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THE HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 2.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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GROSBY BLOCK, -- MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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WHERE IS HOME?

Home is where affection binds
Gentle hearts in union;
Where the voices of all kind,
Holding sweet communion!

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow;
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow!

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given;
Where the blessings from above
Make it seem a heaven!

Home is where the sun will shine
In the skies above us;
Peeping brightly through the vine
Trained by those who love us!

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreathe the brows that greet us;
And the ones of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us!

ORNAMENTING COUNTRY HOMES.

Number Two.

IT is always unsafe for one whose tastes have not been cultivated by observation and study, to attempt to adorn a country place with artificial ornaments. In this level and open country, where the constantly recurring want is to give a home look to new places, we recommend a liberal use of ornamental shrubs.

Deciduous and evergreen trees are, of course, desirable to be used with greater or less liberality, according as the situation is more or less wooded or open; but even if nature has provided trees on the place, the introduction of shrubbery is generally essential, in addition, in order to secure the air of cozy home comfort which is in all cases desirable. It is often the case that a disagreeable sense of bareness is experienced, owing to the fact that the whole surface of a place can be seen at a glance, even when a portion of it is covered with wood, but which, having no undergrowth, is not

imperious to sight. This may all be remedied, and the cheerless, bare look converted into one of coziness and comfort, by the judicious and tasteful introduction of groups of shrubs, which will do more to clothe the ground in one year, than could be done with trees, in a dozen.

Rhododendrons, Kalmias and Mahonias thrive best in the shade, and form a beautiful undergrowth for wood, but require a proper preparation of soil, by a mixture of leaf mold and sand, to ensure a healthy and vigorous growth. In the open grounds, groups of azaleas, weigelia, Tartarian honeysuckle, Persian lilac, syringas, and varieties of spireas and deutzias, may be introduced; and if, in addition, the piazza or porch, or a blank side of the house is draped with annual or perennial flowering vines, as the wistaria, trumpet creeper, honeysuckle, or even morning glories and scarlet runners, the effect in warming up and giving a cheerful, home-like aspect to an otherwise bare and forlorn looking place, is such as never fails to please and surprise even those to whom the process is familiar.

It is exceedingly desirable that the occupants of farms should become more habitually attentive to the observance of the principles we have endeavored to indicate. Wanting the stimulus of immediate neighbors, which, in the vicinity of the city inspires a spirit of competition, the farmers are apt to neglect the external aspect of their houses and yards, from a feeling that there is no one to see them.

We ought all to try to cultivate the love of natural beauty, for the sake of its purifying influence upon the heart; and the farmer, above all men, should seek to render his home attractive by such means, as the most obvious and direct method of inspiring in his children the love of home which should be the foundation of their education.

A little attention to the points we have suggested, would often serve a more important purpose in giving a right direction to a child's early tastes than could be attained in later life by any possible training; just as a vine may be saved from grovelling and running to waste and worthlessness, by simply furnishing a feeble support for the tendrils to cling to, till the stem attains power to seek and grasp the objects which nature or art may have provided to sustain it.

USE WHITEWASH FREELY.

A little whitewash will do a great amount of good; but a full supply,

enough to cover the inside of barns, stables, cellars, etc., with two good coatings, is much better. The lime which enters into this composition is a purifying agent and the wash serves as a disinfectant. The benefits conferred in this regard compensate for all the labor and expense involved in whitewashing; but the clean, tidy appearance which it gives to farm premises is most pleasing and salutary.

In no way can a farm make so imposing and even elegant show for trifling expenditure as by a free use of whitewash. Even old buildings glow and glisten under the whitewash brush, and assume a new appearance. Buildings, in the eyes of the owner, as well as those of his neighbors, have a higher money value after the process is completed.

The sides and roofs of buildings often become covered with moss which causes decay to the wood, but may be removed by a coat of lime. Hen-coops and hog-pens are more thoroughly cleansed by whitewashing than by any other way. It is death to the insect vermin that infest them.

Fruit trees, that have grown mossy, may be greatly benefitted by lime, tempered perhaps with clay and manure, applied with care to their trunks. The cleansing effects of lime are remarkable, whilst the cost of its application is so small, that we only marvel it is not more generally used on the farm.

SPRUCE UP.

If you get a moment to spare, spruce up; put the gate on its hinges; put a little paint on the picket fence you built last year; trim up the door yard; make it cozy and inviting. Do not say you can find no time to attend to these things; you have time. The fact is, you have no right to be slovenly. It can do you no good, but, on the contrary, it will mar your peace, wound your self-respect, and impair your credit. Then, by all means, spruce up a little at odd times, and at even times, too, for that matter. It will pay.—*Science of Health.*

—A house ought to be a work of art, just like a picture. Every bit of furniture in it should be a particle of a great composition chosen with reference to every other particle. A grain of color a hundredth of an inch across, is of the utmost importance to a picture; and a little ornament on the chimney-piece is of the utmost importance in a house.



SOME POINTS OF GOOD MANNERS NOT FOUND IN THE ETIQUETTE BOOKS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

THOROUGHLY good manners might be defined to be a combination of three things. First, an unselfish desire to confer the utmost possible happiness upon those around us; Second, a quick perception of what will best aid this end; And, thirdly, a knowledge of the rules of etiquette. Of the three elements, the last, although very useful, is the least essential; the first must be innate, no rules are needed by those who possess it, and none will avail to those who are destitute of it. Therefore the second element is the only one to which we will give our attention.

Quick perception in regard to what will confer the most happiness, as a quick perception in regard to all other things, is partly the result of native faculties and partly of training. Thus Raphael by nature possessed in an eminent degree the perception of color, but all the more for that reason did he desire the best of training in that direction.

So in regard to the second element of good manners. The quickest perception of what will best confer happiness upon those we are with is not to be obtained without constant thought, constant experiment. Under this course of self-training one of the first things we shall learn is that a very sure way to confer unhappiness is to endeavor to force our opinions upon other people; and another still surer (in the long run) is to induce others for our selfish love of amusement, to unconsciously give expression to thoughts, or to use terms, or to commit deeds which shall render them liable to the ridicule of society. No special talent is required to enable anyone to operate on the vanity, cruelty or ignorance of another; nothing, in fact, but a disposition sufficiently malicious. To "make fun" of another is one of the cheapest ways of securing a reputation for wit; but ridicule, like the boomerang may return to wound the hand that sent it forth. But we are supposing that we all possess the first element of good manners, the unselfish desire to confer happiness which is plainly inconsistent with a disposition to ridicule.

and that we wish only to cultivate our perceptions in regard to the means that will best conduce to this end.

In the first place, then, we will in all relations of life, whether of business or of pleasure, avoid saying, or doing, or alluding to things which from their nature must be unpleasant. If we have bought a few yards of cloth or a few pounds of coffee, which upon trial do not prove satisfactory, we will first endeavor to decide in our own minds whether or not the merchant intended to deceive; if we think that he did, we will say nothing but will buy nothing more of him, or at least, not without exercising the greatest caution. If, on the contrary, we think that there was an unintentional mistake, we will not bluntly tell the merchant that his cloth was "good for nothing," or that his coffee was "vile," we will either pass the matter over without remark, or, fearing a repetition, will as gently as possible intimate that an unintentional mistake was made.

No person of really good manners will ever tell a mechanic that he has "made a botch of a job," a tradesman that he has "charged more than the thing is worth," a dealer that he has "cheated," a boarding-house keeper that his "table is poor and not enough of it," a landlord that his "house is not fit to live in," a butcher that his beef is "too tough to put a fork in," a dressmaker that her dress "fits like fury," a cook that his bread is "nasty, sour stuff," a chambermaid that she is "too dirty to live," a walter that he is "too saucy to be put up with," a physician that he is "a poisoner," a lawyer that he is "a rogue," or a child that it is a "tiresome little wretch," no matter how much of truth there may be in each and all of these allegations. Yet there are persons who seem to think either that because the child is helpless and the others are all paid for their services, there is no need for good manners, or else that these slightly personal remarks are no breaches of politeness, for we have actually heard all of the above quoted expressions from the lips of individuals who prided themselves upon their polished behavior, their "society manners." It should be a rule with us not only to refrain from all such brutalities of speech as the above, but also to avoid as far as possible the mention of any subject which we may have reason to believe might be unpleasant to those in whose society we chance to be. We will not tell the natives of a place into which we have come as strangers that there is nothing "here" to eat, or that there is no society "here," or that we wonder how people can fancy that they are living "here," when they are "merely vegetating." We will not tell a man that his favorite horse is "not much of a nag," or that his boots are too tight; or intimate to a woman that her new stove is ugly, or that the breadths of her matting are not laid straight, or that we have ever seen prettier curtains than those she has just hung at her windows.

This reticence does not imply any want of sincerity; we are by no means bound to say that bad society is good, that a slow horse is a fast one, that

the ugly stove is handsome, or that the curtains we do not like are the very prettiest in the world. But we are bound not to disparage anything that might give pleasure to another simply because it does not suit our own fancies. If good taste would lead us to avoid all mention of small matters which might not be agreeable, there are others upon which it would be positive cruelty to touch; as the misconduct of a wayward son, or the faults of some dear one who has passed beyond the reach of earthly praise or blame.

Between these two extremes of trifling matters and serious ones is a middle ground where "unlucky people" (of whom the writer is one) are almost sure to stumble, and the very soul of Good Manners must sometimes shrink affrighted as we gravely declaim against second love to the man who has indulged himself with a seventh wife, or exult over the result of the election to the yesterdays' defeated candidate, or speak of our abhorrence of a blue stocking to the "brilliant lady contributor" to the "Screaming Eagle," or to tell a captain of the Regulars that only the foolish sons are put into the army, or speak of the folly of those who have invested in the Jupiter and Saturn Railroad stocks to the man who has just purchased a hundred or two of shares, or talk about to-morrow to the man who is then to be hanged. Of course we should none of us sin in this way if we knew the profession of the captain, or the impending fate of the man who is to be hanged, but—oh unlucky brothers and sisters,—would not our manners be much the better, for exercising a little caution about such matters?

BE YOURSELF.

In emergencies, you have this plain rule:—Don't try to be another person; don't try to look or act like another person. Have you not a voice? have you not faculties? have you not eyesight? Then use them. Teachers and great men can help you only by leading you through all conventionalities, and traditions, back to the original, solid substance of which all genuine character is composed. To you, wise thoughts are nothing, if they be not your own thoughts. If they do not go straight home to your convictions, it is of no use listening to them. Be ever attentive to the suggestions of your own soul and to the deeper aspirations of your own heart, then believe only what you cannot help believing.

Pursue your own course; follow no man or church. Take men and things for what they are worth; remembering, always, that you are yourself an individual. Wit and learning can not give supremacy, that belong to weight of character and integrity. Listen to counsel; attend to what wise men do; but refer everything to the inner promptings. You will then have the satisfaction of being somebody, instead of nobody; and you will feel that your life is genuine, and not a weak imitation.

It is at home that every man must be known by those who would make

a just estimate either of his virtue or his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious honeycombs.

seem to keep, like poisonous reptiles the long dry stems of the large flowered Cactus, *Cereus nycticaulus*.

In short, on the whole journey we are accompanied by a family of plants, which in their odd forms seem totally to abnegate the principle of beauty and yet stand forward so prominently as to give to the whole region its peculiar character. We cannot forbear granting them our earnest attention and as a group of plants which seem to revolt against the laws of all the rest of the vegetable kingdom they certainly deserve our interest to a high degree.

All about these plants is not less wonderful, than it is peculiar. With the sole exception of the genus *Pelreskeia*, none have leaves; for what is commonly supposed to be and called leaf with the *Cactus alatus* or the *Opuntia* is but a flattened stem or trunk, more or less fleshy, covered with a leathery skin and where the leaves, if there were any, would be, we find instead, bundles of hair, spines or thorns.

Few families of plants are confined to so narrow a space on the surface of the earth as the *Cactus*. All of them are perhaps without a single exception, natives of that portion of our continent, which is situated between 40° S. L. and 40° N. L. All prefer a dry soil, which circumstance strangely contrasts with the fleshy texture of the trunk, filled with a watery subacid juice, not disagreeable to the taste. This peculiarity renders them invaluable to the thirsty, languishing traveler, and *Bernardin de St. Pierre* very appropriately called them: "the springs of the desert." For in the dry season, when all animal life has fled from the *Leanos*, when the boa and the crocodile sink into a death like sleep, the wild asses and mules alone know how to sustain life by availing themselves of the providential *Cactus*. Cautiously, with their hoofs they rub off the spines, split open the large *Melon Cactus* and then suck the cooling, refreshing and nutritious juice.

What nature denied them in form of body she gave with liberal measure in the shape, color and perfume of their flowers. Who has not been delighted with the blossom and its odor of the Night blooming *Cereus*? But it is not only the charm of their flowers, that refreshes the thirsty creature, which makes these curious children of nature an object of interest; it is also their manifold economic usefulness.

Almost all the *Cactuses* bear edible fruit and some are amongst the most delicious of the hot zone, in which alone they fully mature. Their fruit might not improperly be considered a higher order of *Gooseberries*, which they, in botanical view, really are nearest related to. Though the trunk originally is fleshy and juicy, in course of time it hardens into wood, which is both firm and light. Especially the long pillow-shaped *Cereuses* are in this respect very convenient to the weary traveler in those timberless deserts, to light up the night and bake his *Tortilla*. From their being used as torches their name *Torchthistle* is derived. On the *Hacienda de Autisana*, perhaps the highest inhabited spot on earth (12,000 feet above the level of the sea) the beams, posts, etc.,



POND-LILIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint and pearl-mist fair
Are hints of splendor yet to be,

The lilies open. Gleaming white,
Their fluted cups like onyx shine,
And golden-hearted in the light,
They hold the summer's rarest wine.

Ah, love, what mornings thou and I
Once idly drifted through, afloat
Among the lilies, with the sky
Cloud-curtained o'er our tiny boat!

Neon climbed apace with ardent feet;
The goblets shut whose honey-dew
Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet
While yet the silver dawn was new

The pomp of royal crowning lay
On daisied field and dimpling dell,
And on the blue hills far away
In dazzling waves the glory fell.

And flashing to our measured stroke,
The waters seemed a path of gems,
Beneath whose clear refraction broke
A grove with mirrored fronds and stems.

In music on the sparkling shore
The plashing ripples fell asleep;
We laid aside the dripping oar,
For one delight we could not keep.

In all the splendor farther on
We missed the morning's maiden blush;
The soft expectancy was gone,
The brooding haze, the trembling flush.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE CACTUS.

BY F. W. POPPEY.

THE traveler, when emerging from the primeval forests of Guyana and entering the pampas of Venezuela, will find the scenery changed. The rich verdure that covered the soil has disappeared, hot is the surface and in the crevices of the cracked ground appear the gloomy forms of the *Melon Cactus* armed with frightful thorns. Further up the Andes the ground is almost covered with the pale grayish-green balls of the *Mammillarias*, amongst which the Old man—*Cereus senilis*—is standing, the gray hairs hanging from its serious head.

Descending into the plains of Mexico, where the gigantic ruins of the Aztec castles give evidence of a remote and vanished culture, we perceived a scenery spread before the eye, melancholy, bare and dead, as if roasted by the scorching sun of the *Sierra caliente*. Dull grayish-green, branched and leafless rise, from twenty to thirty feet high the angular pillars of the *Torch thistle Cactus*, surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of the Indian-fig or Prickly-Pear, covered with dangerously hurtful spines, whilst all around are seen groups of the strange and ugly forms of the *Echinocactus* and small *Careuses*, between which

are of this wood, which from its lightness could be carried thither, on the back of mules.

In Mexico, in the South of Europe, the North of Africa and especially on the Canary Islands the Opuntia, the common prickly Pear of Texas and New Mexico is effectually employed for hedges, which with their thorns present a formidable barrier to every intruder. And here we might mention the fact that it is this plant, the *Opuntia cochinellifera*, upon which that precious little parasite the Cochineal (*coccus cacti*) lives. In Brazil, Spain and Corsica but principally around Guanaxato are extensive plantations, called Nopoleros, on which the *Opuntias* (*Nopal*) are cultivated for the production of the Cochineal, which gives us the Carmine. The breeding of the Cochineal introduced on the Canary Islands in the year 1833 permitted in 1859 an export of this very light article of 1,369,000 lbs. at \$1.50 per lb.

For medicinal purposes also, both the fleshy stem and the fruit is frequently used by American and Mexican physicians. A considerable amount of oxalic acid contained in the stem of this vegetable may be extracted from it. The Peruvian, and the Old man Cactus yield about 85 per cent oxalic acid.

This short view may suffice to account for the interest this plant has so deservedly met with, by the naturalist, the economist, and for its apparent abnormal organization by the natural philosopher.

—Gardener's Monthly.

AN AIR-TIGHT FERN-CASE.

A correspondent of The Garden says:—"Our village parson is fond of gardening, and especially of ferns, of which he has a vase full, worth a moment's attention. This vase or pan is made of thin glass, somewhat over a foot in diameter. It was filled with common sandy loam and moss from one of the surrounding hillsides seven years ago; the ferns were then planted in it, and a glass globe placed over them. This globe has never been removed since that time, and no water or any artificial nourishment of any description has been given them during all these years. The whole is nearly, if not quite, air-tight, so that the dry air of the room has no opportunity of absorbing the moisture which was supplied to them when watered seven years ago.

If the pan had been earthenware, moisture would doubtless have found its way through it; but, being glass, it is entirely air-tight. The soil has subsided about an inch; but as seen through the glass, it has still a fresh, nourishing look about it. According to the temperature of the room moisture rises and condenses on the glass and falls again, revealing the beautiful fronds of *Pteris serrulata*, aspleniums, scolopendrums and similar ferns. All these seem in excellent health, notwithstanding their imprisonment, during which old fronds have died and crumbled into dust, and new ones have taken their place; and now they are in as fine condition as any ferns possibly could be under the most skillful attention. They seem happy in confine-

ment, and look as if they would exist in health and beauty for many years to come."

THE DAHLIA.

Notwithstanding the great improvements in the Gladiolus, Double Hollyhock, and Zinnia, still the Dahlia retains its popularity. The flowers have a rosette form and are quite artificial in appearance. It is amusing to see ladies at the fair touch them with their parasols, thinking they are artificial.

The Dahlia takes its name from Dr. Dahl, a pupil of Linnaeus. It is a native of Mexico, where it grows in sandy meadows, at an elevation of five thousand feet above the sea, from whence the first were introduced into England by the Marchioness of Bute

are very pretty and very ornamental, if planted in beds and pegged down as they grow.

Dahlia imperialis is a tall-growing species, which sometimes attains the height of ten feet in the open ground. For a foliaged plant it is very ornamental, but our seasons are so short it does not flower well. In autumn it is splendid, the plant being covered with drooping, fine-shaped, single white flowers. There are two varieties, one with white flowers, the other with a red spot at the base of each ray. This species was in 1862 introduced from Mexico.

TRANSFERRING PICTURES.

MR. EDITOR:—I see in THE HOUSEHOLD that S. M. S. and N. H. wish directions as to the method of transfer-

ing to the varnish. You can then fill in the picture with oil colors, or if wanted plain, a coat of white paint is all the backing necessary. Should the varnish be too thick, thin it with a little spirits of turpentine.

JAS. A. CAMERON.
Gardiner, Maine.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please permit me to answer S. M. S.'s question in the June number. Take glass that is perfectly clear, clean it thoroughly and lay a smooth coat of varnish on one side, then lay it away in a place free from dust and let it dry several hours. Then varnish the same side again. Then take the picture, and, if it is an engraving or plain picture, dip it into clear water, if colored, in a solution of one quart of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar and one-half a tablespoonful of salt, and let it remain until wet through; then lift it from the water, let the superfluous water dry from the face. By the time the picture is thus prepared, the second coat of varnish has dried twenty or thirty minutes; then lay the picture on the varnished side of the glass, press it firmly into the varnish, excluding every particle of air and water. If there are any air bubbles, place a sheet of thick paper over all and press from the center outwardly until securely fixed, and free from bubbles.

Next rub the paper while wet from the center outwardly, until the subject is plainly visible from the backside, leaving the film of uniform thickness and as thin as possible; then varnish. If any spots should appear while varnishing, saturate the paper and lay aside to dry. Then add three or four coats of varnish and the picture is finished; the first varnish used is composed of one ounce of balsam fir and one ounce of turpentine; the second, or finishing varnish, of one ounce of balsam fir, one ounce of turpentine and one ounce of alcohol. A fine, flat varnish brush is needed. This is usually called Italian chromotype painting. The subject may be painted on the backside after being transferred, if desired.

A. C.
Greenfield, Mass.

A MINIATURE HANGING GARDEN.

A hanging garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, oats or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place the sponge may be suspended by means of cords from a hook in the top of the window where the sun will enter. It will thus become a mass of green, and can be kept wet by merely immersing it in a bowl of water.

—If Eva Cason will take a wooden box a little larger than the root of the peony, knock out the bottom and place the box over the peony as soon as it comes through the ground in the spring, I think she will have plenty of blossoms. My peonies acted in just that way, but I never had any trouble after using the boxes.

E. C. S.



POMPON DAHLIA.

in 1789. The flowers first introduced were single with a yellow disk, and dull scarlet rays; unlike the beautiful double varieties now in cultivation.

The Dahlia likes a rich, deep soil, in which it blooms freely. It produces its most beautiful flowers when the nights become cool, being in this latitude a September flower. It requires a stake for support, or is liable to be broken by the wind. After the frost has killed the tops, take up the roots and keep in a dry, frost-proof cellar till spring.

Choice varieties may be propagated by cuttings of the stem, as they root freely. For a selection giving the leading kinds and colors, we refer you to any florist's catalogue.

The dwarf pompon varieties, shown in our illustration, with small flowers,

ring pictures to glass. I presume they mean engravings; as I am a practical painter and have frequently done such work for home amusement, I cheerfully give them the needed directions.

Clean your glass thoroughly, and let it be perfectly dry. Then have a little of the best copal varnish, and with a flat camel hair brush lay a thin coat all over the glass. When it feels "tacky" (i.e. a little sticky) and nearly dry, which will be in an hour or two, lay the picture evenly down on it; you can smooth it with a soft cloth, and let it stand till next day.

Then take some cold water and a sponge and damp the paper, which when wet through can be removed easily, and every particle of ink on the picture will then be found adher-



THE FASHIONS.

ALTHOUGH the season has thus far been very mild, there is the usual display of warm fabrics and furs. The last named goods are seen in even greater variety and abundance than ever; and can be had in all grades, from the richest of Russian sables, to the skins of the grey squirrel, and cheap imitations.

Seal skin cloaks are cut full and straight with roomy coat sleeves and a rolling collar with lapels, or they are shaped slightly to the figure at the center seam of the back, which gives the garment a more graceful appearance and is more becoming to short ladies besides harmonizing better with the general style of winter costumes. These cloaks are usually lined with quilted silk or satin and the lining is furnished with pockets. A comparatively new feature in seal skin sacks is that of trimming them with another kind of fur; a great variety of rich furs are used in these trimmings, and they add greatly to the price of the article and in many instances to the beauty also. Seal skin sacks vary in price from one hundred to six hundred dollars, and when a good article is obtained are as economical as anything, for they will last a life-time, and are always desirable. Otter skin very closely resembles seal skin, but the leather is so thick that it is not considered as good.

We may add that all seal skins are colored artificially, the natural color of the seal being a sort of mouse color. The work of dyeing these skins is very delicate and pains-taking, and if not well done the article is unsatisfactory, the fur which looks so rich and beautiful at first soon wearing off, and the color also comes off and stains the neck of the wearer. Care should therefore be taken, in purchasing, to get a good article.

In purchasing furs, a good test of a first class article is the length and density of the down close to the skin; this can be easily ascertained by blowing strongly against the set of fur, so the current of air will part the fibers and expose the skin. If the fur opens readily, exposing the skin to view, reject the article, it is poor; but, if the fur is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most show but a very tiny portion of the skin, the article may be considered good.

The variety and extent of furs in stock for children render it almost impossible to enumerate them, there are seal skin sets, and very pretty imitation seal skin sets made of dyed muskrat, there are black astrakan, white shetland lamb, silver coney, white coney, gray Persian and many other varieties.

The lighter colored furs are preferable for young ladies, and can be seen in great variety, chinchilla, ermine, grebe, silver fox, etc., etc.

UNDERWEAR.

Knitted underwear is becoming a universal and standard article in the

wardrobes of gentlemen and children, as well as ladies. They range in texture from the heavy all wool garments, which are so well adapted to our cold northern winters, to the gauzy fabrics which can be worn with comfort in the hot summer days, and still serve as a protection from the chills so often caused by checking perspiration in the hot weather.

The importance of a covering of wool next the skin cannot be overestimated. And in this climate the woman who would preserve her beauty as well as her health, must be protected against the extreme cold, which it is necessary she should encounter, by an abundance of warm underclothing. For persons of delicate health, these garments are absolutely indispensable; while those in possession of good health, may retain it, and also be relieved from the burden of as much extra heavy clothing as they would otherwise require.

COSTUMES.

We cannot add much to what has been said in our earlier papers about the materials and fashions of the winter.

Long heavy polonaises of grey goods are worn, trimmed with ball fringe or the entire costume is made of the same material; these polonaises are usually left open in front and are cut so as to cling closely to the figure at the sides.

There is a still greater tendency than ever to plain dark colors, garnet, nile green, plum color, etc., are now considered too bright for street wear, and dark greys, brown and still often plain black suits are the favorites.

A few hints regarding the general make up of costumes may be useful to some of our readers.

As a rule loose fitting garments are generally becoming, to both very slender and very stout figures, and are best adapted to conceal their defects, perfectly tight fitting garments on the contrary, are not desirable for either, and are only adapted to medium figures. A loose garment adjusted at the waist with a belt is the best style for very slender figures. Garments half or three quarters fitting are becoming to almost every style of figure and are especially suitable for out of door wear. For ladies inclined towards *embonpoint* a garment loose in front, and slightly fitting in the back is most becoming. The back should be held in position by a belt underneath. This style is becoming to almost every figure.

OUTER GARMENTS FOR WINTER WEAR.

With the advent of chilly winds, frosty mornings, and lowering storms, the question of a warm outer garment or wrap becomes a very important one to every lady. What shall she procure for herself, a shawl, sacque, or cloak, and of what material shall she make the garment—if she wishes to make it for herself—and how shall she trim it?

We fear that the almost limitless variety of styles and trimming for winter wraps will hardly help our fair querist to solve her problem, but it were a pity if in this extensive variety, she could not find an article of dress

that would just suit her fancy, even if that fancy were peculiarly capricious.

Never before, we may dare to say, was so great a variety known in the line of outer garments. Whatever wrap a lady may be able to wear, from a three-dollar plaid shawl to a five-hundred dollar velvet cloak, she is equally in fashion. Especial favor, however, is given to short sacques and basques of various kinds, which are beloved no less for their tasteful appearance than for their convenience.

We may divide the line of outer garments of which we speak this time into shawls, jackets, and cloaks, and note their styles in this order.

In shawls there are several new designs that are remarkably pleasing. In fact we do not think that we ever saw prettier blending of colors than the shawls of this season display. The square single shawls for early fall wear, have plain centers with striped or plaid borders, and are all of shades of one color, gray, brown, or blue being preferred. Many of these are very cheap, selling from five dollars upwards. A still more inexpensive shawl, and very pretty, is the Lady Washington shawl, which is of soft wool, and has a narrow stripe of gray or black alternating with a broad stripe of various colors and white. The prettiest designs of this shawl have a great deal of white in them. These shawls are shown as low as \$8.50, by far the most elegant and useful article that we ever saw purchased for that price.

In more expensive shawls, the variety is great. Long shawls for traveling are of thick plush-like fabrics, very warm and rich-looking, and are usually in large broken plaids. Cashmere shawls are much worn. A new style of these has become quite popular, which does not even pretend to be an imitation of the India shawl, but is of plain colored cashmere with striped borders. This is seen in gray, blue and scarlet. Other shawls, also of soft cashmere wool, mixed with silk, have palm-leaf patterns of gold on black or scarlet grounds, or else have mixtures of blue, red, gold, and black, in true Oriental style. Black cashmere shawls for old ladies have richly embroidered edges dotted with jet. The edges are scalloped, and a deep guipure lace border is often added.

In the department of jackets, or short, close-fitting sacques, the French sacque is worthy of prominent notice. This is modified by various caprices of trimming; but is always a graceful, half-fitting garment shaped to the form but not fitting tightly. It has the French back, and fits neatly over the hips and frounure, without slashing or pleating; the front is looser than the back, and is fastened from neck to hem. It is made of cashmere or cloth, black and in various shades, and is likely to be as popular as the English walking jacket of last winter.

A modification of the last-named garment is also shown among the new sacques, the only double-breasted jacket that we have yet seen during this season. It has shirred fronts that fasten up quite closely in the throat, having only a narrow rolling collar and short revers points. These

also are not slashed in the back or on the hips, but are pointed on each side, and with pockets on the back just behind the side seam. The prettiest garments that we have seen after this pattern, were of light gray cloth, with collar, cuffs, and back pockets of black velvet, and a border of black ostrich feathers for trimming.

The Medicis sacque, introduced last summer, will be much worn in cloth and camel's hair this winter. It has a narrow French back, cut quite short, and long points, sometimes pointed, sometimes cut square. It is always very much trimmed, and the long fronts are often embellished with pockets.

Another style that we have lately seen pleased us. It was called the "Frederica" jacket, and in the model that we saw, was made of olive brown cloth. The half-fitting loose front fastened with silk cord and buttons over a close vest of silk of a darker shade of brown, and revers folds faced with the silk, turned back from the seams of the back and sides on the basque lappel. Collar, cuffs, and pockets were also made of the brown silk. The garment was finished with a fringe of brown woolen ball fringe the shade of the trimming.

For the material of these sacques, cashmere, ladies' cloth, camel's hair, in the new styles, velvet, and matelasse silk are used. This last is such a pleasing novelty that we must give it especial mention. We have spoken of the material and its nature before in this column. It is a brocaded silk, so woven that it looks as though it were wadded and quilted in various designs. It is very expensive, never costing less than \$4.50 a yard, but as it is very wide, and is only used for trimming, and for these over jackets or cuirasse basques, a plain toilette of silk can be finished with it, and present a most elegant appearance, at far less expenditure than one would expect. When trimmed with velvet, feather borders, or fringe, these jackets are very rich and warm looking.

A handsome model that we saw was in black, a long jacket with narrow French back, half-loose front, deep collar and flowing sleeves. The trimming was a border of dark greenish-black game feathers. The collar was of velvet, the sleeves were trimmed with a broad fold of velvet, and the pointed pockets set very far behind, were also of velvet. Some sacques of this material we have also seen trimmed very handsomely with wide borders of dark fur, with deep fur collars and fur trimming on cuffs and pockets.

Velvet sacques, of which we have seen various designs, are, almost without exception, cut after the Medicis pattern, with long, square fronts, and half-long backs. The material is almost concealed by the trimming, which is numberless rows of jet beads and silk cord in straight lines over the body of the garment, while the sleeves are covered with jet embroidery. The favorite bordering is rooks' or crows' feathers sewed on a band. Many of the sleeves are made flowing or half-open, though the straight sleeve is by no means abandoned. The *Henri Trols* design, in which many velvet garmenes are seen, is

simply a modification of the Medicis sacque. It has also the long front and short back. The front is single-breasted, is pointed, and hangs loosely from the figure without darts or belt. The back is fitted closely by five seams, and is long enough to form an ample basque, a belt underneath holding it in place. The trimming is a wide border of dark fur, also a deep fur collar. Other velvet over-garments, being large enough to be called polonaises, have close-fitting bodies, with a basque behind, and straight, square skirts, very little draped and with all the fulness in the back. These are elaborately trimmed with wide braid, jet beads, fringe and lace. Dolman mantles of velvet also, and of *drap d'ete*, are to be seen in great numbers.

It is now an established fact that long cloaks, very similar to those which our grandmothers wore, are to be revived again. All the first-class furnishing houses show them as models for mid-winter garments. They are usually in the form of long sacques reaching nearly or quite to the knee, shaped slightly to the figure in the back, and loose in front. They are also made with the old-fashioned round cape, and all are of the richest material and profusely trimmed with lace, beads, fringe or fur.—*Fireside Friend.*

HOW LACE IS MADE.

No prettier sight is to be seen than in the outskirts of Brussels on almost any summer morning. As you pass along by the vine-wreathed cottages, at almost every door maidens are sitting with pillows on their laps, making lace. There is something in the play of fingers, fling of the bobbins, fineness of the threads, beauty of the fabric, and the little coquettices of manner, to appearance, unconsciously thrown in, that renders the work attractive and graceful. As everybody knows, Belgium furnishes a greater variety, superior quality, and larger quantity of lace to the world every year than any other country. The reason is plain, Belgian soil grows the best flax, and Belgian water steeps most perfectly the haulms. Then, again, flax-spinning has long been conducted in Belgium with more special regard to the exigencies of lace-making than anywhere else.

To illustrate this, let me say that the finest and most elastic Belgian thread, which will sell in England for three guineas an ounce, is spun by lamplight in damp cellars, a black screen being set up behind the thread to render it more visible. Flax is sent from many countries to be rotted in Belgian rivers. Their waters produce a whiter, cleaner, and more elastic material than any others. Then the Flemish maidens are of steeper nerve than the girls of other nations, and bring to the spinning wheel a care, patience, and delicacy of touch essential to twisting a thread almost as attenuated as the filaments of a spider's web.

Lace is not a modern invention, as is sometimes supposed, but is as old as spinning and weaving. Assyrian and Egyptian ladies, with an eye to elegance of tracery, and with a copy in the spider's web, would never have

been content to drape themselves in fabrics where warp and woof cross rectangularly. There would be the imitation with the needle of leaf or flower; there would be threads drawn out from the already woven fabric, and the filamentary skeleton gathered into shapes by the needle; or there would be tatting and crotchetting into forms that might be sewed on to garments—open thread-work of some kind, in fact, so sure as there was a beautiful arm and hand to shade, or a comely bosom to half-conceal from gaze.

It needs no great acquaintance with lace to be aware that modern productions do not compare favorably with those of by-gone days. Not love nor money could replace in any country on earth the \$75,000 worth of laces which were stolen on the New York Central Railroad, from the Princess Fraloff's trunk, two years ago. In those old times, when swamps covered the rural districts everywhere, and there were no roads, and pack-horses alone threaded the bridle-paths, and hawking was the sole open-air amusement for ladies, medieval maid and matrons necessarily became deft needle-women. Think of the Bayeux tapestry, for example, 72 yards long, 220 inches wide, on which are reproduced thousands of characteristics of Norman life, all worked by the fair Matilda and her maidens, eight hundred years ago! It was a triumph of needle-work art, such as the world will hardly see again.

AN OVER SHOE FOR A CHILD.

This may be knit of scarlet yarn, or of worsted as preferred; use two needles. Cast thirty-six stitches, knit two plain, two seam, and thus across, knitting and seaming the same stitches twenty times across. Now knit twelve stitches, take a third needle and knit twelve more keeping the seams even; leave the remaining twelve and knit only the middle needle; knit across eighteen times; this is the heel. Pick up thirteen stitches on the side of the heel, knit the twelve stitches which were omitted; knit to the other side of the heel and do it like the first; now knit on the remaining twelve stitches. There should now be sixty-two stitches in all, and these compose the two sides of the shoe, the heel, and the sole; knit the twelve side stitches, knit first two of the gore together, knit remaining gore, and the heel and the other gore to the two last stitches, then knit two together as on the first gore, now knit the remaining twelve. Knit across the next time without narrowing, and narrow at the same places on each side of the heel, every other time until eight of the thirteen stitches of the gores are narrowed. Now knit on, twenty-six times across, without decreasing or increasing at all, only keeping the seams even and using only two needles.

Now cast on twenty-two stitches for the instep, and join the work, using four needles. Make the seams to fit on to the other stitches and knit round twenty times; then narrow off the toe by knitting two stitches together, four plain and repeat all round; four rounds plain, knit two together, three

plain, and repeat round; three rounds plain, knit two together, two plain and repeat, two rounds plain, two together, one plain, repeat all round and once round plain. Now knit two together until all are taken off, secure neatly on the wrong side; take up the upper edge of shoe making the seams on heel and instep come true and even, take up the sides evenly and on the first time of knitting round narrow occasionally on the side needles, twenty-four stitches on each side being sufficient. You now need five needles, knit and seam as before, about twelve times round for a border. Now knit a row of holes by knitting one stitch, bring yarn over the needle so as to make a loop and knit two stitches together, knit one stitch, make another loop, two stitches taken together; repeat all round, knit twice round plain and cast off loosely. Run a narrow ribbon into the holes to tie round the child's ankle. I say a narrow ribbon because a twisted cord would soon wear out the holes made for the strings. Knit a mate exactly like this.

EXPERIENCE.

THE THIMBLE.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb-bell," being first thumb, and afterward thimble. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1605, by John Lofting, who commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London, and pursued it with great profit and success. Formerly, iron and brass were used; but latterly, steel, silver and gold have taken their places.

In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metal are introduced into a die and then punched into shape. In Paris, gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are put into dies of about two inches, in diameter. These being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior, and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use.

Those made in this manner do not wear out, as so many ordinary gold thimbles do, but will last for years. The gold coating, if cut away by needles, may be easily replaced; but the steel is of an excellent quality, and very durable.

HEALTHFUL BEDS.

Germany excels any country with which I am familiar in the cleanliness of its beds. It seems as much a part of yearly house-cleaning with them to have the hair removed from the mat-

tresses, to have it well beaten and sunned, and the cover washed, as it is with us to have carpets whipped and freed from their disease-begetting dust.

I grant that it would be a difficult and expensive undertaking for an American housekeeper, for skilled laborers are rare, and when found must be well paid, as they should be.

Knowing the obstacles, then, in the way to a thorough renovation of our beds, we should take all the more care to protect and air them. Every bed should have especially made for it, the size of a tick, a white, tacked comforter, not too thick, so as to be unmanageable in washing; over this the sheet is spread. Every bed in daily use should be subjected to the purifying rays of the sun at least once a week, and should be left open for the reception of air and light some time before being made up. Beds not frequently used are often found very musty and disagreeable to guests. The parlor beds, that swallow their own contents by a magic touch, are fair without, but in time, for the lack of proper airing, they become foul within.—*Science of Health.*

HAIR DYES.

Gussie M. asks "What will restore gray hair without injury to the head." I reply to her from my own experience there is nothing which is not in some way injurious. My own hair became white very early in life. I first used a very celebrated "Restorer," the name of which I forgot. It acted as a blister. I used Mrs. Allen's Restorer, until I was odorous of sulphur, and was offensive if I stood near a stove. My underclothing was strong of sulphur after being washed, boiled, and frozen. I gave that up, and waited awhile, and then found something highly recommended, and containing no sulphur. My face was paralyzed.

I sent the bottle to a celebrated chemist and assayer, and asked him to analyze it, feeling all ready to prosecute the manufacturer. This chemist replied to me, "If you prosecute you had better prosecute them all, for not one of these preparations are safe. Whatever will color the hair is injurious when received into the skin and carried about by the circulation."

With that I dropped all hair dyes, and although white and grey hair does annoy a young person, yet it is better to let it alone. As we grow older, we may be sure that a softer and more gentle expression is given to the face by white hair, than by dark.

I have a friend who was at the South at the early part of the late war, and she became frightened by guerrillas, and in one night her hair became white as snow. Her father was a physician. He would not allow her to color it, or attempt to color it, although she was quite young. He told her that health was of more consequence than white hair, and that all these preparations were more or less injurious.

Miss Gussie M. had best let alone all these, and be content. She will soon learn that these things do not really affect happiness, and are of less consequence than she now thinks.

EXPERIENCE.



THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the tasks and the lessons are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace;
Oh! the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!
Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them—
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild,
For there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still gleams in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those treants from home and from Heaven.
They have made me more timid and timid;
And I know now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done.
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glories of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself;
Ah! a sinner may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himelf.

The twig is so easily bent;
I have banished the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule,
My iron is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices;
And the tramp of their pattering feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

LILLIE'S VALENTINE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

I'M an old fogey, you know; and if there's any one thing I'm especially particular about, it is my letters. When the postman's hour comes round, I always seat myself by a window and watch for him.

Naturally, I don't enjoy Valentine's day very much. There I sit, an hour after the usual time, while the loaded postman stops at every door where there are any young folks. And when he runs up our steps, and I go to take the letters, he thrusts into my hands a dozen or so of face-bordered, pink-tinted, musk-scented—valentines!

You must admit it is very trying—at my time of life. I don't intend to tell you my griefs, but the story of my revenge—for I had my revenge on the young folks who laugh at me, and think I was never young. It cost my old bones some aches to get materials,

for I had to climb four dreadful flights of stairs. But never mind, I'll tell you the story.

"Lillie," I began—it was evening, then, and valentine excitement was nearly over, "I've been to see where your valentines come from."

"What?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, what do you mean? You didn't go to—"

"Oh, don't be anxious," I went on, "I didn't call on Messrs. Harry, Johnnie and Willis. I went to the very house they were made in. I saw them come in, white paper, and go out gorgeous valentines. I saw the rough, dirty hands, that brought them to their present perfection."

"Oh! do tell me about it!" began Lillie.

I smiled grimly.

"I'll take all the poetry out of it; not a thread of romance can attach to it, when I have once lifted the curtain from the sweet mystery."

"I don't care! I want to know! I always did wonder how they were made," said this reckless young American.

"Well, now, Miss Lillie, what sort of a house should you expect a valentine factory to be?"

"Let me see," said Lillie, reflecting; "something very lovely and romantic, of course."

"Humph!" said I; "a four story, dingy, ugly brick building, in a very dirty street."

"Horrid!" said she. "But it was pretty inside?"

"Remarkably," said I, maliciously; "the first thing I saw on entering, was a room full of stamping machines, and a dirty, rough-looking man at each one."

"Was that where the valentines began?" asked Lillie, forgetting her disgust.

"No; it started in a room in the attic, where I went."

"Oh, good, tell me just how it began."

"Well, it began—was designed, in fact,—by an artist, employed by the owner of the factory, who sat in the upper story, and worked over his sketches till he perfected a design. Let me see your prettiest valentine, Lillie."

Lillie brought it out, and I must say it was very pretty. A broad lace border, surrounding a pensive maiden, sitting in a bower of roses behind a very ingenious cage, or veil, of silk paper.

"Well," I went on, "this design was invented and carefully drawn out by the artist—lace border and all. The picture part—that is the interesting damsel and bower of roses—was sent to a lithographer, who printed it in the middle of hundreds and thousands of sheets of fine white paper.

While he was doing this, the lace border was being initiated by a die cutter. This man takes a smooth piece of soft steel—

"Soft steel!" interrupted Lillie.

"Yes; steel before it's hardened. They call it soft, because it isn't as hard as it can be, and a hard steel punch can be driven into it. Well, the die cutter draws the pattern of the lace on the steel, and with dozens of punches, of as many different shapes, he proceeds to punch the pattern into

the die. For every leaf figure of the lace he has a separate punch. When it is all punched in, the die is hardened, by heating red hot, and then dashing cold water over it.

By that time the sheets of paper with the lithographed lady in the center are ready to be ornamented. So the die is put into a press or stamping machine, the paper laid under, the stamp brought down with force for an instant. When it goes up, there is your lace border, all pressed in. But there isn't a hole through it yet."

"I don't see how they make the holes," said Lillie.

"It's easy enough—or looks so; though if you should try, you'd probably tear the valentine to bits. To have the holes cut, they are given to another man, with the die that stamp'd them. He lays the die on a bench, face up; on it, carefully fitting at every point, he lays the valentine, face down; then he takes a piece of sand paper and rubs it over the paper."

"Sand paper!" exclaimed Lillie.

"Yes. That wears off the bits of paper that project; and, as it's the wrong side, of course it leaves the perfect lace on the right side. Funny enough it looks to see him turn pressed paper into beautiful lace by a man's rubbing."

"He must be a funny lace maker," said Lillie; "not much like the Holland girls who make the lace this is like. I was reading about them the other day."

"When the lace maker—or rubber—gets through, the valentine goes into the hands of girls to be ornamented. The first thing is the painting, and a curious operation it is. At a long table sit several girls, and by each one a dish of paint and a set of stencil plates."

"You don't mean like the one mamma marks linen with, do you?" asked Lillie.

"Just like that, only they don't have your mamma's name on. Perhaps the first girl is to paint the pink dress for our melancholy maiden. Her stencil has just the shape of a dress cut out. She lays it on the picture, gives it a dab of pink paint, and the dress is colored. The next girl takes it, lays her stencil on it, dabs

on green paint, and all the leaves of the rose bower start into life. The next one colors the roses; and so it goes, from girl to girl, till every color is put in. Of course, in that way a dozen can be colored while one could be painted by hand alone. Let me see—we've got it nearly done, haven't we?"

"Oh, no," said Lillie, "there's the pretty cake, and the wreath outside, besides this Cupid with bow and arrows, and lots of things."

"Well, it next goes into the hands of a girl who has before her droll little piles of hearts and darts, Cupids and doves, torches and rosebuds, cut out of gold and silver paper, and silk and velvet."

"I'd like some of those," said Lillie, "to trim my paper doll's dresses."

"Yes, they would be useful," said I; "a flounce of bird's nests, for instance, on the bottom of a dress, and doves and hearts scattered about on the skirt would be unique."

"You needn't laugh," said Lillie. "One of these little festoons of flowers, like this, would be pretty across the front of a doll's dress, for an overskirt, you know. But go on with the girls."

"The girl who ornaments this pattern, has the design before her, and proceeds at once to glue on the things. First, she cuts out of paper the cage, and sticks it on. Then she selects roses and violets, ferns and forget-me-nots, and covers the edge of the cage. Then she sticks on here a Cupid aiming his arrow at the unfortunate prisoner behind the paper bars; there a bird's nest, full of eggs; under something standing up pretty well, like these two hearts, she stuffs a bit of cotton, with sachet powder in it."

"I wonder where it is in mine," said Lillie, eagerly.

Carefully passing her hand over the valentine, she found the little wad under the dress of a gilt damsel sitting among the flowers of a wreath, apparently guarding the prisoner.

"Now I believe the valentine is done, and it only remains to pack it into a box, with dozens of its twin brothers, and send them off to the dealers. Now, my dear," said I, a little maliciously, "I guess you won't feel quite so sentimental over your valentines."

"I like them all the better," said Lillie, "now I know how they're made."

"Well, but—did I tell you?—they cut the lace for cigar and soap boxes right by the side of this."

"Oh, do they? I think they're perfectly lovely. My dolls have got overdresses of the lace out of papa's cigar boxes."

"And the gilt figures that come on linen and muslin—"

"I often wondered where they came from," interrupted Lillie. "Every time papa gets new goods at the store, I go down, and he gives me lots of pretty papers, and funny little ribbons. I've got a whole box full, and I'm real glad I know how they're made."

"And you think as much of your valentines as ever?" I asked.

"Of course I do! Those dirty workmen didn't send them to me."

"Well, you see I didn't take away the romance from her valentines, if I did tell her all about their dingy birthplace. I dare say she'll be as eager as ever, next year, when valentine's day comes."

Perhaps you don't think I had much of a revenge; but it was as much as I cared for. For, after all, it isn't so very long ago that I used to look for valentines myself.—*Little Corporal.*

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Seventeen.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

And "suffer" the "little children" to come to Jesus, the perfect exemplification of all religious truth. Send them not to the schools of the Pharisees to learn lessons of morality, dogmas and creeds, but to Him "who teaches as never man taught." Induce them to imitate His example; obey His precepts and cherish His Spirit,

and they will attain to a higher morality, a purer life, and more exalted joys than human philosophy has ever taught. The yearning tenderness which has flowed from the words and deeds of Christ towards "little children" is well calculated to call forth their love, and to will them to obedience.

The truth of God's existence and attributes can be impressed upon the minds of children by directing their attention to the visible creation. The starry heavens above them speak of His greatness and power; the wide expanse of living verdure, fertile fields, shady groves, and blooming gardens express His constant love and bountiful care. But God's grace and mercy are revealed and exemplified only through the compassionate, suffering and dying "Son of God."

Instruction in these great truths must be drawn from the Holy Bible. We can direct our children to no other fountain; can give them no other guide of life, and can point them to no other Saviour than is herein revealed. Here are unfolded the institutions of the gospel and the means of grace, and every duty that man owes to his fellow man and to God. It is our special duty, therefore, as parents, to impress upon their tender minds, the principles drawn from these sacred pages.

But children must be dealt with as children. They should not be so introduced to the theory and practice of Christian principles and observances as to be repelled and disgusted; they should be allure to the delightful paths of virtue and piety. They can-

sweetened by a holy and religious influence.

I will not presume to specify as to how these desirable results can be secured, but would earnestly exhort all parents who seek the religious welfare of their children, as far as possible, to make the principles and precepts of our holy religion, pleasant and attractive to them. "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," remembering that those who bequeath to their children the results of a thorough Christian education, endow them with riches more valuable and enduring than silver and gold.

EXPERIENCE.

DON'T PRAY DON'T.

Don't tell the little one, who may be slightly wilful, that "the black man will come out of the dark cellar and carry it off" if it does not mind. Don't create a needless fear to go with the child through all the stages of its existence.

Don't tell the little five-year-old Jimmy "the school ma'am will cut off his ears," "pull out his teeth," "tie him up," or any of the horrible stories that are commonly presented to the childish imagination. Think you the little one will believe anything you tell him after he becomes acquainted with the gentle teacher who has not the least idea of putting those terrible threats into execution?

Don't tell the children they must not drink tea because it will make them black, while you continue the use of it daily. Your example is more to them than precept; and while your face is as fair as a June morning they will scarcely credit the oft-told tale. Either give up drinking the pleasant beverage or give your children a better reason for its non-use.

Don't tell them they must not eat sugar or sweetmeats, because it will rot their teeth. Pure sugar does not cause the teeth to decay, and sugar with fruits is nutritious and healthy notwithstanding the "old saw" to the contrary. The case of city children is often cited; the cause of their pale faces and slight constitutions being charged to an over amount of sweetmeats with their diet when the actual cause is want of pure air and proper exercise.

Don't tell the sick one that the medicine is not bad to take, when you can hardly keep your own stomach from turning "inside out" at the smell of it. Better by far tell him the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary for his health, and you desire him to take it at once. Ten to one he will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm, decided manner.

Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Guard lips and bribe tongue if you desire to have the coming generation truthful. Truthfulness is one of the foundation stones of heaven. Remember the old, old book says, "no liar" shall enter within the gates of the beautiful city. There is no distinction between white lies and those of a darker hue. A

falsehood is an untruth whether the matter be great or small.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month.

ANSWERS:—1. "Dreaming of home and mother." 2. Alfred Tennyson.

3. How sweet it will be in that beautiful land, So free from all sorrow and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one another again.

4. A lgaze L
B ouill I
Régime N
A ngell C
H orati O
A bigal L
M ansio N
5. S P A R 6. H O P E
P A C E O R A L
A C R E P A L L
R E E D E L L A

7. W
L I E
I S L E T
W I L L I A M
E D I L E
P A N
M

8. JO WAS RIGHT.

9. Obadiah, Naaman, Eutychus, Shimel, Isaiah, Peter, Hannah, Onesimus, Reuben, Uriah, Sarah—Onesiphorus. 10. Height, eight. 11. Pink, ink. 12. Hold, old. 13. Gravel, ravel. 14. Truth, Ruth. 15. Hour, our.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fifteen letters. My 10, 13, 7, 2 is part of the human body.

My 14, 5, 6, 15 is a household utensil. My 8, 15, 9, 5 is a trade.

My 14, 11, 3, 1, 4 is to imbue.

My 12, 9, 6, 8 is a metal.

My whole is the name of a great general. J. S. B.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in sun but not in moon.

My second is in now but not in soon.

My third is in eagle but not in bird.

My fourth is in ear and also in heard.

My fifth is in boot but not in shoe.

My sixth is in white but not in blue.

My seventh is in corn but not in wheat.

My eighth is in army but not in retreat.

My ninth is in plenty and also in dearth.

My whole is the dearest place on earth. HATTLE E. B.

SQUARE WORDS.

3. Is a plant; is a way; is a kind of lace.

4. A ballad; plain; a scorpion; an insect. J. S. B.

MYTHOLOGICAL QUESTION.

5. A hero strong of olden time, A hunter bold as ever seen,

A subtle Greek of Trojan fame;

Then an Assyrian queen,

A wife in Pluto's realm kept fast;

Then one of wondrous power to please,

A man whose lyre charmed bird and beast,

And moved the rocks and trees;

Then take that wondrous fabled stream

With power to wash away the past, And great Apollo's sister fair Will constitute the last.

Now take the letters first Of every ancient name, 'Twil give you one of modern date Not quite unknown to fame.

CHARADE.

6. My first the mother's hands Have ample chance to do, While merry boys and laughing girls, Are to their natures true.

My next is a little word, One letter makes the whole; And yet a most important one, To every human soul.

My last, the teachers say Ought never to be spoken; Of boyhood dull, of manhood weak, The surest sign and token.

And when you see my whole, Be pitiful and kind, For who to others good shall do, Blessing and peace shall find.

LIZZIE.

RIDDLE.

[It is so seldom a really good riddle gets into print that we have been led to publish the following, even at the risk of its being considered old. The authorship is attributed to Macaulay.]

7. Come let us look at it closely; It's a very ugly word, And one that makes me shudder Whenever it is heard.

It may not be always wicked; It must be always sad; And speaks of sin and suffering Enough to make one mad.

They say it is a compound word, And that is very true; And then they decompose it, And that they're free to do. If, of the dozen letters, We take off the first three, We have the nine remaining As sad as sad can be.

For though it seems to make it less, In fact it makes it more; For it takes the brute creation in That was left out before.

Instead of three and nine, Let us make it four and eight; You'll say it makes no difference,— At least, none very great.

But only see the consequence, 'Tis all that needs be done To change this mass of sadness To unmitigated fun.

It clears swords and pistols, Revolvers, bowie-knives, And all those horrid weapons By which men lose their lives.

It wakens nations' voices; And now most joyfully is heard The native sound of gladness, Compressed into one word.

Yes,—four and eight, my friends, Let that be yours and mine; For all the hosts of demons Rejoice in three and nine.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

8. In wickedness; to incline downward; wing of a building; to debate; name of a state; to spoil; a town in Massachusetts; a word of respect; in kindness.

E. J. H.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

9. A kind of fish; a part in music; a country of the Bible; a vessel; a measure of land; fresh. The initials andinals give two ancient Roman rivals.



GETTING BREAKFAST.

THE French, says The Home Journal, understand this meal much better than we do. They do not make a scramble meal of it; anything will not do for them—no, not even for the poorer families. They wait, it is true, till half-past ten or eleven; then they partake, it may be of a simple, but it is always of a nicely prepared, repast, consisting of two or more courses. It is not necessary nor desirable that elaborate preparations be made for this meal. Simplicity and neatness constitute its principal allurements.

The remains of cold chicken can be converted into very nice little cutlets. The meat should be cut into as many small cutlets as possible, and as nearly the same shape as can be managed. Dip each into clarified butter mixed with the yolk of an egg; cover them with bread crumbs, seasoned with half a teaspoonful of finely-minced lemon peel, a little cayenne, and salt. Try them for five minutes, and then arrange them on fried snippets of the same shape, the cutlets to be piled high in the dish. A sauce made as follows should be ready, which pour round:—For the sauce, put one ounce of butter into a stew pan, add two minced shallots, one small bunch of savory herbs, including parsley, a few slices of carrot, six peppercorns, with just a suspicion of mace; fry altogether for ten minutes, then pour in half a pint of gravy made from the chicken bones. Stew altogether for twenty minutes, strain carefully, and serve. This recipe is Mrs. Beeton's.

A *fricandeau* of rabbit makes a capital dish, and is not difficult to dress. This is how it should be done:—Take a young rabbit which has hung till tender; having duly prepared it, lard it from one end to the other, cut it into medium sized pieces, simmer them in enough stock to cover them, adding a little white wine and one or two slices of bacon. When cooked take out the pieces, strain, and reduce the stock to a jelly, and with it glaze the *fricandeau*, which serve with sauce according to taste.

For my own part, I like nothing so well for breakfast as a good beefsteak; but then, again, how rarely is a good beefsteak served. Very often, when one asks for a steak, an overdone, leathery, sodden, black-looking mass, with an unnatural smell of grease and frying-pan about it, is presented. Look at it and shudder; but, in pity to your digestion, do not attempt to eat it. To begin with, utterly despise rump-steak; for this purpose you must take the fillet, otherwise the undercut of the sirloin, and if you spoil that you must be a bad cook indeed. It should be dressed in this way:—Cut several small steaks in rather thick pieces, say one-and-a-half inch; on no account thin slices, and, having given each a hearty thump or two with a rolling-pin, get out your gridiron (mind gridiron, not frying-

pan) grease the bars, put it over a very clear fire, entirely free from smoke; place your little steaks on it, and grill them nicely and not too long, as, when cooked, they should be just pink inside—I do not mean raw, but pink. Before serving, however, chop up, very finely, a little parsley, with just a suspicion of onion, mix them with rather more than a tablespoonful of fresh butter, and drop a little of this on each steak, placing the remainder in your hot dish, where it will quickly melt, and, mixing with the juice that will flow from the steaks, form a delicious gravy. Some people like a little lemon-juice added, but this is, of course, entirely according to taste. Need I say that the steaks cannot be served too quickly nor too hot? Now, this appears to be a simpler mode of cooking a steak than frying it till it is as hard as a piece of wood, and till all the succulent juices are dried up. These steaks can be served in a variety of ways; fried potatoes are generally served with them.

Mutton cutlets are too often mutton chops on the breakfast table; appetizing varieties may be formed with very little trouble and skill. I have rarely met with them cooked in the following way, yet so done they are capital. Melt a little fresh butter, in which you must dip your cutlets; bread-crumb them, mixing the bread with equal parts of grated Parmesan cheese. Beat up as many eggs as you are likely to require for the number of cutlets; again dip the cutlets in the eggs, this time once more sprinkling them with the grated cheese and bread, then fry them a nice color in a little butter or some very good lard; send them to table dressed round tomato sauce. Fish is much better understood among us, and is a very frequent dish at our first meal; but even the fish dishes might be more varied.

An old proverb says that fruit in the morning is golden, but in the evening is as lead. A dish of it ought always to be on the table in the morning, so that we may at any rate have the chance of indulging in the gold. In summer fresh fruit is attainable by every one; in the winter stewed fruit should replace the fresh. Compotes of all kinds are most healthful, and should be oftener met with than they are. Some people indulge in different sorts of breakfast-cakes and hot breads, although they are most unhealthy and indigestible; but it seems to be a ridiculous as well as a hurtful practice to eat early in the morning substances which are like sponges, so hard are they of digestion. Why not be content with good crisp toast? or, if dry toast be objected to, tell your cook not to make it dry; she will only be too pleased to be saved the trouble of preparing it so. New rolls, if quite cold, are not so unwholesome as hot bread and cakes, though they are far from being the most digestible food in the world. Bread a day old, or brown bread, are far better than the smoking rolls, etc., one so often sees.

The breakfast table should also be made attractive in appearance; luncheons and dinners should not alone absorb all attention and ornamentation. The napery must be spot-

lessly white, the china and glass irreproachable, the plate well-polished, the knives like so many miniature mirrors; while a pretty vase of fresh flowers should be gracefully arranged in the center of the table; and it is well to select a vase that is not too tall, as lofty ornaments in the center of a table are sadly inconvenient when people opposite each other wish to talk, whereas in a *tete-a-tete* between husband and wife they actually prevent all conversation.

NAMES OF TEA.

The designations by which the various sorts of tea are known in the Chinese market may be worth notice, as coming under the more immediate observations of dwellers at home. Congo is a corruption of Kungfu, signifying labor, and the Moning Congo, advertised by tea dealers, is simply a sort of the same tea grown at Wuning, a district and city, the name of which, being interpreted, means "military rest." Souchong signifies "little sprouts;" Pekoe, "white down;" Bohea is derived from the Wuhee Hills on which it is produced; Oolong means "black dragon;" Hungmoey, "red plum;" Campol, "selected firing;" Hyson, "fair spring;" Twan-kay takes its name from Tunkee, or "Beacon Brook;" what is called "Young Hyson" is in Chinese termed Yutseen, or "before the rains;" Gunpowder the Chinese call Yuenchoo, or "round pearls." There are a number of other names given to tea, but these will be recognized as those most familiar to the European ear.

What are termed "chop names" are the fancy designations given by Chinese dealers to their teas, after having been made up into parcels of so many hundred chests each. The tea is grown in the first instance by small farmers, who carry the produce of their respective gardens to the nearest depot, where it is collected by brokers, and by them made up into chests for delivery to the dealers, who convey it for sale to the foreign market. These dealers are very particular in the selection of high-sounding and felicitous titles for their several parcels or chops, and very often a particular chop acquires such a fame as to be eagerly sought after for each successive season.—*Far Cathay.*

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As some one has set the ball a rolling I wish to give it a push, and not only sympathize with them on the cup and saucer question, but beg some one, posted on knife and fork etiquette, to give us a few plain rules, or answer a few questions for one whom ill health has kept from going much abroad for the last few years. In which hand should the fork be used? I had supposed that the left hand was twin worker with the right as much at the table as elsewhere, also the fork with the knife; but the actions of many with whom I have been brought in contact lately, who seem to think they know, (especially young ladies and misses,) say such is no longer the case.

Is the fork intended to cut the food as those persons indicate? If so why

not have them made like pickle forks with a blade on one tine? surely they would be more convenient. M.

THE DESSERT.

—Old maids are more politely called "belated sisters."

—Let your motto be, "Liberty or Death," and if it comes to the pinch take the most in liberty.

—If a man overeats, his sleep will be disturbed by the nightmare—an other name for provisions.

—The Eastport (Me.) citizen who the other night mistook his wife's yeast Jug for his favorite little brown jug, and took a long pull and a strong pull therefrom, is now a rising man.

—A lady being asked what was her husband's occupation said he was engaged in "finishing." It was subsequently ascertained that it was a term in the penitentiary to which she referred.

—Pin-cushions covered with "real lace" are selling in New York, it is said, at twenty dollars apiece. What must be the suffering among the poor when they are forced to buy their pin-cushions at that price.

—Young men who go wooing these days must remember that the goodwill of their prospective mothers-in-law greatly depends on their industry in cleaning their boots before treading on the sacred parlor carpets.

—A man named Burns, living in the eastern part of Danbury, narrowly escaped strangulation from a fishbone which lodged in his throat. He moved into town only a few weeks before, and naturally feels much embarrassed over his awkwardness.

—The most polished man in Belfast, Maine, just now is a dry goods merchant whose wife undertook to bathe him all over in balsam for rheumatism. After the job was well done, she looked at the label of the bottle and found it was furniture polish she had been using.

—A Cleveland man knows how to enjoy all the comforts of home. When he sees a book peddler or sewing-machine man in front of his house, he touches up his face with a box of water-colors, in imitation of smallpox pustules, goes to the front door, and then laughs to see the callers try to break their necks in getting over the gate and fence.

—It is told of a young gentleman, whom a maiden liked but father didn't, that at a reasonable hour the old gent mildly intimated that the time for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir," answered nineteenth century, modestly. "We have been waiting over an hour for you to put yourself in your little bed." The father retired thoughtfully.

—A clergyman on exchange found a note in the Bible to the effect that Brother A. requested the prayers of the church, that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification, he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.



FOUR SKIN.

Good people all! have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within;
To the first you'll give plenty of water and soap,
To the last little else beside water, we'll hope!

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food and your air;
For if these be tainted or rendered impure,
It will have its effect on your blood—be sure!

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most and can soonest digest:
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of fish that is not very fresh.

Your water transparent and pure as you think it,
Had better be filter'd and boil'd ere you drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware

Of breathing the poison of once breathed air;
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,
Always open your window and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,
And change your clothes quickly if drenched in a storm;

For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin
Elies at once to the delicate lining within.

All of you who thus kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need never of small-pox feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years!

—Science of Health.

MIND AND MUSCLE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way
And merrily hent the stile, O;
Your merry heart goes a' the way,
Your sad tires at a mile, O."

—Old English Song.

"A willing mind makes a light foot."

—Old Proverb.

FEW of us realize the important influence that the state of the mind has upon the health of the body! If we did we should be more careful to do all in our power to promote a cheerful and tranquil spirit, both in ourselves and in all around us. No one can be in perfect health who is unhappy or discontented, let the cause be what it will. But how to obtain the "merrie heart," the "willing mind?" Ah! that is another question. Let us first consider the nature and cause of the disease and then we shall be better prepared to find a remedy. Numberless instances might be given showing the influence of mind; we will mention only two or three.

A young man lay upon a bed of illness in Georgia, hundreds of miles from his home in New England, and cut off from all hope of return by the southern troops who surrounded him. The more he thought of his home and friends and of the utter impossibility of returning to them, the more hopeless he grew and consequently the weaker he grew until he seemed to those around him to be in the last stages of consumption, and no one thought he would ever be able to leave his bed. Suddenly a comrade found a way by which he might return. He went to his bedside and said, "A—, there is a chance for us to go home, when do you think you would be well enough to go?" "Now," was the answer, and to the surprise of all present he arose and dressed himself and made the journey safely.

The following story as nearly as I can remember it was related by an excellent physician. A lady who had passed through many severe trials, finally became very ill and sank so rapidly that her friends and physician despaired of her recovery, and it was thought best to tell her that she probably could not recover, that she might be able to settle her worldly affairs to her satisfaction. As soon as this announcement was made to her a favorable change was noticed; she was very religious, and was so happy at the thought of dying, of being forever freed from the troubles and trials she had so long endured and being happy forever, that it seemed to give her new life and vigor. She was full of animation at the delightful prospect, and this frame of mind quickened the action of the circulatory, digestive and eliminatory organs, and restored her again to health. Let us hope she had fewer trials for the remainder of her life to compensate her for the disappointment her recovery must have occasioned her.

One more instance. A young gentleman and lady of my acquaintance had unhappily fallen in love with each other; I say unhappily because the parents of the young lady were so opposed to the match that they felt they must give up all thoughts of each other. The main objections to the young man were that he was inferior to the lady in point of family and education, and that he was not well established in business; his health also seemed feeble and growing more so. The young lady had always been full of life and health with a great deal of color in her cheeks, but now her step lost its elasticity, her eye its brightness, and her cheek became as pale as that of her lover; she began to complain of weariness, headache, backache, and I know not what, and finally became as it appeared decidedly an invalid. To make a long story short, (as I am not writing a novel, but a health article,) the parents at this junction concluded to give their consent and approval; the young man received an appointment from the government, (I am not sure which happened first,) the lovers were married, the roses returned to their cheeks, and with happiness, renewed health and vigor, the lady finding herself able and willing to perform the labors of the household with very little assistance, during the years that followed, and it is said she proves an excellent housekeeper, wife and mother, and yet finds time to indulge her taste for literature. How she manages to accomplish so much is a mystery to the uninitiated.

Taking these few cases as being similar to hundreds of others which any of us may recall by a little effort of memory or attention to what is passing around us, let us look at them in a physiological light.

We know that the various tissues that make up the body, such as bone, muscle, brain, etc., are continually dying atom by atom. In order to secure health it is necessary:

1. That these dead particles be eliminated from the system and not suffered to accumulate.

2. That new and vital particles be supplied continually to every part of

the system to take the place of the old ones, which being dead are not only of no further use, but are positively poisonous.

The first mentioned requisite to health is accomplished by the action of the eliminatory organs; in the skin, lungs, kidneys, alimentary canal, etc.; the second, that is, the preparation of nutritious and vital matter, etc., is the work of the digestive, respiratory and circulatory organs. Nearly all diseases are caused either by an accumulation of wornout, devitalized atoms, or else by some disturbance or derangement of those organs whose function it is to prepare and supply new tissue. It is plain therefore that whatever tends to disturb the action of these organs must seriously affect the health, for if they fail to do their part well, disease and finally death must result. As a medical writer says: "There are diseased conditions where the accumulation of effete matter gradually increases and a person dies, atom after atom until all vital action ceases."

Now let us see what the state of the mind has to do with all this. "A despairing habit of mind and a tendency to forebode evil will generate a weakened action of the bowels, while the opposite mental state will give to them a healthful vigor and tone. A very moderate dose of rhubarb will sometimes lift the mountain of despair from the most gloomy patient. But this can be done more effectually and permanently by a psychological influence intelligently applied." He might have added also, with less injury to the patient. Again, we are told that "A dull, melancholy state of mind produces constipation, while over excitement of the intellectual powers produces the opposite pathological result."

But torpidity of the bowels, or any of the eliminatory organs, throws extra duty upon the others, thereby rendering them more liable to inflammation or disease. I have spoken in a former article of the importance of pure air and a full deep breathing, and also of the effect that the exhilarating or depressing emotions have upon the breathing, i. e. the more we breathe the happier we are, and the happier we are the more we breathe. As Evans says: "The more we breathe the more we live, for to breathe is to live." But the lungs are perfectly passive. It is the abdominal and intercostal muscles that by their contraction and action form a vacuum, into which the air rushes, filling the lungs, purifying the blood and sending renewed life and vigor over the system. Now what? "All depressing mental states destroy the healthy tone of the abdominal muscles." "They are always called into action by the respiration attending happy and exhilarating states of mind." "Strength is not so much in muscle as in mind and will. It is a mental state. To strengthen the body does not demand the use of tonics and stimulants but we must increase the mental force. If a man feels 'I am strong, I can do a great thing' he unconsciously raises his head, expands his lungs and inhales, and the more one breathes, other things being equal, the stronger he is; the less one breathes the weaker he is. If we can

by any means arouse a man" (or woman) "to be of good courage, general debility will soon disappear."

We have thus glanced at some of the effects produced upon some of the eliminatory organs, and upon the muscles by different mental or spiritual states. Lest the reader grow weary we will reserve for another time the effect of different emotions and passions upon the digestive and other organs. Meantime let us try to practice faithfully what we have already learned. Let us take deep full inspirations of pure air every day and often; let us acquire the habit of looking at the best side of everything and everybody around us; let us try to forget as much as possible our own trials, in the endeavor to be a comfort and blessing to others; and above all let us learn to trust and confide more implicitly in the loving and watchful care of our Father in heaven resting assured that He who loves us with a tenderer than any human love, will not permit one pain or care or sorrow to trouble us, except for our best good.

No less than sixteen times do we find in the Holy Scriptures the injunction "Be of good courage," to say nothing of almost numberless commands of similar import, such as "Rest in the Lord," "Be of good cheer," "Rejoice," etc., etc. Yet we seem to regard these precepts as of less consequence than others upon which less stress is laid. Cheer up, then, sad soul and remember that in a literal and physical as well as in a spiritual sense is the precept and promise tone "Be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart." Ps. xxxi: 24.

HOW LONG SHALL WE SLEEP?

The fact is, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because we want more. Six hours' sleep will do well enough for a plowman or bricklayer, or any other man who has no exhaustion but that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over the better. But for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on the brain and on the nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is as good as two hours before it; even then his sleep will not so completely restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer; his best sleep probably lies in the earlier morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest.

CURE FOR A FELON.—Take a tablespoonful of fine salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of black pepper, and the yolk of an egg, simmer together and bind on. Renew twice a day. A never failing remedy.



MY BOOKS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah! well I love these books of mine,
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"),
A curious company, I own;
The poorest ranking with their betters;
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A Pure Democracy—of Letters.

A motley gathering are they;
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;
Some just too good to throw away;
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.
Yet well I love them, one and all,
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,
Who never fail to come at call,
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favorites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That this I take and that refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book-relations,
Nor envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
Which elsewhere one vainly seeks.
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
He never *uninvited* speaks;
And should he prove a fool or clown,
Unworth the precious time you're spending,
How quickly you can "put him down,"
Or "shut him up," without offending!

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood
Of critics from dissension cease;
And—stranger still!—no more at feud,
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
See! side by side, all free from strife.
(Save what the heavy page may smother),
The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
For conscience' sake, had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks
(What living friend has done the same?)
And, for companionship, how few,
As these, my cronies ever-present,
Of all the friends I ever knew
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

—*Harper's Magazine.*

PLAGIARISM.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

IN August last, I told my dear Household friends of my little trip to the river-side, and really waxed eloquent in my own estimation over the pleasurable reminiscences of the day, profoundly of the opinion that no one had expatiated on the subject in the same happy manner; but a short time after in glancing over *Hearth and Home*, I found a lady contributor had launched forth in the same strain, only much better than I could possibly have done. Now then, my fine woman! who has been plagiarising you or your humble servant, said I in soliloquy? On turning to the date, for I do not have the reading of it for several weeks after it is published, then get several papers at a time, lo! *Veni vidi* was also *vici*, for she had the inside track, and Aunt Leisurely was out in the cold, with the dismal croak "plagiarism" lying in ambush. Which leads me to ponder the question, what is plagiarism? We know it is necessary for a person to have a clear understanding of the subject he has in hand, in order to be useful to those he wishes to instruct, so when

Webster defines Plagiarism as "the act of purloining another man's literary works, or introducing passages from another man's writings and passing them off as his own," we one and all acknowledge it infallible and leaves nothing more to be said.

But may not two or more persons in conversation have the same opinion on any subject, and express their views in similar language without being considered each other's echo; then why not express an opinion through the medium of the press, upon which some congenial soul has aired his views, in the same manner, without the mere question of "who said it first," deciding who was honest, and who was not? It would be highly inconvenient, and make conversation, which after all is but odds and ends, gleaned from people and books, appear rather balky if a la quotation marks, one was obliged to explain at the beginning or ending of nearly every sentiment they expressed, that it was not original with them but borrowed from another source; then why, when substituting printers' ink have to be always on the lookout for breakers is beyond my rhetoric. I have read books with which I was particularly charmed, so much so, that not only the ideas but the language in which those ideas were clothed, were always fresh in my memory, and if by chance saw an article in any of the current literature of the day that presented any scene, incident or expression familiar to me through the medium of the book, notwithstanding my efforts to exercise that Heaven-born charity we are all enjoined to cultivate, being reminded that without it we are "but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," must conscientiously say, failed to give them the credit; it may have been gross injustice to the poor author, who may never have seen or even heard of the book, but I felt they were plagiarists, and in feeling so, quite likely supported a theory at the expense of common sense.

I do not suppose there are many writers but have a fear at times they are plagiarising without knowing it, particularly after writing what they feel to be a telling sentence it flashes over their minds they have read it somewhere before, or if not that, they have a feverish notion if they don't get it packed off and published instanter, somebody will get the start of them, and say just what they might, could, would, or should have said. When a person has such extreme partiality for another's writings as to copy verbatim, after the manner of a love-letter that once came under my observation, the matter becomes so ridiculous that a good hearty laugh at their expense on our side, and the pricks of an uneasy conscience on theirs, is about punishment enough. To live in constant dread of some one at the north or south poles, perhaps sending word they have the original of that sweet poetic effusion or profound essay in their scrap book or album, would be rather an uncomfortable position to hold. The most singular part of that love-letter affair was, that, though not published, it was circulated far and near and as far as I know but one person found out it did not emanate from the writer's own

brain. Everybody wanted a copy of it; part of it was in form of a prayer, and take it all together it was the most heart stirring piece of sweetness it has been my good fortune to see; but one comfort was, he didn't get the girl, eloquent letter and all, although she with the rest thought it original. Everyone wondered she could be so obdurate, but she was adamant as far as he was concerned and married another in less than a year, after receiving it. The lady who detected the fraud, in looking over an old book, published long before our gay *Lothario* was in existence, came across the original document prayer and all, and found that all the literary labor it cost our hero, was to change the name of the fair one to whom it was addressed, and to sign his own.

I suppose, to be strictly just our poor little articles should bristle with quotation marks, until they resembled a stack of shepherd's crooks, while at the same time we are conscious that it would be as easy to create a world as to say anything that no one has ever said before, for

"We are the same things that our fathers have been,
And we see the same sights that our fathers have seen.
We drink the same stream and we feel the same sun.
And we run the same course that our fathers have run."

Then, as we cannot have bran new ideas or our own, for "there is literally nothing new under the sun," it follows we must be but echos of those who have gone before, and "of whose dwellings we make a transient abode," and thus it must be until the end of time, when "we shall sing a new song."

But why should this discourage us from clothing the ideas we draw from the general fund of past and present generations, which perhaps are unwittingly the property of a contemporary, not by right of discovery but of prior appropriation and in another dress, not assumed as a disguise in which to usurp the belongings of another, to conceal our weak and shadowy deficiencies by their strength, but, that perchance, some who never having seen the original, or if having seen it, remain a stranger because of the garb in which it came to them may by our understanding of it find assimilation and be profited thereby. And, because of having no new ideas, the best we can do is to make use of the old ones, and by adroitly changing their dresses like Mrs. Jarley with her wax works, let those that figured one day in a song, figure the next in a sermon.

THE REVIEWER.

DRESS REFORM: Edited by Abba Goold Woolson, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. * Roberts Brothers, Boston.

This timely book contains five lectures upon the subject of Dress Reform, recently delivered in Boston by some of the most prominent ladies engaged in this noble enterprise. They treat of the bad effects of modern costume upon the health of women, and go very clearly to the root of the many ills which woman is heir to. They deserve to be read with profound attention by every woman, who, though she may be somewhat dubious about adopting the entire style of dress offered by the fair dressers, can not fail to obtain, from their sound common sense, a guide towards a reformation in dress, which is much needed and which will add to her health and comfort.

THE KING OF NO-LAND by B. L. Farjeon is a beautiful Christmas story of an imaginary king who reigns in the imaginary kingdom of "No-Land." Disgusted with the restraint which ever hedges in a king, he runs away from his kingdom, and makes friends in an humble garb among the poorest of his subjects; he finds a little sweetheart here too, "Bluebell," whom he woos and wins, and who knows nothing of his greatness till she is his wife. His wanderings teach him many wise lessons, and open his eyes to many things touching the condition of his people he would otherwise never have known. His return is therefore only fraught with good, and he ends his life, as all good kings do in fairy-land, beloved and regretted by every one. The moral of the book is quite a profound one, but is woven in with so much that is fanciful and poetical, that it does not interfere with the reader's enjoyment of the most pleasant holiday fiction out. Illustrated, 8vo, 25 cents.

MORE BED-TIME STORIES. By Louisa Chander Moulton. With illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1875.

A handsome volume for the children. The stories are wholesome, well told and fascinating. The illustrations are remarkably good. The volume is a 12mo, 238 pages, tinted paper, and elegantly bound.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR JANUARY.—The January number of Scribner is not without a Christmas flavor—containing, as it does, a Christmas sketch by L. Clarke Davis, entitled, "My Night in a Stage-Coach," a "Christmas Suggestion," and "A Christmas Sleigh-ride," the latter by F. R. Stockton. In this number begins Dr. Holland's new serial, "The Story of Sevenoaks," with an illustration by Sol Eytinge. The first chapter tells about Sevenoaks and "How Miss Butterworth passed one of her evenings;" in the second chapter "Mr. Belcher carries his point at the Town Meeting, and the reader is introduced to Jim Fenton." The first installment of Major Powell's account of his daring descent of the Colorado is here given, with striking illustrations by T. Moran and W. L. Sheppard; also, the beginning of a series of "Old Letters," written from London in the time of William IV., and now for the first time published. The present installment is accompanied by an original portrait sketch of Rogers, the poet. "Travels in South America," the opening article of the "Monthly," is effectively illustrated and interesting. Besides there contributions we have "A Bouquet of Japanese Verses," by Charles A. DeKay; "A New Solution of an Old Puzzle," by Francis Gerry Fairfield; "Bazaine's Prison," by Maud Christiani; "Hereditary Foes," by Miss Osgood, illustrated by Miss Hallock; continuations of Saxe Holm's "My Tourmaline," and Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island;" and poems by R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, John Hay, and F. W. Bourdillon. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about "National Politics," "Room at the Top" and "Ritualism." "The Cabinet" contains "The Sublime and the Ridiculous," "Salvini as a Dutchman," and other matters. In "Home and Society" is a timely "Plea for Handles."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JANUARY is a real Holiday number, and a peculiarly attractive one. It opens with a beautiful frontispiece called "Mozart, the Little Music-King," followed by a short sketch of the great musician's career. It gives us an abundance of interesting Christmas stories, such as "Tommy, the Seaplane," by Charles Barnard; "May's Christmas Tree," by Olive Thorne; "A Christmas Legend," by Florence Scannell (each of the three with a beautiful picture by Eytinge); and "The Dwarf's Mirror," illustrated by F. A. Chapman. There is also a fac-simile of the original manuscript of the famous ballad "Twas the Night before Christmas," which will attract the attention of all the boys and girls. Articles are also contributed by J. T. Trowbridge, Louisa M. Alcott, Hezekiah Butterworth and Thomas Dunn English. There are poems by Bret Harte and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; a "Christmas Carol" by Mrs. Dodge; and a beautifully illustrated poem, entitled "Santa Claus and his Men." St. Nicholas for January has eight extra pages.

GOLDEN HOURS, is an excellent magazine for boys and girls. The price has been reduced to \$1.60, postage paid. It is very cheap for a first class magazine. Each number has forty pages, and the illustrations are numerous and appropriate. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Music by WILBUR BUZZELL.

1. I remem - ber how I lov'd her, when a lit - tle, guilt - less child, As she
 2. Months pass'd, — that bud of prom - ise was un - fold - ing ev - ry hour, And I

lay with - in her era - dle, and she looked on me and smil'd; My
 tho't that earth had nev - er smil'd up - on so fair a flower: So

cup of hap - pi - ness was full, my joy words can - not tell, And I
 beau - ti - ful it well might grace the bowers where an - gels dwell, And

bliss'd the glo - rious Giv - er who "do - eth all things well."

waft its fra - grant to His throne who "do - eth all things well."

3 Years fled—that little sister then was dear as life to me,
 And woke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry;
 I worship'd at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
 Forgetful of the praise of Him who "doeth all things well."

4 She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone,
 Amid this darksome vale of tears thro' which I journey on;
 Its radiance had obscur'd the light which round His throne doth dwell,
 And I wandered far away from Him who "doeth all things well."

5 That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now,
 In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour's brow;
 For she in that bright world of light has gone with Christ to dwell,
 The Father took her unto Him,— "He doeth all things well."

6 I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed, [dead;
 And my deep and heart-felt anguish when they told me she was
 And oh, that cup of bitterness!—let not my heart rebel,
 God gave—He took, He will restore; "He doeth all things well."



MILKING TIME.

At the foot of the hill the milking house stands,
Where the Balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trail on each pendant tip
Gleams like the lash of a golden whip.
And an ice cold spring with a tinkling sound
Makes a bright green edge for the dark green
ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white
That turns to gold in a single night,
As if the disk of a winter moon
Should take the tint of a new doublon!

Burned to a coal is the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass-grown,
Like a great live ember glows the sun;
When it falls behind the crimson bars,
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long, deliberate line
Of the Devons red and Durhams fine.
"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lea of the patient beasts,
On their tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The tow clad boys and the linsey girls
Made the cows "give down" in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's sea foam swath in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys with whistle and song,
Two pails apiece, meander along
The winding path in the gathering gloom,
And "set" the milk in the twilight room.

—Selected.

A DAIRY WOMAN AND HER DAIRY.

BY GYPSY TRAINE.

I HAVE been to see her! No matter who, only that she is one of the most noted dairy women of the state. It was a cold day, and I drove my own team, two facts which you will please to notice, not that they have any very close connection with butter-making, but they were intimately associated with my fingers.

It seems to me that it is in the little things of life we generally fail, we lose sight of these in watching the greater and, what may seem to us, more important duties, but I was told by Mrs. Butterfield, as we will call her, that it is the little points in dairy business that require the most attention. If any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD are disgusted because their cream remains cream in spite of the churn, and their butter refuses to take on a golden hue and tempt the mouth with its sweetness, if you will follow Mrs. B's plan, even to "the little points," I think you will no longer have cause to complain. She considers it essential to success that the cows should have proper feed and care. I will give her words as I remember them.

"A good pasture has much to do with the quality of a cow's milk, though I can make just as good butter when the cows are fed upon early cut hay, or dried grass. Mr. Butterfield gives each cow one quart of meal and one quart of bran, twice a day. If you want yellow butter meal your cows. Once in two weeks he gives to

each a great spoonful of saltpetre, to prevent garget. They want a comfortable place to stay in, and you must be neat about milking. We calculate to have a new milch cow every month. We do not pack our butter, but if we did I should prefer to have the cows dry through the hot months, when you get the least cream from your milk, and butter is the lowest. It would not be much work to fit up a room where you could keep the milk warm in winter, and then the trouble in keeping your pans and pails sweet would be much less. I have two milk rooms, one I use in the summer, the other in cold weather. Here is my winter room."

It was a small room opening out of the kitchen. The pans were of the common size and set upon racks to allow the air to circulate freely about them.

"Do you have any rule in regard to depth of setting?"

"Generally about two-thirds full."

"Have you ever used the deep, square pans?"

"Yes, in the summer, but I have no room for them in winter. I do not consider them better, except to save work. The object is to have the milk cool as soon as possible, and I think the amount of cream from deep setting is not equal to the amount obtained from the same quantity of milk set in shallow pans."

"What is your idea of the right time to skim the milk?"

"I can generally tell by lifting the cream from the edge of the pan with my finger, but, if I am not certain, I skim one pan and turn it out, then, if it is thickened a little on the bottom of the pan, it is just right. The old notion that your milk must be thick is all nonsense. You don't make a bit more butter. Butter from sweet cream is delicious, but will not keep, as I found out by trial. I was going to outdo myself one year, and so made a tub of butter from sweet cream, wholly, but it failed to keep sweet and I have never tried that again. We churn about five times a week. I do not use a thermometer to determine when my cream is warm enough; I can tell by the looks; this you will learn by experience, only this remember: if it begins to swell a bit it is too cold. In such a case I heat a pint of sweet milk and pour into the cream, stirring briskly. I use the Prize Churn and would not take any other as a gift. When the cream has come, I pour in half a pail of water and wash, pouring this into the swill, then I wash in two or more waters, as it may need, or until the water runs off clear. I generally wash it in the churn, as I think it is better, but if the butter-milk does not separate readily there, I take it out into a large wooden bowl. I use three-fourths of an ounce of salt to a pound of butter, and prefer the Onondaga salt."

"Do you ever use sugar or saltpetre?"

"Never any saltpetre, but one-third of an ounce of sugar to a pound of butter; when the feed is sweet and fresh I use less."

"Do you ever color your butter?"

"Never, I do not need to, as we have Jersey cows and meal them."

"How many times do you work your butter?"

"Only once after I work in the salt; I use a butter-worker, and am very careful not to rub the butter, as it breaks the grain and makes it oily. The beam should be pressed down, squeezing the water out. I have a wide butter stick that I use to gather the butter under the beam. If butter is streaked it is because it is not worked enough; I do not think it is owing to a difference in the cream, because I always put the morning's skimmings into the cream I churn that day; I churn at night, work it over in the morning and send it off. If it were very hot weather I should churn in the morning and work it over the next morning. My butter is all made into balls, I will show you how I do it."

She moved a stool by the side of the butter-worker, and set down with a wooden scoop in her hands, and the mould. By her side she has the tins on which the balls are to be placed. With the scoop she gathers a little more than the right quantity for the mould, and forms it into a sort of pyramid; then, raising her hand quite high, she strikes it quickly and firmly, making impetus take the place of pressure, thereby saving lame shoulders and stomach. With a thin, narrow stick she trims off the superfluous butter and then presses out the ball on to the tin, on which a piece of muslin has been placed. As much time is spent in balling the butter as in all the rest of the work. Each tin holds sixteen balls, and thirteen of these are placed in a tin can, on the bottom of which is a thick cloth covered with salt. The top of the butter is protected with a thin cloth. These cans are sent to Boston two and three times a week. During the warm weather they are packed in ice. Upon their return they are scoured, cloths cleansed, and made ready for another trip.

This butter is sold at one of the principal hotels in Boston (I shall not tell you which one) for sixty cents per pound throughout the year.

The moulds when new should be scalded two or three days, and afterwards kept in brine. Mrs. Butterfield says: "I never got more nervous over anything than when I first tried to use the mould. I guess another time I wouldn't have half a dozen looking on."

"When you packed your butter how did you cleanse your tubs?"

"I used ash tubs, though I think spruce tubs are good. I cleansed them with lime water, a tablespoonful of lime to a fifty pound tub. Let it stand a day or two, then pour out and fill up with brine. After I filled my tub, I put on a thin cloth, and covered with salt until it did not show the shade of the butter. If you want to keep butter under brine, use rock salt, or a block of wood."

I learned that they had twenty cows, all full blood or grade Jerseys, but one. Two of them are imported, and were purchased in April, and two others did not give milk till June. From the first of January to November 14th they have made 8823 pounds of butter. It is weighed before salting. Her butter room is fitted up in the cellar,

the walls plastered and the floor laid with stone and covered with cement. Here nothing but butter is allowed to be kept. The tins are placed on racks, and when the balls have hardened, they are trimmed and sent to market. Mrs. Butterfield has made this business a study for twenty-six years and now has the reputation of making "gilt-edged butter."

With one servant she does her work; takes care of a feeble, old lady, cultivates a large and handsome variety of house plants, and, last year, had five summer boarders, besides weaving two or three rag carpets. Here is one of Vermont's strong, hardy women, but she has taken too much upon her shoulders, as she has already learned; and, unlike many, she wisely lets fall a part of her burden.

Her idea of having the largest amount of butter made in cold weather, strikes me as very sensible, if not always practicable; I wonder that the subject has not received more attention. Nearly every farmer's wife loses one or more churning in warm weather, and, if butter can be made, sweet and delicious, in the winter, I think the expense incurred in fitting up a room for milk purposes, would be more than counter-balanced by the greater amount of butter made and higher prices received for it.

And now, my dear friends of the dairy, if I have not already wearied you, let me add, that no woman can afford to risk her reputation by offering an inferior article for sale, any more than a merchant by selling shoddy goods. By always putting in the market prime butter, you will soon command ready sales and first class prices. Your failures may not be your fault, although unreasonable Jerry may stoutly lay it to your charge. In such cases I would take good pains to know if he had faithfully done his part of the work, for as much depends upon the cow, the care bestowed upon her, in providing her good lodgings and food, as depends upon the care of the milk after it is brought to the house.

ECONOMY OF STRENGTH.

"Well, that is what I call downright laziness, sitting down to pare potatoes!" said good, resolute Aunt Eliza, as she caught sight of a trim little body seated by the kitchen table preparing potatoes for dinner.

"Oh! no, Auuty, not a bit of it; it is only economy of strength. I don't believe in wearing one's self out unnecessarily. If my feet ache from doing the morning's work, why not rest them, when my hands can move as swiftly sitting as standing? I am only 'killing two birds with one stone.' When I go to housekeeping, you will find all sorts of contrivances in my kitchen for making hard work easy," and Amy laughed merrily at the expression on Aunt Eliza's face.

She took a philosophical view of woman's work, and I could not help contrasting her rosy checks and plump figure with the pale face and stooping form of the caller, who had the reputation of being the smartest woman in the neighborhood. She was fast wasting her energies by doing everything the hardest way, just because

she fancied that industry and neatness are taskmasters who tolerate no bodily indulgence.

The young girl's theory and practice were so sensible that I was inclined to urge their adoption whenever the varied labors devolving either on mistress or maid seem to demand careful expenditure of physical strength.

I have no more sympathy for genuine laziness than Aunt Eliza had. I believe in doing work well, and if possible in season, but not at the expense of the vital forces, which ought to last us an average lifetime of moderate labor.

Household details are so numerous and complicated that the mother of a family is often obliged to attend to many of them at once, and she ought to learn how to mingle the lesser tasks with the greater, so that one set of muscles is resting while another is called into action. In this way some intervals of comparative rest can be secured, and the work move along more to the purpose than if there were no partial breaks in the endless chain from morning till night.

For instance, if pies or apple sauce are to be made, when the breakfast dishes are washed, sit down to prepare the apples, and it will not infringe our code of domestic by-laws if you should happen to mix the pie-crust also while sitting, for rolling it out and finishing the pies will be more easily done after this brief rest.

When the coffee is to be browned, it is well to give that process close attention, though sometimes mending stockings or reading the *Rural* will not interfere very much with roasting if one eye is kept on the oven.

In many homes the washing machine has shorn Monday of half its discomforts, but genius has not rescued us from the thralldom of ironing day; so necessity becomes the "mother of invention." We find a board like those used for ironing dresses and skirts furnished with four legs just long enough to come over the lap, is very convenient. On this one can iron all small articles, and if necessary, even shirts and large garments, though not quite so rapidly as at the table, and the change of posture, for a short time, is a relief when there is a large ironing to do.

Cutting garments on a table is tiresome work, and the ironing bench can be used for this purpose, but a lap-board is better. It should be about three feet in length by two feet in width, with a circle cut out on one side to fit the form. After a few hours of hard work, in the kitchen, the weary housewife will appreciate the advantage of being able to prepare garments for the sewing machine without extra charge.

Perhaps a healthy, energetic woman might despise these simple expedients for lifting heavy burdens; but in time even she may have ample need for some strength held in reverse; while there are thousands of feeble women who gratefully accept any suggestions that will, in the least, lessen their labors. If they do the best they can, there will be many wide gaps in the course of the year which they cannot fill; and without wishing to be misunderstood, or to appear as an advocate for sloth and "inglorious ease,"

I believe that the ambitious wife and mother who does the most of her own work is more apt to do too much than too little. She can well afford to economise strength and preserve health, thereby securing more time for her own mental culture and retaining the ability to wisely superintend the moral and physical education of her children.—*Ruth Lee in Moore's Rural.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS:—I have come again, I am sure of a kindly greeting this time; I have wanted to tell each of you that have spoken such comforting words to me how very much I thank you; you have gladdened a sad heart, and I have felt, yes, felt for a surety, that your loving sympathy was with me. I have been ill since I wrote you, a general debility, a sickness very trying to mind and body. I am not well yet, but much better; I tried very hard not to be sick, I wanted to keep well for his sake, but the tide was strong against me, I had to yield. If my sickness shall be the means of reaching my husband's heart or of bringing me nearer my Saviour I shall not regret it.

Dear Olive Oldstyle:—I am a real woman with a heart deeply touched by your kind words; you have made me feel more fully that the dear Lord is mine—I do trust in Him—I know "the bruised reed He will not break" and I am trying to feel that this severe heart discipline is for my eternal good. You speak words of cheer, your letter is like that of a dear friend that knew just what to write. I am grateful to you.

Dear sister Sarah:—How my heart has yearned to come to you! your letter to me was so tender, so loving; if you could only know how thinking of it has taken the dreariness from many an hour for me! I wanted to write to you alone, but don't you see, I could not? I would not breathe a breath against my husband's name, so the world should know—I am glad of his success in life—so I can only come to you as "Marah;" yet I thank you for your interest in me, and for your sisterly words. I shall not forget you.

Jessamine:—You did comfort me, you thought of me, spoke precious words to me, and as my jessamine vine brushes against the window, I learn to think of it as my friend and its rustling now says:

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day."

Mrs. L. S., dear friend:—I am glad you wrote to me, glad of the words of comfort and glad to know that some woman had such a husband as yours. I was beginning to think men had no such sacred, precious gift as love to bring to the marriage altar, it didn't seem natural or right to have it so, and something in me would cry out for faith in better things. You have no doubt of your husband's love, can see it manifested every day, you must be a happy woman; I trust God will long spare you to each other.

Mrs. Carney did not quite understand me, I came to the sisters, not my husband, with tearful eyes, he seldom sees me in tears. No, I would not "have him sit idly in a lady's bower," but the little time he is with

me, what harm could there be in making it a little season of rest and enjoyment to both of us? I do not think I am exacting in demanding attention from him, neither do I force my care upon him, I try to make his home pleasant and myself as agreeable as I can; if this is sentimentalizing I must continue it, for I feel that this is right; if it does not bring me present joy I may be sowing the seed that shall bring me abundant harvest by and by. There is Jennie and other friends that have spoken to me but I must not reply to all; I thank you for your kind interest in me.

Edith Elliott's "Long Summer's Day" in the August number, seems like a day from my own life; she has told in better words than I could, how the thoughtlessness of a husband can dim all that otherwise would be sunshine in the daily life of a wife. There is power indeed in a word, in a look even, a power that can change all that is expectant and joyous into dead ashes, choking out the little life of courage there is left. A husband and wife are one united by God and in His name, but there can be no union if both live their lives to themselves. You wonder how I happened to be won by him; I can tell you but 'tis a simple tale.

We met; his manner pleased me as it does almost every one, his attentions taught me to trust him; I had loved no other; in about a year we were married, I gave him my heart as well as my hand, friends and relatives approved and prophesied a happy union; how little do we understand the inner lives of those around us!

Perhaps I require much but 'tis the "love and cherish" of the marriage vows; I gave all when I promised to "love and honor." Sometimes I think with my failing strength that my life is going from me, that soon we may be parted, he and I; if the fault is mine that so much of life is wasted, I am truly sorry, yet I feel that the Lord of the Harvest will remember "not what I did but what I strove to do." Maybe our daily prayer "Lead us not into temptation" is being answered to me by keeping the temptation of an earthly love from me; I often wonder could I leave the

Lord with all my heart, if this heart were happy in his keeping, perhaps my great present joy would help me to forget the greater joy of the hereafter. I try to accept my disappointment in this light and comfort my heart with thoughts of a love that abideth forever for me, yet if sometimes in my great loneliness I cry out again, soothe me, cheer me, but do not censure. Dear sisters, "good-bye;" I trust none of you feel the bitterness of

interchange of thought and feeling.

"Maud," because you were so long silent, I had imagined all manner of vain things about you. First I thought you must be waiting to see what would turn up next in these columns for your benefit, and wondered how you could keep so still when almost every one was taking such an interest in your welfare, and finally I concluded it must be that you had left this world of toil and care and "gone hence." So I am glad to see another letter with your signature.

Dear "Aunt Leisurely," whose words of wisdom I have so often pondered; in the December "questions and answers," I commenced reading your article on yeast, and read until I came to these words "a tablespoonful of melted lard," and then I stopped to think of the many hundreds who would read and have confidence in your advice. And with all due respect to yourself, and an apology for the "I beg leave to differ," I will express my opinion on the subject. Any good physician will tell us that many of the prevalent diseases, consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, etc., are caused by scrofula in the blood, and that pork and lard will vitiate if not increase it. If such is the case would it not seem desirable and even necessary that the "staff of life" should be free from it? Perhaps if there was no lard used, the hue and cry against the wholesomeness of pies would soon cease.

I call to mind a housekeeper who does the cooking for a family of six, and not a particle of lard has she used for several years, but has substituted for that beef-drippings, butter or cream. When soup is made, after boiling, the bones are put into the oven in a dripping pan, and the marrow is extracted. After boiling beef there is often more fat than is needed to serve with the meat, this is collected and simmered until all the water has evaporated, then strained and set to cool same as lard. The same is used for frying doughnuts. To bake with beans, a piece of salt beef is used instead of pork; if a housekeeper is careful she can soon collect beef fat enough and do away with lard entirely. We would like to hear from Dr. Hanford on the subject.

And now dear sisters, as I cannot see you all face to face and wish you "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" I will do so through the medium of our beloved little paper, little only in bulk, and great in information and words of cheer.

MADALINE.

MR. CROWELL: Enclosed find one dollar and ten cents for THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875; have taken it one year and am so much pleased with it, should hardly know how to keep house without it; in fact it has become a necessity; and though it is hard times, the dollar must go, for THE HOUSEHOLD cannot be dispensed with.

I was very much interested in Allie's letter and anxiously await the December number as Mrs. Dorr has promised to attend to her case, and if she can't advise and assist her I don't know who can; I am always interested in her articles, and also in her *Words with Parents* I wish could be read by every parent in the land. I

want to thank Winnie Wildwood for her plea for the boys; I think it will help me to have more patience with my own two noble hearted but noisy little boys.

I always find something in our *HOUSEHOLD* to cheer and comfort and strengthen me to go about my daily toil with new courage. Hoping *THE HOUSEHOLD* may long live and prosper to cheer and bless the world, I subscribe myself its devoted friend.

C. B. H.

MR. EDITOR.—Having been a subscriber for your paper for the last three years I feel that I have kept still long enough. If I was an enthusiastic school girl I should say your paper is perfectly splendid, but being a staid married woman, I will only say it is delightful, at the same time hoping you are a real modest man, not vain, or surely so much praise from one and all will turn your head.

Thanks to Aunt Leisurely for her bread making; the doing up process was all we lacked of making good bread before. All the receipts we have ever used from *THE HOUSEHOLD* are good, as is everything in it, not forgetting Mrs. Dorr's letter in November, which is in itself worth the subscription price of the paper.

L. M.

Being a remarkably modest man our head remains level.—ED.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—Though you may count your New Year greetings by the thousands, I am sure none of them will be more sincere than those I now offer you.

Since my marriage three years ago, each month you have come into our circle freighted with sympathy, advice and instruction, and though you profess to be principally the "Women's Friend," it is always my husband who claims the pleasure of first enjoying your contents, so it is with the greatest pleasure I renew my subscription for the coming year. Having paid you my devoirs and attended to the business part of my letter, I will ask some of your many readers for the benefit of their experiences in building.

We commenced a new house this fall and wish to have in it all the modern conveniences. The brick work and roof are completed but we will wait until spring to finish the interior, and would be so grateful for any advice or hints to aid us in completing it satisfactorily.

What kind of mantles are the most serviceable, and where can they be purchased at the most reasonable prices? I have heard that Vermont granite makes very handsome mantles, but have never seen any out south. Are slate mantles and water tanks durable? and is slate suitable for furnishing bath rooms?

Our yard is quite large and being rather damp, we wish to drain it thoroughly. What kind of pipes are the best for drainage, and where can they be bought?

In one of the summer numbers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* I was very much pleased with an article that you published about wood carpeting and would like to know where it could be purchased?

One question more and I have fin-

ished for this time. Is it within the range of human possibilities to make a house rat proof? I think any one who could give a satisfactory answer to this question should be immortalized in "song and story" and be numbered among the greatest benefactors of the age.

L. J. J.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—As men say, "women are fickle-minded, and fond of change, and new things," I thought I would prove the adage true. I have been looking and inquiring for different kinds of papers and magazines, with chromo, and dispense with you, but I cannot feel satisfied with any other, chromo or not. There is so much good reading in *THE HOUSEHOLD*, in each department, that it seems as though I would lose a friend that I could not do without. So, now I am trying to get others to feel interested too, although I am confined at home with sickness. I have found one friend to send with me, and hope soon to send others.

ELIZA.

Potter's Landing, Md.

EDITOR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I have taken *THE HOUSEHOLD* three years, and it is like the coming of an old friend every month; it cheers, and assists us in our domestic cares, and trials; it

gives us many useful hints in the rearing and education of our little ones; it teaches us how we can make our homes more cheerful and attractive for our husbands, who, we are assured, appreciate them; but why not give the husbands a few of these hints? I think there is a chance for a reformation among them in many respects. I believe there are more model wives than husbands, and I suppose it is all owing to the many "hints" and lectures, and "plain talks," to wives, that we read in almost every magazine and journal; then why not give the husbands a few of them?

It was not my intention to write so long a letter, but merely to renew my subscription, and tell you how thankful I am for your excellent paper.

H. R.

ANOTHER SHOT AT THE FLIES.
"IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."

MR. CROWELL:—I was surprised in these days of mosquito netting to read in a late number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, so many ways to catch flies.

These are very useful sometimes if you have nothing better, but after you have done your best with all these contrivances, it often seems as if there were just as many flies left as there were before, besides all the trouble of using them. Musquito netting is so cheap that almost any one can supply their windows and outside doors with it, and I would rather do without a new dress if necessary and go a good many miles to get the netting than to suffer all the inconveniences of flies during the summer. As an English friend said to me one day, "I think there is trouble enough in this world without 'aving flies." Especially when it is so easy, comparatively, to shut them out of our dwellings.

I have heard some ladies say that a netting frame for a door would be of no use, as there were so many children going out and in, that it could never

be kept closed; but I do not believe that. I have had the experience of teaching three children, not my own, to shut doors after them in cold weather, and think they could be taught to do it in warm weather as well as cold. The plan of calling them back to shut the door, after they have gone out and left it open, does not always succeed; for they do not hear you call, and before you can leave your work and go after them, they may be entirely out of reach. The plan I adopted was this; I watched them, and every time I saw one of them going through, I said to them beforehand, "Shut the door after you." This accomplished the object, and after a short time I could omit the reminder. Occasionally they would become careless, and I would have to do the same thing again for a few days; whenever they came in and left the door open, of course it was very easy to say, "Go back and shut the door." In the case of grown persons who were forgetful, I would change it a little, [Why?] and say, "Shut the door please."

A little patience and perseverance or perhaps a good deal, which we all need, would, I think, in time, accomplish the object in nearly every instance.

Mrs. L. S.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—Your hints in the last number about "catching flies" not only amused but shall I say it disgusted me. Why, dear sisters of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, will you open doors and windows and give flies the free access to your homes, when a little time and money will keep them away! I have kept house nearly eleven years and during that time have always kept flies out—or if a stray one happened to get in he soon lost his life.

My plan is this. Have the outside doors and windows provided with nice screens and when I open a window I put the screen in at once and not wait, as I have seen some do, until the room was full of flies. And when I go through the screen door shut that at once. Should an intruder get in I have a newspaper folded and give him battle at once.

"Why, you haven't a fly in the house," people say, that come here, "I don't see how you can keep them out, I never could, the children will leave the doors open."

Teach them better, an easy task if persevered in a few days in the spring. Try it, dear friends, I know you will succeed. My greatest trouble is not by my children leaving the screen doors open, but pedlars (why were they ever invented?) and refractory neighbors, who "wont come in—can't stop," but stand and hold the door open, as if they couldn't talk with the door shut, or come in themselves and not let in forty flies for me to drive out or kill soon as they are gone. If any of my sisters are guilty of this I hope they will read and take warning to do so no more.

I think if every one hated flies as I do they would take more pains to keep them away. It makes me nervous to go into a person's house where flies have free access. How can they live so? It must be impossible to lie down in the daytime and then to see everything speckled up by them! As for the "luxury of being sick" don't

mention it; I don't wonder people die, I should. It is not nearly as much work to keep them out as it is to clean after them, to say nothing of the many things they spoil in the course of a season. As for the cookery and table, well,—I have said enough I hope I have not intruded, but indeed I couldn't help it.

SHOO FLY.

No. Manchester, Ct.

BLOT ON BEEFSTEAK.

If those housewives who feed their families on tough steaks (not being willing or able to pay for juicy ones) would take a little more pains—that is, would stew an inferior piece instead of broiling or frying it—they would have more palatable and more nourishing food.

Pounding a steak to make it tender is a mere farce. You may pound a tough and tasteless steak for hours or for days, and you will never make a tender, juicy, and palatable one. Pounding breaks the fibres of the meat, it is true, but it does not remove them, and does not change tasteless meat into that which is juicy and tender. A pounded tough steak while being masticated may appear to an inexperienced palate tenderer than if it had not been pounded, but it is a delusion. It does not show as much resistance under the teeth, it is true, but the nature of the meat remains the same; it does not become more nutritious or more juicy.

A thin steak, even a good one, can not be cooked properly, for a quick fire and a good draught are required to broil a steak, and if it be too thin it is dried up in a moment. The intensity of the heat penetrates through and through, and leaves only a dried, tough, and tasteless piece, instead of a juicy and palatable one.

A steak should never be less than three-quarters of an inch in thickness. It should be broiled rather underdone, as quickly as possible, and placed on a warm dish, with butter, chopped parsley, and a few drops of lemon juice spread all over, and served quickly.

A steak broiled beforehand and kept warm in an oven gets dry, tough and tasteless. If kept in a closed vessel in a warm place, or over steam, it soon gets soggy, and loses its juicy and delicious taste. Fried potatoes or water-cresses are most excellent accompaniment to a steak.

CANNING CORN.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over a number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, I came across a letter from a lady that congratulates herself on the fact that she has learned the secret of canning corn, but says that she will not tell the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* how it is done. Now I think, as the darkie says, that she is very tantalizing. It puts me in mind of my school-days, when the children were always having some secret that they would tell of but would not tell you what it was. Do you not think, my dear sister, that it would have been as well to have kept the fact to yourself, till such a time as you could impart it to others?

Now, I know the secret of canning corn, having eaten of it so canned last Christmas, and found it as good

as when first cut from the cob, and will give the recipe for the benefit of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, if you think it worth publishing.

To six quarts of corn cut from the cob, put one ounce of tartaric acid dissolved in a little water, mix it well with the corn, and boil twenty minutes with considerable water. Then can in tin cans. Where you use it pour off the sour water, and add fresh, and to a quart of corn put a small teaspoon of soda, and cook. You will find it good. M. H. A.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

I read the various recipes in your paper with great attention; have tried a great many and generally find them good; can particularly recommend Lily Cake by M., but I want to tell you that I sometimes have difficulty in this way. Some sister will give a recipe for cream cakes and end by saying bake in tins. What kind of tins, possibly tart tins? I confess my ignorance. Would gem pans do? I should like a receipt for green tomato pickles, will some one be kind enough to furnish it. I send a receipt for

GREEN TOMATO KETCHUP.—Slice the tomatoes, or better chop them finely, sprinkle well with salt, let drain over night; then chop one-half the quantity of cabbage, slice a few onions, cut up some horseradish if you have it; now place a layer of tomatoes, then of cabbage, then add horseradish, onions black pepper, spice, and cloves, then another layer of tomatoes, and so on until the vessel is full, then pour strong vinegar over all, and in one month you will have a splendid relish on your table better far than pickles; some prefer this without onions and one should use their judgment as to the quantity of spices, but I want my ketchup to consist chiefly of tomatoes. WALLA-WALLA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although not a subscriber myself, I am yet one of a family by whom your coming is always eagerly welcomed. Will the sisters admit another young member to their Household Band who will earnestly try to merit the kindness? May I be permitted in this letter to offer you two recipes, both of which I know from experience to be reliable?

TO CAN GRAPES.—Take a basket of grapes, press the pulps into one vessel, throw the skins into another, being careful to keep them separate. When you have pulped as many as you wish to preserve at one time, put the pulps on to boil, let them boil till just soft, rub through a colander in which the seeds will remain, weigh and replace in the kettle. Weigh the skins and put them in the kettle with the pulps; for every pound of fruit add a quarter of a pound of sugar and cook until the skins are soft. Fill stone jugs or glass jars with the jam while boiling hot and seal immediately. A lady friend who gave me this recipe and who rarely fails in canning fruit says she finds the Gem, Queen or Whitall jar to be the best for keeping the fruit. If a silver spoon is placed in the jars before pouring on the boiling fruit they will not break; I have many times thoroughly tested it, and never found it fail. Stone jugs are not apt to break if hot water is turned into them and allowed to stand before the fruit is put in; I have always seen plain rosin used with success in sealing if every crack is covered with a thin coating.

TO CAN PEACHES.—This method is not, I believe, generally used, but it merits I think, attention from the ladies. Put a fire shovel of wood ashes into a kettle and make a strong lye; strain into another kettle and have boiling hot on the stove; put a dozen or so peaches into the lye, have a pan in readiness also a skimmer, let them remain in the lye about two minutes, take out and pour cold water over them immediately, the skins will then slip off easily leaving the peach in its natural shape, put them in a jar as fast as they are done; make a strong syrup of white sugar and pour over them filling the jar to the brim, then put on the lid not fastening down tightly at first; set the jar in a kettle of cold water placing small pieces of wood at the bottom to prevent their cracking, let them come slowly to a boil; continue boiling until cooked, then fasten the covers tightly

and when the water is cool take out and put in a dry, cool, dark place. I think the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD will find this a nice way of canning peaches if the recipe is carefully followed as the lye leaves no taste or smell, and does away with labor of paring. Will some of our members please try these recipes and inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD if they give satisfaction and greatly oblige a friend and well-wisher. DORA F.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: I come again to join your Household Band, and if possible to entertain some one while being entertained myself; as I always am by reading the articles written by other members of the band. In looking over the article in the April number headed "Bill of Fare for one Week," I notice in one place as a breakfast dish, scrambled eggs are given, and they are very nice when properly prepared, but I have another way of cooking them which I wish you to try if you will, and see if it is not an improvement on scrambling them.

BAKED EGGS.—Take a deep pie plate and put into it a piece of butter the size of an egg; set it in the oven to dissolve and when melted break in carefully eggs enough to cover the bottom of the plate; return to the oven until the white is hard and you will have a very handsome as well as an edible dish. Pepper to taste.

A reader wants to know how to prevent her teakettle from rusting; if she will boil a double handful of hay in it, then fill the kettle with cold water and boil again, she may find a remedy. She also inquires how to make

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take two-thirds wheat meal and one-third flour, enough for two loaves, one cup of potato yeast, one tablespoonful of molasses; mix with warm water. B. T. S.

Mr. Editor,—MOLASSES CANDY:—I saw in the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD a person wanted to know how to make molasses candy; here is an excellent recipe for making molasses candy. Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, two spoonfuls of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg boil ten minutes. A SUBSCRIBER.

CUP CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, four eggs, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. MRS. L. B. E.

OATMEAL CAKES.—I noticed an inquiry in THE HOUSEHOLD, for oat meal cakes and as none have been sent in will send mine. One cup of oat meal soaked in one cup of cold water and a little salt; soak over night; in the morning add one cup of sour milk and a little sugar, one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to make them like fritters; have your gem pans hot and bake in a quick oven. MRS. J. M. C.

AUNT ELISA'S TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak half a coffee cup of tapioca in a pint of milk over night; next morning add one quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs well beaten; sweeten and salt to taste and cook it by standing in a kettle of hot water; stir the tapioca every few minutes until about as thick as cream; when done flavor with vanilla or lemon, pour out in dishes or forms, then lay on the top or stir in gradually the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; stand away to get cold.

BROWN BREAD.—Three cups of flour, five cups of Indian meal, one cup of molasses, five cups of sour milk, one tablespoonful of soda; bake two hours.

CREAM CAKES.—In one of the back numbers I noticed some one asked for the recipe for cream cakes, the same as the bakers make; I have one I have used with perfect success. Take one cup of butter, and one pint of water and bring them to a boil; while boiling stir in slowly two cups of flour, mix thoroughly, and when cold break into the batter seven eggs, be sure not to beat the eggs before putting them into the batter, stir until the lumps are thoroughly mixed, drop from a spoon into a pan and bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two dozen cakes; you will find the mixture pretty thick.

Cream.—Boil together one quart of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, extract of lemon; save out a little of the milk to mix with.

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—Take one teaspoonful of gelatin, (Cox's) and one tablespoonful of cold water; let it stand half an hour then dissolve it with a tablespoonful of hot water and add a cup of powdered sugar. E. E. N.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me how to make potato cake; also yeast cakes.

Can Dr. Hanaford, or others, tell me how to keep my feet and hands warm. I exercise, sub them, and bathe them with no good result. From my ankles down, my feet are so cold that I have no feeling in them, they are numb; and I dare not go near the fire for I suffer dreadfully with chilblains; I have had cold hands and feet as long as I can remember.

Also tell me what will prevent my hair from falling out. My health is good, but my hair comes out a handful at a time; and if you will tell me why it dies all over my head when it is dry, unless I put some dressing on it to "tone" it down, you will be forever remembered by LILY'S MAMMA.

Can any of your readers tell me what will destroy plantain that grows on my lawn and destroys the grass; is there anything beside digging it up?

Also what will destroy the Croton bug, a species of roach? and much oblige many of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—Lilie inquires how to can tomatoes? My way is to select all nearly the same size, pour boiling water over them after letting it stand about ten minutes, the skin will easily come off. Then mash them, throw away all the core, and what remains will be thin, or if you prefer, use the core also. Let them boil about ten minutes on the stove, then have your fruit-wax melted—we use a tin cup bent to the right shape for ours,—and wipe the top of the can dry before putting the cover on, then put the cover on tight, seeing that it fits well, with the left hand, press the cover down with a round stick or a knife handle, and with the right, pour the wax carefully around it. Press on the cover until all the air-bubbles have come out, break them with a piece of broom, and label the can while hot; I have never lost a can of fruit or vegetables, except corn; but it is one who knows a better way I would like to hear from them.

LILY'S MAMMA.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to inform a lover of flowers that there is a sweet mimosa. Last spring Geo. W. Park, of Fanetsburg, Pa., sent me a package of the seed. It grew luxuriantly and was very fragrant. I have some of the seed yet, and if she will send me her address I will send her some. MRS. L. J. STEDMAN.

Farm Hill, Minnesota.

Will some one please give a recipe for taking out mildew, and oblige, N. J. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the sisters please tell me how to color light kid gloves, either black or brown, also I have a hair switch which has faded so much I can hardly wear it; how can I color it again? My hair is a dark brown; I have twice had the switch dyed by a hairdresser but it always fades again.

One more question: I have been waiting so long to hear how to make sponge cake with snow, will not the sister let us know? (I have forgotten her name), and oblige,

R. E. R.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I should like to ask some of your numerous readers the best method for canning peaches? although it is out of season. I have been unsuccessful, as they have all soured; also, what kind of cans are best? I used Mason's self sealers.

Will some one please tell how to make good mince pies, and rice muffins? J. G.

Will Mrs. J. C. H., who wrote the letters on oil painting, please tell me through the

columns of THE HOUSEHOLD whether she means the paint that comes in tubes to be mixed with the drying oil, or whether it is the dry colors to be mixed for themselves?

A NOVICE.

I would like to know how to make apple dumplings after the good old style of our mothers and grandmothers? or any new style either, for that matter. Also, the most feasible and best way to prepare for the table salmon trout? and oblige, ANNA A. S.

MR. CROWELL:—Could not some of the readers send cake and pudding recipes, without so much soda and yeast powder? The recipes are good but being somewhat of a health-reformer, I am afraid of soda and yeast powder; could any one send more simple recipes?

Could one of the readers, also, tell me a remedy for cold feet? I have tried everything, always wear heavy cloth boots, and take every precaution, but I am troubled all winter with very cold feet. A READER.

St. Paul, Minn.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Will you ask if any of your subscribers can give directions for mending rubber over-shoes, that have split out at the side? by so doing you will oblige, LOUANNA D. ELWELL.

Xenia, Ohio.

Will some one please send a good recipe for coloring woolen green? Also, one for coloring a rich brown, for both woolen and cotton? and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one be kind enough to give the recipe for making cakes called ladies fingers and egg kisses? give the full particulars of measure and how and what to bake on; and accommodate, A CONSTANT READER.

Will any of your correspondents furnish me with a recipe for cleaning and whiteningable mats made of cane (palmetto straw)? I have a set of table mats very discolored.

And tell me what will draw the soreness out of a bunion? I am quite a sufferer. And oblige, M. A. BLAKE.

If Nell will put her kettles on the stove without anything in them all day and burn them out, they will not rust again. A READER.

Will some one of your numerous subscribers send through your paper a recipe for pickling blackberries? and oblige, L. C.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please send me through THE HOUSEHOLD a cheap recipe for tove blacking?

I am perfectly delighted with THE HOUSEHOLD, it is full of valuable information. Truly yours, ANNA.

Washington, D. C.

MR. CROWELL:—Please allow me to thank Aunt Leisurely for the directions for bread, it is a success with Colorado flour.

Now will some one please give directions for pickling cucumbers and tomatoes? I want to know how to go about it, I never had any experience in that line, but would like to earn, please tell me how to make sweet tomato pickles and picklelly? and oblige a young housekeeper. N. H.

Loma, Saguache Co., Col.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have a pair of lavender colored kid gloves which I wish to color black; can any of our band give me directions for coloring them black without their crocking? If not I would like a recipe for coloring brown. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask some of our friends their opinion of silver knives and forks? I am preparing for housekeeping and not being very strong it seems to me that silver knives and forks will be cheaper in a long time than steel, saving much time and strength, beside the wear of the steel in scarring; I know where I can buy the knives for \$8 a dozen, forks for \$6 a dozen, said to be steel with silver plating. Is that be kind to get and will they be durable? Please answer soon as convenient, and oblige, A YOUNG INQUIRER.



SONG—THE WINDS.

The south wind sings of happy springs,
And summers hastening on their way;
The south wind smells of cowslips bells,
And blossom-spangled meads of May;
But sweeter is her red, red mouth
Than all the kisses of the south.

The west wind breathes of russet heaths,
And yellow pride of woods grown old;
The west wind flies from autumn skies,
And sun-clouds over-laid with gold;
But the golden locks I love the best
Outshine the glories of the west.

The north wind sweeps from crystal deeds,
And arctic halls of endless night;
The north wind blows o'er drifted snows,
And mountains robed in virgin white;
But purer far her maiden's soul
Than all the snows that shroud the pole.

The east wind shrills o'er desert hills
And dreary coasts of barren sand;
The east wind moans of sea-blanching bones,
And ships that sink in sight of land;
But the cold, cold east may rave and moan:
For her soft, warm heart is all my own.

—Selected.

WOMAN'S CRUSADE.

Number Four.

BEN SANDERS, OR NONE TOO LOW.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

WHILE the committee of which I had been appointed a member, was engaged in its work, other ladies, who had been appointed upon other committees, were faithfully performing theirs. Some had gone to the owners of real estate, and obtained pledges with regard to the renting or selling their property for breweries, saloons or kindred purposes. Others had gone to the lawyers, asking them not to defend liquor suits, although I confess my own feelings were not with this committee, nor could I conscientiously have served on it; since I believe the lowest criminal is entitled to fair trial, and to all the defence which the law will give. I would use all the influence we have to enact stringent laws, and enforce them rigidly, yet even then the offender is justly entitled to his defence.

Some had made excursions into the country around us, obtaining individual pledges. Some of the more zealous had exhorted the good farmers as to the sale of their grain, and very little seemed to remain for us to do, but to congratulate each other, and thank Him who had blessed our efforts.

This last we did with one heart. We were assembled there, many women of many creeds, and some with no creed, yet I hope even these last had faith. Yet never had the walls of that old Methodist church echoed a more unanimous "Amen!" than went up from every lip, and was echoed by every heart, as its pastor's wife closed the prayer of thanksgiving to God who had "given us the victory!"

Yet down deep in every heart there was an uneasy feeling of duty not quite done. For in some remote corner of every conscience, dwelt the remembrance of one thing we had not done, and an undefined idea that we

were not yet willing to do it, yet that left unaccomplished we were not quite victors.

Old Ben Sanders' shanty was not exactly in S., yet it was so nearly within the town, as to come clearly within the line of our duty to at least endeavor to stop the sale of liquor there. Ostensibly a dealer in cattle, and supplying every meat shop in town with its stock, it was no secret that whiskey flowed more freely upon his premises than even the blood of the innocent cattle who were there slaughtered.

Yet we all felt a dislike to even approach the subject of his reformation. Repulsive in aspect, from his red face, his bloated form, and the fierce, strange glare of his one remaining eye, the other having been the penalty of a street fight, "the one-eyed meat man"—as he was called—did not present a very inviting subject for remonstrance or persuasion.

The chief difficulty in our way was that of finding him sober, a feat which some declared impossible. It was currently reported that Ben Sanders "waked up drunk" as well as went to sleep so.

An organization which had for some time been working for temperance without as much regard for law as is now customary, had sent a deputation of their number, over to old Ben's premises "hunting prairie chickens." They had brought in a report of several whisky barrels, arranged against the side of the old board shanty, quite within the reach of the "Good Auger" society's operations.

Yet this was at best only plucking a few leaves from the tree of death, and strewing them in our own pathway at that. The course upon which we had from the first determined, was not only that of womanly dignity, but of Christian courtesy, and a strict adherence to this course, had given us our then almost unprecedented success. "What ought we to do?" was the unspoken question of every heart.

So it was, that after our fervent and truthful thanksgiving for what we had been enabled to do, we still lingered. Very meekly arose a little woman in the throng, almost the last of them all from whom we would have expected a word in public, and begged that some one would ask that wisdom and strength might be given to perform the work not yet done.

We all know what she meant, and as she seemed quite overcome by the sound of her own voice, our president offered the prayer in tones that moved all hearts.

Again the little woman arose. She seemed to have been nerved to the effort by the prayer which she had invoked.

"Sisters!" said she, in a voice at first scarcely audible, but which grew stronger as she proceeded, "We are probably all of us in doubt as to one to whom the pledge has not yet been offered. We fear he will not sign the pledge, and if he does, that his promise will be worthless. It seems as if he were lost even to the common honor of humanity, and could not be reached as other outcasts are. Perhaps many of you are acquainted with my family circumstances. I should shrink from alluding to my oldest son, were in not

in the hope it may lead you to see our duty more clearly. Until the age of six, he seemed unusually intelligent. Then, terribly frightened by some thoughtless boys, he was thrown into a state of idiocy, which the physicians pronounce hopeless."

Sobs impeded her utterance, but she struggled on.

"Yet he is still my dear child, I believe the mind is still there, and that it is only its power of outward manifestation which has been taken away. As we constantly see in cases of paralysis, where the lip is voiceless, and the limbs motionless, yet the mind is there. To me he is even more precious than the more fortunate of my children. However others may think, I have no children to spare."

She sank into her seat, but her words had sank into every heart in the assembly. Into every mind rushed the words, "yea, she may forsake, yet will I never forsake thee," and we know that God had no children to spare. No! not even old Ben Sanders. Degraded as he appeared to be, almost to a state of moral idiocy, he was still a child of God, still a brother whom we must seek, and, if possible, save.

But how?

We were unanimous now as to its being done, yet no one seemed prepared with suggestions as to the mode of operation. So, as our time of meeting was necessarily limited, most of us having families and home duties, we concluded to defer the subject until our next meeting.

Each member was requested to give the matter careful consideration, and be prepared to advise. After which we separated, the more thoughtful of us much perplexed, and asking God to show us the way.

Before the day of the next meeting arrived the path of duty was shown us in a way that seemed little less than miraculous. Those who were believers in "special Providences" thought this was one of them. To me, who believe that all His ways are miraculous and marvellous exceedingly, it was only one more leaf from life's strange history.

Ben Sanders was thrown from his horse, and lay helpless, sober and penitent! A broken limb, with internal injuries! He was fast sinking away from earth!

This was the message that reached us, and startled us to the conviction that there was work to be done in the relief of his poor family.

No need to appoint a committee now to do reluctant service. People volunteered in numbers greater than were needed, and to avoid confusion in the house of death, they went by twos and threes to watch by night, or work by day, as they were most needed.

There is a great deal of sentimental nonsense about this being "a heartless world," "a selfish world," etc. Those who go about in it, with their eyes wide open, know just how much such talk as this is worth. The truth is, it is a very busy world, at least the part of it we call the western hemisphere. Every one has, or ought to have, a good deal else to do and to

think of, than the listening to querulous complaints. There is an almost universal feeling, that the amount of energy and brain effort, expended by

some people in the cry of "hard times," would make the times all right, and that "want of luck," can usually be translated, want of wisdom or want of effort!

Let something else besides whining be the matter with somebody, and who thinks of selfishness then? Let an earnest worker fall exhausted by his toil, and how gently he is lifted by other workers, and carried along to a place of safety and rest. In times of peace it is easy, like the cynic, to believe "the world is an army—it can't stop anything. 'Wounded, to the rear,' is the word, and the army must go on, and leave the sick and wounded to die, or be taken by the enemy."

We have to look back but a very few years, to find a contradiction to all this. We all remember how lavishly worldliness gave of its wealth, and poverty of its toil, how seeming selfishness forgot itself, how weak women grew strong, and strong ones gentle, how fashion and ease were forgotten, and home comforts left willingly, that these same wounded might not be left to die uncared for. If the wounded are sent to the rear, it is only because danger and death are at the front.

Poor, old, drunken Ben Sanders! The wealthiest man in the village could not have had better attendance, and probably would not have had half the sympathy. The village surgeons united in a consultation by his bedside, and used all their medical skill to build up his vice-shattered constitution. Wealthy ladies made gruels and prepared beef tea, or fanned the flies from his pimpled and bloated visage, as gently as if he had been a son or a brother. A comfortable mattress was placed beneath the limbs which had too often been laid wherever drunkenness overpowered him. Shading curtains softened, from his one blurred eye, the sunshine, which was the only beautiful and holy thing we found within his shanty. Cooling jellies and delicious fruits were brought from households where their presence was a thing of course, to refresh the lips too long accustomed to fiery potations.

To all this kindness the recipient gave no sign of grateful appreciation. A stolid indifference marked his few waking hours, for he lay most of the time in a kind of lethargy or stupor, from which the physicians thought best not to arouse him. They hoped kind mother Nature might exert a recuperative influence for him while his shattered nerves were sleeping.

For it was not the fractured limb, and the many bruises he had received in his fall, which rendered his recovery improbable; it was the want of healthy energy throughout his whole system, and the fact that he was thoroughly soaked with the poisonous and inflammatory liquors which he had so long sold to others.

So in the terrible August heat we took our turns as watchers and workers in that hovel of poverty, that low den of intemperance from which a few days before we had shrunk as from a pestilence.

True, the spirits of evil were captive now, for we had fastened the door of the room from which they had been dealt out, and would allow no one to

enter. A few of the more enthusiastic had debated the question if we might not rightly do more than this, and destroy it at once, but the majority thought this not advisable. So we caged the serpent in its den, and watched that none were allowed to feel its fangs, while we had authority there.

The poor wife and suffering children seemed to feel our kindness deeply; and with every hope of his recovery, was woven a still stronger desire for his reformation. They accepted gratefully the better clothing we provided, and the many comforts with which the pitying villagers and friendly farmers filled the humble home—home now, for the first time, since there was no longer danger of their being driven from its shelter by the drunken fury of him who should have been their protector.

When he awoke from his sleep and saw his wife and little ones comfortably clothed, the room clean, and tokens of plenty all around him, a look of pleased surprise stole over his face. It was as quickly succeeded by one of hard defiance, and that by one of apathy. I fancied I read his thoughts, "I should have been the one to do all this for them. Well, never mind, I shall soon be out of the way of their comfort."

We spared no pains to relieve both mind and body from pain, but for a long time received no thanks. Not until little Emma Melville, a pale, sweet child of only seven years, brought her little bouquet of the three-colored violet, by some called pansy, but which she called heartsease, did a smile come to his lips.

"It was my mother's favorite flower," said he, extending a tremulous hand to take it from the child, "and we always called my little sister 'Pansy,' because she loved it so well. She always had her little hands full of it, in the season of flowers."

"Do you remember, Mary?" he asked, turning suddenly to his wife, who sat gazing dreamily at the sweet blossoms, "a bunch like this was my first gift to you."

A gush of passionate tears was the poor woman's only reply. It was checked in a moment, a patient smile and loving word replied to the sick husband, but he had understood it all. All the sad suffering of those many years, that came between his wife and the memory of that first love-token! All the wonder in her heart, that he should speak so gently to her once more! And the terror in her soul, lest this sudden return to old-time affections and youthful feelings, was but a premonition of Death's approach, the flicker of Life's candle ere it sank into the socket.

With a low moan he turned his face to the wall, but his hand still grasped the flowers. From that day, until his death the dear little girl placed silently and softly, while he slept, a bunch of the beautiful flowers upon the table by his side. Whenever he awoke, his first look was to them, and the next to his patient wife, but he never alluded to them again. When we clasped his pulseless hands over his death-stilled heart, we placed in them a bunch of Little Emma's pansies, and turned away, marvelling that a slender child

should have first opened for us the door to that world-hardened nature.

For we could not save him. We gave him every care, physicians and nurses, wife and little ones, watched over him, as if he had been the highest, instead of the lowest, in the scale of society. Mortification made amputation necessary, and although the operation was skillfully performed, yet it proved unavailing. He sank rapidly after this, and our trio of ministers were soon called upon to decide who should perform the funeral service.

The broken spirited wife could only weep, and protest her thanks for all we had done, leaving all else to us. So it was arranged that as the Methodist church was the largest, the service should be held there, and its pastor preach the discourse, our good Presbyterian clergyman, and my husband, assisting him in the other services. Perhaps it may be a matter of surprise to some of my readers, that it is the western custom to have all funeral services whether of the humblest individual, or the most distinguished, the aged citizen or the infant child, performed at the churches, and an elaborate sermon, usually much longer than upon other occasions, preached.

The beautiful words, "Then shall the dust return unto the earth as it was; but the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," were read in Mr. W's clear, calm tones, and seemed a most impressive reply to the many who had queried, "Can old Ben Sanders enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes! my friends," said the speaker, "the spirit shall return to God who gave it," and reverently will we leave it to his care, while I comply with our fellow being's dying request, and make his funeral service an occasion of solemn warning against the use of intoxicating liquors.

During the last night of his life, as I watched by his bedside, and vainly tried to soothe his bodily pains, he made this request to me: 'Never mind this old hulk that is already wrecked,' said he, 'but try to save the gallant ships that are just launched. See that the worm of the still is not gnawing at their timbers. Look diligently that the fires of appetite are not smouldering in the hold.'

The preacher then gave a brief sketch of Ben's life, his temptations, his downward course, his penitence, his wish that every drop of liquor upon his premises should be destroyed, and even the barrels burned, that the smell might not tempt some recently reformed inebriate to his ruin.

"Let my death," said he, "undo some of the evil my life has done. There will be many come to hear what God's ministers can say of one who scoffed at God's word. Many more will be curious to see old Ben in the place he never entered in life. Speak then, pastor, for the lips that will be silent, and say to them all, 'Don't you ever drink a drop!'"

An impressive exhortation to the young people assembled there, a few words of comfort to the family of the deceased, and we moved slowly to the cemetery. Our work for him was done. It only remained to aid his destitute family, and comfort his spirit-

crushed wife. Passing by the grave a few weeks afterwards, I saw that it was literally covered with pansies, and bright with their bloom. Little Emma whispered in reply to my look of inquiry; "She did it. She asked me for all any of us girls had to spare, and I got her a large basketful, but she would not let me help her plant them. She came here all alone and planted them all herself."

We dare not enter the sanctuary of that stricken woman's soul, even to imagine her feelings, as she knelt by the grave of her loved but erring husband, and planted there the flower which had been the favorite of his mother, the sight and smell of which had first aroused him from his stupor of sin-hardened indifference to the memory of an innocent childhood, and a pure young love.

I will give you a brief sketch of Ben's life, taken partly from Mr. W's sermon, partly from incidents which he himself related to my husband, who watched with him several times during his illness, and to whom he was attracted by the fact that they were both natives of Maine, and therefore Ben's allusions to different localities and customs, were well understood by his auditor, whose own boyhood upon that sea-washed coast, was then but a thing of yesterday.

A few of the more minute facts, were also given me by his wife, with whom I afterwards had several long conversations, as she was an excellent seamstress, and endeavoring to support her little ones by the skillful use of her needle. Not professing any very particular skill in that direction, I gladly availed myself of this opportunity to assist two needy individuals, viz: Mrs. Sanders and myself. How many of us fully appreciate the good we do ourselves, when we think we are only trying to assist others?

Little Bennie was born in a little town upon the coast of Maine, and his seafaring father had little time, or indeed inclination, to watch over his early tendencies. He was himself, a rather rough specimen of a somewhat rough set of people, people who grow hard and angular like the rocks they dwell among, and many of them, reckless as the dangers to which they are constantly exposed can make them.

A certain set of writers have led the fashion of describing awkwardness of manner, uncouthness of garb, and profanity of language, as belonging to "Pike Co." They do not name the state, but if they mean the beautiful section of Illinois which bears that name, I will only say that I have seen far more of those peculiarities along the coast of Maine, than I ever did among my Pike Co. acquaintance. It has been my good fortune to number among the last, several beautiful women, and courteous gentleman.

Nor let me be accused of decrying the Pine Tree state! Forbid it all the memories of vacation seasons spent amid its wooded hills, its rocky streams, its unpronouncably named lakes! Forbid it all the memories of my early wedded life, when my own clumsy attempts at housekeeping were a source of mingled mirth and vexation, and the quiet waters of "Lake Julia" mirrored the happiness of the cottage home by its side.

Yet for all this, I will hazard the assertion, that there is quite as much of profanity and recklessness among the seafaring men of the coast, as among the similar classes at the west, and it was Ben's misfortune to be early initiated into the worst phases of social life in both sections.

For he was little more than ten years old, when his father, being disabled by a fall from the masthead, resolved to try his fortune farther west, and worked his way, by such menial services as his lameness allowed him to perform, from canal boat to steamer intending to come to Chicago, where he intended to keep a liquor saloon.

They were passengers on the ill-fated Griffeth, and young Ben alone was left of his family. Mother and little Mary, both too gentle and too pure for life in a drinking saloon, father, reckless and ignorant, but not intentionally unkind, all were gone at one stroke of the destroyer, and he was alone in the world. Whether he had other relatives, he never knew. He had no remembrance of any, and no one took the trouble to claim the little adventurer.

So he lived on, homeless and loveless, sometimes earning a scanty supply of food by doing little jobs and running errands, sometimes going hungry or "hooking" something to eat, as he termed it for he still shrank from the word "thief."

After a while he got employment and a home, with a farmer who came into town to sell his produce, and was attracted by his perseverance in offering his services for a trifle. He took him to his country home, and here life again seemed worth the living. He had hard and unaccustomed work, it is true, but he had in return, plenty of good food, and warm, if coarse, clothing.

Unfortunately, it was the farmer's custom, as then it was the custom of nearly all employers, to supply liquor to their workmen. Liberal and kind-hearted to a fault, he supplied them freely and drank himself with them. Of course the boy saw the men drink and thought it would make a man of him to drink also. But the amount which these men thought small, was to him a large potion and some of them were wicked or foolish enough to think it good fun to hear his incoherent chattering or to see him reclining along in a state of intoxication.

At last the good farmer interfered, and forbade the men their thoughtless sport at the expense of another's well-being.

Too late! The lad had acquired an appetite, which would through life be a master, and not a master only, but a cruel tyrant!

Too late also for the farmer's own happiness, for his only daughter had given her affections to the lonely youth who so much needed loving, and by that strange perversity we often see in a weak woman's nature, the more unworthy of her love he seemed to be, the more closely she clung to him.

In vain the father dismissed him from his service. He was now a tall, strong fellow of twenty, and found ready employment, on board one of the boats, upon the river which flowed

past the farmer's door. This was the kind of absence which indeed "lent enchantment," for to the simple maid her lover became at once a martyr, exiled by a cruel father's wrath, and the hero of many perilous adventures.

So she watched for his boat, as it went up or down the river, and stole out to the little wooded bluff, whence she could see him swing his hat as the boat went past, and knew, by a pre-arranged signal, if they were to stop at the point just above, long enough for Ben to run down and talk with her a while. They stopped there nearly always to "wood up," and the goodnatured captain, who only knew that "the laddle had a lassle" at this place, allowed Ben's absence for the time, that he might visit her, without a thought of her father's disapproval.

A runaway marriage was the result. Perhaps we should say a steamaway match, for one day when Ben had discovered that there was a "parson" on board, he stopped at the town above for a license, and as Sally always donned her best suit to meet her lover, knowing well the time of the boat's arrival, he easily persuaded her to step on board with him, and have the ceremony performed. A message by a little boy, who happened to be playing upon the bank, near which the boat passed, was all the loving parents of an only child received to account for her disappearance.

It may be as well, before we talk any more about divorce laws, to revise our marriage law, and not allow a simple maid to rush so easily to a life of sorrow. Or, as feeling is so much stronger than any law, it may be as well for parents to look at the literature with which the daughter's hands are often filled, even when the mother is toiling at the washtub, or at the ironing-board.

Perhaps they would find that its chief ingredients were cruel fathers, unsympathizing mothers, and lovely, delicate, but unappreciated daughters. A worthy but commonplace young man, and an unworthy, but brilliant and fascinating one, who carries off the lady in triumph, reforms under her influence, and settles down to a life of felicity; while the forgiving parents rejoice to acknowledge their error; and the rejected suitor, either sinks in a virtuous mediocrity, or proves but a villain in a disguise. Is not this, with slight variations, the plot of all these sensational stories? Many of them are far worse, and have a few murders stirred in, by way of plums to the pudding!

Yet honest tradesmen, worthy farmers, who often say that "time is money," and who might truthfully add that it is also mental culture, influence, and refinement, will fill their daughter's hand with this pernicious literature, and then consider themselves victims of a cruel fate, when the seed thus sown in the rich, warm soil of youthful hearts and watered by the sentimental tears of girlhood, has ripened to its natural harvest, an ill-judged marriage, and a life of misery!

Ben and Sally had relied as usual upon her father's ready repentance, but the sturdy old descendant of the Puritans, for he also was of New England birth, did not choose to do any such thing, declaring if there was

to be any repentance in the case, he "rather guessed it wud bever be on that side." Alas! for all the dreams of young romance! Sally soon found her young hero a very prosaic mortal, and his love of whisky far superior to any influence his love for her might exert. For a short time he abstained from absolute drunkenness, but as this is an appetite which "grows by what it feeds on," he soon became worse than before. Indeed, he in less than a year after their marriage, became so unreliable as to lose his place on board the steamer and was thus forced to seek employment elsewhere. A place upon a flat boat further down the river, only introduced him to new companions, rougher and more dissolute than any he had previously associated with, and a corresponding change in his demeanor was soon apparent to his young wife. Not that he was often unkind, but he grew careless in his personal appearance, and rude in his manner, while coarse profanity was often the only reply to her most gentle remonstrance.

What need to tell the downward career of one who has given himself to the demon's power? We have all seen and heard it too many times. Why cannot our young people believe in the possibility of such a path for themselves if they drink an occasional draught, or give their affection to one whose principles are not already established?

After the loss of his eye in a fight with another boatman, he exchanged his vocation and became a drover, bringing up Texan cattle and disposing of them to the butchers. He soon found it more profitable to feed them awhile after the journey, and then slaughter them himself for the market. It was not long before he also discovered that his own supply of whiskey could be obtained from the profit of selling it to others; thus was he really keeping the "lowest grog shop in the county," when we commenced our crusade, and I have already told you the dread we felt of undertaking his reformation.

Poor Sally! not yet thirty years of age, with crushed hopes and slender health, almost penniless, and three little ones clinging to her for care, and requiring food for their young healthful appetites and clothes for their growing, romping limbs! What outlook for winter's approach.

With all my thinking I could devise one feasible plan for her relief, and that, with my husband's assistance, I proceeded at once to execute. I had obtained from her the name of her father and from the others the fact that both he and her mother still lived, a wealthy but a lonely pair; their daughter's place in home and heart never having been filled, and her absence never ceasing to be a source of sorrow although they had received no tidings of her fate for years and knew not even if she was yet living.

So one bright September morning, as the minister's horses were brought to the door for a ride to a place about fifty miles distant, it was discovered that this one-seated buggy was exchanged for a neighbor's more spacious carriage, and that his wife was going with him. Also, that she had grown suddenly so helpless, as to take

a little girl along, "to take care of the baby," which little girl she had borrowed for the occasion, of good, grateful, unsuspecting Mrs. Sanders.

About noon the next day, said horses were halted at the gate of a substantial looking farm-house, several miles off the road to the place where the preacher was expected, with request, to be allowed to rest and water the horses, while the inmates of the carriage partook of a lunch beneath the shading trees of the spacious yard.

"No!" replied the old man gruffly, "no such doin's on my premises. Here, Sallie! on with these horses an' feed 'em well. Stranger, bring yer folks right in; guess the ole woman has got dinner enuf fur 'em all, without envy of yer cold lunches!"

Which invitation repeated by the "stranger" to his wife, caused a smile of gratification quite uncalled for by the prospect of a farm-house dinner. A close observer might have noticed that the smile was followed by a look of anxiety, and an upward glancing of the eye, but no word was spoken. She carefully smoothed the little girl's sunny curls, wiped the flushed face, and with a re-assuring word dispelled her timidity, then giving the babe to its father followed him into the house.

"Come in! come in!" said the old man, "yer jest as welcome as if ye wur to hum;" — but the next instant he turned white to the very lips, and sinking into a chair, gazed alternately at the child, and the older members of the group.

"Where got ye that child!" he asked almost fiercely, "it don't look like nuther of ye."

Then, seizing little Sallie in his arms, he moaned out, "Oh! my darling! my lost darling!"

As the painter of old placed a veil over the face, whose emotions he was powerless to depict, so let me leave this scene, and our simple explanation, to the imagination of the reader. It is enough to say that we left little Sallie Sanders at her grandfather's house, a willing guest — her loving heart being easily won by the aged people — and that when we called the next Monday, on our return, we found the old farmer's noble horses waiting at the door to accompany us. When we went there, by special invitation, to eat Thanksgiving dinner, we scarcely knew either Sally or the children. There were no pale, sad faces there.

Galesburg, Ill.

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-one.

THOSE WELL-BRED, STYLISH WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Among the letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, is one in the August number from a lady, commenting upon the ways and friendships of men and women of the world, in which some of the writer's statements seem to us considerably overdrawn, and her conclusions rather questionable to say the least.

She says: "Did you ever notice how nonchalantly a man will saunter up to a perfect stranger and ask to light his cigar," adding that "it is perfectly refreshing to see how the stranger

takes it as a matter of course, never stopping to think of the social position of the man who has thus accosted him." And farther, the correspondent remarks upon the free and easy ways of men; of one rushing up to another, slapping him on the shoulder, and calling out, "Hallo, how are you getting along, old fellow," etc. And with this, is disparagingly contrasted the cold civility of what the writer calls, the "well bred, stylish women of the world."

Let such a woman, the writer says, be asked on the street by a stranger for the favor of a pin, and she takes a mental estimate of the stranger's social position and cost of her dress, then, instead of granting the favor, says, "Madam, I have not the honor of your acquaintance, and am not a walking pin-cushion, there is a store near by;" and with these cutting remarks proudly sails by, leaving the stranger to find a pin as best she may. And then the cold manners of women among each other is set forth in no enviable light, as well as the superficiality of this same well-bred woman of the world, when introduced to a stranger whom she may meet in society.

Now we do not know what opportunities the correspondent, who thus berates the well-bred woman of the world, may have had for observation better than we have had, but as far as our acquaintance with the world goes, we have found "well-bred women" just the opposite from such as she has pictured out. For, as we understand the term, a "well-bred woman," be she stylish or be she plain, is a lady, and though she may be dignified, or even distant toward a stranger, she will not be rude or unkind.

It is barely possible that Mrs. Shoddy or Mrs. Petroleum, in her newfound grandeur, might refuse a stranger a pin, and in their own minds say, "What impudence these poor people have;" but no well-bred lady would think so unkindly, much less answer as rudely as they are as a class, represented, by the writer quoted, to do. And we doubt even if the most vulgar Mrs. Shoddy would speak as uncivil to a stranger as those put into the mouth of the "well-bred, stylish woman of the world."

The ways of men and women are different, and this is only natural, and probably, as it should be. Men being on the streets, and in their business-places, are thrown constantly with each other, and must needs have something of an acquaintance and familiarity; though as classes they may never meet in the same society elsewhere. Women, in their homes, do not encounter each other to any considerable extent, except socially, and thus the different classes mingle less with each other than do men, while they are not expected to recognize every one they may meet on the street even in their own town. And ladies who are equals in social position are, in most cases, if merely ceremonious acquaintances, content with giving and receiving only a passing recognition on the streets; and though formality may be often carried too far, there is frequently a shrinking from being "gushing" and showing out one's sentiments of friendship in the public thoroughfare. This is so

with many well-bred women, whom, if you meet more privately, may be the best-hearted and truest of friends.

But is it a common practice for well-bred men to ask each other for a light at their cigar? And do they uniformly slap each other on the shoulder when they meet, with a "Hallo, old fellow," as in the picture drawn by the writer referred to? This may be a pleasant, off-hand way among old school mates, fellow clerks, apprentices, etc., and has in it a hearty ring of genuine good fellowship that thus, in its proper place is delightful. But would a gentleman relish such a liberty from persons to whom he was indifferent, or would he think it "perfectly refreshing" to have Tom, Dick, and Harry come to him promiscuously for a light at his cigar? If they choose this practice among themselves, he has nothing to say, but are we sure that he likes to have his good nature and civility thus tested, even though he may be too much of a gentleman to openly resent the insult?

But whatever opinion he might have concerning these things for mankind, would it be "perfectly refreshing" for him to see a vulgar woman, perhaps a stranger accost his wife on the street or elsewhere with a "How are you, old woman?" or to have his daughter slapped on the back and greeted with a "Hallo, my girl, how do you find yourself to-day?" Or would he be pleased to see even school girls thus boisterous in showing out their fondness, and showing also their contempt for the manners belonging to good society. And would the writer in question think the sight so "perfectly refreshing" as it might seem to be?

As for well-bred, stylish women of the world, in their intercourse with strangers and with the world at large, I think that if, as a general thing, they are undemonstrative in public places, that on the other hand, when a favor is respectfully asked, or they see where a kind word or deed can be of use, they are ready and willing to ignore introductions and extend cordial assistance, if not even a kindness more than is asked for.

I have seen a young girl from a rural town while shopping, on getting a little confused as to which way to go, timidly venture to ask direction of a well-dressed lady resident whom she chanced to meet on a fashionable street, and not only be kindly answered, but in a manner that at once put her at ease, and made her appear grateful for the consideration as well as the favor received. And only a few days since (with that sweeping condemnation concerning well-bred, stylish women of the world still in my mind) I chanced to see one of the most prominent ladies in town, who had alighted from her carriage evidently to make sundry purchases, stand talking on the most aristocratic thoroughfare, with a poor woman whom I knew to be one that did fancy work for ladies in the place. Whether it was a matter of business or merely a word of civility that was the subject of their brief conversation, I had no means of ascertaining; but be that as it may, this stylish lady was independent enough to be cordial to a poor woman, though she might pass an

acquaintance of her own class with merely a nod of recognition, if no farther civility seemed called for. But evidently there are well-bred ladies who are rather chary in their cordiality to certain kinds of persons, whom they may thoroughly respect as far as good qualities may go, for the very reason that some of these, not being perfectly well-bred, may fail to know their place and assume a degree of familiarity not to the taste, or the idea of politeness of the lady, who for this reason may rather coolly greet her on meeting in public. For the familiar pat you on your shoulder, "how de-do," and "how glad I am to see you" way is distasteful to many in public places, and some never seem to have discretion, but if you give them an "inch" of courtesy they will take an "ell," and thus their acquaintance becomes, if unduly encouraged, perhaps intrusive, and in time rather unwelcome than otherwise. In traveling, when strangers are more or less thrown together, and often in a measure something dependent on each other for society or little favors I have noticed that the well-bred women of the world are seldom lacking in courtesy, and are often more than civil in their kindness to strangers, especially where they can be helpful to such as are less accustomed to travel than themselves. Their very acquaintance with the world gives them the advantage over a woman who is timidly venturing among strangers and little accustomed to travel, and thus, with tact and self-possession they may render the timid one service by giving information in a kindly manner, or doing a favor as opportunity offers.

Among many instances which I remember to have noticed when traveling, I recall one that I will relate to show that all well-bred, stylish women are not of the pattern given by our correspondent; indeed the picture to me seems more fanciful than real, as far as I have seen life in its various phases and social aspects. Once on the ears—no matter where—but one filled mostly with seekers of summer resorts, were two ladies, who from some words let fall, I knew to be from one of our largest cities. That they were "well-bred" I at once inferred from their lady-like manners and correct speech. That they were stylish, I guessed from their being dressed in the best of style for traveling, in rich, plain garments with no ornaments except their watches, which in traveling I take it were more for use than ornament; and the same, thus far, might be said of many of the other ladies upon the car, only these I noticed more particularly because of after events.

By and by there came into the car, from one of the way stations, a young woman who seemed something of an invalid and also traveling alone. The ladies whom I have mentioned, seeing her and there being a vacant seat near them they removed some of their own articles from it, thus tacitly inviting her to the seat, which she took near them. They were perfect strangers to her, but for all that I noticed that the ladies, one and then the other, were paying kindly attentions to the

sible to make her ride a pleasant and comfortable one. At the same time the attention bestowed was in no way intrusive, but kind and considerate as though their fellow traveler in plain clothes, and evidently of limited means, were a friend rather than a stranger; and while they remarked upon her feeble health, there was no tiresome inquisitiveness, such as is often seen in such cases. Then the young woman told them that she was recovering from a tedious illness, that she was going to visit a sister, hoping the change would be a benefit, and also remarked that her family hesitated about her traveling alone, but as she was familiar with the route she thought it needless trouble and expense for anyone to accompany her, and more so, as she always found strangers friendly and often more than considerate for her. When the stop was made, "fifteen minutes for dinner," one of these ladies—well-bred, stylish woman of the world though she appeared to be—gave the stranger her arm, and at dinner the other procured for her some little delicacy not on the table, and which I suppose she thought would be relished by the invalid. And so they took her under their care making her trip, I am sure, enjoyable as possible for her.

Later in the day there came into the car a woman; one of the good, kind, well meaning and fairly intelligent persons, who happened to take a then vacant seat near our little group.

The young woman attracted her attention and soon she began to offer remarks by way of sympathy and friendly acquaintance something like this: "Be'n sick aint you? You look won-derful pale, do you cough any, and aint you venturesome to travel alone when so feeble? Shouldn't thought your folks would have let you, but then, it does cost a sight to travel any way, and sickness costs too," etc. Then the young woman, evidently hurt that her "folks" should be thought negligent, remarked that she was perfectly well acquainted with the route and should reach her destination before night and feared no trouble whatever, though the journey was somewhat fatiguing for her as would be expected. But one could see that she did not care for such acquaintance and that such remarks were in strong contrast to the more delicate attentions of the ladies, who, being women of the world, that is, knowing more of the better usages of society, were more kind, yet less familiar and less intrusive than their ill-bred, but equally good-hearted fellow-traveler.

There are snobs among women as among men; and there are vulgar, haughty, pretentious women among the wealthy, aristocratic classes who may be rude to a stranger and be uncivil to any whom they may deem a notch below them in the social scale. But these are not the well-bred women of the world, its true ladies, for the latter are the genuine article, and if not ready to make themselves familiar with every one they may meet, they can be truly courteous, and seldom, we think, fail to be considerate to strangers, or unwilling to do a favor, if respectfully applied to, by the humblest individual they might chance to

encounter. It is ill-bred women who do this; and it is women who do not know the ways of the world that annoy by their too familiar officiousness.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-one.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DODD.

"Minne Sota" asks a difficult question, viz.: "Does genius always come to the surface? and where there are some indications of the one, should we regard it as conclusive evidence that the genuine article is lacking, if it does not burst through all difficulties and obstructions, and come forth unmistakable fine gold?"

My friends, I am afraid we of THE HOUSEHOLD are not wise enough, or profound enough, to answer that question. Nevertheless I suppose we can have the privilege of chattering about it, and of saying our little say, even if we do not profess to be sages or philosophers. Linnets are not as wise as owls, nor as clear-eyed and far-sighted as eagles; but they twitter, and sing, and have good, sociable times, for all that. Perhaps in this case, however, we may get the owls to help us a little in deciding what genius is. It is so many-sided, and presents so many phases; it is so like mere talent, and yet so unlike it, that comparatively few of us have any very clear ideas of the distinction between them. We use the words interchangeably, meaning one and the same thing, whereas they are as different as light and darkness.

"Genius," says an English essayist, "may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend, and reproduce truth, beauty, and harmony; talent is the ability to explore, gather up, and reconstruct truth, beauty and harmony. Genius is creative ability; talent is executive ability. Genius is speculative and visionary; talent is practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and the possible; talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents; talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks by its own inward power to develop what it finds within itself; talent seeks foreign aid and aims at a foreign object. One might almost say genius is the *instinct*; talent the *reason* of the understanding. Talent is *sagacious appreciation*; genius is *intuition*. Talent arrives at a conclusion; genius has a revelation."

Owl number one has stated the case pretty clearly, has he not? But there are more of them. Let us listen to some of the others.

"By genius," says Fuseli, "I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge; which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; while talent arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius."

"That is to say," proceeds his commentator, "genius creates, while talent merely constructs. Genius invents and develops; talent collates and executes."

For myself, if I might venture to add anything to these learned and abstract formulas, I think it would be this. Genius is warm and glowing,

throbbed with magnetic life and power; were talent is cold unimpassionate, doing its work and producing its effects by force of will, rather than by irresistible impulse. It does its work because it *will*, not because it *must*.

Which of the two, genius or talent, is of most worth to the world, we do not purpose to discuss here. Each needs the other; each complements and supplements the other. If genius has wings, talent has hands and feet; and it is undeniably true that in this mundane sphere, where there is so much working and climbing to do, and where wings are so apt to be storm-beaten and bedraggled, talent often has the best of it. Genius needs the help of talent—which is much the same as good, bright, commonsense, with energy and will to back it—in order to carry out its plans; to enable it to transmute its dreams, by some subtle alchemy, into the fine gold of reality. To quote from Coleridge:—

"Genius must have talent as its complement and *implement*, just as imagination must have fancy; in short, the higher intellectual powers set through a corresponding energy of the lower."

But to go back to "Minne Sota's" question. It is easy, it seems to me, to imagine circumstances under which the highest genius with which mortal man was ever endowed, might fall "to come to the surface." Suppose poor Casper Hauser had received as his birthright—the direct gift of the gods—the genius of a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael; would it, could it, have stirred its wings in the darkness of the dungeon where he laid for more than twenty years—seeing no human face, and hearing no human voice, as he passed on and on through the gates of infancy, and childhood, and youth? Could one whose eyes had never seen the light, have any idea of color, even though he might have the soul of a Titan? Could one who was born deaf be a musician in any other than a mechanical sense, even though he had all the gifts of a Mendelsson and a Beethoven? So, too, it cannot be doubted that there may be intellectual or spiritual blindness and deafness, with which natural gifts have little to do. Circumstances may, and doubtless often do, so enshroud one that the real self has no power to stir. It lies as if in a coffin, bound hand and foot with grave clothes; while something else that passes for the real *Ego*, lives, and moves, and has a being. It may well be believed that sometimes this counterfeit *Ego*, this fictitious I, actually supposes itself to be genuine, and never dreams that its true self is wrapped in a slumber as profound as death.

Yet admitting all this, when we consider what genius is, what a vital force it has, and how it burns and glows, a living flame in the very center of being—when we consider all this, is it not safe to say that as a rule, genius, like murder, "will out?"—It may die and make no sign; and we read of "mute, inglorious Miltos." But I believe it seldom does. Pent up waters break through the dykes at last; pent up fires burn their way slowly but surely to the light. Generally speaking if genius gives no sure evidence of its existence,

it is safe to conclude that it does not exist.

Earnest, receptive natures are very apt to mistake taste for genius. Such natures read a fine poem and are thrilled through and through by its majestic rhythm and its splendid imagery; or they are melted to tears by some sweet, solemn strain of life and love. Their own thoughts, in the elevated mood in which the poem has left them, seem to "come in numbers," and they are at once seized with a desire to write a poem themselves. But alas! It is one thing to thoroughly appreciate and enjoy poetry, and quite another to be a poet.

This is equally true of a love for painting, music, oratory—or any one of the fine arts. One may love them all, and yet learn from sad experience that love *alone* is not genius.

I once heard a lady say,—"I never read a good story in my life, without being at once possessed by an insane desire to shut myself up and write one." "Why do you say 'insane?'" I asked. "Because," she answered. "It is sheer insanity. I have no gift for story-telling, and I only waste my time and strength in these vain attempts. But surely as the month comes round, with its freight of magazines, the old temptation besets me."

The power to criticize is no evidence of the power to do. It is well to remember that. The best critic of other people's verses with whom it was ever my good fortune to meet; the one whose arrow went straightest to the mark, and who was sure to find the slightest flaw, the least harshness or inequality of thought or expression, when he undertook to write poems himself wrote bald, commonplace rhymes, destitute alike of beauty and of grace. Yet he loved poetry, and he was learned in iambics, dactyly, and spondee. But the Prometheus spark was not there, and he could not kindle the fire. That was all the trouble.

It may well be questioned—and what a consideration it is, to be sure!—it may well be questioned as we listen to the roll-call of illustrious names, and review the lives of those whose footsteps echo loudest "through the corridors of time," whether genius has, in the long run, brought most of joy or woe to its possessors. The mountain-tops, though they glitter in the sunlight, or are crowned with rosy vapors, are yet bleak and cold. Let us be content who linger in the valleys, singing our little songs of love and faith whether the wild winds blow, or whether they will forbear!

But, sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, there is one good gift, one kind of genius, that has never, since the world was made, been anything but a joy to the woman who possessed it. It is a genius for home-making.

"That requires no genius; anybody can make a home,—yes, anybody!"

Who said that? Was it you? or you? or you?

What if I should venture to differ with you? Anybody can buy a house, or build one, or rent one; anybody can get together a little furniture—or a good deal as the case may be—and go to house-keeping. But is that home-making? The true essence of

home, its life, its soul, flows out from the woman who is its head. A genius for home-making is a genius for loving.

"A genius for loving!"

Yes, and I am sorry to say not every woman has it, though, perhaps, it is the highest kind of genius, for love is the soul of the universe.

Did you ever see a woman who, with every appliance of luxury at her command, with money, and servants, and pictures, and flowers, and fine furniture, yet failed utterly in imparting to her place of abode the subtle something, the indescribable affluence, that would have made it a home? and have you not seen some other woman who could not have encamped for the night on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, without giving to her tent and its few poor belongings the true atmosphere of home, and making it seem a place sacred to the worship of all the household gods?

It is hard to say just what this quality is that makes some women true home-makers. It is not good taste, nor refinement, nor an eye for effects. It is not culture, nor intellect, nor blithe and busy industry, though all these are helps in their way.

Is it not just what I said—a genius for loving? a rich warmth of nature, a largeness of soul, that makes amends for countless deficiencies, and makes a woman Queen of Hearts and Queen of Home?

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Two lives the meanest of us live:
One which the world beholds, and one
Whose hidden history none may give
But he who lives it.

—True merit always comes to the surface.

—The heated in a quarrel are always the defeated.

—Prosperity is a poor scale to weigh our friends in.

—Plenty consists in the power to curb your wants.

—Long life is the result of temperance in all things.

—Precepts are the rules by which we ought to square our lives.

—Silence is the safest course for a man to adopt who distrusts himself.

—A man may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

—Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

—The greatest men live unseen to view, while thousands are not qualified to express their influence.

—The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duties of our present sphere.

—Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment and every employment have its hour.

—The wish of most people is for a fortune and nothing to do. How fully men are punished when it is realized.

—He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots.

—Our passions are like convulsive fits which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

LETTER FROM AUNT MATILDA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the December HOUSEHOLD I see a recipe "How to make Soap for a cent a pound," and as I am an old housekeeper who has known this recipe for a good many years and used no other soap, I write to give the weight of my testimony in its favor, and my advise to all housewives is to try it.

Wash-day is everywhere the dread and bane of housekeepers, simply because they can hardly find such a thing as a good pure soap, that has washing quality enough to do its own work. As the soap can't do the work, poor woman has to, for the clothes must be washed, and after spending enough money for poor soap, full of rosin, clay, and a hundred other things that a soap maker knows more about than I do, except that I do know that they would help a washerwoman to do a washing as much if they were put on the back of her head, as they do in the soap; after spending enough money for such soap I may say to do four washings if good pure soap had been used, they find that it is *muscle* that has got to be depended on and not soap. Those who have not made the experiment do not know how little real, pure soap, and washing property there is in a bar of brown rosin soap, or of white soap filled with sand, clay and other things as useless. I have used them all and know whereof I speak. The best one of all the good ones is Dobbin's Electric Soap, as you say in the December HOUSEHOLD.

With one pound of this soap I do more washing than I can with five pounds of any other soap I know of, not because it contains any strong chemicals that take up dirt, clothes, and everything, but because it is *pure*, all soap and nothing else. A lady told me of it some five years ago, and we would no more be without it now than without flour, salt, or whatever is the most indispensable thing in a house. My mode of using it is to take fifteen bars of it, a pound each, cut into thin pieces and thoroughly dissolve by boiling in water, as you say, when thoroughly dissolved I strain into a barrel, which we call our "soft-soap barrel," then I add cold water enough to fill the barrel, mix thoroughly by stirring and leave to cool. In a day or two we have a barrel full of splendid white soft-soap weighing about three hundred pounds, and this will wash one hundred dozen of clothes. I say the soap will wash this quantity, and by that I mean without the aid of "elbow-grease," main strength, and a rubbing board. The soap does its own work. We take a couple of quarts of this soft-soap in the morning, dissolve it in hot water in a wash-tub, and wring the dirty clothes out of clear cold water into the tub of suds, where we let them soak for ten minutes or so and—presto! the washing is done; that is, the rubbing and scrubbing to get the dirt out is done. The soap silently but thoroughly as if by magic, loosens and takes up the dirt, so that after passing them once or twice through the wringing machine they are washed. Washing-day used to mean to me—*all-day*. It is now, with a larger family, but a few hours—a morning's work—thanks to Dobbin's Electric Soap. A pound of it will go further than fifty cents worth of any soap I have ever seen, if used in this way, and I am an old woman who has seen a good many hundred wash-days. We have never had clothes wear so long as during the five years that we have used Dobbin's Electric Soap, in fact the saving in wear of clothes pays fifty times the price of the soap, for there is no doubt but that clothes are worn out more on wash day on the rubbing board than they are the rest of the week on the person.

Now if any housewife young or old thinks I am mistaken the proof is in her own hands. Order from your grocer fifteen pounds of the genuine Dobbin's Electric Soap, (made by I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) use it

as I do, and if it does not last five times as long as fifteen pounds of any soap she ever used, make her clothes whiter, make them last longer, and save her many days of hard labor, then she can send a bill for the soap to me through you, and I will remit her the money.

I did not suppose this letter would be half as long as I find it is, but you know what an old woman is when she gets started. I suppose I might have said all I have said in half the space, —yes in a quarter, but,—never mind, I'll let it go just as it is.

AUNT MATILDA.
Newfield, Maine.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY is an epitome of newspaper history. It is also regarded as an official register of circulations. This feature, requires the closest scrutiny to prevent it from leading to abuses. The plan, adopted by the publishers of the DIRECTORY, to secure correct and trustworthy reports, is rigid in its requirements and adhered to with impartiality. Successful publishers, who have something to gain by a comparison, are generally prompt, not only to send reports in conformity but give Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co., such information as enables them to weed out unsubstantiated statements of pretenders in journalism. The popularity of the book, and the general confidence in its accuracy and good faith are attested by the immense body of advertisements it receives.

The daily papers are well filled with news this winter and there seems no lack of abatement for some time to come. The congressional debates, Louisiana troubles, Pacific Mail investigations, the Tilton-Beecher trial, now in progress, the senatorial contests that are agitating an unusual number of state legislatures at this time and other topics far "too numerous to mention", render it an easy matter to get up a very readable paper—but for completeness of detail and impartiality in its manner of presenting it, commend us to The New York Tribune. In the latter respect, at least, it towers head and shoulders above all competition.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, announce that, by a recent purchase, they have become the sole proprietors of the *American Revised Edition* of "Chamber's Encyclopedia," and are thereby enabled to offer the work at much lower rates than hitherto. In the course of its recent thorough revision, the American edition was edited with the special view of supplying the wants of American readers. It also possesses a special attraction in containing a series of over seventy-five full-page engravings not contained in any other edition.

Messrs. F. E. Smith & Co., Proprietors of the Atlantic Flour Mills, Brooklyn, have recently introduced a preparation of wheat of immense value as an article of food, which will be found wholesome, delicious and nourishing. To those suffering with indigestion, costiveness, dyspepsia, and to people of sedentary habits, it will prove invaluable. As a breakfast dish (we speak from our own knowledge) it is unequalled.—*The Independent.*

The above allusion to the justly celebrated crushed wheat manufactured by this firm we heartily endorse. It is unequalled.

ONE OF THE GREAT EVENTS of the age is the introduction of that extraordinary cure, DR. TOPLIFF'S SYRUP OF TAR, which is the positive cure for Incipient Consumption, Bronchial Affections, Hacking Cough, Colds, Asthma, Diphtheria, Croup, Hoarseness, Irritation, loss of voice, etc. Its virtues are highly praised by the medical profession.

A NATIONAL WORK.—Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged, Illustrated, is a national work, in which every American scholar has an interest, and in the completeness and accuracy of which he should have a pride,—a national pride, if you please,—the same kind of pride we have in the superior intelligence, enterprise, resources, and capacity for adaptability to occasion, of the masses of the people of the United States. We have always been proud of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. It should be remembered that the pub-

lishers have had large experience and the command of large resources in the preparation and perfection of this great work, and have aimed to make—as we are confident they have succeeded in doing,—the best Dictionary of the English language.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to Asa C. Call, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 10tf

CONSUMPTIVES, TAKE NOTICE.

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

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

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

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WILD CHERRY BALSAM.—The memory of Dr. Wistar is embalmed in the hearts of thousands whom his *Balsam of Wild Cherry* has cured of coughs, colds, consumption, or some other form of Pulmonary disease. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT, requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, irritation of the Lungs, a permanent Throat affection, or an incurable Lung disease, is often the result. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, TROCHES are used always with good success.

Don't fail to read the advertisement of T. C. Maxwell & Brothers, Geneva, N. Y. They are reliable men, and have a large stock of the best of Trees, Plants, etc. It will pay you to correspond with them.

We advise those contemplating the purchase of a gold watch to ask their dealers for the Ladd Patent Stiffened Gold Watch Case, and select one of either of the many elegant shapes and styles in which they are made. Then have the case fitted with a movement to match and you have a beautiful Gold Watch at a very moderate price. Messrs J. A. Brown & Co., 11 Maiden Lane, New York, are the Manufacturers of these cases and send full descriptive circulars on application. See their Advertisement.

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Any of the following named plants sent by mail, postage paid, at 10 cents each. Any three sorts for 25 cents, or fifteen for \$1. No order received for less than 25 cents. Fuchsias, Geraniums (Double Zonal, Scented and Ivy), Begonias, Carnations, Pinks, Calceolaria, Basket Plants, Ageratum, Abutilon, Achyranthes, Coleus, Cannas, Chrysanthemums, Hardy Phlox, Cuphea, Eupatoriums, Stevia, Feverfew, Heliotropes, Heterocentrum, Libertia, Malherba, Pilea, Smilax, Double Petunias, Solanum Capicacatum, Veronicas. One packet Aster, Balsam, Petunia, Phlox and Verbena for 25 cents. My Illustrated Catalogue of New Plants Seeds for 1875, and any two packets of the above Seeds sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address

C. A. REESER & CO., Erie, Pa.

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Open to All.

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

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

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$300.

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either A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$30, or APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$30.

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ANOTHER LIST

DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.

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

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$30.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Fourth, Rogers' Group of Statuary

THE FAIRY'S WHISPER, worth \$25.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15, (Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

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

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

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

To Single Subscribers.

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

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

A REWKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

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

For the Third.

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of

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

For the Fifth,

A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$3.50.

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

4thly and to Conclude.

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

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

EMPLOYMENT,

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THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE!

Read!

Reflect!!

Resolve!!!

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

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN

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

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

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

Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

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

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

A Weed Sewing Machine

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

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

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

GEO. E. CROWELL,
Pub. of Household.

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

1868.

1875.

THE HOUSEHOLD For 1875.

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PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.

A New Volume!

New Type!!

New Contributors!!!

New Subscribers!!!!

A Better Paper for Less Money!

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

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DOWD,
Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,
ROSELLA RICE,
ETHEL C. GALE,
ANNA HOLYOKE,
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,
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CHRISTABEL,
BARBARA BRANDT,
A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD,
EDITH ELLIOT,

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

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

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra

expense we have incurred and the increased

value of the paper in consequence, the price will

remain the same, though many publishers are

adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications

without making any improvements, on account

of the new law requiring prepayment of postage

after January 1, 1875. In fact THE HOUSEHOLD

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THE HOUSEHOLD.



DON'T FORGET that we want a SPECIAL AGENT in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it WILL PAY YOU WELL to do so.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send Personal Checks, we cannot use them.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the address at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

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

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.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

TO THE LADIES. We have a few of the Beckwith Sewing Machines, price \$12.00, which we offer as premiums to such as desire a good cheap sewing machine. To those who wish to procure a machine of this description by canvassing for THE HOUSEHOLD we will send one for a club of only twenty-five yearly subscribers. This offer places a good sewing machine within the reach of any person who really desires to obtain it.

THOSE OF OUR READERS whose subscriptions do not expire with this number and who have not already sent us the postage for the remainder of their time will please do so at once that we may give them proper credit as we place their names upon our books for the new year. Send ten cents for the full year and in that proportion for shorter times. This is a matter of but few cents to each one, but it amounts to hundreds of dollars to us. The new postage law, like many others, will doubtless cause some confusion at first, but after it gets into working order it will, very likely, be found an improvement upon the old one.

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

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascer-

tained by a reference to Nos. 60, 77, 89 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

NO CHROMOS. We are happy to state that we have thus far been able to keep up our subscription list to a healthy standard without going into the chromo-humbug business. We cannot afford a good picture and THE HOUSEHOLD at the price asked for the latter alone, and a poor picture we will not offer, though we have had them urged upon us many times at a few cents per dozen and warranted "equal to those given as premiums by some of the best publications in the country." No, thank ye, we don't want them. We will however send any of our readers such pictures as they may wish, post paid on receipt of the retail price, from the "premium" two cent dab to the genuine chromo worth from \$5.00 to \$25.00, and send THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875, prepaid, for \$1.10 whether they order any picture or not.

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

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VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—We are in receipt of the January number of Vick's Quarterly Floral Guide, a very handsome and useful publication, containing topics of general interest. It is embellished with descriptive engravings of more than 500 of our best flowers and vegetables, with directions for culture. The Floral Guide is published in English and German, by the great seedman and florist, James Vick, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., at the moderate price of 25 cents per annum. Send for a copy.

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