make sometimes."

I agreed with her, but gave no token of assent, in fact, I was too pre-occupied to speak.

"Now, I'll tell you what's a good thing," she continued, "I often have it

when I've a sort of pick-up dinner and want suthin' to make out on, as a body ginerally does where there's a crowd of young ones."

This pudding of mother's which is very simple, I shall give in my own words. It consists merely of a saucepan of boiling milk, salted, into which flour is stirred and stirred constantly until it is cooked. Then pour into a mould. To be eaten with preserves or with milk and sugar. No doubt, to many of my readers this is very familiar, for others it may be too simple, still there may be those, who, like "mother" and myself, can find many days when they want to make out a dinner, and have neither the time nor the wherewithal to make any thing more elaborate. To such I can recommend it as pleasant, and making, if surrounded with preserves quite a good appearance. It is often made of Indian meal, but I prefer flour.

"This puddin'," said Mrs. Loomis, "is good and wholesome. But I don't kallate to feed my children much on pud-din', they get along well enough without."

Now, I think a great many people will agree with "mother" that it is not absolutely necessary to feed children on puddings. With my own family I have often made a dessert of thin cut bread and butter and fruit. This with a glass of milk I considered as good for them occasionally as any thing more expensive or troublesome to make. I also often make a pudding from stale bread, no matter how stale so long as it is not moulded. Soak it a short time in water, then beat up one or two eggs, and with milk, sugar and a little nutmeg, you will have a very nice steamed pudding. Raisins may be added if desired. It is also very nice if made of stale graham flour biscuits. I mean home-made biscuits, though bought ones may do equally well.

As I said before, I do not think it advisable to accustom children to delicacies of every description, for different reasons. First, of course, there is health. Well, I need not dilate on that point, you all know. But there is another. Does it ever strike you that the day will come when the young birds must leave the nest and try their wings, and don't you see if you have taken great pains to find dainties for them, it will go hard with them when they are obliged to content themselves with some fare very different from mother's cooking? It is not always a real kindness to accustom one's sons to have every thing so comfortable and tasty that when they start out from home to "rough it," as many of them must do, the home comforts have become a necessity to them, the "roughing it" is exceedingly rough, and life is almost unendurable. These are the men who so often put their hands to the plough in this field of life and look back. They have been used to too much.

And we may say something too with respect to the girls. Where will our daughters' paths lie? Will there always be a well spread table which a careful, pains-taking mother looks after, and a generous father provides? May not the days come when they themselves must superintend the table, and the provisions therefor must come from a slender purse, and some worthy young man's failure or success in life will be laid to his extravagant or his economical wife.

I knew a young married man who never knew what it was to taste cake or pudding in his own home, because his wife couldn't make any thing of the kind without at least six or eight eggs, and this number with every thing else in proportion they could not afford. The wife was hardly to be blamed. She said, "Mother always made them so." Now, there are a good many words to the wise. I believe I was going to tell how near

I came to an open rupture with Mrs. Loomis. Well, after we had discussed "puddin'" at some length, "mother" decided to go, but not without first doing what in her lay to assist her benighted neighbor. It will be easily understood that I was not in the pleasantest frame while I sat waiting and longing to be left alone with my misfortunes. So when "mother" rose, and taking a turn up and down the floor stopped at last at the stove where she coolly removed the lid of the pot in which my corned beef was boiling, regarded it seriously for a second or two, then replaced the lid a little at one side to "keep it from boilin' over," my feelings may be better imagined than described.

"Biled dinner, umph? don't need puddin' much with biled dinner," glancing at the book on the table, "got vegetables, turnips, cabbage and sich? Cabbage is reel good when it's cooked proper."

"We don't care for it," I replied with severity.

"Take it out, dreen it off, chop it up with pepper and vinegar, it's fust rate. And when you've got turnips that have been biled with beef, it's a good thing to slice 'em up cold with vinegar. They're a kind of an appetizer. You hadn't orter let your beef bile too fast, and if you like to save the water it's been biled in, you can heat it over for next day just as good as ever. Cold corned beef, sliced thin, and a bit of pickle is nice for supper."

And so she rambled on from one thing to another, taking no special notice of me which was a very good thing. Well, I recovered myself and repressed a great deal that I wanted to say. As for "mother," she wasn't ruffled, she never was, she had nothing to repress. But she gained her point and did not go until she had discovered what I was hiding under the towel. And this, be it remembered was not from idle curiosity, but from a good-hearted desire to assist me. The lifting of the lid also was done with the intention of helping "a poor shiftless critter."

And so after she had shown me how to transform my spoiled pudding into a not really bad kind of cake, she grasped Zekel Junior, and took her leave.

BRENDA ATHOL.

USEFUL HINTS.

In looking over a late number of our useful paper, I notice a few inquiries which, with Mr. Crowell's permission, I will try to answer. A sister inquires how to make and pack butter. Having had a lengthy experience in butter making for family use and for market, we will briefly give the sister our method, taking it for granted that she understands the main details in the manufacture of butter.

During the spring and fall months, we set our milk in a pantry warmed by a sitting room stove, where the warmth reaches perhaps to 60°. We let it stand usually about thirty six hours, and then skim into a cream jar, each day's skimming being well stirred together that it may all alike obtain a slight, uniform acidity, which is necessary in the manufacture of good butter. We churn twice a week in cool weather, and every other day during the summer months, when the milk is, of course, kept in a cool cellar. At this season of the year, before churning, we bring the temperature of the cream up to about 64°, by placing the cream jar near the stove for some hours before churning. It will require one hour to churn at this temperature, if a dash churn is used. When the butter is gathered, it is taken out into a well scalded tray that has been cooled down with cold water, and the buttermilk is pressed out until the butter is in a solid

lump. At this stage of proceedings, many butter makers wash it through several waters. After many years' experience in washing butter, we have come to the conclusion that while nothing is added to its keeping qualities, there is at least some degree of sweetness and flavor lost thereby. We have at length become satisfied in our own mind that unwashed butter, well worked and well packed, retains its first flavor much longer than if washed. But it must be thoroughly worked, so that there is no buttermilk left in it, and perhaps requires some more labor than the washing method. We use the best salt at the rate of one ounce to the pound. After salting we let it stand in a cool place for half a day, and then work it slightly, and then let it stand for twenty-four hours before it receives its last and final working, being careful, however, not to overwork it and destroy the grain, but a little practice will obviate this difficulty. We pack in tubs if for long keeping and cover the top of the tub with a layer of salt, by first covering the butter with a bit of thin muslin, then seal up and keep in a cool cellar. If for immediate use, we make it into pound balls, and lay them in a firkin, as they are then handy for the table.

The same sister inquires how to clean feather ticks. We take a sheet and sew it up like a bag, leaving an opening at the top about half way across. We then proceed to rip open one end of the feather tick about the same number of inches, and sew the spaces together, that is, we sew the feather tick to the bag, and then shake and work the feathers from the tick into the bag. When the tick is empty, we sew up the opening that no down or feathers adhering to the inside of the tick may be lost in washing it. Pillow ticks we serve in the same manner. If the ticks are badly soiled, I would recommend soaking them for a while in warm water before washing. Wash very thoroughly in the usual way, and rinse in several waters. Add starch to the last water, and dry speedily by hanging in the breeze some pleasant day. While slightly damp, iron. Return the feathers to the tick by sewing it to the sack as at first.

A good way, and one that is coming into pretty general use, is to take some unbleached factory and make cases for feather beds, after the manner of pillow cases, buttoning up the open ends. These cases can be removed and washed as often as necessary, and it is a safe way to protect a nice tick from being soiled.

To wash wool blankets, we should make a suds from nice hard soap, and make it warm enough to be comfortable to the hands, and proceed to rub them through two waters, using no soap except that which is dissolved in the water. Rinse in water of the same temperature as that in which they were washed, shake out and dry smoothly, then fold and press by laying a weight upon them. If white blankets are washed in this way, they will not shrink, and will retain their whiteness for many years.

MRS. A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

KITCHENLY KINDNESS VERSUS BORROWING.

BY RUTH WHITNEY.

It was a pleasant circle I ran in upon one winter afternoon, gathered in the cozy parlor of the doctor's wife. She was a bride of a few months standing who had come a stranger to our little village. With her was the minister's wife, who, like myself, had come in to call upon her, and two ladies who were visiting her.

As I entered the doctor's wife was saying, "I never thought much about it at

home, where I had my mother to talk over every success or failure with, but now I long for an occasional friendly talk with some good neighbor which shall include kitchen matters."

"I enjoy the interchange of cooking once in a while. I know a number of invalids who seem delighted with a taste of another's cooking, and there's nothing like a fancy cookie, turnover or pie to win some little heart. This is one way I try to help my husband, even in my kitchen," said our minister's wife.

"This I thoroughly believe in," said one of the strangers, "but how I detest that habit of hap-hazard borrowing so common in some neighborhoods. There are emergencies when one is excusable for asking a favor, but I once lived next a lady of good social standing who was constantly sending in for a bit of this or a cup of that. When one article was returned she ran in debt for another, and seemed never to remember an obligation unless she desired a new loan. She considered me scarcely her equal in society, nevertheless, under the circumstances, I was invited to her annual tea party, which I scarcely considered a condescension, as I felt I had contributed to the feast at least one of the cakes which excited admiration."

"This reminds me of a story my sister told me," said I. "She was spending the day with her pastor's wife, running her machine for her as she was not strong enough to stitch, but could prepare work. At noon they were just seated to enjoy a nicely prepared dinner, when a boy appeared on the scene from the Methodist parsonage which was next door.

"Mother has company to dinner, and would like to borrow your carving knife and fork, as ours is nowhere to be found," was his message delivered in a stage whisper.

The articles were immediately taken from the table and given to him. Soon he came again with a pitcher in hand, into which the contents of the milk jug speedily disappeared. They were then allowed to eat their dinner quietly and in order. My sister thought they were called to show more consideration to their neighbor than to themselves, but said nothing.

Late in the afternoon, as she was about to go home, the neighbor on the other side came in, saying with a good-natured laugh, "Mr. D., I thought I'd come and borrow my apple-parer a little while, as you've had it about a year, and I wanted to use it."

In this case it seemed to be tit for tat, but many times the borrowing is all on one side, and to the long-suffering endurer of the infliction it becomes no slight annoyance."

We had a laugh over our experiences, when our hostess said, "There's no danger of my erring in this direction, I guess, as my husband said the other night, he'd rather go without a delicacy than have me borrow or get trusted for the ingredients. He says it's all one, but I'd not thought of the extent to which one might, thoughtlessly perhaps, carry the matter."

Let us receive and give kitchenly kindness graciously, but may we remember that promptness in returning borrowed articles is a Christian duty.

HOME HONESTY.

Everybody says that everybody should be honest; but every one is not honest either abroad or at home. That we should be honest in our trades, weights and measures, dealing with our neighbors and with strangers, is clearly right. That a strong principle of integrity should govern us, actually rule us, is

what every true man not only admits, but believes and contends for. There is no such thing as being too honest. Honesty is a virtue better than gold, richer than rubies, more precious than gems and costly trappings. It is a richer adornment for manhood or womanhood than wealth can purchase or place secure. To be honest is to be both like a child and like an angel; and Christ said of such as little children, is the kingdom of heaven.

But we wish to write a word—a strong word—in behalf of home honesty. There are many people who are very honest away from home, who are quite slippery at home. They make home promises only to break them. As husbands they make a thousand good promises, and raise many pleasant expectations they never seem to think of again. As wives they practice a thousand little deceptions, equivocate and quibble many times, when straightforward honesty was just the thing required. As parents they conceal, go round the truth, deceive, and often actually falsify to their children, when the truth is always better, always best.

The children see their parents' double dealings, see their want of integrity, and learn from them to cheat, deceive and equivocate. The child is too often a chip of the old block.—*Exchange*.

A SUGGESTION TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

"No one knows until they have tried it," says an experienced housewife, "how much they may change the aspect of things about the house by using a little varnish. On a sunshiny day take the old chairs and tables out on the porch or by the open door, and after thoroughly wiping and dusting them off with a damp cloth, apply a thin coat of varnish and so cover up scratches and marred spots of all kinds. It will dry in a very short time, and you will be surprised to see how much good you have done. A flannel cloth, with a little linseed oil, is good to rub furniture with, but the greatest care must be exercised to prevent any oil being left on the wood to attract dust. It must be rubbed until you would not know, except by the improved appearance, that any oil had been used."

TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM WHITE GOODS.

A remedy which I have tried and found effectual is this: One ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in one quart of water. Wet the iron-rust spots in this solution and lay in the hot sun; the rust will disappear in from three to twenty minutes, according to its depth. I have just experimented by holding a rusted cloth, wet in this solution, over the steam of a boiling tea-kettle, and the rust disappeared almost instantly. In either case the cloth should be well rinsed in water as soon as the rust disappears, to prevent injury from the acid. Many use this acid to remove fruit and ink stains from white fabrics. When diluted still more, it may be used to remove fruit or ink stains from the hands.—*Ex.*

—A really good housekeeper is almost always unhappy. While she does so much for the comfort of others, she nearly ruins her own health and life. It is because she cannot be easy and comfortable when there is the least disorder or dirt to be seen. A fine musician is always pained and made miserable at a slight discord that is not noticed by less trained ears, and a fine housekeeper is just as unhappy as she can be at a little dust or disorder which the ordinary mortal does not see. These men often wish their house less perfectly kept and more peaceful.

OUR RIGHTS.

Wouldn't it be a grand idea if the laws of this country gave us a certain portion, however small, of our lord and master's pocket book? To my mind, it is one of the most humiliating positions to compel a woman to ask her husband for spending money. Some men are manly enough not to place their wives in such a situation, but their generation is few and far between. How would a man like to be in such a place, compelled to beg, and very humbly too, for a few cents. Hasn't a woman a right to part of the week's earnings, even if she doesn't go to the store or shop and work with her own hands? Her work is at home and is as laborious for her as his work is for him.

A farmer's wife usually has a "shadow of a chance" to get now and then a few cents; she can "slip away" a few pounds of butter or cheese, a dozen eggs or something of that kind. I do not say it is right to do this without consulting the "gude mon," but it must be taken into account the man you have to deal with. If your husband is one who thinks his wife needs nothing but her daily bread, it is no use reasoning with him. The selfishness and small-mindedness of such a man is beneath comment. The wife's rights are these: The property is as much hers as his, that is, in a reasonable sense. But in a town or city, what is a woman to do, whose lawful provider and protector refuses to furnish her needed funds, either from indifference or else from ugliness? A woman knows what is needed to keep the household machinery running in good order, and ought to have the means in her power for replenishing the supplies when out. How do you manage when, for instance, the sheets and pillow cases ought to be increased? Have you a husband who gives *carte blanche* to order what you like, or have you one who says he cannot spare the money now, or one who says you don't need any and can mend the old ones?

Oh, Rosamond E., when I read your letters telling of the supplies of cotton cloth, etc., you make up, I wonder why the goodness and kindness of mankind was not more evenly distributed. The more I see of men, the more selfish I find them to be. I do not say women are perfect, far from it, but a great many of their weaknesses can be laid directly at their husbands. Men trust their wives with every thing but money, and why is this? Do I overdraw the truth, when I say there are few women in New England who can count the contents of their pocket books at over twenty-five to fifty cents on an average, without its their own special property or they earn it independent of their husbands? Women have pride as well as men, and it is well they have, for what would become of them?

In common families, (I do not include boarding houses and hotels, that is another affair), the housekeeper ought to have the buying or ordering of the provisions; she knows the family's likes and dislikes, she can manage the meals, washing and ironing, and cleaning days better, and has more interest in her work. What would you think of a man who never allowed his wife even to buy a yeast cake? Who, when told there's no meat for dinner, goes out, and comes back perhaps quarter of an hour before dinner time perfectly happy, with just what he likes best, but the woman had no idea whether it was to be broiled, baked, or eaten cold, so she must have her fire in readiness for any thing. With such an anxiety, do you wonder when dinner was on the table, she had no appetite? You will say I exaggerate, but this is a fact, not many miles from where I live. This man has his nice horse and carriage, but

what does the wife have? Oh, she has her house and furniture, children and plenty to keep her busy in caring for, but does she respect her husband? She is not extravagant, he does not accuse her of that, and why not give her so much a week or month and see what she would do. Perhaps she would do better, for woman is a pretty good financier.

It is no wonder that women leave their homes to take care of themselves, and go into shops to earn money, and then, soon, the divorces and separations follow. I say, it is not the extravagance of women, it is the selfishness of the men, that makes the most mischief in domestic affairs. It is natural to us to like pretty things, bright colors, etc., but they were all made for humankind to use and admire, and it is not wrong for them to be indulged in in moderation. It is a great pity Ebenezer's precious pocket book ever has to be opened, but as he spends what he likes, whether for a fast horse, an easy carriage, a new coat, necktie, book, or a big red apple, then let Maria have the same privilege on not so costly a scale, perhaps, and to furnish her a V, or an X, will not impoverish his finances so very much. Do you think I am "stretching the facts?" I wish you could know a few lives of women around me. The martyrs are not all dead. Religious persecutions are not the only ones.

I wish every man who reads THE HOUSEHOLD would strike this as the first piece he reads. Wouldn't it be fun to see how it affected them? I've not said just all I intended to, but perhaps I've said enough for now. I've said only what is true, though not very palatable.

SUNNYSIDE.

ECONOMY, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

BY M. A. BROWN.

Doubtless the person is yet to be found who is not in his or her estimation economical. We would none of us permit ourselves (whatever we may say of our neighbors) to be called either wasteful or parsimonious without at once resenting the charge.

Upon various practices we base our claim to the possession of this virtue. One, perhaps, from the fact that she always purchases cheap materials or articles in which the outlay is small, not considering that the work or expense of fashioning cheap dress goods, muslins, etc., is as great as that required for a more expensive grade of the material, which would vastly excel it in durability, nor thinking of the discomfort frequently arising from the use of inferior articles. Why not, instead, procure good, though not necessarily the most costly fabric (as demand, style, color, and many other things add to the cost more than the value) and then economize by good care,

the "stitch in time," which course will necessitate no greater outlay and be a source of added comfort. Again, there are those who see the wisdom of investing in good materials and improved utensils, and mechanical appliances, who yet have a means of reducing in the outlay for books, literature, and general amusement and recreation. Who perhaps ignore the fact of our need of such refreshing and instruction altogether, or, who, when they seek recreation allow the well chosen and highly instructive course of lectures to go begging, preferring instead the dime show with its flaming and highly exaggerated advertisement, to trap the unwary, whose managers all too frequently cater only to the taste of the vulgar, and at its best can but please for the time.

Such, when in search of reading matter are always on the watch for the greatest amount of printing and premiums, re-

gardless of quality, for the money, an example of which lately came to my notice when an agent canvassed the neighborhood for subscribers to a sixteen page paper at one dollar per year, filled with the trashiest of trash but giving as a bait twelve small pictures and four oil paintings, so called, the only resemblance being in the odor, which was decidedly oily. Yet subscribers were found in abundance where none could have been gotten to a fairly priced paper filled with interesting and readable matter but minus the premium, all would have fancied it too high, not enough for the money, never pausing to weigh the sometime cost which may accrue from the influence of such literature against the healthful and refining influences of a really good and readable paper.

Others there are whose expenditures in many departments seem well balanced, but who are at the same time really prodigal in their use and abuse of health and strength, whose frugality is always at the expense of frail nature whose leisure moments are those of too much weariness to enjoy the results of their wisdom in other matters, whose almost ceaseless round of toil from Monday morn until Saturday night, leave scarce time for those enjoyments which our undwarfed beings crave. To many such the Sabbath even, is not a day of rest but just a sort of halt in the regular routine of work in which the odd jobs that the busy week left no time for, may be done. This course although it may be great gain in stocks and bonds is great waste of health and loss of enjoyment and comfort and results in a dwarfing and inertia of the highest and noblest faculties.

Thus in a general sense the popular idea of economy seems to be a saving of money in some direction, sometimes at the expense of the head, sometimes of the hands, and sometimes of the whole body, while the real, the fullest and truest meaning of the word is frugality in the use of time, money and labor. The lexicographer informs us also that it is a more comprehensive term than frugality, implying as well a prudent management of affairs.

Swift says, "I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease." Gauged by such standards as these perhaps not one among us understand this true economy which verily

"Saves and spends to the highest ends."

Which does not have in view alone the incoming or outgoing of dollars and dimes, but is made subservient to the highest needs, the greatest good of its practitioners.

ODDS AND ENDS.

I should like to tell Hans Dorcomb that cold tea flavored with lime juice is said to make a delightful and harmless drink for warm weather. A refreshing drink may also be made by simply putting a half teaspoonful of sour jelly into a tumbler, and pouring ice-cold water over it.

I think W. A. T. may bleach her straw table mats as straw hats are bleached. Wash them clean with soap suds. Put a pan of live coals into the bottom of an old barrel. Over the coals sprinkle a

quantity of sulphur, hang the wet mats into the barrel so they will receive the fumes of the sulphur, and cover tight. Take care, of course, that they do not catch fire from hanging too near the coals. Several of these "smudges" will be needed. When the mats are as white as desired, take them out. If they seem warped and out of shape from their alternate wetting and drying, dampen and press with a hot iron, or, as perhaps is better, under a steady, heavy weight until dry again. This may not be an agree-

able way of bleaching straw, but it is effectual, and the only way I know. The work should be done, of course, in some sheltered spot out of doors.

Ida N. Woolsey should use sweet oil for her piano. Put it on with a piece of soft canton flannel, rub it down with another piece. When this becomes oily, take a fresh one, and the last vestige of oil should be removed with a fourth. Rub hard. A piece of chamois skin is good for the last polishing. It is better to finish a part at a time; for if the oil is spread over the whole surface before any rubbing is done, it is apt to become sticky and unmanageable. This is the final polish given to pianos and organs in the factories, and if vigorously and thoroughly applied at home, it will remove all ordinary scratches and keep the piano shining like a mirror. Deep scratches might be filled with good furniture varnish and then polished over with the rest.

C. L. will find strong coffee good to freshen any black garment. The cloth should be rubbed with coffee until it is quite wet, rolled together to dampen evenly, and dry a little, then ironed on the wrong side, or if this is not convenient, a cloth or paper may be put between the goods and the iron. Silk, lace and ribbon may be treated in this way with pleasing results. Lace should always be ironed on a thick cloth with cloth or paper over it, next the iron.

To Idina, who wishes a "healing and soothing salve," I can recommend nothing better than vaseline. If it is carbolized, it will be improved for this purpose. Into a small box of vaseline stir a few drops of carbolic acid, and be sure it is well mixed. It is the best thing I know, and very easily obtained. It is an excellent plan to have a bottle of diluted carbolic acid standing on the kitchen shelf, ready for cuts, burns, bruises, etc. If very much diluted, it is good for weak and inflamed eyes. Carbolized vaseline is also good to prevent and cure chapped and cracked hands. If oatmeal is used daily instead of soap, the hands will seldom crack. Idina, I should like to spend a winter with you. I have long wished to try the California climate.

Mignon, come and see me and I will show you how to make a lovely moss mat. I fear I could not give you here good working directions, if I tried. I can never work from printed directions, although I can copy any thing I see quickly enough.

Hazel Wylde, I am glad you are so far recovered that you can come back to us again. Please thank that dear invalid in my name for her loving interest in one whose identity she can only guess at. It is pleasant to be so thought of and remembered. I would gladly tell her who I am, if that would give her pleasure; but—how can I? HELEN HERBERT.

—The potato as a general article of food among nations, is quite modern. It was introduced into France from Germany about the middle of the last century. It was known in Germany as a garden plant, as far back as 1710, but it was not until the famine of 1771-2 that it came into common use in that country as an article of food.

TO IMITATE GROUND GLASS.—A ready way of imitating ground glass is to dissolve epsom salts in beer, and apply with a brush; as it dries it crystallizes.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There is so much in the October number to interest one, that I cannot refrain from responding. When the postman handed it to me this morning, I intended to just glance at it, and lay it aside for a more convenient

season, but it is now nearly lunch time, and I still grasp the paper. It is quite like some fancy work which often so fascinates us that we forget the speed of time, and the demand of work more necessary.

As to the gentlemen having a "finger in our pie" or more properly speaking, a "page in our paper," I cannot object, since I am indebted for four years' subscription, to a dear, generous brother-in-law, and certainly the very name of our paper includes the "household," not the mother and daughters, exclusively. But we all know our editor to be very wise and exceedingly obliging, and if a vote is taken, why, the majority must win, of course.

I would like to suggest to the sister that she hang, instead of fold her silk dress, and change the position occasionally by having a number of loops on the band instead of one or two.

I do not know as Fannie M. can do better than to get her green dress dyed black. It will make up like new, and be of good service to her.

A sister wishes a boiled sauce recipe. I offer mine. One cup of hot water, one-half cup of sugar, set to boil. In the meantime rub together one large spoonful of butter and two large spoonfuls of flour, add, and stir briskly. If the pudding is spiced, with fruit, I use molasses instead of sugar, and flavor with nutmeg instead of lemon, as for a white, delicate pudding. I always prefer starch to flour for all sauce or gravies.

Please say to Miss Jackson that the feathers she mentions are for sale by the bunch in many of the streets in New York. Could one send them safely to her, does she think?

What a tender, comforting message from the pen or R. M. S., to the "Shut-in" ones of the fold!

And, dear Barbara, I shall erase the Thorn from your name after reading about your excursion. The Leaflet, too, this month, is interesting and commendable.

M. A. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I think I have a slight improvement on Bachelor's method of sewing on buttons, in a late number. That is, lay a coarse needle on the button, and sew over it, when sewing on the button, when done, pull out the needle and it will be sufficiently loose and the threads will all be drawn even.

If W. E. B. will put a very little alcohol in the mucilage made from gum arabic, there will be no trouble about moulding.

A. L. R., in a late number, asks for a recipe for pork cake without eggs. I think this will suit her. One pound of salt fat pork chopped very fine, pour over this, half a pint of boiling water, when nearly cold add one pound of chopped raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, flour to make quite stiff, bake slow.

I. F.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A Young Housekeeper asks how to warm over cold meats of any kind in some nice way. We think that meat balls or croquettes are nice. Remove all gristle and chop fine any or all kinds of fresh meat you may have, mix with an equal quantity of mashed potato and grated bread about half and half, season well with pepper and salt, and a little sage if you like, add any cold gravy you may have, or make moist enough with water, make into balls or cakes and fry, or use cold boiled rice and one or two eggs instead of potato and bread. Another way is to take a deep dish, put a layer of the chopped meat, then one of bread crumbs, season well, when

the dish is full cover with a thick layer of nicely mashed potato, having previously moistened the meat and bread with milk, and unless quite fat meat is used we add some lumps of butter. Bake in the oven three-fourths of an hour. It is very nice.

Some one else asks what to do with her little girl who will not keep covered at night. Our little boy of three years, was always outside of the covers and always had a cold. I made a bag of a small blanket, sewing the sides together, put two pairs of strings on one end just far enough apart to tie each side of his neck without binding any. After the first night he was much pleased with the arrangement. It seems to be the best way. We have had no further trouble as he also wears flannel night clothes. L.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Brownie asks for a cheap paint. I send her a recipe that I know to be excellent. There are buildings in this vicinity that were painted in this way fifteen years ago, and still look well.

It is considered equal to, if not better than pure oil. One gallon of soft water, one gallon of soft soap, one gallon of oil, put it in a kettle and bring to a boil, remove from the fire, let it stand till only warm, then mix in your paint, the same as you would if clear oil. Apply warm. One coat will last a great many years. If you try it, hope to hear how it is liked.

Cannot some member of the Band tell me how to remove finger marks from a piano rosewood case? Something that has been tried and known to be good.

I want to give the Band my panacea for feet ache. When your work is finished, sit down with your feet in as hot water as can be borne, adding water if convenient for as long a time as possible. Three or four times will effect a cure, and you will not be troubled again, in a good while.

I have been troubled for years with indigestion, sick headache, and constipation and have been greatly helped by dropping all other remedies and drinking a coffee cup of as warm water as can be drank comfortably, the first thing on rising and just before retiring, always on an empty stomach. It will cause an unpleasant feeling at first, but persevere and you will be surprised at the benefit received. If the kidneys are at fault, drink water blood warm. I have been a great sufferer from sick headache, but although I have it yet, I do not so often or so hard, as before using it.

MRS. F. E. ALLEN.

Cold Spring, Wis.

DEAR BAND:—May I come in? I have done nothing yet to be admitted except to thank our kind editor long ago, for my wedding gift, and to renew my subscription.

Last year we lived in Dakota on the great Red River of the North. I was surprised to learn several in Grand Forks were taking THE HOUSEHOLD.

While being a total stranger to all it really seemed more homelike to know others near me were enjoying the bright, cheery, helpful letters you all write.

It was very pleasant living north in the summer time, but the first Manitoa wave sent us shivering to the sunny south, and here I've not met a single HOUSEHOLD friend. I see many communications from Missouri, but none from south-west Missouri, and I think that is one reason the spirit moves me to write, and again, I would have you all know how much your letters are appreciated.

Some one try my way for hot slaw, and you will eat it no other way. One small head of cabbage chopped very fine, one-half cup of sour cream, one-half cup of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, salt and pep-

per to taste, stir all together, boil five minutes, serve immediately.

Let me re-echo the wish for Emily Hayes' recipe book.

Will some one please give a course of general reading to make one well read? also recommend some instrumental music in book form from grade four to six that will entertain the home folks?

MRS. BYRON MORRISON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have several times thought of adding my mite to the columns of our paper in the form of a recipe, or, at least, a line of appreciation for its excellence, though there are so many to speak emphatic words of good cheer and assistance to the disheartened, I do not know that my voice is needed in the chorus. Finally, one or two requests in the October number furnished the required impetus, and as I have it in my power to answer them, the path of duty probably lies in that direction.

First, then, Evie wishes to conquer wheat griddle cakes. In my humble opinion, those delectable articles are not worth table room, unless made with sour milk, other evidence to the contrary notwithstanding.

If she will try the following method of preparing them, mayhap she will agree with me. Beat two eggs, add a pint (or a little more) of sour milk and a teaspoonful of salt. Then sift in

sufficient flour to make proper consistency, and lastly, beating well, a rounding teaspoonful of soda. If her griddle is hot, and she is careful not to stir her batter too thick, I think the cakes will be as light and puffy as she could desire.

C. A. F. wishes to know how to make floating island and strawberry short cake.

The first mentioned is a dish I rather pride myself upon, because of a certain little "kink" which I find is not generally known, and which is a decided improvement. Put on the stove a quart of milk sweetened and flavored to taste. Just as soon as it reaches boiling point, stir in the well beaten yolks of five eggs and allow it to come to a boil again, stirring all the time. Then remove from the fire, and set aside to cool. Three of the whites will be sufficient for the islands. Beat to a stiff froth with a fork (which is better than an egg beater for this particular purpose) and place in a colander. Now comes the "kink." Have ready a tea-kettle of boiling water, from which pour rapidly but thoroughly upon the beaten whites, until the water has touched every part. Set down for a few moments to finish draining, after which you can take a knife and cut into little blocks and lay upon your custard, which

has been previously poured into the dish from which it is to be served. By this means, the whites will retain their form, and not aggravate you by dissolving into thin air at a critical juncture. It also does away with that raw taste. Bits of jelly dropped upon each island, give the dish an inviting appearance. I hope this may prove satisfactory.

I will give my recipe for strawberry short cake, though some one else may have one she likes better. One quart of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar sifted together. Add a scant half cup of butter and mix through very thoroughly, then add milk till stiff enough to roll out. Mould only just sufficiently to make smooth, and roll about half an inch thick. Bake in a quick oven, split open lightly, butter well and strew with berries and powdered sugar, making two layers with berries between and on top. We like this better than the real sweet kind. The same may be used with peaches and oranges, which are excellent substitutes for strawberries.

It seems to me the sisterhood are rather severe upon the husbands. If all the Johns were as partial to THE HOUSEHOLD as mine, I should not fear the result of giving them a column. He often asks, "Has your paper come yet?" and is always ready to give it a cordial welcome. But then, every woman is not blessed with a liege lord who saves her innumerable steps, is never too absorbed to take things down cellar or fill the coal scuttle, and who, no matter if supper is a little late, is absolutely never cross. I have come to the conclusion thorough good nature is a most desirable trait in a husband; and after two years' experience, and that, too, gained after coming fresh and green from an endeavor to train the young idea toward a successful manhood, (and you know some people are firmly convinced that a school teacher never can make a housekeeper,) I can still say the honeymoon has never waned. My husband never condemns a failure, or fails to commend a success, and we sisters know that appreciation is one of the grandest incentives the world affords. So I say give the husbands a chance. I do not believe they can harm us, and they may do us good.

With heartiest thanks for the many suggestions and hints toward making home happy, with which THE HOUSEHOLD abounds, I will say good night.

ESTELLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May Rena Ross speak again? Not to air her grievances this time but to tell you a few useful ideas she has picked up. If you know them already you can pass them to "the neighbor next to you" who may not happen to be so fortunate.

But just here, I want to thank the many kind friends who have sympathized with me in my cake making afflictions. They will be glad to know that I can report better success now, but tell, oh tell it not above a whisper, lest the whole cake tribe should hear of my humble boastings and seek revenge in the same old way.

It is rather late to make any suggestions about peaches now, but this one is so good that it is worth canning up till next season. Before paring your peaches dip them a minute or two in boiling water. This will loosen the skins so they will slip off easily and you will be surprised to know how much time is saved in paring, how smooth the peaches will look and how many more cans you will have from the same number of peaches than if you pared them in the old wasteful way. The best way to scald them (or tomatoes either) is to fill your wire vegetable boiler with them and then set that into a kettle of water. By the way, if you do not possess one of these useful articles, I'm sorry for you. They are very cheap and if you would once use one to boil potatoes or other vegetables in and find how easy it is to lift this little wire framework out of the water, you would think you never could go back to the old scalding way of lifting a heavy kettle and pouring the water off the vegetables, with the extreme probability of blistering your nose and both hands with the escaping steam in the dangerous operation, even if the perverse kettle shouldn't give one grand lunge in the wrong direction and spill the entire contents on the floor or in the sink.

Did you know that the best way to mash potatoes is to beat them with a fork? Stir rapidly and every lump will soon vanish leaving the mass much lighter and flakier than does the common way.

One of our neighbors who has been afflicted with sciatica till the world seemed to her a howling wilderness, has been cured by a very simple remedy. She filled a bottle with poke berries (either fresh or dry) and poured over as

much brandy as would go between the berries. After this had stood a day or two she took a teaspoonful before each meal and very soon life was a different thing and she seems to be growing young again. I do not know as this would relieve all kinds of rheumatism but do not see why it might not. Any way it could do no harm to try.

I learned such a nice way last summer of preserving cut flowers I think I must tell you about it. Get some clean sand, nice white sea-sand is best, and thoroughly dry it in the oven. When cool put some of it in a pan and run the stems of your flowers down into it, arranging them so the blossoms shall not touch each other. Then sprinkle sand gently over them till they are completely buried. If the sand is entirely dry when used it will before long absorb all the moisture from the flowers, leaving them in their natural shape and with their bright, original colors.

Last summer I passed through the town where Rosamond E. lives, but the train did not stop there and it sped through it so swiftly I couldn't get even one glimpse of her or Ichabod or the children. It is a beautiful region all about there for many, many miles, the whole landscape everywhere giving one the impression of quiet, restful, easy-going, luxurious abundance. RENA ROSS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—During this, the first year of my married life, THE HOUSEHOLD has come to me as a gift, and as I subscribe for another year I feel that I must show my gratitude for the gift by adding my mite to its columns.

Some one asks how to cleanse a new iron kettle. Mine was a source of despair to me until I was advised to boil skim milk in it and then wash in good soap suds. I had my milk man bring me six quarts of skim milk which I boiled and simmered in my eight-quart kettle for twenty-four hours. The kettle was made smooth and clean, and has given me no trouble since. IGNO RAMUS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have no doubt but that the able editor of THE HOUSEHOLD is already too much puffed up with the praises of sixty thousand ladies for one more voice to have much influence in increasing this feeling, but however this may be I cannot refrain from adding my share. I have only taken the paper five months, but in this short time have become so much attached to the society of the Band, that I would sorely miss it were I to be deprived of its cheering influence. Though with no Ichabod of whom I can sing praises, I still am by no means one of Solomon's lilies, but have ample work to do in the responsibility of a large family, and I always come away from the perusal of its pages wiser, strengthened, and refreshed, ready again to do battle with renewed zeal for those under my care.

The September number of our paper contains questions from some of the subscribers which I think I can answer so as to give perfect satisfaction.

Mrs. E. E. Earhart and Kansas Sister wish to know how to make coffee cakes, or cinnamon bread. The Israelites here call it "cinnamon kuchen," and serve it every afternoon at their four o'clock coffee drinking. Make a sponge as usual of one teacupful of lukewarm water, (I prefer fresh sweet milk when I can get it), and one pint of flour. Sift the flour in water or milk and beat well, add one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one large kitchen spoonful of yeast. Beat thoroughly, cover well and set to rise in a warm place. Do this while getting breakfast. In two hours this is nicely risen and light. Then sift one full quart of good flour, add two eggs beaten

separately, one teacupful of sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, the risen sponge, and enough warm, fresh, sweet milk to mix soft; very little will be needed. Knead until it blisters, or you can feel it rise under the hand. Let it rise until very light. The eggs keep it from rising so quickly as other bread. When very light, but not at all sour, empty gently on the moulding board. Do not work it at all, handle as little as possible, and form into whatever shape desired, either rolls, biscuits, loaves or pocket books. Put in pans and let it rise again, and when light enough to bake, anoint the top and sides with the stiffly beaten white of an egg thickened with sugar, and flavored to suit the taste with cinnamon. Bake carefully until well done, but not scorched, and if you follow directions I know you will be well pleased with the result.

Idina will always use my egg and lard salve for burns and lacerated flesh, as it is so simple and easy to make. Boil an egg very hard, reduce the yellow to a fine powder and mix with sweet lard until of the consistency of salve. Apply on a rag to the bruise or burn, tie up so as to exclude all air, and do not touch the bandage for twenty-four hours. Then wash off the old salve and apply new, observing same directions. In ordinary cases two applications are sufficient, and it always causes a scab to form over the raw place. MINNIE L. WENDEL.

Brownsville, Tenn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to Hans Dorcomb that we make a delicious drink for summer as follows: Two pounds of white sugar, two ounces of tartaric acid, juice of one lemon, three pints of boiling water, boil five minutes, when nearly cold add the whites of three eggs well beaten with one-half cup of flour and one-half ounce of essence of wintergreen, strain, bottle and keep in a cool place. Take two tablespoonfuls of this syrup to three-fourths of a glass of water, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, stir and drink while it foams.

We have found that borax pulverized and sprinkled where black ants are found, will effectually drive them away. At least, that has been our experience, as we have not seen one since using it two years ago.

Baking squashes and pumpkins is much better and easier done than boiling.

Placing a tight cover over starch as soon as made will prevent a crust forming.

Can any use be made of unripe grapes? What will remove fly specks from gilded frames? CARRIE.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you let me tell the sisters of my last holiday? I have lived all my life under the shadow of the "Mount Royal of St. Armand," as our Pinnacle is often called; but for years have not ascended it, thinking the reward would scarcely be worth the labor to one who has so many other ways for her strength. But one day this summer, tempted by the beauty of the day, and just the right kind of company, I thought I, too, would venture up. Did I regret it? No, indeed! Though the climb made the weakly ones of the party almost wish they had not attempted it, the view from the summit amply repaid all the labor spent in getting there.

The air was so clear that we could distinctly see every farm house, town and village, every river and lake, every patch of forest, (some pretty large patches too) and every clearing, till our vision was bounded by the blue, misty ranges of "everlasting hills," in the distance. How true it is, "that the more one carries the more one will bring away," and what solid comfort we took in following in imagination the course of Champlain up the Richelieu into the beautiful lake that bears his name, and pointing out the spot where tradition tells us the first Indian blood was unwarrantably shed in America. The Indian name for lake Champlain signifies the "Lake Gate of the Country," a very appropriate one too, if their divisions were the same as ours, lying as it does between New York and Vermont and extending far into Canada. We could also

see lake George with the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga at its extremity—the "Old Ti" of the days of Ethan Allen. With a strong glass, and a clear day, Montreal is seen sixty miles away, so plainly that the panes of glass in the great cathedral and other large buildings can be counted. Brome lake was also in sight, though not near enough to enable us to discern the flocks of wild fowls that "the boys" say still linger there.

Selby lake adds to the beauty of the view, and makes us remember that we are only mortals after all, as some one points out the pole set up to mark the spot where was found the body of a gentleman drowned while bathing there. Report tells us that one part of the lake has never yet been fathomed. It is the highway in winter, when frozen over, for all sorts of teaming, horse racing, etc. I have seen loads drawn across it when the horses' shoe corks cut through the ice at every step, just before it broke up. It bends under them but does not break, and there is no danger as long as they keep in steady motion, but they must stop on no account. Owl's Head, Jay Peak, and the Roundtop, stand like sentinels in the distance, proclaiming to every onlooker that there stand the last giant peaks of the Green Mountains. Lake Memphremagog shows its excursion steamer trailing a long cloud of blue smoke after her as she slowly steams toward Garden City Park, a great rendezvous of excursionists.

We had the pleasure of meeting on the summit an employe of the pension office, Washington, D. C., and a gentleman from Connecticut, thus proving that strangers as well as ourselves think the view worth climbing to see. Visitors from Montreal and even further away are an almost daily occurrence during the summer months. The rocks on the top are comparatively soft, and are literally covered with initials, mottoes, swan and compasses, stars, and curious devices generally, some well done, others so roughly that it makes me think of the way an Indian puts on war paint—without regard to rule or system so there is enough piled on. We gather moss, and clusters of scarlet berries that the gentlemen dub "skunk berries" as mementoes of our pleasant day, drink water out of a pure, cold spring that bubbles out of the rock, and then reluctantly commence the descent.

On the way down we pause to examine a rock split off the precipice above, weighing many tons, and so smooth it has the appearance of being polished. Probably the rains of centuries were the workmen. We climbed to the top and were looking around in wonder when suddenly we hear an exclamation and a fall. Looking around I see my brother is gone. A branch broke in his hand and he is lying on a heap of fragments of rock below us. Instantly all my enthusiasm dies out, my pleasure is gone, and I start down at an insane pace. Some of our party hold me back and fish him out, with no bones broken but with bruises enough to serve as reminders of his trip for many a day. Further down we come upon the foundation logs of a shanty that couldn't have been more than six feet square and had no floor but mother earth. We spend lots of time in conjecturing what it could have been built for, there in the woods. One said "For the potash makers of fifty years ago;" another, "By hunters for defence against the Indians;" another, "As a rendezvous for scouts in the French and Indian war." Now wasn't it too bad to have all our romantic ideas extinguished by father, who cuttingly remarked when we told him of it on our return, "Old Mr. So-and-So lived there as long ago as I can remember, and made baskets for a living."

When we got home we were very tired, but well content with our day out. You who are skeptical, come and see for yourselves. North Pinnacle, Que. F. L. JENNE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I come to tell the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD who love flowers of my plan, and I am very anxious to be heard in time for any who want to keep them through the winter, if your sitting room faces the south or east. My room had only two windows, they faced the south and a piazza in front. I had so many flowers and hated to put them away in the cellar, I coaxed my John to cut down one of the windows to the floor and set it out on the front of the piazza and then as money don't grow on bushes with us I thought of a cousin who was building a new house and about to tear away the old one. We rode over there one evening and procured two of her old windows, nice large ones for the sides of our little room. John put in a double floor and filled between with lime, ceiled up nice, and filled the ceiling with lime. A wise neighbor passing by called out: Fixing a place to freeze your plants, eh? We painted all white, put in three rows of shelves, and lo, we were ready for the plants and we had a fine show of blossoms all winter, and we have very cold weather here. Cold nights I would set a lamp on the floor. And what do you suppose was the cost of this bit of summer in cold, weary winter? Only twelve dollars. Never in all my life has twelve dollars done us as much good. To be sure it isn't a beauty on the outside, but it surely is inside. When we build our new house, a bay window for plants will be one of the first plans.

Last winter when sickness laid my John low all winter, didn't he love to watch the many buds and blossoms coming? And many a bouquet went out to cheer sick ones. Didn't that pay? We are sorry we didn't build it larger for I am always adding to my collection. If I go visiting, on my return John always says, "Where are your new slips?" You know they always say something whether they mean it or not.

I have been a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD for years, and this is my first letter. My home is in the country on a large farm. I have plenty of work, and THE HOUSEHOLD is an indispensable visitor here.

A LOOKER ON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am painfully aware of the fact that by virtue of my sex, I am practically banished from the warm and cheery hearthstone of THE HOUSEHOLD; and should remain with the other Johns in that outer darkness, which is, I regret to say, enveloped in a cloud of the most wonderful and stupendous ignorance of household and culinary affairs. But while realizing the natural disadvantages under which I am laboring, I must protest against this female *ultimatum*, and humbly crave a small space in some modest corner of this valuable journal, for one who has undertaken the herculean task of reforming his fellow men.

I have read with much interest and considerable amusement, such communications as Susan's and some others, in which a vigorous protest is made against allowing the "men folks" to invade the *sanctum sanctorum* of woman's kingdom, namely, her household affairs, and much ridicule is heaped upon those presumptuous wives and mothers who have ventured to insinuate that there may be some men, who should rightly, and by virtue of their practical knowledge in such affairs, be included in the family circle of THE HOUSEHOLD. As Susan has cast her gauntlet into the arena, I shall, in behalf of the husbands, sons and brothers of America, take it up, accept her challenge and prove to her satisfaction, that there is at least one individual of the stronger sex, who can not only tell how his mother cooked certain dishes, but can cook them himself, and more than that, do any manner and all kinds of housework, and who is not ashamed of it.

I have been taught from my earliest boyhood, not to despise what is commonly known as housework; and, as a consequence, I will now wager a new dress with any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters, that I can cook, wash and iron, sweep, make beds, or do any similar labor, with the best of them; and yet I do not wish to be considered a "mollycoddled," effeminate, "four-foot ten young man," and when I state that I am a newspaper reporter, I will warrant that if any such opinion has been formed in regard to me, it will be dissipated at once. I can take my hands out of the bread-pan, and write a startling leader on the latest sensation. I can drop the dish towel, or leave the wash tub and handle a gun, wield a base ball bat, strike as sturdy a blow, or hold my own in any athletic sport, with the young men who look with horror upon my feminine (?) labors. And yet the fault does not lie wholly with them. It is the parents of the present day who are to blame, and until they can see the folly of their ways, I fear that no radical change can ever be effected.

I chanced to pay a visit to a neighbor recently. I found the husband and father sitting on the piazza, smoking, the son, a great sturdy fellow, was dawdling away his time in a hammock, while in the kitchen, the poor wife and mother, with flushed face and trembling hands, bent over the stove, preparing the noonday meal for the "men folks." Close by, in the woodshed, the daughter was hard at work over the wash tub, her face but too plainly denoting the bodily exhaustion from which she was suffering. I never felt so strongly inclined to thrash any person in my life as I did that great lazy apology for a boy, who lolled in his easy hammock, devouring the latest sensational paper, in which "The Boy Avengers," "Young Heroes," and "Juvenile Indian Slayers," played a prominent part. And yet had I reproached him, he would have made the most plausible excuse in the world. "Why, that is not a man's work." Shall a man sit complacently by and see his wife, mother or sister, slave her life away between the four walls of a kitchen, and say, "It is not a man's work? I regret that it is so, but unfortunately I cannot alter it."

I do not by any means wish to be understood as indicating that a man should neglect his legitimate business to do "housework;" but every man has many spare moments which might be employed to advantage in helping to lighten the burden that is borne, so many times uncomplainingly, by his wife or mother; and this I hold to be no more nor less than his bounden duty, and it should be his pleasure also. Mothers, would you have your sons grow up to be useful men? Teach them that a true gentleman should be willing to lend a helping hand to a woman, be the work what it may. Husbands, would you see the fair face of her whom you love, wrinkled with care; the form once erect and supple, bowed with toil; the hair silvered by suffering? No? Then remember that it is not the great trials, the most arduous labors, or the most acute diseases that sap the life away. It is the

constant, every-day, petty cares and trials, the little annoyances, that do the mischief. These you can materially lighten by sharing with your wife in your leisure moments, the duties and labors of the household.

But to the boys, the sons and brothers, I make my strongest appeal. When will you learn that it is an honor to your manhood to be "tied to your mothers' apron strings?" That the "home" is the rampart against which the armies of infidelity, of dissipation, of dishonor, dash themselves in vain? Is there none among you who will do what you can to lift the load from your mothers' and sisters' shoulders? Remember that in doing honest work, there is no disgrace; and if in doing it, you meet with sneers from your thoughtless companions, you can rest assured that those whose opinions are worth having, will think none the less of you. When we see boys thus educated, we shall hear less often of "overworked housewives," and see less names in the death columns of our newspapers of mothers who have gone to their graves, old women while they were yet young, and as much martyrs, as they who paid the penalty of their heroic devotion to their faith in the dark ages of the Reformation.

Let us hear from some of the mothers and sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD in regard to this matter.

CONNECTICUT BOY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Several months ago Sweet Alyssum, and the name is appropriate, told me about THE HOUSEHOLD, and said that as I was a bride she would see that I received another wedding present. There came flashing into my mind the memory of cold New England afternoon, and a certain school girl sitting munching apples, on an old sofa, and reading a HOUSEHOLD, the only one I had ever seen, until in consequence of your kindness and Sweet Alyssum's thoughtfulness, there came a fourfold installment of advice, fun, recipes, and all the other good things contained in your delightful paper, and here please accept my sincere thanks for your kind gift, and rest assured that my address is one that you will always have on your books.

The different and decided opinions of the ladies regarding the admittance of the sterner sex to the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD are extremely amusing, but surely they cannot mean all they say, it is too cruel. But I have no right to say any thing on the subject, I judge, for all brides and new subscribers seem to be very modest and retiring in their initial letters. If I were an old subscriber, how quickly I would give my opinion, and you may perhaps judge what it would be as I have three dear good brothers and a husband who do every thing but find fault. In fact, in cooking, I would prefer trying to please any man of my acquaintance than any woman, and it is a large one, extending north, south, east and west, but, beg pardon, I am on forbidden ground.

How I should like to see the sweet faces of some of your correspondents! I know they are lovely from the kindly, gracious spirit breathed through their writings.

Having lived many years in Florida, the letters on "Florida Cookery," are very interesting to me, and although I am unable to prepare the familiar dishes there described, I have already tried many other recipes given by the ladies, and always with success.

I am my own housekeeper, and thanks to a mother's careful training and a love for it, I make the wheels turn so that I have four hours a day at the piano and several more for reading and writing. I detest fancy work, but I must stop or you will never want another letter signed

HONOLULU.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have thought many times when I have been reading the correspondence from the different sisters of the Band that I would add my mite, and now I feel that my time has come, inasmuch as I have a duty to perform. First, I wish to say "thank you" for my wedding present of THE HOUSEHOLD which I prize highly, I assure you. I do not know how I could very well do without it.

Then my next object in writing is to speak more encouragingly to farmers' wives than some of our sisters do, for you must know I left the city where I had always lived, and married a farmer, and now live on a farm down east, but had I read their doleful experiences, I should never have dared to launch my bark on such tempestuous seas. I must say I think their accounts considerably overdrawn, as I have not found any such obstacles to surmount. Every thing here goes on systematically, and we are as merry and cheery as any one could wish. We have plenty of time to read and sew and ride and walk, and our farm is not a small one by any means, nor our help very efficient. We have company, too, and we are as proud as we can be of our farm products to set before them. We love to get up early and get our butter and eggs ready for market. There is no life so healthful or independent as a farmer's life, if he is disposed to get pleasure out of it. We don't mean to work from early morn to dewy night, fretting and grumbling. We like to have our heart in the work, and that makes it light and pleasant. I think husbands have considerable to do towards making it endurable. If they are growing

around and never ready to assist when one gets into a hard place, of course, it would make a great difference, but we don't find that difficulty down here. Now, if any of you contemplate marrying a farmer, take my advice and carry out your intention. Some people, you know, are never happy under any circumstances. Such ones would be as miserable in a palace as on a farm. They would exhaust every known resource of pleasure, and then, like Alexander the Great, who sighed for more worlds to conquer, free because they could not devise some new means of pleasure.

FARMER'S WIFE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell the sister who wants to know how to have griddle cakes light when they come on the table, to put in one egg, or as many more as she can afford, and I stir the batter a little stiffer than my mother taught me. Mine are always good and light.

I wonder if those sisters who live in Montana and Oregon, have neighbors, or if they live almost alone, and if they are not homesick, and if there are others in Dakota, and if they like. The women that I know about, though I have not seen them, do not like, and cry half of the time. I think it is a desolate place. The wind blows so most of the time one don't dare go out. We have had a number of fine days lately, but all that were here last year, say the wind blows harder in winter than in summer, and it is so cold you don't want to stay out long.

Most of the crops around this way were a failure, it was so very dry, with such hot winds, and an early frost finished the vines. Some wheat fields yielded four bushels to the acre, and some twenty one bushels, but the most ten or twelve. The largest yield will be boomed through the country as the "ave" age yield."

If people knew just what they were coming to, there would be no such rush here as there has been. The water is bad and hard to get. Our well is forty-two feet deep, and the water tastes badly and makes us sick so we cannot drink it, but get what we use in the house, a mile away. Many have to go two miles. When there is a well with good water there are enough to patronize it. The "beautiful streams of clear water for man and beast" are scarce and muddy to a New Englander. The lakes are full of grass. My husband went fishing twice, but the fish were "out" and I was very much disappointed.

But my husband has suddenly warned me to "hurry up" and go out riding, and as it is the first time for six weeks, perhaps I had better go.

MRS. BEN.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CIDER SALVE.—One pint of hard cider, one-fourth pound of bee's wax, one-fourth pound of rosin, and one-half pound of lard; boil the cider half away in a new earthen vessel, add the other ingredients, and boil until all are thoroughly incorporated. It will cure every kind of sore, and is good for chapped hands also. E. G. H.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Three apples, stewed, one-half cup of rolled cracker, the yolks of two eggs, (reserving the whites for frosting,) one cup of milk, butter the size of a walnut, one teaspoonful of lemon, salt, and sweeten with sugar to your taste. Line a pudding dish with pie-crust and turn in the mixture.

LEMON PIE WITHOUT EGGS OR MILK.—Cut one lemon very fine, removing nearly all of the peel, and the seeds, add two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one cup of white sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, and one cup of hot water. Stir all well together and bake between two crusts.

ABIGAIL.

VEGETABLE PIE.—For a small pie, take three or four potatoes, an onion and three hard boiled eggs. Slice the potatoes and onion, sauté and boil in about pint of water. When done line a deep pie plate with crust, put in the potatoes, water and all, and slice the eggs over. If the water has boiled away, add more, and season accordingly, as plenty of juice is required. Cover with top crust and bake quickly. This is an old Maryland recipe and is excellent. BEE.

CHICKEN SALAD.—For one pound of chicken after it is chopped, use six eggs, boiled hard, and separate the yolks and whites. Mash the yolks to a smooth paste, add a half tumbler of melted butter, one tumbler of vinegar, one and one half tablespoonfuls of mustard flour, the same of sugar dissolved in the vinegar, one teaspoonful each of black pepper and salt, and wet the mustard to a paste. Stir all these together. Mix well one-third as much white cabbage or celery as there is of the meat. Add the sauce just before serving.

MRS. H. K. MITCHELL.

THIN GINGER BREAD.—Three pints of sifted flour, a little less than a pint of sugar, the same of butter, three eggs, one-fourth cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of

yellow ginger, beat thoroughly, roll as thin as possible on your cooky sheets, then roll with crimped rolling pin. Bake in a quick oven, first put on bottom of oven, then on the top, to brown. Cut in squares with a knife after you take them out. You cannot get them too thin; they should be as thin as a wafer. Lay them out on a table singly until cold. Try them, and report success.

S. G. S.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Evie asks how to make good wheat griddle cakes that won't fall. If she could have heard my John praise some that I prepared for breakfast this morning, she would think they were extra. I took (for three in family) a pint of rich buttermilk, a little salt, and, without measuring, put in saleratus until the milk foamed, then I added flour to make a stiff batter. If too thin they will stick to the griddle. If I want them extra, I add a well beaten egg, but mine, without, are light and nice enough for any one.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of lard and butter mixed, one teaspoonful of ginger, boil all together, add one tablespoonful of saleratus in a cup of cold water, and when cool add four cups of flour. Try this, some one, and report. I sent the above to a sister in California, and she reported "good luck and very nice."

Lake Cem., Pa.

MRS. A. W. L.

TO COOK MACARONI.—There are three of us who eat it, and I cook a third of a pound at a time. Break it into inch pieces, put into a saucepan, cover with cold water and a dessert-spoonful of salt. Let it cook slowly till soft, then take a dish, such as you would scallop oysters in, butter it well, then put in a layer of macaroni, and next a layer of grated cheese. Fill your dish, covering the top with cheese. It will bear considerable salt. Then fill up with milk and what liquor was left in the saucepan.

MRS. S. W. P.

BUTTERNUT PIE.—Three teacups of sweet milk, one teacup of sweet cream, three well beaten eggs, a coffee cup of butternut meats, and sugar and spice to taste. Bake with one cru. CARRIE.

CORN BREAD.—One quart of sour milk, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teacup of flour, enough corn meal to make a good batter, and one teaspoonful of soda, or enough to make the milk frothy. Stir thoroughly. Bake in long pans or gem tins.

ANOTHER.—Two cups of corn meal, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and a little salt. Take the meal and flour, add salt, sift in the cream of tartar, add the butter, beat the egg and sugar and add, then add the soda dissolved in boiling water the last thing. Make a thin batter of sweet milk and bake.

MRS. J. L. RAYMOND.

NICE COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three spoonfuls of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one half of a lemon.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, three spoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder, lemon, and two and one-half cups of flour. NETTIE.

ORANGE PUDDING.—As I never have seen my recipe in print, I will give it, and hope some of the sisters will give it a trial. Four oranges (reserving the juice of one) chopped fine, the yolks of two and two whole eggs, one quart of milk, one and one-half cups of rolled cracker, and one cup of sugar. Beat eggs and sugar together, then add the orange with a little of the grated peel, then the cracker, and last the milk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, and when done frost with the whites of two eggs, the juice of one orange, and one cup of sugar. Brown in the oven.

EGGLESS CAKE.—Two-thirds cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor to taste. This does very well when eggs are forty cents a dozen, and not to be found at that.

MRS. C. C.

TO KEEP BUTTER AND EGGS.—I noticed in the October number that J. N. C. wished to know the best way to put down butter and eggs. Here is my method: To three gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg, add a quarter of a pound of nice white sugar and one tablespoonful

of saltpetre. Boil the brine and strain carefully. Make your butter in rolls and wrap each in a clean muslin, tying up with string, pack in a jar, weight down, and pour on the brine. In this way butter will keep a year. Eggs I keep till I get three or four dozen, put them in a wire pall (such as I use for cooking potatoes), dip it in and out of boiling water three times, lay them on the table on a cloth for an hour or two, then pack in a box in bran. If there are any thin shelled ones they will crack when you dip them in the water; those I put aside for early use. MRS. T. H.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one tell me how to dry green peas?
ABIGAIL.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one send me a good recipe for hop yeast cakes, and also one for making the bread? I do not use liquid yeast. How many cakes should I use in making the yeast cakes?

MRS. A. F. MCALLISTER.

Waskom Station, Texas.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish to tell the lady who inquired how to keep fruit in glass cans, my mother's way of keeping it. She sets her cans as soon as sealed in wooden starch boxes, (each box will hold six cans,) and fills the boxes with sawdust, and the fruit is just as good when opened as when first sealed. Tomatoes and peaches can be kept excellently in glass cans this way. Please try this method.

LITTA.
Armstrong, Ind.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister kindly inform me how to preserve citron like that we buy at the grocery store for cakes and pies?

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what to do with soap when the lye separates from it? The soap is thick and nice and washes well, but when left standing in the dish, the lye separates from it.

ALICE S.

Some one asks "Is there no sure remedy for carpet moths?" There is one sure remedy. Spread a wet cloth on the carpet, cover with a dry one, and send some hot flat irons over. The hot steam will do what red pepper and snuff and insect powder all fail to accomplish. If the floor is well covered with newspapers beneath the carpet, it may be sufficient if only the edges are steamed.

ANNIE LANE.

L. B. YEOMAN, your curd is too warm when put to press. Let it cool till it will crumble easily in your hand, and your cloth will not stick.

EMMA E., those pink ox-eye daisies are *pyrethrum carnarium*. You can get them of any seedsman. I have several colors. The foliage is beautiful for bouquets.

AUNTIEVIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters give me a good recipe for making roll jelly cake, also, a recipe for making vinegar pie?

EVA A.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you give me particulars as to oiling kitchen floors, the kind of oil used, manner and number of times applied, and whether the floor should be freshly scoured? I see it recommended by Lily C. and Montana in late numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Lakeview, Florida. MRS. F. M. THOMSON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to give a recipe for salve which will just suit the wants of Idina and many others. My mother has kept this salve ever since I can remember, and I have never been without it since I commenced housekeeping twelve years ago. It is very little trouble to make it, and if you try it once, I think you will never be without it again. One ounce of tallow, two ounces of beeswax, four ounces of resin, one tablespoonful of turpentine, and one teaspoonful of sulphur. Melt all together over a slow fire, and do not get it too hot.

SAN DIEGO.

W. asks how to make the extracts of lemon and vanilla. One very good and inexpensive way is to cut the yellow rind off lemons as thin as possible, fill an eight ounce bottle that has a wide mouth with it, and cover with alcohol. In three days it will be fit to use. Keep filling up as the extract is used and it will last good a year.

For vanilla, I take for the same sized bottle eight Tonka beans, split them in two, soak in two tablespoonfuls of warm water over night, and fill up with alcohol. It takes longer to make, but it will last a long time.

MRS. E. S. W.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD cooks tell me what the "catch" is about making tart shells, and also about making cookies? My tart shells seem soggy, and dry up very soon after being taken out of the oven, and my cookies are apt to be like pie crust, instead of tender and coarse grained as I would like to have them.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The Parlor.

WHAT ARE MY LOVED ONES DOING TO-DAY?

BY MRS. M. J. SMITH.

What are my loved ones doing to-day?
Those who have crossed o'er the chilling tide,
And landed safe on the other side.
Those who left in the shrouding's fold,
Beautiful clay for the grave to hold,
What are those dear ones doing to-day?

I who must deal with sorrow and care,
I who am hoping a crown to wear,
I with a heaven to lose or win,
I who am tempted and tried within,
Long to step over the bounds of time,
And see what they do in that glorious clime.

Waters of life untroubled are there,
Life's fair tree hath its fruits to bear,
Songs far sweeter than poet's dream,
Angels sing by the flowing stream,
Folding their snowy wings they glide
Over the sands by the river's side,
Welcoming those who pure and white,
Enter the beautiful gates to-night.

Oh, to be with them! Oh, to be there!
Oh, to be free from this cumbersome care!
Oh, to be safe in the heavenly fold,
Out of the gathering storms and cold;
Only to know my sins all past,
Jesus had loved me, and crowned me at last!

Soul, be content. Thou must labor and wait,
Toiling and trusting both early and late.
Jesus knows just when to call thee up higher,
More than His will dost thou wish or desire?
Called in the morning, or called in the night,
Called from earth's darkness, or called from its light,
Patiently wait thou, and all will be right.

TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Story of Backwoods Life.

BY M. L. LEACH, (MOSES FAGUS.)

CHAPTER XV.

AN INDIAN was a novelty to Mr. Mullein, and he noted quickly the peculiarities in the appearance of the woman before him. She wore a petticoat of black cloth, of fine quality but threadbare and soiled, reaching from above the hips to a little below the knee. The upper part of her person was covered with a loose jacket, extending low enough to overlap the petticoat. Ample cloth leggings and moccasins of dressed deer skin, completed her costume. Her hair, black as midnight, was combed smoothly back from her forehead, and hung in a single heavy braid down her back. Her face was round, her forehead low, her cheek bones moderately prominent, her eyes deep set, black and shining, her teeth even and white, and her hands perfect models of the small hand characteristic of the American race. Her complexion had a rich, reddish hue, being only a shade or two darker than a dark brunette. Her figure was below the medium height of white women, and somewhat heavy, but, as she vigorously plied the ax, her motions were easy and not ungraceful. On the whole, she was not ill looking, but in her making up there was evidently a larger expenditure of muscle than brain.

The woman deigned no reply to Mr. Mullein's salutation of "Good morning," except an incoherent syllable or two, which seemed to him like a grunt, as she pointed toward the wigwam, and then went on with her labor, apparently indifferent to his presence. Mr. Mullein paused for a few seconds, but as the woman paid him no further attention, he passed on to the wigwam. The door was closed by an old blanket, suspended across it like a curtain. As he was about to raise it for the purpose of entering, he was assailed by a worthless-looking, half-starved dog, which snapped at his heels as it ran by, and then, at a safe distance, set up a discordant cry that sounded more like the howl of a wolf than the barking of a civilized dog. Instantly out from under the blanket rushed three or

four ill-looking curs, which joined in the canine chorus, and put on so threatening an aspect that Mr. Mullein started back in alarm, and assumed a defensive attitude. They were rough, wolfish-looking creatures, most of them of a dirty yellowish brown color, with ears more erect and muzzles more pointed than are commonly seen among dogs domesticated with white men. The dogs were quickly followed by a half-grown girl, armed with a club, which she plied right and left among her canine companions, hissing at them energetically, and repeatedly shouting a combination of syllables which Mr. Mullein took to be a single Indian word, though it may have been two, "Ah-wis-go-jink!" When the dogs had been put to flight, she threw her club after the last one, as he disappeared yelping round the corner of the wigwam, and planting herself directly in the path, stood staring at the visitor, as if spellbound. On the impulse of the moment, the latter addressed to her the word he had heard her address to the dogs, accenting, as she had done, the second and last syllables, and dwelling for some time on the sibilant s, "Ah-wis-go-jink!" Whatever the meaning of the word, it proved as effectual with the girl as it had done with the dogs, for she burst into a laugh, and disappeared behind the blanket. Mr. Mullein raised the blanket and followed her.

The wigwam was built of sheets of bark, fastened to a framework of poles. A fire was burning in the center, above which an opening in the roof gave exit to a portion of the smoke. Across one end ran a raised platform, covered with mats, which served for a sleeping place. A couple of rifles were leaning against the wall in a corner, a few cooking utensils were scattered about, and the walls were garnished with snow-shoes, bows and arrows, and the skins of wild animals hung up to dry. A camp kettle hung on a wooden hook over the fire, in which some kind of food was cooking. On the platform, directly opposite the door sat a middle-aged man, in shirt and leggings, his legs crossed in the fashion of a tailor, contentedly smoking. Beardless, with the straight, black hair and prominent cheek bones of the Indian, there was nothing particularly striking in his physiognomy. As he sat, with placid countenance, in the little cloud of smoke he blew into the air, he might have served as a model for the artist who would illustrate the common practice of "taking it easy." On one side of him, at some distance, lay, wrapped in a dingy blanket, a young man, apparently just awakened from sleep. On the other side were two or three half-dressed children and the girl who had driven off the dogs.

As Mr. Mullein entered, the man advanced to meet him with extended hand, repeating the Indian salutation, "Boozhoo! boozhoo!"* Then pointing to a place on the platform, he waited till Mr. Mullein was seated, when he resumed his original position, and smoked on in silence.

"A bad storm," Mr. Mullein remarked, at a loss how to open conversation.

"Ah-niv-dah, too much weather," responded the Indian, and then followed another interval of silence.

"I am nearly starved," said Mr. Mullein, coming at once to the subject which, just then, was of most pressing interest, "can you give me any thing to eat?"

A short conversation followed between the older Indian and the young man, in which the latter seemed to be interpreting Mr. Mullein's language. Then addressing Mr. Mullein, he asked, "You like dah-min-ah-boo?"

*A corruption of the French, *Bon jour*.
†Yes.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Mullein, "I never ate any. I should like any thing now."

"Dah-min-ah-boo, corn soup; good," said the young man, and then asked, "where you come from?"

Mr. Mullein gave a short account of his tramping in the woods, and mentioned the disappearance of Ruth as the cause of it, offering liberal pay to the Indians, if they would help search for her, and a large reward to the one who should find her dead or alive. The young Indian interpreted his language sentence by sentence, as he proceeded, while the older one responded in a series of Oh's and Ah's, half spoken and half grunted, in the peculiar Indian style expressive of interest and astonishment. After Mr. Mullein had finished his account, a few words passed between the Indians, when the younger informed him that Ruth had been found. He had come from the settlement the preceding afternoon, and had conversed with some of the men who had seen her at Tom's cabin. Mr. Mullein questioned him carefully, and his answers confirmed his first statement; there seemed to be no room for doubt.

The woman who had been chopping now came in, bringing a heavy load of wood. The older Indian addressed a few words to her, and then, refilling his pipe went on with his smoking. The woman brought a wooden tray and a ladle, and dipping a liberal supply of corn soup from the kettle over the fire, presented it to Mr. Mullein. The Indian name for it, dah-min-ah-boo, is a compound of two words, dah-min, corn, and wah-boo, soup, or liquid food, and literally signifies corn soup. It is the hominy of the eastern states, which Webster defines as "maize hulled and broken, but coarse, prepared for food by being mixed with water and boiled." Hominy is the English pronunciation of the Indian name of this food, in use by the New England Indians, at the time of the early settlement by the whites. If we take the first three syllables of dah-min-ah-boo, the name applied to it by the Chippewas of Michigan, and change the first letter to h, we have, probably, the original New England word, hah-min-ah. When well prepared, it is palatable and nourishing. The method of cooking among the Indians differs from that of the whites in using a larger proportion of water, so that when thoroughly cooked the mixture is in a fluid or semi-fluid condition. Sometimes the flesh of game is boiled with it. On tasting it, Mr. Mullein asked for salt. The woman brought a dirty cotton shawl, one corner of which was tied up into a bundle. Untying it, she spread the shawl on the mat, displaying the family store of salt in a position where he could help himself. He was too hungry to be fastidious, and seasoned the soup to his liking. Though not accustomed to convey food to his mouth in a wooden ladle holding half a pint, he managed to make a hearty meal, apparently as much to the satisfaction of his entertainers as to his own.

When the meal was finished, Mr. Mullein struck a bargain with the Indians to guide him to the settlement. With such a depth of snow on the ground, it was not a desirable undertaking. The snow was too light and loose for using snow-shoes to advantage, and Mr. Mullein was not accustomed to them; it was therefore determined to go without them. There was a trail from the camp to the settlement, which ran within a mile of Tom's cabin. The Indians took turns in going first to break the way through the snow, making an imperfect path for Mr. Mullein who brought up the rear. It was a toilsome walk, but the company got through by two o'clock in the afternoon, and were received at Tom's with hearty

demonstrations of joy. Ruth's face was radiant with smiles and blushes, as she shook hands with Mr. Mullein, and thanked him for the trouble he had taken on her account. Mrs. Kinkle looked happy, and exerted herself in a motherly way to make him comfortable. Tom's countenance put on a look of satisfaction, though he had all along maintained that to be lost in a snow-storm was no great affair, and Mr. Mullein knew enough to take care of himself in the woods, and was in no danger. The boys crowded around Mr. Mullein, asking numberless questions about what had happened to him.

Winter had fairly set in. At the cabin things moved on in their accustomed channel. Tom hunted, the boys went to school, and Mrs. Kinkle followed the daily routine of making herself moderately happy by making home in some degree pleasant. Ruth was in her school, working hard to mould into desirable patterns the plastic material of future manhood and womanhood committed to her care. Mr. Mullein was at the Narrows, in his bachelor's home, cooking his own food, sewing on his own buttons, and filling up the time by chopping the timber on a part of his land he proposed to clear the following spring. Somehow or other, he often had business at the settlement, and it generally happened that his visits there brought him into the company of Ruth. Whether the meetings were accidental or in accordance with a purpose on his part, Ruth could not determine, and so one day, after cogitating for some time on the matter without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, she wisely dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Will obtained permission of his parents to absent himself from school for a short time, for the purpose of visiting Mr. Mullein. He had never been at the Narrows, and the event of a journey to that place, and a visit with his friend in his own home were looked forward to with much interest. When the morning for his departure arrived, he was up betimes, and had a rousing fire burning in the chimney before the other members of the family had got their eyes open. Breakfast seemed to come tardily upon the table though it was really an early hour when they sat down to it. When it was over, Will lost no time in setting out. Ruth accompanied him as far as the school house, who, as was not unusual, started thus early to attend to her daily task. The sun had not risen, but his coming was heralded by the glow in the eastern sky, the beauty and glory of which never entered into the conception of those unfortunate beings who spend their nights in "society" and their mornings in bed. The air was keen and still, and was full of floating particles of frozen mist, which pricked the skin like thousands of invisible needles. The frozen snow, packed hard in the path, creaked not unmusically beneath their tread, as they walked rapidly along. At the school house Will stopped to help Ruth kindle her fire. It was not a difficult task. A brand, buried in the embers the previous evening, was now a heap of smouldering coals. There was a pile of dry fuel in a corner. In a few minutes the flames were leaping up the chimney, diffusing an agreeable warmth throughout the room. Then Will took leave, and struck into the forest, on the new road leading to the Narrows.

Besides Mr. Mullein, only two or three settlers had as yet had occasion to travel that way, consequently the track through the snow had been but imperfectly broken. Walking was somewhat laborious, but Will was strong and active, and the journey was a novelty. Eight miles through the forest on a road he had nev-

er traveled, promised something of interest, and he busied his imagination conjuring up all sorts of possible adventures.

All objects on the surface of the ground were hidden under the mantle of glittering snow. The trees, from their upright position, and from being frequently agitated by the wind, had lost the covering, except here and there a hemlock, which still bore on the upper surface of its matted branches broad sheets of snow, looking like a dark column surmounted by a capital of white. The young hemlocks, by the bending down of the branches on all sides of their trunks, had been made to resemble conical huts, with walls and roofs of snow without, and a lining of evergreen foliage within. Will amused himself by fancying them to be the habitations of wood demons, and planning the details of the encounter that might take place, should one challenge him from its covert, or cross his path with malicious intent. In the thickets were seen numerous paths made by the wild hare. Its broad feet enable it to run upon the snow without sinking much below the surface, even when the snow is not compact. At the neck of marsh over which the causeway had been built, the track of a noble buck attracted his attention. The animal had passed that way the evening previous, walking for some distance along the path, crossing and recrossing it, winding in and out among the trees, and finally going off in the direction of an open swamp that could be seen in the distance. Further on, at the crossing of the brook, were the tracks of deer and wolves mingled. They were quite new, as if made but an hour or two before. It looked as if a pack of wolves had come suddenly upon a herd of deer, and had scattered them in all directions. Next a flock of blue jays cawed harshly from the topmost boughs of the taller trees, as he passed beneath them. Then a snowy owl, after reconnoitering him from his perch on the branch of a dead hemlock, turning his head from side to side with a saucy air, as much as to say, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" raised himself on noiseless wing, and flew away into the darker recesses of the forest.

There is something in forest scenes, even in the dead of winter, calculated to woo one away from the refinements and luxuries of civilization, and to fascinate him with a fanciful picture of the simple enjoyments of savage life. Will's imagination ran riot among the ideas suggested by the natural objects with which he was surrounded. He thought how glorious it would be to be a wild hunter, roving at will through the forest, untrammelled by the restraints of society, and unaffected by the vexatious wants of civilized man! How exhilarating to chase the wild deer over the frozen snow, to attack the bear in his den, to capture the wolf and the wildcat, and to meet the terrible panther in deadly conflict! How luxurious to feast on the spoils of the chase, cooked at evening by the camp fire, without the aid of condiments or the hurtful manipulations of art! How pleasant, after the fatigues of the day, to sleep on a bed of odoriferous twigs, under a canopy of evergreen boughs, with a roaring fire in front, the stars looking kindly down, and the wind singing a lullaby in the tree tops! How agreeable to be free from the conventionalities of society—from the vexation of being required to square your conduct by the rule of doing as other folks do!

It was near noon when Will arrived within sight of Mr. Mullein's clearing. Mr. Mullein was seen, in a red flannel shirt, with coat and vest off, standing upon the trunk of a recently fallen tree, up-

on which he was vigorously plying his ax. Several chickadees and nuthatches were flitting about, searching among the chips, and in the bark of the fallen tree, for insects. These birds were so tame that they would alight within a few feet of the chopper, and would even follow him from place to place, seeming to know that a new supply of food awaited them whenever he commenced work upon another tree. The clearing covered perhaps two acres, upon which the trees had been cut down. The huge piles of brush, except those recently made, were covered with snow, looking like mounds of various shapes and sizes scattered about. At one edge of the clearing stood the cabin, appearing as if half buried in snow, with a thin column of blue smoke curling upward from the chimney. On all sides the forest rose like a huge wall, shutting out the view, except where, along the channel of Muddy creek, the eye could follow an opening among the trees for some distance down the stream.

Will's arrival was a pleasant surprise to Mr. Mullein. Leaving his work, he immediately conducted him into the house, and seated him on the one stool, himself sitting on the edge of the bed for a few minutes, while he made inquiries about the friends at the settlement. Then he set about preparing dinner. Will watched his movements with interest. Lifting up one of the planks of the floor he took from a pit beneath it some potatoes, which he carefully washed and pared, and placed in the oven to bake. "When you get to keeping bachelor's hall," he said to Will, "always pare your potatoes for baking, if you would have them as nice as possible." The tea kettle was on the stove, where he had purposely left it in the morning, and was soon sending forth a jet of hissing steam.

From a can on the shelf he took a teacup full of coffee, evenly browned but not burnt, which, having ground it in a mill fastened with screws to the wall, he put into a tin coffee pot, and half filled the pot with boiling water from the tea kettle. "Professors of the art of cooking," he continued, "would condemn my method of making coffee, and would pronounce it in advance not fit to drink. The truth is, every man prefers his coffee as he was educated to drink it. The taste for coffee and tea, as well as for tobacco and whisky, is not natural but acquired. I should like an egg with which to settle mine, but as I have none, I shall settle it by pouring a little cold water into it, when it has boiled a few minutes." When he had set the coffee pot on the stove, he put a couple of slices of fat pork into a spider, to which, when partly done, he added steaks cut from a ham of venison hanging from a beam overhead. When the potatoes and steak were done, and the coffee boiled and settled, and all were placed on the table, he added a bowl of sugar, from a tin pail standing on the lower shelf, and a plate of army biscuit, from a box below it. Then, bidding Will bring his stool, he drew to the side of the table the box from which the biscuit had been taken, to serve as a seat for himself, and proceeded to pour the coffee, while Will, in response to an invitation to do so, helped himself.

"I think you must take comfort here," said Will, as he stirred a generous amount of sugar into his coffee.

"Yes," replied Mr. Mullein, "the word 'comfort' expresses it. Comfort is a sort of negative happiness, a freedom from pain. It implies also some degree of positive animation of the spirits, or some pleasurable sensation derived from hope, and agreeable prospects. All this I have, but my surroundings are not calculated to be productive of a great amount of positive happiness."

"I like the woods," said Will. "I

should like to be a wild hunter, living in the depths of the forest, subsisting on game and wild fruits, engaging in the excitement of the chase all day, and resting on a bed of twigs and leaves, by the side of a brightly glowing camp fire, at night."

"And be cold, and hungry, and lonely," responded Mr. Mullein.

"I would dress in the skins of wild animals," continued Will.

"And find them much inferior to woolen and cotton," replied Mr. Mullein.

"I should have plenty of venison, fowl, and fish," said Will.

"When you could get them," responded Mr. Mullein, "and then you would long for bread and potatoes."

"If I were lonely, I should have nobody to bother me," said Will.

"Except mosquitoes and sand flies," said Mr. Mullein. "The truth is," he continued, "man was made for society. The recluse, or the savage dwelling in the forest, may experience a degree of pleasure arising from communion with nature, but in this he has no advantage over the dweller in civilized society, while the latter adds to that pleasure, which he may experience equally with the former, the sweets of social intercourse. The wild life of a hunter looks attractive in the distance, but in actual experience it generally proves to be one round of hardship, toil, and privation—privations of even the common comforts of life. Yet it must be confessed that, like all other modes of life it has its charms, and its peculiar advantages, and there are those who follow it from youth to old age, and cannot be brought to see that there is a better way."

"There is no better way for them," said Will, "if they are happier in that way than in any other."

"Whether they are happier," Mr. Mullein replied, "admits of doubt. Physical, intellectual, and moral culture increases man's capacity for happiness. Civilization multiplies his means of enjoyment. It follows, then, that the cultivated man of civilized society is happier than the ignorant, half naked savage, provided he makes use of the means within his reach."

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food, clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trumpet of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and

follow His footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of scripture will come back to the habitual bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."

So with a sense of strength the minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the week of prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner that a succession of prayer meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this, I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union-meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to His family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger; Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings, we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us then each for himself try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here, let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Every body rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him, imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes, and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was the lever-point Archimedes

longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When box for ballots was passed, about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for the purpose and wrote on it a name. The pastor said after he had counted them, "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me, the doctor says it ain't; but dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse! I knew it made me what folks call nervous, and I call cross, before night come; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I've stopped, and I'm a-goin' to stay stopped."

Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set my pie the most of any thing. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like every thing, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weather-cock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothin' help me but to diet. I was readin' the bible that mornin' while I sat waitin' for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kept clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I couldn't! and, lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do I went and done what I knew I ought not to do. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him and help him, for I see just how I was. So that day's practice giv out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

I started out next day to look up my bible-class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday school as they ought to, along back, but I was busy here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well 'twould take the evening to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed three weeks, and was so glad to see me, that I felt fairly ashamed. Seemed as though I heerd the Lord for

the first time sayin', 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me, before he come in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethring, so was I. I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said, "Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said, 'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrines, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself?'"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon, "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my bible-class nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do today—not since I begun to teach."

Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards every body; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon, Philury says, says she, 'Square Tucker's black bull is in the orchard a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths of fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better believe. That black bull has been a breakin' into my lots ever since we got in the aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one just coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as crackling's with frost. You'd better believe I didn't have much feller-feeling with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looks up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meeting day, ain't it, Deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what kind of a life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me to forgive him and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n an' nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done afore. I was one of them that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest on ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsens. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I believe my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seeing one good, honest, Christian man as brought me round to it."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden' that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I didn't say nothin'. I just fetched in the kindlin's myself

and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

"Dear me!" says she, "I've got such a headache, Siah, but I'll come down in a minnit." I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest goin' to say so, when I remembered the text 'bout not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emma an' me can git the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked and waited on me for twenty odd year, most scart to death because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail of water that she'd always drawed herself. Then I milked the cow. When I came in Philury was up and fryin' the potatoes. She didn't say nothin', she's kind of still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meaner'n I did the day before, but 'twan't nothin' to my condition 'long towards night when I was down sullar for some apples so the children could have a roast, and I heard Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy, 'I do believe pa's goin' to die,' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk?' 'Well, I do, he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natured that I can't but think he's struck with death.'

I tell ye, bretherin', I sat right down on them sullar stairs an' cried. I did reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me just the same as He did at Peter. Why there was my own children never see me act reel fatherly an' pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded an' prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up right; and as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, and I hadn't never thought they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more of Josiah Emmons' short-comin's than was real agreeable.

Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things were a little catering, but I did have sense enough not to tear around and use sharp words as much as common. I began to think 'twas gittin' easy to practice after five days when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'n calico. I had a handsome piece all done up with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin', now an' then a thin streak. She was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come across me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a doorkeeper in the tents of my God, as David says, reely cheatin' a woman. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked reel close at this article, 'tain't thorough wove.' So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times afore I'd done such mean, unreliable tricks to turn a penny, an' all the time sayin' an' prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ.

I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

So this morning came around, and I felt a mite more chirky. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I

didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallowed a little, and fin'ly I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"No, you don't!" ses she, as quick as a wink. 'I stay to home and mind my business.'

"Well, we should like to have you come along with us and do ye good," says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"Look here, Deacon!" she snapped,

"I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer 'n death and uglier 'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny done her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to besides. Now what are you comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I please, for all you. Now get out o' this! Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't, what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve or save 'em before in all these years. I'd said considerable about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that war next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren, I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat and bowed his head; and many another bent, too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson arose and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward," and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.—*The Congregationalist.*

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Third Paper.

All the second afternoon we traveled over British soil, between Niagara Falls and Detroit, on the Canada side of lake Erie, enjoying very much the cool, pleasant temperature so delightful in contrast with the heated city. The cars were free from dust, easy in motion, the windows large, enabling one to see and enjoy the scenery in passing; the seats so comfortable that when our old lady of eighty-eight was asked next day at Chicago, by the friends who met her there, "Are you not tired?" She replied with her characteristic vivacity:

"Tired! No! What have I had to tire me?"

At evening we crossed the Detroit river just below lake St. Clair to the city of Detroit. The train of cars was ferried over in a boat. The full moon shining upon the water made a very pretty picture. It was twenty minutes to ten when

we reached the American side of the river. It was an express train and went on without stopping, and we soon took our berths for a second night's rest, while we were being carried rapidly through southern Michigan and northern Indiana, round the southern end of lake Michigan into Illinois, and morning found us fast dashing on towards Chicago, at which city we took a late breakfast and rested an hour or two, and then took the train northward along the lake through Racine to Milwaukee, thence westward across the state of Wisconsin to the Mississippi river. After passing Milwaukee the train goes more slowly, stopping frequently at stations, and we while away the time by taking note of the scenes through which we pass.

The scenery in Wisconsin is not unlike that in some parts of New England, being more diversified than in Illinois or Canada. We pass through large fields of barley and other grain. Rows of Normandy poplars are very common. They were all planted by the first settlers to break the force of the winds that sweep over the prairies.

Here is a group of women working in the fields. One has a white handkerchief on her head instead of a hat. They look very picturesque. Here is Fourth lake, a broad expanse of water, bright with the rays of the setting sun. Cows and young cattle gamboling in the pastures. Broad prairie meadows rich with great squares of different colored grain. Hay fields. Beautiful groves of trees, with bright, short green grass and white clover forming a beautiful carpet underneath.

Madison. Train stops twenty minutes for refreshments. Now we go on. Fields of grain with green wooded hills beyond. Ponds. Great fields of barley again. It reminds one of the old song:

"All among the barley,
Who would not be blithe,
When the free and happy barley
Is smiling on the scythe."

The wheat is like a rich man that's sleek and well-to-do, The oats are like a pack of girls laughing and dancing too. The rye is like a miser, that's sulky, lean and small, But the free and bearded barley is monarch of them all."

Here are all the grains in succession, barley, oats, rye, wheat and hay. All the air is redolent with perfume. Now we pass through great fields of corn, and here is pasture land. Ross Plains. More barley again—very large fields of it. What do they do with all this barley? There seems to be more of this than of any other grain. Some one near us says they make it into beer or ale. That is bad!

Here are scores of black pigs browsing in the pastures, cattle, colts, pretty rustic bridge over the water, brick school house, engine house, pile of lumber—conductor calls out, "Black Earth station." Now we go on again. More water views, fringes of willow trees on the banks, beautiful little lake—station, change cars for Sauk Center. Twenty years ago Sauk Center was an American encampment in the war with the Sioux Indians.

Here we have a beautiful water view again. We cross the Wisconsin river three times between Madison and Prairie du Chien. A full moon lights up its waters and the graceful foliage beyond and invests every thing with new beauty. The Wisconsin river grows broader and now we catch a glimpse of the noble Mississippi full of picturesque islands, reminding us a little of the beautiful Thousand Islands.

There is no Pullman sleeper attached to this train, and we decide to remain at Prairie du Chien for the night. It is half-past ten o'clock when we leave the train at this place and weary with the journey we thankfully rest in the large, comfortable hotel close by the station.

Here our host, a Frenchman, entertains us with true French courtesy and hospitality. From the windows of our large pleasant room we overlook the noble Mississippi, but we have had enough of sight seeing for one day, and after using plenty of water in removing the dust of travel, we betake ourselves to rest ready to exclaim with Hood:

"Oh bed, bed, bed! delicious bed!
Thou heaven upon earth to the weary head!"

Or with Sancho Panza:

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

We are awakened in the morning by one of the terrific thunder storms so common in the west. The preceding evening had been warm and our windows were open and just as the storm commenced a knock is heard at the door and a voice outside asks if our windows are closed. In spite of the storm we had a good night's rest, and rose early next morning in time to look about a little.

At half-past seven we resume our journey, greatly refreshed and with very pleasant impressions of Prairie du Chien. We cross the Mississippi on a pontoon, or bridge of boats. Our train is detained for an hour at North McGregor on the opposite bank, on account of a washout caused by last night's storm. At last we go on. We are in the state of Iowa. Every thing is delightfully fresh and bright. Luxuriant foliage, great masses of rock here and there. The scenery is really very fine, very wild and romantic. And now we come to a more cultivated region, with immense fields of grain. Here are rich pastures, dotted with field lilies, ox-eye daisies and other brilliant wild flowers. Fine cattle lazily chewing the cud, taking time for digesting the plentiful repast spread around them. A lady gets in at a way station, Suana, and takes a seat with me. Like most of the western people she is very sociable and inclined to converse freely. "There has been a terrible washout," she says, "at Bloody Run, which has delayed the train." Bloody Run is the place where years ago Gen. Zachary Taylor and Jefferson Davis, fought against the great Indian chief Black Hawk.

Here is Postville, a neat little town. "Twenty-seven years ago," she tells me, "this was all a great forest." Then she goes on to tell me how there was not a house for miles and miles where a weary traveler or trader could rest for the night, till a Mrs. Post, an energetic widow with her family, started a house or tavern in the woods that proved so home like and comfortable as to be a great success. The woods around her were gradually cleared away by settlers and the little village came to life, and was named for her. This is one of the things a woman can do. The speaker had herself come to Iowa from the state of New York years ago when all the country around was little more than a wilderness, and had seen the towns one after another grow up around her. Once she remembered they had to watch the sheep to keep them from the wolves; now every thing around indicated cultivation, thrift and intelligence such as one might expect in the strong temperance state of Iowa. My companion was a temperance woman too, I found, and very much interested in the approaching temperance or prohibition convention, which she told me was soon to be held not far away, I forgot where. As she left the car she pointed out to me with pride her daughter waiting on the platform to receive her—a young lady of prepossessing personal appearance and manner, creditable to her mother and to the state.

And now we are traveling in a northwesterly direction; occasionally we see a log cabin although most of the houses are as neat and comfortable as those in New England. Here are prairie chickens,

very good eating. The hills are all gone, and in their stead are wide prairies covered with grain or grass. We have entered the state of Minnesota, and go on through Austin, Owatonna, and other places, to the beautiful city of Fairbault, of which we will speak another time.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

GAMES.

The winter evenings draw on apace, when we, of the city and country alike, are anxiously looking for something new in amusements. The old games need to be laid aside and after a rest and trial of new ones, they will seem fresher and better. Among the new the first to claim our attention is the justly popular one entitled "Musical Authors." So many games of varied character arise to claim our attention we cannot help talking about the best ones first.

"Musical Authors" may be ranked among that very commendable class of games which tend to instruct as well as amuse. In many respects it resembles "Authors," and "Mythology," only treating entirely of the different celebrated composers of music, and played in the same manner as the games above mentioned.

It is divided into "books" of four cards each. In these "books" we have given the names of several of the best musical compositions of one author, and a brief account of the author's life. The names of each musical composition are properly divided and accented, so that, in most cases, it is comparatively easy to pronounce them. As fast as each person obtains the four cards making up any one "book," (this is done in the same manner as in playing "Authors,") the holder of the "book" announces the fact and reads aloud the sketch of the author's life, as therein given, and the names of his principal works, and in conclusion whoever obtains the largest number of "books," wins the game.

In common with other games of similar character, such as "Authors," "Mythology," and the "Shakespearian Game," this can never lose a certain degree of popularity. Their originators deserve great credit since it is a noticeable fact that young and old, unconsciously become quickly well acquainted with the best works of musical and literary authors as well as with the principal facts in the authors' lives.

In the "Shakespearian game" we become well acquainted with the great bard's best lines, and thus our ideas of life are enlarged and our knowledge increased, without perceptible effort.

"Codham," or "Coddum" as it is variously spelled, is a game which requires individual ingenuity and is one of those games which cannot be bought, but if one only remembers the rules can be played at any time, by any ordinary small company. It is better where six or eight are gathered together, but can be played by fifteen or twenty people.

The assembled company must first gather on "sides." There need not necessarily be any choosing, but as far as is possible have the company equally divided and then having a cleared table between them they can commence. The only thing required in playing the game is a silver dollar, or half dollar, a dollar being preferable. Having placed this on the table between them, they choose which side shall have it first. The side that gets it first all hold their hands under the table and keep the dollar passing back and forth, from one to the other, until the opposite side count ten, then they must all immediately put their hands closed on the table. The object being to so effectually conceal the dollar that it is difficult to decide who has it. As soon

as the side which has the dollar put their hands closed upon the table, their opponents consult among themselves as to which individual one they think has the dollar. The leader of the opposite side is at liberty then to "order off" the hands of each one whom he thinks has not got the dollar, leaving the hand of the one he thinks has it till the last. If he successfully order off the right persons' hands, and finds the dollar in the last person's hand, his side gains one.

There is always a score kept on paper, and a particular number agreed upon, which each side strives to attain to first. If the leader shall order off one which holds the dollar, before they are all off, that side loses, and the side with the dollar gain one; they then change and the other side takes the dollar for a trial of skill, this being repeated until the requisite number is gained by one side or the other.

It affords considerable amusement to see how effectually or ineffectually different ones will conceal the money and how quickly and easily one can deceive the opposing side. It is a game which requires practice and skill and then after it is well learned, one finds it quite exciting to see how quickly and accurately he can order off without making mistakes, judging only by facial expressions and the positions of each hand.

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

ENEMIES.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies, is seldom good for any thing; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark, "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

—I have noticed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fall to ruins like some deserted mansions, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that, at times, it approaches sublimity.—*Washington Irving*.

—Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

—If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

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 HOUSEHOLD:—Having seen the offer of sheet music free, in your paper, I have sent the pictures cut from the wrappers of the fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap just purchased, as required, and the music I have selected came to \$1.15. I enclosed stamps for the difference, which I hope Mr. Cragin will find satisfactory. Please let me state here, that I used the first bar of Dobbins' Soap that was ever used in this vicinity, (as far as I know) seeing it advertised in our papers for the first time in the fall of 1876. We sent to Philadelphia for a sample bar, price 15 cents, and by using liked it so well, that we induced our grocer, G. Wingen, North McGregor, Iowa, to send for a box, for which he found ready sale, first through our recommendation and afterwards on its own merits, and all the principal grocers here have kept it ever since. Let me say that I think it an excellent soap and have used it ever since 1876. Have tried other "new soaps" but with poor satisfaction, and now will use no other. Please excuse this lengthy epistle.

MRS. Z. C. BIDWELL.

Box 145, McGregor, Iowa.

MR. CROWELL:—I see by THE HOUSEHOLD the liberal offer Messrs. Cragin & Co. have made in regard to Dobbins' Soap, which is splendid, and I have cut from each wrapper the pictures which you refer to in THE HOUSEHOLD, and sent the list of music I selected to Philadelphia, and hope to be as well pleased with the music as I am with the soap.

Pliny P. O., Kan. LOU ADAMS.

MR. CROWELL:—I sent fifteen pictures as you directed, to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, so as to get the music. I am much pleased with Dobbins' Electric Soap. My husband is a grocer and keeps it for sale and every one seems to like it.

St. Louis, Mo. MRS. G. E. TOWNSEND.

MR. CROWELL:—Have just noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD about the music Messrs. Cragin & Co. are giving to users of Dobbins' Electric Soap, my attention being called to it by letters from some of the subscribers who have already received the music. We have had a whole box of this soap and would not take \$50 for it, if it were impossible to obtain another. There are several of our friends using it by our recommendation, and think it "perfection." As soon as I read about the offer I went to work cutting out the pictures and found there were only forty-five wrappers left, the rest being destroyed before I knew their value. I sent the forty-five, and expect soon to receive the music.

MRS. M. E. DOWE.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I received the music which I sent for, this morning, and think it very pretty indeed, but I am afraid there was a mistake as I find there is an extra piece which I did not expect, unless Mr. Cragin kindly allowed for the fifteen wrappers which were destroyed. Mr. Cragin will please accept my thanks.

Hartford, Conn. MRS. M. E. DOWE.

MR. CROWELL:—When coming here I found the Electric Soap was not known, but persuaded a grocer to send for a box. Now I feel that I could not keep house without it.

MRS. R. B. WRIGHT.

Crested Butte, Col.

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 60,000 cards*. We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their *full name and address*, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Rosamond E. will please send me a root of arbutus, (*epigaea repens*), I will pay the postage and will send her roots, seeds, or anything that I can in exchange.

Peoria, Ill.

A. J. HEADING.

Will the members of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me their autographs on a postal card?

CARRIE H. NASH.

Box 160, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. C. T. Collier, Bedford, M. T., would like to obtain vols. 60, 61 and 62 of Harper's Monthly, bound or fit for binding. Will pay cash or exchange. Write first.

Will Abbie of New Mexico, who gave directions for crochet edging in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD, please exchange samples with me, the one in THE HOUSEHOLD included? If so please write to MRS. E. R. ANDREWS.

Greensboro, Hale Co., Ala.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask N. M. S., of January number, to send her full address to

MRS. HARRY J. KING.

102 St. John St., New Haven, Conn.

*Will the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please send their postal autographs to me? I will return the favor.

MRS. JOHN COMSTOCK.

73 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

F. Jenne, Sutton, Que., will send a large box of Canadian specimens for a year's numbers of any good paper or magazine, (to begin with 1884,) numbers to be sent as soon as read. Will send specimens first upon receipt of sample copy. Especially want Harper's, Ballou's, *Floral Cabinet*, and *New York Ledger*.

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE "ODD FELLOWS' JOURNAL."

"HULMEVILLE, PA., September 1st, 1883.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—*Sirs*:—Having experienced so great a benefit from your COMPOUND OXYGEN, I desire to give my testimony as to its great value as a curative agent.

In the spring of 1881, my health began to fail, so that I became a great sufferer from debility, nervousness, and loss of sleep and appetite.

After trying several remedies and continuing to grow weaker, I almost in despair gave up the hope of living.

To add to my sufferings, in October of the same year I was afflicted with a severe cold which seemed to induce congestion of the liver and kidneys, threatened paralysis of the right side, and hemorrhoids, and the prescribed remedies aggravated, rather than allayed, the suffering.

About the first of November I heard of your Compound Oxygen and was induced to try it. At this time I was losing about half a gill of blood a day. I could not sleep soundly, very little appetite, and a very flighty memory.

In less than two weeks after taking the Compound Oxygen I was like a new person. The bleeding had stopped entirely, my appetite became healthy, my sleep improved, and my memory became good and steady.

I have continued its use until the present time, September 1st, 1883, enjoying good health, excellent spirits, and improved powers of endurance, both mentally and physically.

During the first six months I took the Compound Oxygen regularly, as prescribed; since that time only occasionally, as needed to keep my health good. I might mention that I have had three attacks of incipient pneumonia, at different times, but that I now feel that my lung power is excellent and more active than at any time in my life.

There have also been a number of wonderful results that have come within my observation from the use of Compound Oxygen, a few of which I will relate to you:

A lady friend was taken sick, in 1863, with a severe attack of abdominal inflammation. She was treated by an old school (allopathic) physician, and was confined to her bed for eight months. She became a suffering invalid; deaf, from taking a large quantity of quinine; neuralgic, from taking solutions of arsenica and strychnia and morphia. She had a number of skillful physicians attending her during the many years which passed until December, 1881, without much relief or encouragement. She then began the use of Compound Oxygen. Scarcely three months had elapsed before she showed signs of great improvement, and has continued to improve steadily, until at present she considers herself enjoying a large share of good health. Her hearing is much improved, the neuralgia has almost entirely disappeared; the nervousness is scarcely noticed, and she is able not only to attend to her household and other duties, but to walk several miles at a time when it is required. She rejoices to bear testimony to the blessing Compound Oxygen has conferred upon her.

Another lady friend of advanced years (nearly seventy), was suffering from debility induced by an injury received about a year before. Her spirits became depressed, her appetite failed, her memory became flighty, and her judgment weak. After using Compound Oxygen only a short time, great improvement was noticeable, until at present she is enjoying excellent health, her appetite and sleep are normal, she is lively and contented, and her mind is restored to its usual activity and balance.

I could give many instances of its good effects which have come to my notice, and only recommended from friendly motives and a desire to alleviate suffering. I remain, very respectfully,

W. G. P. BRINCKLOE,
Ed. and Pub. of the Odd Fellows' Journal."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery of and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Cataract, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., will exchange a telegraph instrument, solid brass base, peerless key on hard rubber base, for photo outfit, field glass, or anything of equal value.

Miss H. A. Smith, box 186, Schoolcraft, Mich., will exchange a vol. of selections from Byron for the Continent, '83, Browning's or Mrs. Browning's poems, or French dictionary. Write first.

Mrs. Ellen Reese, Niles, Mich., will exchange directions for transferring and painting photographs, for minerals, shells, moss, birch bark, pampas plumes, or materials for fancy work.

Mattie S. Moore, No. San Juan, Nev. Co., Cal., will exchange lovely moss agates, 5 to 7 ounces, (larger when exchange is sufficient,) for useful and fancy articles.

E. J. Albee, Branford, Conn., will exchange patterns for fancy articles, and samples of crocheted edging for bulbs, pressed autumn leaves, or moss. Write first.

Carrie F. Holton, Collins Center, Erie Co., N. Y., will exchange music, books, window cleaners and egg beaters, for books, stereoscopic views, music, or anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. P. W. Parkhurst, Clyde, O., will exchange buckeyes and paw paw seeds for curiosities or bright pieces of silk half the size of a postal card.

Miss Flora L. Bartlett, Haverhill, Mass., will exchange four pieces of print, size of a postal card, for each one of silk same size, black except.

Mrs. S. A. Bryant, Charlestown, Mass., will exchange Peterson's (nine years), Godey's and Frank Leslie's for useful and ornamental articles. Write first.

Mrs. P. W. Gaynor, No. San Juan, Nev. Co., Cal., will exchange fine agates, valuable mineral specimens and bulbs of sucy sing for nice fancy needlework.

Mrs. Wm. P. Burpee, box 175, Manchester, N. H., will exchange six kinds of pink seed, mixed, three kinds of other choice seed, for worsted or silk pieces.

Miss Florence E. Gibson, Washington Depot, Conn., will exchange back numbers of Youth's Companion for advertising cards, 5 to 10 cards, according to quality, for each paper.

Mrs. N. H. Hoyt, 305 Howard Ave., New Haven, Conn., will exchange sheet music, instrumental and vocal, Ballou's and Peterson's magazines, for pieces of silks, satins and velvets.

K. E. Brewster, Pontiac, Mich., will exchange fish-scale jewelry, peacock feathers and pampas plumes for paintings, books, fret-sawed work, rick-rack edging, or embroidery silks.

Mrs. F. H. Stickney, Brattleboro, Vt., will exchange copper ore or infant's socks of any color for pampas plumes and pretty grasses, or bracket made with a fine saw.

Mrs. C. T. Collier, Bedford, M. T., will make over good flannels into children's under-clothes if any lady will knit woolen hose for her in exchange.

Emma L. Albertson, North Rush, N. Y., has oil paintings to exchange for articles of equal value.

Mrs. M. J. Jones, Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., will exchange pressed ferns and autumn leaves, and directions for making many pretty fancy articles, for shells.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless, the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to add my testimony, in this column, to the worth of the stamping outfit advertised by J. F. Ingalls in THE HOUSEHOLD. I have one and find it very convenient, both for our own use and as an accommodation to our neighbors.

Also the waist pattern advertised by Mrs. J. M. Farnham is complete in every way, and would afford relief to many who suffer from the wearing of corsets and weight of skirts.

Atglen, Pa. R. E. GRIFFITH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—May I have space in the Looking Glass column to say that I sent to Mr. Allen for his trial collection of seed, advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD, and found them just as represented? I have splendid pansies and verbenas, etc.

SOVILLA McCANNA.

Michigan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Noticing the advertisement "Shopping by Mail," by Marjorie March, in our HOUSEHOLD, I decided to send for a circular, which having received, sent an order to be filled by her, which was soon followed by another, and still another, all being filled so promptly and with so much satisfaction, I begin to think I have, to use a western term, "struck a bonanza." Her taste is excellent, and judgment good. I hope some one reading this may be led to order goods through her. I am sure they will not regret it.

Mount Idaho, I. T. MRS. M. E. SCOTT.

COVETOUSNESS IN DISGUISE.

The wonderful success of James Pyle's Pearline has given rise to a flood of imitations with an "inc" to their names, evidently to have them sound like Pearline. Enterprises of this sort are quite liable to be more selfish than beneficial.

A bereaved young widow was perfectly nonplussed when a very forgetful duchess, after consoling her for her lost husband abruptly asked, "Was he the only one you had?"

Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles maintain an active circulation, promote an agreeable warmth in the feet and prevent Coughs and Colds. Made all sizes. Ladies' insoles are very thin. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers. Price 50 cents.

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

The One Dollar GOLDEN RULE offer still holds good. You cannot spend one dollar to better advantage. See announcement on page 25.

IMPROVED DRESS REFORM WAIST and Skirt Supporter attached. With a pattern one can be made with little expense. It causes the shoulder to carry the weight of the clothing thereby relieving weaker parts which makes it invaluable to ladies. Mrs. J. M. FARNHAM, Rockland, Maine, will send pattern for 25 cts. I am permitted to refer to Dr. Hanaford and wife.

HALFORD STANDARD RELISH FOR SOUPS, FISH, STEAKS, CHOPS, MEATS, ETC.

HOUSE BUILDING.
BY HOPE HARVEY.

"O yes, I build castles in the air sometimes," said the friend with whom I have just been talking. "And I do not think, like some, that doing so is wicked. On the contrary, it is good for me, in the way that I manage it. I am practical enough, and busy enough, and my castle building I use simply as recreation. It pleases and rests me, and my pretty edifices are never high enough to crush me if they tumble. Neither do I make the plan of them impossible, for who knows but some of them may stand, some unexpected day? They are all founded on very innocent and moderate hopes."

I liked the little lady's system of castle building, and could not say her nay, especially as she is so cheerful, industrious, and useful, that she deserves to have some of her fancied structures prove realities. Besides, I had a kindred feeling for her, as I indulge in "*chateaux en Espagne*" myself, and they ought to rise and develop into good, comfortable, happy country homes, every one of them! For my "castles" take the form of dwelling houses, a kind that shall combine with good shelter and ordinary convenience, the greater matters of health, satisfaction, and pleasure for body and mind, in the greatest quantities possible. And all this in order that the occupants may become the best possible, since all living should reach up to that highest good. Houses ought to be helpers heavenward.

My ideal house holds many a perfection under its roof, and among its environments, which the real house might not be able to embrace; yet I will mention some of the excellencies to which the real house might humbly aspire, with a reasonable hope of attainment.

In the first place, the house should be big enough. "Aha," says some one, "this is castle building indeed. Just as if every one could have his house as big as he wants! You remind us of the half-witted youngster, who, hearing his mother complaining of the desperate poverty of their table, exclaimed, 'Then why don't you cook more? If ye always cook enough, ye'll always have enough!' So your argument seems to be that if we want a large house, why, build it large."

Well, I confess that is it, very nearly. I will not be laughed down, but affirm that almost every body who is able to build at all, might have his house as large as he needs, by building it so. For reckon up, you economical folks, and you will see that the expense is not so much in the additional lumber required to make a house a few more feet and inches larger on the ground, or in putting up a second story, as in finishing the additional rooms. But consider that you need not finish all the rooms at once, only those you require most at first, and the others one by one as your needs demand them, and as you have means to do them. Then how thankful you will be that you have the frames of those rooms all ready to your hand. It will seem comparatively easy to find the wherewithal to finish and furnish in this way, since you do not have the discouragement of beginning at the foundation. There is a real moral aid in it as well. It gives accession to hope and self respect and inward renovation, thus to be getting ahead outwardly.

Every family needs large room for its proper expansion, not only in the number of its members, but the quality of their minds. Not that large households and great and good people have not been reared in close quarters. But are not these cases exceptions? Other things being equal, would there not have been more distinguished persons in the families from which one such has sprung, if the

family as a whole had had a better chance? Cramping of space often means repression of ideas and aspirations. And crowding is not conducive to cheerfulness. Attrition leads to irritation. There should be room to flee and straighten out when things get mixed in the household. "Love in a cottage" is very good, but the bigger the cottage the better the love, as a general rule.

There should be rooms enough cool or warm, according to the weather, so that each member of the family can be alone in one, if she or he desires, a short time in the day at least, and to which he or she shall have the exclusive and undisturbed right, for any private purposes of rest, dressing, study, thought, or silence. A whole solitary life is not of Divine appointment, but temporary retirement is an advantage, not to say necessity, to the highest well being. That there be plenty of room for cooking and other work, eating, meeting, sleeping, and for the company of guests day and night, might be urged in earnest, separate paragraphs, but I will leave each covered by the general plea for spaciousness, while I mention some of the other requisites of my ideal house.

Another is well arranged windows, so as to afford plenty of light, sun, air, and outlook; and also to furnish convenient spaces for closets, and suitable places for setting and re-arranging lounges, sofas, and beds. Physicians dwell specially upon the first four things for all persons, and explain to us their imperative necessity for the proper physical development of children, and for the cure of invalids; and they can scarcely emphasize too much the importance of these hygienic actors. But they are quite as well adapted, and even more needed for the fostering of mental and spiritual health. How a picture from a bright, sunny window cheers one's heart all day! How one returns to it frequently in the midst of busy moments for real rest and refreshment. Even the little children rejoice in it, and take pure and ennobling impulses from its happy influences. They do not express much of all this in words, perhaps, but all such elevating impressions are usually helpful and life long. Therefore, for the uplifting and enlightenment of the soul as well as the body, every room should have the sun at some part of the day, and I never could see why this was not practicable. My "castle" of a house, as I mentally see it, stands not squarely fronted to the east, west, north, nor south, but "catacornered," as the old people used to say, with each of its four corners indicating respectively the four cardinal points of the compass. That brings the precious beams of the sun, at either morning, noon, or night, during all the seasons, into every one of my rooms for a few golden minutes at least, every day in the year.

No window in the house should look out upon any thing unsightly. Such things should either be abated as a nuisance, or the windows changed. And it must be easier and more healthful in results to do the former. There is scarcely a foot of earth around a country dwelling that cannot be made in a greater or less degree attractive, or at least neat. Not more care should be paid to the lawns and floral decorations of the front, than to the surroundings of the windows at the rear. A little low shrubbery, beds of vegetables, of mints, of simple flowers, including the popular sunflower, can adorn, and at the same time redeem from malaria waste spots, or if nothing else can be allowed, surely there may be always green, sodded grass, healthful and beautiful. Do let some of these take the place of piles of compost, pools of stagnant water, or heaps of waste rubbish.

The outbuildings should be situated so that they will not be an offence to the natural or cultivated tastes of the house-dwellers. I know an inviting-looking, little white cottage that fronts, some rods away, one of the prettiest pieces of woodland in all that region. But alas! directly in front also, and very near, stands the old, straggling barn, whose desolate yard and open stable windows are a veritable torture to the ladies of the house. It will make some careful planning and extra work, no doubt, but please, good farmer architects, don't outrage the refinement of your family and visitors, by spoiling a bit of spring's delicate tints in the forest, or summer's deep green, or autumn's gorgeous display, by intervening a set of miserable sheds or swine houses.

The outlook of the invalid's window by day or night should be pleasant, and the bed or chair should be placed to secure this. I believe that a restful or inspiring view outside of the four wearisome walls may often be as much of a cordial or curative as medicine. The sick person gets so tired of the same old things inside by day, and O, so much more tired by night in the long, wakeful hours! Doleful remembrances, morbid imaginings, unhappy forebodings, neuralgic restlessness and pain—every thing comes but sleep. "Then what a relief it is," said an invalid lady, "if I have a window from which I can look straight from my bed out and beyond. If I can catch a glimpse even of a tree, a rock shining in the moonlight, a bit of blue sky, or a star, I get diverted with great and lovely thoughts. Then to pray is easier, and God seems nearer."

In addition to the arrangement of the windows for best near effects, should be the situation of the house itself for wider prospects. Many of our earlier settlers, and later ones too, for that matter, seem to have had no eye for scenery, and what a pity, when they were building houses for one, two, or three generations to be reared in! The acre they happened to clear first, was too often selected not only for their temporary tent, but permanent abode, without a thought to the hidousness of the location, or to the rare beauty of another spot, better too in all other respects, a few rods or furlongs this side or that. There is no excuse for such mistakes in our New England, where every farm furnishes some eligible building location, if intelligently sought and chosen.

If your house-lot must needs be a low and level one, let the most be made of its capabilities, I beseech you, good builder. And first, if in any one direction is an "eye-sore," as we term it, of deformity in your own or adjacent lands, conceal it by trees or shrubbery, but let no other prospect be hidden or too much broken in this way. As you must make the very most of your views far around, arrange your other shade trees accordingly, not too near the house. I know a building which might command a wide view of pleasingly diversified rising and valley grounds in cultivation, and a very fine range of hills a few miles away, but nought of this panorama is ever seen, nothing but a short strip of the highway, and part of a stumpy, swampy sheep pasture! Shade and fruit trees are so near the windows, they cut off all else. Very pretty and desirable in themselves, yet at a further remove one could have the benefit of them and the more distant beauties of nature also. So if there is a charming slope anywhere visible from your premises, a little stream or river, a wide sweep of sward land or corn fields, a pretty view of the village, or blue hills beyond, or a vista through a woodsy opening, by all means within your own best

planning, save and cherish these pleasant sights as inspirers and educators.

More beautiful and blessed still is the house built on an elevation, or even quite an eminence. There shall my ideal house be. Yea, there it is already, my "castle" I built long ago, but which I never see nor dwell in, except in thought or in some happy dream. There is no wealth displayed within or around, only large comfort and content. The rooms are spacious, numerous, light and particularly homey. They are filled full of affection and welcome for all its inmates and for every guest. Each of my family owns an apartment, and it is warmed in winter, not only with love, but with an abundance of wood fires.

Outside, I can see off! At the north are far blue hills and nearer green ones, and closer still is a little grove of beech and maple to protect from winter winds. Looking east I see mountains and lakes. Looking west, I see wooded and cultivated acclivities rising gently, higher and higher, till they meet the setting sun. Looking south, I see a long, long slope, stretching miles and miles away, of fields green and golden with grass and grain; neat farm houses; white, peaceful villages, with upward pointing church spires; acres of forests, and a long, winding river; and away at the boundary of all vision, is a strip of the sea. Then imagination helps me onward, and I see magnificent mountain ranges, oceans, and old worlds. Last of all I see where the Holy One lived and died.

"I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod; I stand where they stood with the Chosen of God." Thus I grow glad and exultant in my ideal house. And looking up, I see heaven!

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By special arrangement with the publishers of THE GOLDEN RULE, any *actual subscriber* to THE HOUSEHOLD is entitled to the GOLDEN RULE to Jan. 1, 1885, for only \$1.00.

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THE COMET OF 1819.

This comet is now visible to the naked eye, looking like a shadowy speck of nebulous haze. An ordinary telescope, a spy glass or an opera glass will show its presence in the star-depths distinctly. As it speeds its flight toward the sun its velocity increases, and, as it at the same time approaches the earth, it will soon be easily found, and for months to come will delight the eyes of many observers. A distinct and brilliant nucleus beamed from the center of the cloudy envelope, and a shadowy tail was beginning to develop and throw out its gossamer train. What depths of space it must have pierced in its travels of nearly three-quarters of a century. Since its first recorded appearance nearly the whole population of the globe has passed away. Very few of those who now welcome its advent will behold its return in 1954.

Fortunately the comet is not hard to find. A brilliant star shines in the northwest as soon as darkness veils the earth. This is Vega, or Alpha Lyrae, and may be certainly known by two small stars forming with it an equilateral triangle, as well as by being the only first magnitude star in the vicinity. About thirteen degrees north of Vega is a red star of the third magnitude, known as Gamma Draconis. Between these two stars lies the present path of the comet. It is now not far from one-third of the intervening distance south and a little west of Gamma, and is moving rapidly toward Vega. This comet reaches its perihelion or nearest point to the sun on January 25, being then about 70,000,000 miles distant from the great center orb. It will be increasing in brightness until that time, and will therefore be in its best estate during the holidays, a celestial visitor whom it will be no trouble to entertain. It is not likely that it will be of great size, or that it will unfurl a tail of astounding proportions.—*Providence Journal*.

A LEARNED WOMAN.

The life of Miss Anna Sutton, recently published in England, presents a character which is more easy to admire than to imitate. She was born in the province of Ulster, Ireland, in 1791, and died in 1881. At twenty years of age, having previously received only a rudimentary education, she found a Latin grammar, and forthwith attempted to master it. She learned the language, and read all the chief classics. Next she took up Greek and read the New Testament, Homer and other Greek works that fell in her way. French, Italian, Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldaic followed, and when past eighty years she astonished a learned descendant of Abraham by conversing with him in Hebrew. After the age of seventy she lost her eyesight and learned to read the books for the blind printed in raised letters. She was a devoted member of the Methodist communion, and a "class leader" till within a year of her death.

—Wilkie Collins, when working regularly, writes about twelve hundred words a day, covering with them three large pages of letter paper. He writes slowly, and cuts and scratches, and rewrites and interlines, and adds sentences in the margin, and sprinkles blots everywhere, until the manuscript looks like a Chinese puzzle in a nightmare. Nearing the end of the book, he gets excited and scribbles away like a madman, writing for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch, without stopping, save now and then to jump around on the floor and act out the situations.

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THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

UPON A SUBJECT OF VITAL INTEREST, EFFECTING THE WELFARE OF ALL.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure diseases as quickly and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them.

It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a

most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy, and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time, and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no trace could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used.

After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, (Bright's disease,) and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months, and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue.

Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly. Respectfully yours,

R. A. GUNN, M. D.

Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of *Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine*, etc.

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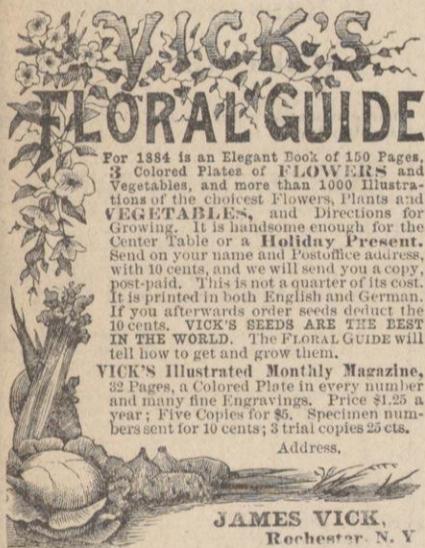
A Sample of our Latest TESTIMONIALS.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1883.
HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass. For seven years I have been afflicted with Muscular Rheumatism in my back. I think there has not been a day during the seven years in which I could move from my bed in the morning, or bend over the sink to wash me, or rise from a chair without difficulty and pain. Have been obliged to relinquish my business. Have not been able to walk without difficulty, and for only a short time without resting. Have tried plasters, liniments and every thing promising relief, but found none, and had concluded the physicians were right in saying I could never be cured. My feet and legs were cold and numb, while my head was hot. Last month I visited the American Exposition Fair in Boston, where I found your exhibit of Magneto Electric Appliances, my back at the time aching from the exercise in walking there. From your representations I was induced to purchase two of your Electric Generators and a brush, also to order a pair of Electric Insoles made for me, which were subsequently received. I sought a private room in the fair building and applied the generators at once as directed, though my continued walking was necessary, before one hour after applying the generators the pain all left me, and I can truly say that I have not had an ache or pain in my back since, though I have walked many hours continuously since wearing the generators. The Insoles have caused my feet to be warm, and my head to be cooler and clearer. Since proving the wonderful curative powers of your Appliances in my own case, I have, as you are aware, purchased nearly \$100 worth for my friends and acquaintances, and have witnessed cures upon others almost equal to my own. My confidence in their merits induces me to take an agency and devote my whole time to their sale.

Yours truly, B. W. KEITH.

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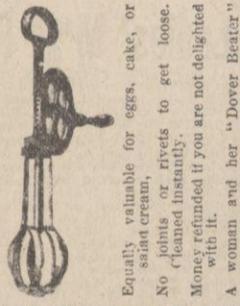
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OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1884. This offer amounts practically to a year's 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 fully, 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 papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

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.

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STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Hoboken, N. J., May 23, 1882.

At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co. The examination was both microscopic and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American.

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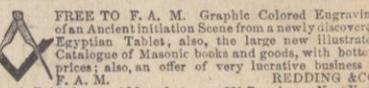
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909 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

163 and 165 Lake Street, Chicago.
149 Tremont Street, Boston.
1212 Olive Street, St. Louis.
909 Broad Street, Richmond

