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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. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1876.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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## THE OLD HOME WITH FATHER AND MOTHER.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

There's one hallowed place, in our childhood,  
Where we ever feel free from ill—  
Where the sweet, holy hush of the twilight  
Seems a whisper of "Peace, be still,"—  
While a fond mother's kind, gentle teachings  
Fall lovingly then on our ears,  
And a father's dear smile of affection  
Is a balm for all sorrows and tears.  
Once severed from this, there is never another  
That seems like the Old Home with Father and  
Mother.

Sometimes we grow tired of the old ways,  
And like robins that fly from the nest,  
The world seems so smiling and sunny,  
We think its broad highway the best,—  
So we leave a good-bye with the homestead,  
And fly out where gaiety sings,  
But we find there's a world full of danger  
For poor, little, unfledged wings.  
But one path seems brighter to us than another—  
The path that leads homeward to Father and  
Mother.

The years as they come up to meet us,  
May furrow our brows with their care,  
But they cannot blot out from our memory  
The touch of a mother's kiss there:  
And tho' Time may reach out his old fingers,  
And weave in our hair silver thread,  
Yet he never can mar our first blessing—  
A father's dear hand on our head.  
These sweet thoughts still linger above every other,  
When we think of the Old Home with Father and  
Mother.

## HEALTH AND COMFORT IN HOUSE BUILDING.

AMONG our readers in country and village, says the Western Rural, are many who propose building residences this season. The best advice which can be given in many cases where this is proposed is that a competent architect be employed and that his directions be followed. Some things are so often neglected by those building that a few suggestions may do good, even if they be of the kind which suggests the remark, "Everybody knows that."

On many farms the location of the residence is determined by the water supply. Water is a good thing, unnoticed. So direct drafts are to be

but it is coming to be understood that in the wrong place it is a very bad thing. Dry earth is healthful; it absorbs unpleasant odors and bad gases. Wet earth gives out these things. Many diseases have their cause in malarial vapors arising from stagnant water. Hence the first suggestion we make is that, if the spot selected is not by nature so fixed as to do this, it should be so graded that water will not remain near the house, especially not under it. The eaves should be troughed, and even a very little banking of earth against the foundations will do much good. It is also especially important that grading be done about the well so that the surface water may run from rather than to and into it.

Cellars should be well drained and well ventilated, especially if they are to be used for storing vegetables. It is beyond doubt that sickness is frequently caused by the dampness and bad odors arising from cellars. This is so true that there is much force in the suggestion that the cellar should be made outside of the house, at least not under the parts usually occupied.

Ordinarily the house that is warmest in winter is coolest and most comfortable in summer. Where little money can be spent some things which would add to comfort cannot be afforded, but often a saving in the first cost is poor economy, as the increased expenditure in the course of years may far exceed the cost of the things omitted. In wooden houses it is important that special care be taken to prevent ingress of the extreme cold or heat. The use of building paper is a great help at small cost. It will pay well to use it not only on the sides but under the floors and roofs of houses. Windows and doors should be made to fit closely and the wide opening under the baseboard so often found should be avoided if possible.

Ventilation is very generally neglected. Many intelligent people seem to believe that the purity of the air is determined by its temperature; that cold air is necessarily pure. Almost everybody admits that "fresh air" is desirable in hot weather or in a too warm room, but very bad air is tolerated, perhaps unnoticed, if it be only cool. Ventilation is secured in a room with many cracks and loosely-fitted doors and windows, but in an expensive and undesirable way. Currents of cold air flowing on the floor are very bad for the health and often cause unnoticed suffering on the part of small children. In an ordinary house, lying on the floor in winter by a grown person soon shows how uncomfortable it is, yet the children creep and lie there unnoticed. So direct drafts are to be

avoided. It is better to have the room so it can be made nearly air-tight and admit air and allow it to escape by openings controlled at pleasure.

In every case where it is practicable, a room should have windows on two sides, otherwise perfect ventilation is very difficult unless special apparatus is supplied. The windows should extend to within a foot of the ceiling, which should never be less than eight feet from the floor, and better ten, and should always let down from the top as well as raise from the bottom.

One of the simplest and cheapest contrivances for ventilation in winter of which we know is to introduce fresh air through a tin or wooden pipe under the floor, coming up at the stove, and extending up beside it and the stove-pipe to the height of, say, six feet. The air is warmed as it passes up, and the tendency is to have the air pass out, instead of in, at the cracks and openings.

Shade trees near the house are exceedingly desirable, but they should not be too close to the house nor too thickly planted. Sunlight and fresh air should not be excluded even to secure shade. Thick hanging vines on the walls are also to be avoided.

## REPAIRING RURAL ROADS.

Every observer of our highway management must have seen that we have heavy guns—so to speak—in the care of our roads, but lack light artillery. Repairs are made deep, hollows filled, and knolls leveled, but it seems no one's duty to fill ruts and poke stones out of the tow-path. To limber up two yoke of oxen for small services is expensive. We need for this work light, spry teams. A big boy with a cheap horse and diagonal road scraper could do the business nicely and often with some person of mature judgment to set him on. Scrappings between scrappings are required to keep earth roads in shape. Somebody to run out after every muddy spell all summer long. A big boy—old enough to pay some regard to the footing of the school-ma'am—would make nothing of rubbing out eight or ten miles of ruts in a day, both ways, kicking now and then a stone out of the track, at a cost, say, of twenty cents per mile.—*Hartford Courant.*

Paint intended for outside work, which will not be protected by varnish, is mixed as follows: Crush the color if in lumps, and mix to a stiff paste with linseed oil, boiled or raw; the latter is preferable; then, if a dark color, add brown Japan or gold size; in the proportion of half a pint to a gallon of oil; in a light color, use patent dryer in similar quantities.



## FURNISHING A CHAMBER.

MATTIE asks how to furnish a buff chamber. Perhaps I can give her a few ideas. Oak furniture is, I think, preferable to any other, being the lightest colored wood.

Let us begin with the bed. Pillow shams are made in almost every imaginable style, but I think for a room of any one color, muslin with colored cambric underneath is the prettier way to make them. Cut your buff cambric the size of your pillow, cover with white dotted muslin, put a ruffle of the muslin around them full enough to flute. If you prefer you can use plain white Swiss muslin, and if so you can put your initials on with fine braid and put a group of tucks on each edge. I have some made of the dotted muslin which I have used every day for two years and have not yet had them washed. Sheet shams can be made in the same way.

Next furnish your bureau. Make a pin-cushion of your cambric and cover with muslin, put a small ruffle all around the edge, with some box plaited ribbon for a heading. Make a mat for your cushion in the same way; also two small mats for your toilet bottles or boxes. Take a small square or round box, three or four inches high, cover all but the top with cambric and muslin, (better put your muslin on in a ruffle,) fill your box with curled hair, make a covering for the top of buff worsted, knit one needle plain garter stitch, the next the same, only wind the worsted over your finger four times to make loops, knit back again plain, then another row of loops; in that way you have your loops all on one side. Make it the size of the top of the box, put it on with some box plaited ribbon for a pretty finish, and you have a pretty hair pin-cushion.

Now for your toilet table. Four boards nailed together, forming a box a little smaller than your bureau, back, front, top and bottom; leave the sides open as it will answer as a sort of closet. On the back of your box nail a half circle about two inches wide, projecting a half foot in front, and rising four feet from the top of your bureau, less if you like, cover the table part with your cambric tacked on tight, let the sides hang loose from the top. Now put your muslin on a little full, and your heading of ribbon. From the half circle at the top a long curtain of muslin is nailed a little full,

opening in the middle and comes nearly to the floor on each side. Fasten at the corners of your table with bows of ribbon. Hang a mirror on the wall just behind your table. Take a long box, cover with cambric, muslin and ribbon like the other articles, and you have a box for brush and comb.

For curtains there is nothing prettier than muslin looped back with a band of muslin insertion of a stick of colored cambric. I have seen very pretty ones lined with the buff cambric. Put a ruffle of the muslin on the edge. Lambrequins of the muslin lined with the cambric produce a very pretty effect.

You can drape your wash stand with muslin and cambric if you like.

I made a very pretty little bracket by covering a board three-fourths of a yard in length with cambric and muslin, putting a deep curtain on the bottom. You can buy iron brackets to put it up with all the way from twenty to seventy-five cents a pair.

I have taken up a good deal of room, but hardly see how I could answer the question with less. If Mattie succeeds in making her room pretty by any of these suggestions, I shall be glad, and would like to hear through THE HOUSEHOLD how she gets along. Another time I will tell you how to make beautiful rugs with bagging.

L. E.

#### POLITENESS.

It is a singular thing that Kirke White did not ruin his reputation as a poet by one unfelicitous name, "Ode to Disappointment" which he gave to one of his finished pieces. As "Disappointment" was to come, however, "Not in thy terrors clad," we can possibly agree with him, in being willing to invoke any pleasant surprise.

We know not of anything so absolutely charming, as when, not expecting it, is extended to us an unusual or unlooked for courtesy. If a man looks "gruff and glum," sour and unapproachable, and we dread contact with him, how peculiarly pleasing it is when he does some trifling but delicate deed of politeness, or speaks some gentle or kindly sentence of civility.

The indication of good breeding in him presents him to us in a new light. His sourness becomes gravity, his moseness natural reserve. We instinctively regard him henceforth as one whose best qualities are hidden, and whose heart must hold within it, much that is lovable.

In daily contact with all sorts of people, we are so very generally obliged to elbow our way through life, and look out sharply for ourselves, that it is astonishing with the most delightful astonishment, to find one of those who always steps to one side to let us pass, and who takes pains to render us more comfortable while with them. The man who invariably considers your personal comfort, even if it be in an interview of ten minutes; who places you in the easiest chair, offers you whatever there may be to eat or drink in the room, extends to you the sweet courtesies of hospitality, and endeavors to make you feel at ease and at home with him, is the man whom you think of as a good fellow. He touches you in something besides

your intellect or your pocket; business with him is something more than dollars and cents; you get to love the man.

The manifestation of refinement and culture in children is very sweet, since it is so universally excepted. We generally suppose children to be bashful, noisy, thoughtless, or insipid. The average child is usually one of these. How beautiful it seems, then, to meet a little one who is a lady or gentleman. Not with the foolish, airy, parrot like graces caught from a French maid; not the etiquette scolded into its little head by continual command, but which is natural to it, inasmuch as it has imbibed it with the milk of its babyhood; caught it from the continual contact with refined people; learned it as it has learned its mother tongue. The society of such children is often more agreeable than that of their elders. They do not alarm you by constantly being on the verge of some misdemeanor, neither are they silent with the convenient reason of a thumb being thrust in their mouths. They do not persist in monopolizing the conversation, and they are almost always cheerful, sunny, enthusiastic little creatures, who fairly draw you out from the sober lines of ordinary thought, into the gayeties and brightness of their own innocent pleasures.

The gentleness of manner which seems to consider and respect the condition and circumstances of all persons, is that which wins unstinted regard. The deference to another's opinions, tastes, or wishes, which to all reasonable extent represents self-sacrifice, is that manner of living which wins the most tender friendship in return. Reverence for old age, chivalry towards women, sympathy for the crippled and afflicted, patience with children, and charity towards all men, make up that character which is nobly "without fear and without reproach."—Golden Rule.

#### GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME.

When I met Mattie Simmons at her cousin's in Philadelphia, last winter, I thought her one of the neatest, prettiest, brightest girls I had ever seen. She would come into the breakfast-room in a nicely fitting dress, a jaunty white apron with pockets in it, and a primrose tie, with smiling face to set them off. Whenever you met her, her toilet was *comme il faut*, and her manners were lovely.

But lately I paid a visit at Mattie's own home. What witch-work had wrought a change in my darling? She wore the most slippshod shoes, the diniest wrappers, and the most soiled and twisted collars. She hardly took the trouble to say good morning when she came down stairs.

"Has there been a fire?" I inquired.

"No," was the astonished reply.

"Has Mattie's trunk been lost, or have burglers got into her closet?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Then, Mattie dear where are all your pretty clothes gone?"

"O, they are all in the house. I think old things are good enough for home, Aunt Marjory."

A great many young ladies are of Mattie's opinion. They consider any-

thing fit for father and mother to see. They take no pains to be beautiful and attractive in the household. And then they are surprised when their brothers think others boys' sisters nicer than themselves.

A girl's dress and a girl's behavior at home can hardly be too carefully designed. There is a brusque candor about home-folks too often, that makes it harder to be good there than to be good on a visit. But the daughter is the silver clasp of the family circle, and she should never forget that it is her privilege to look pretty, as well as her duty.



#### A MORNING GLORY.

Among my window pets so fair,  
A modest morning glory lends  
A charm and sweetness truly rare,  
Among its grander, statelier friends.

Although the day was bleak and cold,  
And March winds blew, as March winds will;  
The tender blossoms did unfold,  
Brightening up my window sill.

I hailed its dear, old-fashioned face  
With more delight than blossoms rare;  
It gave a freshness to the place,  
And lent a breath of Summer air.

So pure and frail—alas! a few  
Brief hours only were its stay;  
It opened bright its beauty, drew  
Our hearts, then drooped and passed away.

And thus in life, those we prize most  
The frailest seem. We're sure of none,  
We count our treasures dear, and boast  
Their worth—enjoy, and lo! they're gone.

#### A LAND OF FLOWERS.

MR. EDITOR:—With great timidity I gently knocked for admittance into THE HOUSEHOLD Band. The door was opened and one more was admitted into the circle, one who has derived untold pleasure and benefit from the pages of the dear HOUSEHOLD for more than two years.

And now for the benefit of Alice Morton, and any others of the sisters who feel the slightest interest in their "blue-eyed" sister of the "sunny south," I mount my favorite hobby, (which if allowed space could ride under whip and spur at a break-neck speed,) flowers.

First, I will tell you a little about my hot-house plants, of which I have

comparatively few, as my special pets are those that grow in the yard. I

can boast of neither hot-house or bay-

window, but I have in my room nice

east and south-east windows; those I

use to keep my flowers, and right

nicely they do their duty, too. As we

burn neither gas or coal, my flowers

live and flourish all the winter. Two

years ago, in November, (the time we

put our tender geraniums, fuchsias,

etc., out of the way of Jack Frost,) I

got "my John" to put me four brack-

ets on my window, which will make

me two nice shelves, then I got two

nice boards long enough to reach

across for the shelf, and my winter

pets are snugly housed out of harm's

way until the last of April, then out

they are brought to the flower stand

on the piazza until the last of October.

Now I come to the part of floriculture "I love most and best." Give me forever the rose, that lovely queen of flowers. Here in our balmy clime they grow to perfection in our yards without any protection the entire year. Just think of having roses for ten months at a time! December and January are the only months we have no roses. In those two months we have heartsease, the many colored verbenas, and the modest, sweet-scented violet to cheer us and remind us spring is not far off, all growing out of doors under the bright blue southern sky. On each side of my front steps I have a bed of violets which is an endless source of delight to me in winter. Our home is never without flowers.

While I write the air is laden with the perfume of the rose and honeysuckle; my front portico is now a mass of blooms, and their fragrance is indeed delightful. My ear, too, is gladdened by the roundelay of that sweetest of forest warblers, our dear southern mocking bird. In a tree near my window it has built its nest and raised its young for the last four years, and both night and day we are delighted with its free, sweet songs, sweeter, yes, far sweeter than if it had been a prisoner in a wire cage.

Now I must tell you of our beautiful Cape jasmine, with its beautiful flowers of waxy whiteness and delicious perfume. The jasmine is an evergreen, pretty when not in bloom, it begins to bloom in May and continues blooming until September. One will have to see and enjoy these sweetest of flowers to properly appreciate them.

We have the stately magnolia, with its huge white caps of flowers, and the gorgeous many colored dahlia, and many very many other beautiful flowers in our yard. To know what we have, how we enjoy life, and the advantages of a good climate, I invite all who contemplate emigrating to come south—not west.

Next our cotton fields, you of the north can form no idea of this thing of gorgeous beauty. The best description I can give, is a vast flower garden, with its green foliage, white, pink and purple flowers, green bolls, and then the snow-white fleecy cotton, when it is ready for picking. It is indeed a most beautiful sight—a cotton field filled with hands picking the "staple."

There is more, much more I could tell, but I fear already this may find its way into Mr. Crowell's waste-basket. More anon.

ROWENA.

Greenwood, S. C., May 12, 1876.

#### PLANT FLOWERS.

Many persons fancy that they cannot afford a flower-garden; they say that they cannot spare the money required to purchase seeds and plants; nor the time to cultivate them. It is true that a great deal of money may be spent on the flower-garden; but it is also true that much may be done with very little judiciously expended.

I had a beautiful garden my first summer in the country, and it cost me less than two dollars, all told. My flowers were mostly annuals, and I did all the work myself. My seeds were collected with care; I did not

indulge in "novelties," my watchwords in hunting through the catalogues were "hardy and fragrant." Cheapness, too, had to be considered. I studied a catalogue one winter, thoroughly; planned my garden on paper while the snow was on the ground; then in April I went to work, and my garden was a success.

Anybody can learn to garden, and one soon comes to love the work for itself apart from the charming results.

In that first garden of mine there was a small bed of that exquisite little flower nemophila, seven varieties, all from one packet of mixed seed; cost five cents. For ten cents I had a gorgeous border of zinnias of all colors. Ten cents also gave me a hedge of the sweetpea, one of the loveliest flowers that grows. Then there were nasturtiums, candytuft, scabiosa, snap-dragon, Mexican ageratum, Drummond phlox, erysimum, mignonette, and flora's paint-brush. These flowers are all good, and all cheap; none costing over ten cents a packet, and some only five.

Five cents' worth of mignonette will sweeten a whole garden; that is my experience with it. I have it everywhere, it sows itself; but I always buy a packet of seed to make sure, for as to passing a summer without my "little darling," I could not do it. Besids these, I had a nice bed of pansies; they cost twenty cents. I sowed the seed in a cold-frame in April. The pansy is one of my favorites; it has so much "countenance," as Jane Austin says, somewhere, of one of her people. The Germans call it "little step-mother." Pansies bloom the first year from seed, and as soon as most annuals; but they are perennial, and the second year begin to bloom in April and continue all through the summer, and quite into the edge of winter. They do not endure heat very well, and the blossoms are always finest in spring and autumn. A little shade in July and August, and mulching and watering are useful.

My bed of Japan pinks (dientous coineuses), too cost twenty cents; they, like the pansy, bloom the second year, and sometimes longer; they are very hardy, and bloom late in the fall. I had some daisies, too, dear little things; I can see their baby faces at this moment, as they used to look cuddling down in the grass.

Candytuft, when used with other annuals, should be sown later, as it comes into bloom before anything else, and will be gone before the others are out; it makes a pretty edging for a border of perennials bloom earlier than annuals. Nemophila, too, is an early bloomer, and does best when sown quite early in a seed bed or cold-frame.

When a garden is once under way it goes on almost of itself. Many flowers are very hardy, and sow themselves year after year; but most will deteriorate after a while, and it is best to buy new seed frequently. I never plant my own zinnia seed; I get it fresh every season; but candytuft, mignonette, and Drummond phlox, and petunias come up in my garden of themselves every spring, and I can see no change in them. Portulaca, too, when once established in a garden, is as reliable as a perennial. —*Christian Union.*

#### IVIES FOR THE LIVING-ROOM.

The Journal of Horticulture says: The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as, indeed, they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care not to enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them.

Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry to your parlor to be arched or curved like those in the drawing rooms of your richer neighbors? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed on, and screw them in the sides of the door; put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better, then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the dealer will advise; the common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for, by placing in each two or three sprays of Coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen.

The English ivy, growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it; and it is mentioned as a fact that in a room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close overhanging pendent leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating the wall.

#### SOME NICE CALLAS.

Mary S. and M. A. S., in the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD, refer to the description in the April number by C. E. H. of her callas, and then give a description of theirs. Now let me tell you of mine. It is two years old—was given me in a small nourisher, and was transplanted in a wooden box. My wife thinking that the box was too small, wished me to put it into a larger one in the fall. Attempting to do so,

in length, and eleven inches in width. The stalks of the two flowers—the last two, and which are now fading—measure respectively from the earth in the box to the flower, three feet, and two feet. They were kept in a pit during the winter, and had plenty of water. When it rains hard the water fills my pit to the depth of from two inches to two feet. Of course I have it taken out when it is too deep. Now, Mr. Editor, can any of your lady correspondents furnish you an account of callas superior to mine? But what must I do with them now? Can any one of experience in this department tell me?

L. A. C.

Louisa C. H., Va.

#### HOW TO PET THE CANARIES.

Says a writer on canaries: In this way I answer the question "how I had such luck with the birds?" Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their own affairs, and letting them understand that their mistress would never harm them. Also accustoming them to plenty of light and air and company, rather than, as recommended in books, keeping the cage in a dark room, for fear of frightening the birds.

Make just half the fuss directed in the bird-book over the matter, and you will have, doubtless, better success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat. It is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time, put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it. Give him flax-seed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy occasionally give a diet of bread and water, with red pepper sprinkled in.

Open the cage door and give your pets the freedom of the room; soon they will come at your call and fly to meet you whenever your voice is heard.

I had one who came regularly to my desk each day, and disputed with fluttering wings and open beak, my humble right to the ink-stand. He would take his bath as I held the cup in my hand and coolly dry himself on my head. Another would fly down or upstairs to me whenever I called him and many a time I have been out he has welcomed my return by flying down the stairs and singing at the top of his voice all the while, until at last, perched on my shoulder, he would accompany me to my room.

#### COLORING GRASSES.

I frequently notice in THE HOUSEHOLD inquiries about coloring grasses, and as I think my method better than any that has yet been given, will send it.

Dissolve half a teaspoonful of green aniline powder in a little alcohol, then add perhaps half as much yellow aniline, a little at a time, until you get a lively natural shade. Add boiling water enough to cover your grasses and keep hot, or even boiling. If not dark enough add more powder. I suppose it would color just as well without alcohol but have been told that the use of it prevents fading. I could not readily procure spirits of alcohol, so used spirits of camphor instead.

Ground pine takes a very good color, as well as grass. They both require time, from half an hour to an hour.

The aniline can be procured at the druggists. The liquid dyes are not as good for this purpose. Will J. E. M. think me "too precise" if I add what I consider very important, that the dye should be made in crockery or new tin?

To color scarlet. Infuse one ounce of cream of tartar in warm water; stir well, and after the heat has been raised a little add one ounce of pulverized cochineal. Incorporate well, then add two ounces muriate of tin. Stir well. When it boils add one pound of yarn or cloth, previously wet; move it about briskly a few times, then stir it slowly till it boils twenty minutes, rinse in cold water and dry in the open air. Do not color in iron. I have used this recipe many times with success.

A. S.

#### SPATTER WORK.

While the leaves and vines are at their best, some of our readers may like to know the process of spatter-work, as given in the Scientific American: Spatter-work pictures, usually delicate designs in white, appearing upon a softly-shaded ground, are now very popular, and are, with a little practice, easily produced. Procure a sheet of fine, uncalendered drawing-paper and arrange thereon a bouquet of pressed leaves, trailing vines, letters, or any design which it is desired to have appear in white. Fasten the articles by pins stuck into the smooth surface, which should be underneath the paper. Then slightly wet the bristles of a tooth or other brush in rubber India ink or common black writing-ink, then draw them across a stick in such a manner that the bristles will be bent and then quickly released. This will cause a fine spatter of ink upon the paper.

Continue the spattering over all the leaves, pins, and paper, allowing the center of the pattern to receive the most ink, the edges shading off. When done, remove the design, and the forms will be found reproduced with accuracy on the tinted ground. With a rustic wooden frame this forms a very cheap and pretty ornament.

#### LICE ON CANARIES.

In answer to your correspondent let me say that it is natural for the feathered tribe to have lice, not only the red, but even different species at the same time. Cleanliness is the best preventive, but not always sure. For cure you have simply to cover your cage at night with a white cloth, rise early in the morning, remove the cloth and dip in scalding hot water. Repeat every night as long as there shall be found any vermin upon the cloth.

A LOVER OF CANARIES.

#### MULCH FOR ROSES.

A lady who manages a large collection of roses, has found great help in keeping them properly wet and great benefit to the plants themselves, by heavy mulching. At least three inches of old hay were placed over the bed, completely protecting it from the rays of the sun; and while the labor in caring for them was much less, the blossoms were the finest that the plants have ever produced.



## FASHION BREVITIES.

WITH the return of summer, says the Bazar, black lace wraps reappear, and retain their place as first choice, notwithstanding the introduction of the cream-colored laces. Sacques and cardinal capes are the popular shapes; mantles and very small mantillas are the more stylish garments.

Lace sacques are longer than those of last season, and are fitted into the back. Many of the newest are straight around, while others retain the long fronts of last summer, though none have the extremely short backs formerly worn.

Guipure lace is liked for sacques, mantles and polonaise, though the popular feature this season is the very general use of imitation thread laces, such as are generally called French laces.

The newest fancy in cardinal capes is that of making them of a single piece of wide meshed net of twisted silk (such as the nets that head fringes,) and having parts of it tied in short fringe that is tied in front, and thrown over the shoulders. These are imported, and cost twenty-four dollars.

For lace polonaise guipure net is again preferred this season. Its only rival is the heavy wool net covered with stripes of wool braid, but these are so heavy that they do not answer the design of a lace overdress. They cost ready made from fifty to seventy-five dollars. A better plan is to have the lace over dress made as a sacque or basque and over-skirt, as these can be worn separately, and utilized in various ways. A novelty is black net embroidered in lines and dots of straw. This is very handsome when made up over black silk as a basque and over-skirt, and trimmed with Spanish blonde. Price sixty dollars.

Among the newest white trimming laces are real hand-made Spanish laces in light feathery designs that appear to be made entirely of silk. In the popular three-inch widths these cost four dollars a yard. The Smyrna lace of pure linen that has suddenly come into fashion for trimming piques, ginghams, batistes, children's clothing, and ladies' underwear, costs fifteen cents a yard for narrow widths, while that two inches wide is \$1.50 a yard.

The simple and pretty old-time lawns of solid color, rose, sky-blue, lilac or cream, are made up in tasteful dresses at the furnishing houses. These consist of the Continental basque—made slightly loose and without lining—a deep round over-skirt, and a demi-trained skirt trimmed with ruffles of the same edged with Italian Valenciennes lace.

For white muslin dresses the fancy is to choose those wrought with stars, leaves or dots. They are made just as the lawn dresses are, and worn with rose or blue ribbons. The sides of the long overskirt are held up by very long loops made of gros-grained silk doubled.

Wide Elizabeth belts of Russian leather or of black velvet are again stylishly worn with basques, polonaise and princesse dresses, especially those intended for semi-dress, such as de bege, batiste, gingham and plain black silk.

Gold braid is more used for handsome dresses than it promised to be when first introduced. It is carefully used in threads and dots of gold on black galloon for trimming black grenadine dresses. Silvered braid is the trimming seen on the most elegant costumes of gray camel's hair.

Long white scarfs of crepe lisse tucked in each end are worn as neckties and cravat bows in mourning. Three-cornered neckerchiefs of black net fringed with crimped tape fringe are also used in mourning.

A single long loop of ribbon or of the dress trimming is sewed on the demi-trained skirt of costumes, and the skirt is raised to a proper walking length by passing the hand through the loop and holding up the demi-train. Long trains of evening dresses are raised in the same way.

Marechale is the name given to a new raw silk in pique patterns brocaded all over with small raised dots.

This soft rich fabric is used for over dresses.

Wide silk galloon, richly embroidered, is the new trimming for evening dresses of light-colored silks. It comes in pale green, cream, blue and rose-colored grounds, wrought with vines, flowers, bees and butterflies in natural colors.

Single branches of thickly clustered small flowers are placed down the middle of bonnet crowns between the trimming scarfs of soft silk. Among these dwarfed roses, pink or yellow, the flowering almond and buttercups are favorite flowers.

Black brocaded silk parasols, with steeple tops, rings and edged with cream-colored lace, are considered the first choice this season. Those of black silk covered with black guipure lace are also much admired. A coral set for a white lace and silk parasol now consists of the carved coral handle, the carved stick for the pagoda top, a coral ring to pass over the parasol and close it, with seven or eight tiny bands of coral to finish the end of each gore of the capony and attach the lace to the silk. The coral ornaments alone before they are mounted, cost fifty dollars. Parisiennes, when driving in open carriages use large red silk parasols of the dark shade known as Russia-leather red. They also use dark myrtle green parasols, bordered with green-shaded cocks' plumes.

## DOING FAMILY SEWING TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Not long since a writer in some paper, advised that each season's clothing, before it was laid away, should be washed, ironed mended or repaired, ready for the next season when it was wanted. Even calico and cambric dresses, the writer maintained should all be in readiness to wear before putting them away in the Fall, as the writer said it was such a satisfac-

tion, when the first warm weather came to know the family wardrobe was in readiness for it.

To this rigid rule, we take exception, and, as a general thing practice the contrary way; though we endeavor as far as we can to be ready for the season when it comes. But why should it necessarily be done at the most inconvenient time, when a few months later will do quite as well?

For, as we all know, the season of change of garments, either in spring, or fall, is just about the busiest in the year, both for housekeeping affairs and necessary sewing, so why should the unnecessary be then undertaken at such a time? Why in the late fall, with house-cleaning, putting up the later fruits, pickling, and all such things that almost any lady sees to doing herself, even if she does have hired help, and when new winter garments must be under way, should she take of the hurried, short days time to iron, mend, and get ready all the thinner clothing that is being laid aside by the family? Why, only for a whim, and an over-nice notion that it is slovenly to put them away as they are?

Our method is to have all garments washed, dried, and anything that needs starching folded and laid away without even ironing, indeed white clothes are less liable to turn yellow if left without ironing till nearly the time they are intended to wear. Then after all the fall work and winter sewing is accomplished, and our general cares seem lighter, we may begin to make preparations for the spring campaign: and do it somewhat at our ease and convenience. The summer wardrobes may be overhauled, some to be made over, some to be mended, and other garments to be given away to those in need, and for whom much can always be found in families of comfortable circumstances to be spared. And before the weather becomes warm, the white skirts, and white dresses, cambric and calico; the men and boy's summer coats, and in fact, everything that needs to be, can be starched, ironed, and hung in our closets or chambers ready for the season as it comes.

Thus there is more time to prepare such garments as need to wait for new patterns and fresh styles; while the winter clothing as it is left off may be put away, (brushed and cleansed,) to wait its time to be mended and be made ready for the next season. Most housekeepers will find a lull in needful sewing along in the summer and early fall, and then can begin to mend and darn, and make over for the cooler season coming on. In this way there is less crowding, and hurrying, and overdoing, than where one considers it necessary to have everything in perfect order and readiness, even to every button and hook fastened on, before laying garments aside. The seamstress can also be remembered at the dull season, and ladies who hire sewing done can favor others, and accommodate themselves by taking a little pains in these things.

I often think that many women make of themselves perfect martyrs especially in the busier seasons of the year, and that, not in all cases so much because they must as because

they will. One who is so particular that she cannot fold a calico dress and put it away till it is ironed and mended, makes herself a slave to her whims, and not only this but often causes others in her family to be needlessly over-taxed and worried by her, Martha-like, being cumbered with needless cares.

And the woman who wastes her time in piecing patch-work quilts in the winter, saying, perhaps, that she has no needful sewing on hand, forgetting then to be preparing for the coming season, is a sad economist of time and strength, and shows little forethought and capacity as a house-keeper. Then in months later, when summer comes, and nothing is in readiness to wear, who can pity her if she is "driven to death" with over-work?

## TRAVELLING COSTUMES, ETC.

Now that we are on the eve of our great summer-hegira, let me send you a few suggestions about travelling-costumes. The material most suitable is debege, serge or wash-poplin. In color—dark-brown or gray is preferred, as they show the dust less readily than any other shade. The regulation skirt is demi-train, with strings that lift or lengthen it at pleasure. For trimming, a bias flounce, with a fine knife-pleating on the lower edge, is very pretty. This plisse is often of silk, which is an improvement. A polonaise, trimmed with bias folds of silk and woolen fringe, or a knife-pleating of silk: a dark chip hat, ornamented with wild flowers and soft silk, complete the outfit.

A pretty dress for summer-morning wear is of dark-blue cambric. The skirt is made demi-train, and has for trimming a foot-deep gathered ruffle. This is scalloped on the edges, top and bottom, and embroidered to the depth of a finger with white. The upper embroidery serves as a heading. The overdress is a polonaise open about half-way. The fronts are pointed, and in each corner or point is a large embroidered design. The bottom of the polonaise is finished with a trimming similar to the skirt. Half-a-dozen little blue-and-white bows close the polonaise, while the front of the waist is almost completely hidden by white embroidery, and a little point of the same ornaments the back between the shoulders.

A handsome promenade toilette is of myrtle-green faille. The skirt is trimmed with a pleating and bouillonne of silk in front, and a deep box-pleated flounce of faille in the back. The tablier is very long in front, and behind ends in two pointed pieces, which fasten under the pouf, and are finished by an odd-looking bow with one end. The tablier is edged with crimped fringe, surrounded by a narrow puffing of silk.

A novelty for summer overskirts is the Russian blouse. It is a long polonaise, with a yoke in the back. The skirt in the back is deep and full. The front is open, and is moderately tight-fitting. The back is belted down to the figure. This garment in ecru batiste is very pretty when trimmed with white ruffles embroidered in brown. A new material, linen armure, in color

dark-navy-blue, also makes up very effectively in this shape, and then the trimming is elaborate white embroidery.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## COLORING RECIPES.

DEAR SISTERS:—Without a word of introduction or apology for my presence except that I am a reader and a lover of THE HOUSEHOLD, here I am among you. I have been watching eagerly for a chance to come, and now as I bring information for Jennie please move round your chairs and give me a place. She asked for a recipe for coloring cotton rags a bright and durable green and as I happened to have a tried and true one I have brought it along for her benefit.

For four pounds of rags dissolve in an iron kettle in warm water four ounces of copperas; put in the rags and let them stand one hour then rinse in cold water. Now dissolve in four gallons of soft water in a brass kettle two ounces of prussiate of potash, put in the rags and let them scald twenty minutes, then take them out and put in the dye one ounce oil of vitriol which must first be put into a bowl of cold water. Put in the rags again and let them remain until colored a bright blue. Then dissolve half a pound of sugar of lead in hot water in a very large tin pail or a brass kettle and in another similar vessel dissolve four ounces of bichromate of potash in cold water. Dip your blue rags first in the lead water and wring them out, then in the potash and wring them back in the lead and so on until they are as dark as you wish.

Now Miss Jennie if you will follow these directions you will have a beautiful green, and one that will not fade. I have a carpet that has withstood three years of more than ordinary rough usage on a kitchen floor, and it still displays a stripe of bright handsome green colored after this receipt. Don't forget to put the oil of vitriol into cold water before putting it in the dye or it may blow your eyes out though it is perfectly harmless if used according to directions.

Perhaps if there is room for me among THE HOUSEHOLD Band I will put in an appearance again at some future time, but now as I have deposited my mite of information I will bid you all good night.

Oh dear me! what shall I sign myself? This is an unforeseen difficulty. If I sign my initials they will be sure to belong to some one else, so for the present I think I will be PUSS.

Greenport, L. I.

MR. EDITOR:—Although not a housekeeper myself, I like your paper very much, I like to read the letters from others, and I thought I would like to join THE HOUSEHOLD Band. C. F. S. wishes to know how to color light calico brown for carpet rags. We have used this recipe and like it very much.

For ten pounds of goods, one and one-half pounds catechu, dissolved in hot water, also one and one-half ounces of blue vitriol, dissolved, and both poured in a tub of hot water. Handle the goods in this ten minutes, lift the goods and place them in another tub

in which has been dissolved two ounces bichromate of potash, handle in this ten minutes, drain, wash and dry. We usually take ours to the tannery to be colored.

I should think Lucy H. W. J., could color straw with aniline dyes. The handy package dyes are best. The directions are on the papers.

Some one wishes a recipe for coloring cochineal scarlet. Here is one that I have thoroughly tested and know it to be good, for woolen only, Heat sufficient water to cover one pound of goods in a clean brass kettle, put in one ounce of cream tartar, one ounce pulverized cochineal, scald and strain; put in two ounces muriate of tin, stir well. Wet your goods in clean water, wring dry, and put in the dye and let it remain one hour, airing it. This dyes a bright scarlet, if you wish it darker, dip in strong alum water.

Cousin NELL.

Ashtabula, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to inform M. D. how I colored purple on cotton. I purchased ten cents worth of fustic one pound of alum and two ten cent boxes of bluing, I filled my wash boiler about half full of water at the same time putting in my bluing and half the alum, when scalding hot I put in my cotton (amounting to about three pounds) and let boil fifteen minutes, I then wring out and dry in the sun, I then filled my boiler with fresh water and put in my fustic with the remaining alum, when the goods were entirely dry I put them in the fustic water and let them boil ten minutes then wring out and dry. This is a very valuable recipe.

JESSAMINE.

I have a good, cheap recipe for coloring brown on either woolen or cotton. For five pounds of goods, camwood one pound, put in luke warm water enough to cover goods; let it boil fifteen minutes, then put in the goods after having wrung them out of clear water. Boil the goods half an hour, stirring often, take them out over a stick to drain, and add to your dye two and a half pounds of fustic, boil your dye ten minutes, then put in the goods and let them remain one half hour stirring frequently. Then drain them again and add to your dye one ounce of blue vitriol and four ounces of copperas. Put in the goods as soon as the dye comes to a boil and let them remain fifteen minutes; if not dark enough, add more copperas. Wash the goods thoroughly in clear water and dry in the sun. ELVA.

Woodstock, Ill.

RED ON COTTON.—One and one-half pounds of redwood chips in a strong bag, and two quarts of water; let them steep six hours, drain off the dye, add to it two ounces of the solution of tin. Let the cloth remain in until the right color is obtained, stir the dye or lift the cloth so that the air will surround it.

TO COLOR BLUE.—Dissolve one-half copperas in two quarts of water, wring the cloth from this, have ready a solution made of three ounces of prussiate of potash in one quart of water, have it boiling hot, dip the cloth in it, lift it into the air and stir it for half an hour but don't put the hands

into it if you can avoid it. If a dark shade is desired just add a very little extract of logwood or a little blue vitriol.

TO COLOR GREEN.—For seven pounds of cloth take two pounds of fustic sewed in a bag; steep four hours, drain and add one ounce of logwood one ounce of blue vitriol. Color in brass or porcelain, dry and wash in strong soap suds, rinse in cold water.

TO COLOR YELLOW.—For two pounds of cloth take one ounce bichromate of potash, one ounce of sugar of lead, dip the cloth in the solution of lead first then in the potash dissolved in about one pint of boiling water.

FOR AN ORANGE COLOR.—Dip the cloth into boiling hot lime-water after the yellow as above.

Probably no colors will be so permanent as those that we obtain from the bark of trees, the hemlock will color a beautiful brown, the witch hazel an ash color, the chestnut a blue-black, the oak a yellow, the peach a wine color when washed in soap suds, and a black is obtained from the beach. I write this for the benefit of M. E. L. who wishes L. C. to inform her in regard to coloring the above colors.

L. C.

## RUG MAKING.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to give directions to Carrie N. for making a round rug.

Use bright colored worsted goods; cut the pieces diagonally. Then sew together as for carpet rags. Use wooden needles about as large around as a lead pencil, cast on five stitches, knit as for a garter, making the strips long enough to go around a piece of pretty carpet, cut oval, and bound; sew on with strong thread. For the next stripe set up seven stitches, and for the third, eight. The object of cutting the pieces diagonally, is to have them fray, which makes the mat look very much prettier.

Bridgeport, Conn. MRS. W.

MR. CROWELL:—I will give my method of making husk rugs; commence your braid three strands and every time you put a stand over put in a new husk in, leaving the large end up about three inches and when finished, sew in a round or oblong shape. I think your readers will find it a better way than that given in one of the papers. Will some of your numerous readers please to give a recipe for coloring cotton rags japonica? And oblige LENA.

## THE WORK TABLE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to inform me through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to wash a tied comfortable without taking the cotton out? and oblige,

LENA RHEA.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask through THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe for crocheting ladies' mittens, and oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

If the Daughter of a Subscriber will rub magnesia on the wrong side of her poplin dress where the grease is, I think it will disappear; and some ammonia on the white spots on her widow sill they will disappear also. I have tried both with good success.

MRS. H. H.

TO CLEAN FRENCH KID GLOVES:—Put the gloves on your hands, and wash them as usual in some spirits of turpentine, until quite clean, then hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a current of air, and all smell will be removed.

MRS. J. A. H.

Will some one tell me if I can color an all wool, green and black garment a good scarlet, or how shall I renew the green as it has faded? No color except green or scarlet will do.

MARGARET.

TO MAKE SOILED RIBBONS LOOK ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW.—Take ribbons of any color, lay them on a platter turned bottom side up, then take some toilet soap, dip it into tepid soft water, rub it on the soiled spots, raise one edge of the platter so the water can run off, and rub it down gently with the hand until it is clean; then rinse with cold water, when well drained lay it on the ironing sheet, then put a cloth on it on which set a warm flat iron, let the iron remain still, but draw the ribbon gradually through; often it can hardly be detected from new; try it.

MRS. LUCY C. M.

MR. CROWELL:—In the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. L. C. gives a recipe for coloring carpet rags brown. I should like to know if I can color a blue empress dress by that recipe, and if not, can any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters send me a recipe to color it a good brown or drab.

MRS. H. W.

BLEACHING COTTON:—I would like to send my recipe for bleaching brown cotton. I think it is an easier way than the one given in the October number. First I soak the cloth in cold soft water long enough to have it thoroughly wet through. Then I take half a pound of chloride of lime, tie it up in a bag to prevent its getting into the cloth, put it in a tub with three pails of cold soft water, stir it about a little, then wring out your cloth put it into this and let it stand one hour, stirring it occasionally. Then wring it out and rinse thoroughly in two or three waters and it is ready for the line. I have used this recipe for several years and like it very much. This recipe will remove mildew and other stains.

MRS. W.

NEEDLES.



## IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—  
Cradle them on your breast:  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,  
That their restless feet will run;  
There may come a time in the bye-and-bye  
When you sit in your lonely room and sigh  
For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for a repetition sweet  
That sounded through each room,  
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love-calls  
That will echo long in the silent halls,  
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear  
The eager, boyish tread,  
The tuneless whistle, the clear shrill shout,  
The busy bustle in and out  
And pattering over head.

When the boys and girls are all grown up  
And scattered far and wide,  
Or gone to the undiscovered shore  
Where youth and age come never more,  
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,  
Cradle them on your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest. —*The Budget.*

## HOW WE SPENT THE FOURTH.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

IT was the morning of the Fourth of July. There was to be a celebration at H——. The writer—then a lad of twelve—and one of his boy friends, named Ned Wilbur, set off at four o'clock in the morning, so as to be at H—— early, for we expected a delightful day, and wanted to be in season to enjoy all the sights. The distance was fourteen miles. Neither Ned or myself had ever been to H——.

We were farm boys, very green and unsophisticated in the ways of the great naughty world. This little journey was, in fact, one of our first strayings-forth from the home neighborhood. Ned was thirteen years old, I think.

I recollect wearing a jacket of gray-green homespun, and pants of the same. But Ned was more stylishly arrayed. Instead of his home-made frock, he had put on his older brother's yellow linen coat, or "duster." It was much too long for him. Despite his straightening up, and the wads of felt that he had put in his boot-heels, the coat came well down to the ground.

Ned had twenty-nine cents to spend, and I had twenty-three. We had each set aside six cents to purchase baker's crackers and smoked herrings for our dinner. The remainder of the money was to go into snap-crackers and patriotism generally.

We did not sleep much the night before, and taking a very early breakfast, set off, as I have said at four o'clock. As we hurried on, we saw that the country was getting its eyes open. Guns were fired here and there. We heard a cannon booming in the direction of the town. The reports set us half frantic with enthusiasm, and caused us to see visions of the

martial splendors of the coming day. We paid very little attention to the roads, but followed the sound and the scent of gunpowder from afar.

H—— is a village of perhaps eight hundred inhabitants. We reached it between seven and eight in the morning. I recollect that we were half frightened as we entered the main street; but seeing a crowd of boys and men and big dogs in front of one of the shops, we drew near and edged in among them.

The attraction for the moment was a large Newfoundland dog, that would hold a snap-cracker on his head, or rather, allow it to be fired lying on his nose; after it had snapped he would bound and bark and frolic with delight. His master, a boy of about our own age, stood looking on with quiet pride.

But this prodigy was eclipsed by a greater. A thick-set, freckled-faced boy, of thirteen or fourteen, deliberately lighted a cracker, placed it between his teeth, as if smoking a cigar, and let it explode. It seemed wonderful to us that he remained unhurt. We eyed that freckled face and stub nose with amazement mixed with awe. I think I should to-day recognize that hardy youth in any clime or under any flag.

But a still jollier feat attracted our attention. A boy, evidently the owner of a full purse, took a whole bunch of crackers, lighted one end of it, and then turning an old tin pan over it, sat down on the pan. Such a snapping and cracking as followed from under the pan, and such shouts of applause and laughter as greeted this feat, published it the whole length of the street.

Several old farmers in their staunch, thorough-brace wagons, paused in the road to see the fun. One red-faced man, with a beard like rye stubble in December, laughed loudly from under his vast new palm-leaf hat, and urged his old horse, which had a little mouse-colored colt hitched to the thill, up into the skirts of the crowd.

But it was a tricksy crowd. While in the midst of his great laugh, snap went a cracker under his very boots. Somebody had thrown a handful of lighted crackers under his wagon-seat. The farmer jumped, the old horse jumped, and the colt jumped. Off went the crackers, rap, rap, rap! Up blazed the straw in the bottom of the wagon! Stamp, stamp, went the man's great cowhide boots, treading out the fire!

The crowd roared with laughter. But the old fellow was very angry. Grabbing his white-oak whip-stock, he flourished it menacingly; then giving his horse a cut, he drove off, without looking back. This was not a very proper prank; but it set Ned and me laughing to such an extent that we bent half double to keep from roaring outright. While we were laughing, whack went a cracker under the skirts of Ned's long "duster."

He leaped as if touched with a needle. Crack, crack, went off two more. Ned whirled to see where they were. Snap, snap, snap, a half dozen at once. They were in his coat. Some one had dropped at least half a bunch in one of the side pockets of the "duster." Ned tore and fought to put them out. Round and round he whirled and jumped. The crowd,

hooting and hawhawing, formed a ring about him. Whack, whack, spoke the crackers. Fire burst out of the pocket, and the more he whirled the more it blazed. In short, it burned off the whole side of the thin "duster" before he could put the flame out.

I say before he could put it out; for I was so dazed by the calamity and by the outburst of public attention which it drew, that I could do nothing but stare at his antics. As for Ned, he was wild with excitement and anguish of mind at the thought of returning home with the ruined "duster." He charged the trick upon not less than a dozen different boys, each of whom denied it and laughed the louder. To escape the popular admiration which the sight of the burnt coat inspired, Ned at length took it off, and rolling it up, carried it under his arm the rest of the day.

Shortly after this, a little urchin secretly pointed out to us a boy in a checked jacket and a military cap, as the one who had put the crackers in Ned's pocket. We watched that "soldier cap" for the rest of the day. Just then a voice cried, "The Fantastics had come out." There was a rush down the street to meet them. We followed the crowd. A chorus of braying horns and rattling pans announced the appearance of these public humorists. I had never seen a mask till then, nor had Ned.

At the head of the "fantastic" troop, on a lame, rawboned white horse, rode a terrible being, the first sight of whom fairly petrified me with astonishment, not unmixed with terror. Like the great dragon, he was clad in flaming red, and bore a sword fully ten feet long, which he fiercely brandished. Anything like the ferocity of his black-masked countenance I had never even dreamed of. Behind this fearful creature rode other mounted oddities, all grotesquely masked. A rack-cart, containing what purported to be a negro minstrel troupe in full performance, brought up the rear. Drum and horns kept up a tremendous confusion.

It must be remembered that I am describing all this as it looked to a boy's eyes. Up and down the street rode the "fantastics," greeted everywhere with shouts of laughter. Suddenly, as the procession was passing the spot where a crowd of boys were gaping at the spectacle, the great dragon on the white horse, leaping off, and rushed at us, with a frightful shout. I may safely say that I never was so scared in all my life. I was fairly blind with terror, and ran against everybody. Once the monster got his paw on me; but I sprang frantically away from him. If he had caught me, I think I should have died of fright.

The first thing I knew next, I was amongst a group of young ladies.

They wore expansive skirts in those days. Clutching madly at one of these skirts, I ran round and round it, twirling the occupant with me. A parasol was vigorously applied to my head, and the young woman cried,

"Let go! Let go of me, you little tyke!"

I stared at her with imploring eyes.

"Why, don't be afraid of him, bub," said she, after another look at me. "It's only Tim Jones, dressed up."

The dragon had gone.

"It's too bad!" sympathized another. "I wouldn't go near them again."

They were all looking at me and laughing. I slunk away, feeling very sheepish. Ned was waiting for me, grinning, at a little distance. I now felt foolish enough.

"Never run head first among a mess of girls," said Ned. "But come along; the fellows are all going in swimming."

Down to the pond we all went, and soon the water was full of white and yellow-skinned boys, each of whom had left his little heap of clothes on the sand.

We had not, however, lost sight of that "soldier-cap." While the boys were in the water, a short distance from the shore, Ned was guilty of an act which, as I look back upon it today, I cannot commend. Coming ashore, he took one of Soldier-cap's shoes, put a stone in it, and tossed it out into three or four feet of water. It sank.

When the owner came to dress, he naturally missed his shoe, and there was no small stir about it. We left him, with one foot bare, searching for it. Served him right, we thought; but it was not right. After eating our smoked herrings and dry baker's crackers, moistened by a glass of lemonade, we invested our remaining funds in snap-crackers and torpedoes, and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of popping them, one at a time.

By four o'clock we were to have started for home; but learning that fireworks were to be set off in the evening, our anxiety to see the display overcame our prudence. It was not, however, without some ugly misgivings that we saw the sun about to set, and thought of the long miles between us and home; for much of the way led through woods and half-cleared tracts. A heavy shower, too, had risen in the west, and was passing with tremendous thunder-peals off to the eastward; and other clouds lay in a dark bank in the southwest.

But our intense curiosity kept us; and, indeed, we had to wait till past eight o'clock. It had grown dark, and the rockets, going up one after the other, did really make a very pretty spectacle. The enjoyment of the sight made us forget both our anxiety and the fatigue of the long day.

To make the most of the fireworks, those in charge set them off very slowly, so that it was near ten o'clock before the last rocket was lighted. Ned drew a long breath. "Come on," said he and we set our faces homeward. It was so dark that we had almost to grope our way out of town. Thunders were muttering all around the skies. But we had no acquaintances with whom we could stop in the village. We had not even a copper left for a lunch. Home was the only haven left for us.

For the first mile we went a "dog-trot," but our feet, blistered by walking and standing all day, were so sore that presently we settled into a walk, which ere long changed into a limp. How we kept the road and made the right turns, I cannot now quite explain; for it was so dark we could not even see the bushes alongside the road.

At length, the lightning began to play across the sky, and the thunder

to roar heavily. The flashes lit up the country, far and wide, but instantly left us in utter blackness. The claps of thunder fairly made the ground tremble. Another shower was coming. The day had been very hot and sultry. Presently it began to rain and hail. By a flash of the lightning, we caught a glimpse of a building a little way ahead, and ran towards it, struggling with the mighty gusts of wind. Another flash showed it to be a barn. We ran into it. The great doors were in the end next the road. Ned pulled away the prop which held them together, and crawled in.

Scarcely were we inside than something seized Ned by the neck and left shoulder with a frightful grip. He jumped, and screamed,—

"Help! Murder!"

Scared half out of my senses, I pushed open the door and leaped out into the rain, and after a hard struggle and much kicking, Ned got away, and came tumbling up against me. Just then we heard a little colt whinny in the barn, and we guessed in a moment that it was colt's mother that had collared Ned.

Not caring to brave another contest with a mare's teeth in the dark, we ran to the lee of a stack of straw, which had stood exposed through the winter. Digging into the south side of it, we got in a little way under the stack. It rained for more than an hour in torrents; yet we managed to keep the most of our bodies dry.

"Might as well stay here till morning," Ned said; and I do not recollect much more that night. We were utterly tired out and demoralized.

The sun was shining when I waked up. We crawled out, feeling stiff and sore enough, and hungry as young tigers. We were covered from head to foot with mud, wheat beards and chaff; but Ned had kept hold of the burnt coat through all the perils of that eventful night.

We set off for home again, and had gone about three miles when we saw a horse and wagon coming. It was Ned's father and the writer's grandfather, coming to look us up.

"We shall catch it now?" said Ned. But they did not say much to us, save to bid us get into the back part of the wagon; and after we had given an account of our adventures, they contented themselves by saying that "they hoped it had learned us something." It had. We felt very wise in the ways of the world for a long time afterwards.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### BOY LOST.

He had dark eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions: was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared.

I have a very pleasant house, and much company. My guests say, "Ah, it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away-look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!" But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings, and cut paper upon the floor, of tumble down card houses, of wooden sheep and cattle, of pop guns,

bows and arrows, whips, tops, go carts, blocks and trumpets. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making; crumbs on the carpet and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and the tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn popping, and to find jack knives and fish hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once.

They say, "How quiet you are here? Ah, one here may settle his brains and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the patterning of his little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra-la-la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous once.

—Selected.

They say, "Oh, you have leisure—nothing to disturb you: what heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be asked for a bit of string, or an old newspaper, or a cent to buy a slate pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or main sails, and then to hem the same. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house, teasing for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fret me once.

They say, "Ah, you are not tied at home! How delightful to be always at liberty to go to a concert, lectures and parties. No confinement for you!" But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school bell mornings, to give the hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, molasses stains, and paint of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mothers may sing their lullabies and tell over oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is rather taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am unwilling to own him. He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a pair of white trowsers with gay stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy that made the bonfire so near the barn that we came near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail—it was the end of the piece—and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who because of her long curls and pretty round face was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall handsome girl.

I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh, I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night gown, lying in his

crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient would I be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold. I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their best days, that now is the time to really enjoy their children. I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might be more to my grown up one.—Selected.

#### INFANT'S BANDS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am only a new subscriber, but if you will permit me I would like to ask a few questions. Will Anna Helyoke please tell me if it is necessary to put bands on young babies? If so how soon can I take them off? I am a young mother with a babe three months old. When I first dressed her myself, I found her pinned so tight in her linen bands, that I pitied her, for it seemed as though she must be uncomfortable. But the older mothers said that that was right. I asked several how soon I could take them off, some said in three months, others six months. I found one that said six weeks; and as baby was just that age off they came. But she has still her bands on her skirts. Now I would like to ask A. H. if I can make the infant's clothing as she described, for them to wear from the first?

If she will please answer these questions she will confer a great favor on,

M. W.

—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty, will, usually, determine his character in after life. As he is then, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to calculate his chances in life.

#### THE PUZZLER.

ANSWER:—1. The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion. 2. Cricket.

3. There is an unseen battle field, In every human breast, Where two opposing forces meet, And where they seldom rest.

4. Household. 5. Magnificent. 6. Dates. 7. Pennyroyal. 8. Bindweed. 9. Shamrock. 10. Verbena. 11. Stocks. 12. A prickly pear. 13. Milkweed. 14. Tulips. 15. Crocuses. 16. Coltsfoot. 17. Touch-me-not. 18. Rat, art, tar, star.

#### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 4, 13, 15, 18, is exact.

My 5, 16, 14, is what we do before we go to ride.

My 1, 11, 3 is a portion.

My 9, 2, 17 is what we like to see at right.

My 8, 6, 14 is to sail near.

My 3, 16, 10 is a bond.

My 8, 11, 7 is never cold.

My 17, 11, 9 is to award a title.

My whole is a maxim well worth heeding.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in good but not in bad, My second is in trout but not in shad, My third is in false but not in true, My fourth is in pink but not in blue, My fifth is in mute and also in flute, My while is the name of a kind of fruit.

J. A.

#### ANAGRAM.

3. Ecmo ltle em dwiown emni  
Nhecwe emca het arfi negdis,  
Eth cleetadi ecrayrt  
Ttah no lal hyt snepa I ese.

Thaw yaflr ernfsig edwr  
Ceha spanglei vylasn wevi,  
Ache rete dna surbh nda orfwel  
Nanotumi icahn dan acets wont,  
Rebloumn De Sofetrr Lhl.

M. D. H.

#### CHARADE.

4. My first is neither man nor woman, And yet is sometimes called quite human; Perhaps not much to mankind's praise. He's like them some in selfish ways. He loves to live, to sleep, and eat, Nor minds to be extremely neat; In this he's surely like some men, If not like women too—but then, He's more like men in this you'll reckon, That he and they both use my second.

My second's wondrous for the power With which it sways the present hour; 'Tis mightier than the conquering sword

On fields where heroes' blood is poured.

My whole is found at every farm Close by, or else within the barn; 'Tis rarely empty, never still Unless its inmates have their fill.

MARY.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. A caricature; mistake; a wheel; belonging to night; to engage; an article of dress; a piece of music; to charm; to perform. The initials and finals read downward form the name of one of the United States and the capitol of another.

SUSIE.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

6. A lady; a large country; a mistake; a point of the compass.

7. To plant; a unit; to marry.

H. P. S.

#### DECAPITATIONS.

8. My whole is something that we should not want to live without; beheaded we should feel still worse to live without it; beheaded again and we could not live without it.

9. Entire I am a girl's name; behead me and I am a boy's name; behead me again and I am a girl's name; behead me once more and I am a nickname used for both girls and boys.

10. I cause the loss of a great deal of property every year; behead me and I am an inclosure; behead me again and I once contained all the inhabitants of the earth.

SUSIE.

#### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

11. A consonant; a tree and its fruit; a small seed; a precious stone; a clandestine departure; to terminate; a consonant.

ROSCOE F.

#### TRANSPOSITIONS.

12. Capt. E. T. Derr. 13. Ten green mats. 14. Nice birds. 15. I meet dangers. 16. I get laurels. 17. Rob, Sue and I.

M. D. H.



## A CALL TO BREAKFAST.

Breakfast! come to breakfast!  
Little ones and all—  
How their merry footsteps  
Patter at the call!  
Break the bread; pour freely  
Milk that cream-like flows;  
A blessing on their appetites  
And on their lips of rose.  
Breakfast! summer breakfast!  
Throw the casement high,  
And catch the warblers' carol  
On glad wing glancing by.  
Set flowers upon your table  
Impeared with dew-drops rare,  
For still their fragrance speaks of Him  
Who made this earth so fair.  
Dinner may be pleasant,  
So may social tea;  
But yet methinks, the breakfast  
Is best of all the three;  
With its greeting smile of welcome,  
Its holy voice of prayer,  
It forgoth heavenly armor  
To foil the hosts of care.

## SUMMER BREAKFASTS.

THE quality of a summer, says the Springfield Republican, and our enjoyment of the same depends very much on how we breakfast. The sun rises early enough to give us ample time, and his golden help besides. Set your breakfast-table where it will invite his shimmering gleam to dance upon the wall. A northern or western room is too chill and gloomy. Our sunny days are precious, and most so in the morning, when the day is new and the hours the freshest. Sleep has invigorated us. Editors excepted, we went to bed early, and have no valid excuse for not getting up rosy and cheerful. Emerson says that it was said of Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. Though he must sometimes have been a hypocrite, we commend him for a saint. Don't leave out the golden sky from your breakfast picture. Sit where you can see the green tips brushed by the golden pencil of the sun.

But not to be looking out of the window too absent-mindedly, why should not the table-cloth be clean and white, and put on square and smooth? And why, in the name of self respect, shouldn't the China be good enough, every day for company? We will say just here that we are not moralizing for the upper ten, nor sketching any aristocratic breakfast-table. The fact is that few of us, rich or poor, make the most of what we have, or might have just as well as not. Toiling after the coming fortune and imaginary enjoyment, we overlook the present, and the thousand helps to daily happiness right about us. Our plea is for more of the cheap elegancies of life that might so easily be universal gifts.

To come back to breakfast. Why not, while we are about it, have good, hot, fragrant tea, instead of the watery, transparent, grayish, herby, bitter beverage; good coffee, instead of the restaurant chicorized, luke-warm, nauseating, Laodicean article?

Why not have good bread, or, if that be beyond the present stage of American civilization, toasted bread? And why not good butter? We beg leave to insist on the questions, because they are morally important. It is of great social and spiritual moment that we do not quarrel with our bread and butter, particularly at breakfast. A great deal of wretched character and dyspeptic piety comes of our sour bread and griddle-cakes. We infer that Lord Holland, to come down in that way to breakfast, must have generally had a good one when he got at it. To say "good morning," without hypocrisy, one must have a fair prospect of a good breakfast. We appreciate the Scripture blessing given to Jael: "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; he asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish." She knew how to put things on the table.

Of course flowers cannot be dispensed with on such a table, nor, as the season advances, the summer fruits. What so suitable as flowers, gathered out of the crisp and dewy air, to help express and satisfy our morning sentiments? They are the smiles of good natured nature, answering to the welcome in our hearts. Let us invite within their bewitching fragrance and their fair colors. "And because," as Lord Bacon says, "the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." It was Lord Bacon's own custom always to have the flowers of the season on his table. And if not flowers, let us have leaves, tree-blossoms, sprigs of ivy or sweet-brier, the oak twig with its acorn tassels, the green tips of hemlocks, grape-blossoms, or the glistening leaves of laurel.

What a preparation is such a summer breakfast for him "who goeth forth to his labor until the evening," and what a satisfaction for his Aurora, goddess of the morning, dewy-breathed and rosy-fingered, who presides over the domestic day! We think she looks well behind the coffee-urn in a white apron and French calico.

## FASHIONS IN TABLE FURNISHING.

Majolica ware is increasing in popularity, and there is scarcely a week that some novelty is not introduced made in this ware. The vases that are imported this season are more graceful than ever and more varied in shape. For table use the leading novelty is the plate for raw oysters; it is like a circle of shells, just softly tinted, each shell just large enough to hold the lemon. These dishes are not only novel, but they are wonderfully convenient, meeting a long-felt want, for it has been no easy matter heretofore to serve raw oysters gracefully. Now however, with the aid of these majolica plates it can be accomplished. The newest style of berry dish has a place on each side for powdered sugar. There is literally no end of dishes in this ware, such as dessert sets, fruit

dishes, and jugs of all kinds; the variety does not lessen but rather grows with each succeeding season.

Majolica has a rival in gien, a new ware, just introduced, and which is comparatively rare as yet, and correspondingly expensive. Very few useful are shown; it is confined chiefly to ornaments, such as vases, bottles, mantle ornaments, and hanging baskets. The latter are very odd, coming in the shape of birds' nests; they may be used either for flowers or as catch-alls. Another ornamental vase is in the shape of a swan; this rests upon a round plate glass mirror, to represent water; the effect is exceedingly pretty and odd. This gien ware is in most cases white, and is very highly glazed; some of it is in a soft mode color that is very lovely.

The fancy for dinner sets seems just now to turn toward decorated china rather than the plain, and some of the sets are most exquisitely and artistically ornamented, equal in fineness and finish to an oil painting, the Minton china still holds the first rank, and some of the importations are perfectly superb. Just now, as the caprice is for Canton and real china, the latest of the sets are decorated in those styles. Others have a spray of flowers, a knot of grass, or a bunch of fruit, while the edge is finished in a delicate lace-like pattern in gilt.

The dinner set for the season is, of course, "The Centennial." It has a century plant in full flower on every piece, and the date of the year. Tea-sets are also ornamented in this way. The most desirable-shaped tea cup is shallow and flaring, and there is no doubt that tea tastes better out of them than out of the straight, stiff, up-and-down cups, which look so uncompromisingly grim. Oolong never has so delicious a flavor as when drunk from cups which are as delicate and fine as a shell, and which flare at the edges. Individual butter dishes come now in colors to match the "harlequin" after dinner coffee-sets. The most stylish finger bowls are of ornamented glass, and are at once expensive and artistic.

Absurdity has run wild over pitchers and jugs. Milk-pitchers are made in every conceivable shape, odd, grotesque, and artistic. The straight up-and-down pitcher, with narrow lip, has been revived, and is shown in majolica and jasper ware, as well as in glass. Tumblers are superseding goblets, and the prettiest ones are handsomely engraved. This is only a hint of what the stores exhibit; there is everything from real china to common ware for table furnishing.

## INFLUENCE OF DIET ON CHARACTER.

Some writers affect to discover relations between the diet of a people and its character, and, after tracing the characteristics of various kinds of food up from the simplest vegetable, to find the highest dignity, power, and aggressive spirit in beef. Whether there is any truth in the theory or not, there is certainly a plausibility in it that is attractive to a mind fond of generalization. We believe there are many facts to sustain the theory.

The rudest and most abject of human beings are those who are sub-

jected to the meanest diet. The Digger Indians subsist on lizards, worms, snails, field mice, and wild grapes, and are scarcely superior to wild beasts. There is no advancement in them. They are destitute of courage, skill, fortitude, patience, ingenuity, and, indeed, of all the attributes that elevate and advance man. They have been Diggers from the time we first knew them, and will, perhaps, be Diggers as long as they live.

Some of the tribes of South America are in the habit of eating clay—though they do not, of course, subsist on it. They are scarcely better than the Diggers. Some of the tribes of Central Africa eat ants, and are the lowest of African barbarians. The bravest and most warlike of the Africans are those who subsist partially on animals slain in the chase.

The Chinese and Hindoos live almost entirely on rice, and although rice is very good as an element in a varied diet, its exclusive use does not seem to have developed commanding physical, intellectual, or moral qualities in the submissive Mongolians. The fruits that constitute the chief diet of tropical people have likewise failed to impart to them the traits and attributes of a bold and conquering manhood.

## THE DESSERT.

—Quite likely. Somebody says that birch-rods make the best baby-jumpers.

—“Ab, Jemmy,” said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, “you did not run fast enough.” “Yes I did,” said Jemmy, “but I didn’t start soon enough.”

—A vegetarian who was dodging an infuriated bull behind a tree, exclaimed: “You ungrateful beast! you toss a vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life! Is that the return you make?”

—A newspaper in Connecticut says: “F. H. Williams, who usually sets ten acres of tobacco plants, will this year put out cabbages instead.” Consumers of Connecticut tobacco will expect to smoke Mr. Williams’ crop just the same.

—“Augustus, dear,” said she, tenderly pushing him from her as the moonlight flooded the bay-window where they were standing, “I think you had better try some other kind of hair-dye; your mustache tastes like turpentine.”

—Dio Lewis’ idea is not new, anyhow. Jekyll told Moore of a man who had said his eating cost almost nothing, for “on Sunday,” said he, “I always dine with an old friend, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the old boy, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again.”

—Two sparks from London once came upon a decent looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with; “You have a very fine view here; you can see a great way.” “Yu aye, yu aye a ferr great way.” “Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?” “Farrer than that.” “How is that?” “Yu jist wait tule the mists gang awa, and you’ll see the mune.”



## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

THE question in reference to the free use of spirituous liquors in the treatment of lung difficulties, the full answer demands far more space than can be allowed in this; but at my earliest convenience I will endeavor to prepare an article on that general subject, and do this very cheerfully, not only for her sake, but in the name of humanity. In brief I say I do not regard such practice as safe or the best, and that I never have known a case of permanent cure from such treatment—only a diversion, exchanging these symptoms for those of drunkenness for the time. It is a fashion; medical men having theirs as certainly as do milliners, equally based on common sense. It is proper to say that the theory is that the lungs need more "respiratory food," or fuel, which is found in our food in the form of oils, the sweets and starch, a good representation of which are good sweet butter, (as good as cod liver oil,) white sugar, the potato, grains, etc. Since pure sugar does not demand digestion, it may be safely used until the body is sufficiently warmed, or the lungs labor less, of course avoiding the unsafe results of the use of ardent spirits.

Since the most prominent ingredients in hair dyes are poisonous, some of them exceedingly so, as nitrate of silver, it is very unsafe to use them, since in coming in contact with the scalp they are absorbed and carried into the blood. Some of the most important symptoms are numbness, general deadness of feelings, a sickness at the stomach, loss of appetite and lassitude.

The "numbness" of a sufferer is of the result, probably, of overtaxing the arm and hand by sewing or otherwise, or a re-action from undue excitement or stimulation, not necessarily alcoholic, or it may be connected with a liver difficulty. The first condition is the removal of the cause or causes, when ascertained, and the proper treatment. And here it is proper to say to the many who consult me through this paper and by private letter, that the intelligent and conscientious practitioner does not wish to prescribe medicine—a dangerous weapon in the hands of the ignorant—till allowed to understand the case by a careful description and by asking questions, such as the patient would not present in an ordinary description. This case seems to demand a tonic, not merely a stimulant. It is safe to immerse the hand and arm in as hot water as can be comfortably borne, then to dash cool water upon them, to be succeeded by thorough rubbing with a crash towel, followed by friction of a dry flannel, or by the hand of a strong and healthy person of the opposite sex, or both. A regular use of the flesh-brush each day of the whole body, and of the hand and arm as often as convenient, will be of service.

These symptoms indicate a danger of paralysis of that side at least if not

soon relieved, especially if the lady is about forty-two years of age. Should like to ask a few questions in reference to habits, employment, age, temperament, etc., could I know the address.

The "hairs in moles" may be removed by tweezers as fast as they grow, and if not satisfactory, apply muriatic acid to the moles, which it will remove by a few applications, leaving a slight scar showing less than the mole. If much should be applied, or if it should get on the surrounding skin, saleratus water promptly applied will neutralize.

I infer that the "Friend of THE HOUSEHOLD" is in the habit of sewing or reading late at night, and may take a lunch at about bed time. Such a headache is not causeless; the name of the causes is "Legion," among which is irregularities in many respects, derangement of the stomach, constipation of the bowels, too much mental labor, care, cold feet, too little exercise in God's pure air and glorious sunlight, with improper habits of living.

The symptoms in this case indicate derangement of the stomach, the "nausea" really preceding and being the more direct cause of the pain, though this may not be felt till the headache appears. I should infer—though I never like to prescribe drugs till the whole symptoms and condition are known—that the regulation of the stomach, at first, and then the regular use of a mild form of acid at meal time, as the tartaric acid, with general care in habits, keeping the "head cool and the feet warm," will remove the difficulty in time.

No one can prescribe intelligently who does not know the exact causes and conditions, it often being needful to ask certain questions. The removal of the causes, often with but little aid from medicines, will do much to assuage human suffering, while it is worse than folly to expect medicines to perform miracles when the causes still exist, since no effect occurs without its cause. Disease is not a creature to be killed, but the absence of health, which is secured by correct living.

## WHAT NOT TO DO IN A SICK-ROOM.

Do not wear a starched garment, or anything that rustles. Avoid all little noises—the sudden shutting of a door, the creaking of shoes, etc. Sometimes the rocking of a chair, or passing the needle in and out of work, or turning over the pages of a book or newspaper, makes the difference between comfort and misery to a sick person. Do not jar the room by treading heavily, nor the bed by leaning against it—above all things, never sit on the bed.

Never waken a sleeping patient unless under the physician's orders, to give medicine or nourishment, or to change a dressing.

Avoid all uncertainty and strained expectation on the part of the patient. Keep his mind as quiet as possible. Allow no whispering—an even, low tone is far less objectionable than a whisper, which the patient involuntarily strains his attention to hear. Ask him no more questions than are absolutely necessary, and never force him to repeat a remark. Never speak

to him abruptly. Do not consult him, but quietly make the changes you think necessary. Never tax him to make a decision upon anything if it can be avoided.

Never let the sick person see, smell, or hear about food before it is brought to him. Let each meal be in the shape of a pleasant surprise. Let the food be served with dainty neatness.

Never let the patient's head, as he lies in bed, be higher than the throat of the chimney, except for an occasional change of posture, or in diseases of the respiratory organs. Thus he gets all the pure air there is. His bed should not be higher than the window and placed so that he can see out of it. Let the sick-room be the brightest in the house, and give admittance to all the sunlight the weak eyes are able to bear.

Do not open and shut the door oftener than is absolutely necessary. Do not mislay things so as to be obliged to hunt for them at the moment of wanting to use them.

Do not allow a place in the sick-room for flowers emitting a powerful odor, such as tuberoses; but other than these, flowers are harmless and often beneficial. Place them where he can see them without effort, and remove them at night or at the first symptom of withering.

The bed should never be pushed up against the wall. Let there be free circulation of air all around it, and space to go in and out without jarring the patient. Do not allow reading aloud unless the patient particularly asks for it, and even then it should be discontinued the moment his attention flags.

A cheerful countenance in a sick-room cannot be too strongly insisted on. Even if the nurse be tired, she must be careful to conceal it from the patient.—From "Suggestions for the Sick-room."

## TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

MR. CROWELL:—Our sister, L. M. B., asks in the March HOUSEHOLD, what will remove superfluous hair. She has pulled it out, but by doing so in the common way, the roots are left behind, so, of course, the troublesome hair grows again. Then shaving only makes the hair grow faster, and the stiff black ends always show. Depilatories are usually composed of lime, soda and arsenic, and are very unsafe. But the following is perfectly safe and is said to have been used with perfect success:

Spread on a piece of leather equal parts of galbanum and pitch plaster, and lay it on the culprit hairs as smoothly as possible. After letting it remain about three minutes, pull it off suddenly and it will be sure to bring out the hair by the roots, so it will not grow again. This operation is far more successful than that of cauterizing, and causes less pain.

MRS. M. I. H.

MR. CROWELL:—L. M. B., in THE HOUSEHOLD for March, wishes for some remedy for removing superfluous hair. She says she has tried pulling it out, but thinks it only increases the growth. That is what I thought myself, but on consulting an eminent physician, this is what he tells me:

The ordinary depilatories are unsafe, and only remove the external portion, leaving the bulbs intact. Repeated plucking out of the hair, with tweezers, is recommended by the best authorities.

If this course is adopted and faithfully pursued, a better result is obtained. I am following this plan myself, and sincerely trust my bit of advice will be of service to L. M. B., or her friend, rather.

SISTER DOROTHY.

## A DEADLY PRACTICE.

It is a quite common custom with those who use kerosene lamps, when the light is not needed and with the idea of saving oil, to turn down the wick sufficiently low to make it smoke, and not low enough to put out the flame. The result is the room is filled with smoke and the air poisoned. A case occurred the other day, in Cayuga county, New York, in which this practice was nearly fatal in its result, a young lady having gone to sleep with her lamp thus arranged and been nearly suffocated. Either allow the wick to be high enough to burn clear, or else extinguish the light.

## FOR THE CROUP.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD some one asks how to cure the croup. I have a recipe that I have had eighteen years—have given it to over fifty different persons and never knew it to fail to help them. It is syrup tolu and syrup ipecacuanha each one ounce, tincture of belladonna sixteen drops, tartar emetic three-fourths of a grain. Mix and give one teaspoonful every fifteen minutes until the patient is comfortable.

MRS. W. H. T.

Chelsea, Mass.

Mary wishes to know what will remove moles from the face. If she means prominent ones, a little nitric acid carefully applied with a bit of pointed stick will do it. Avoid touching the flesh anywhere around the mole, as the acid bleaches the skin milky white. There may be a slight depression in the mole's stead at first, but time will remove all marks. I do not know if this will answer for dark flat moles. One or two applications will probably be sufficient. I. D. A.

Somebody has discovered that in forty years, a snuff-taker devotes twenty-four months to blowing his nose.

To cure the toothache, saturate a piece of cotton with a strong solution of ammonia, and apply to the tooth.

Irish moss has been suggested as a substitute for flax-seed meal in poultices. It is said to make a superior poultice, as it keeps moist about eighteen hours, and neither ferments easily nor soils the bed-clothes or linen of the patient.

Any absorbent will give relief from bee stings. But perhaps nothing is more effectual than lean raw meat. The sting of a bee or wasp may be almost instantly relieved by it. It is said to cure the bite of a rattlesnake and relieve erysipelas.



## VENITE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Jesus I dear Saviour, come dwell in my breast,  
When thou art with me I'm ever at rest;  
In trouble and sorrow be thou ever near,  
If thou art my helper what harm need I fear?

If darkness, distrust and temptation assail,  
The Lord is my refuge, his strength shall prevail,  
I'll seek for his blessing, and trust in his grace,  
And he'll show me the light of his glorious face.

If poverty pinches with hunger and cold,  
Remember the lot of the Saviour of old:  
The foxes have holes, e'en the bird hath its nest,  
But never a home had the Saviour for rest.

The glorious Redeemer and Saviour of all,  
Yet he stoopeth to listen whenever we call:  
Our Strength and Salvation, our Guide, and our  
Friend,

Who'll be with us to help us and love to the end.  
When clouds gather round us he makes the way  
bright,

He fills us with joy, with love and with light:  
Oh, whatever befall us we never need fear,  
For in joy or sorrow he ever is near.

Jesus I dear Saviour, come dwell in my breast,  
When thou art with me I'm ever at rest;  
In trouble and sorrow be thou ever near,  
If thou art my helper what harm need I fear?

## HIGHLY COMPETENT TEACHERS.

UNDER the district system, this duty devolves upon the school-trustees selected for that purpose. Under the town system, which I have earnestly commended, it belongs to a committee of the town board of education. In either case, it is a question of vital importance who are to be intrusted with the management and instruction of our schools.

The education of the young prince or princess, in royal governments, is regarded as an important matter, affecting, as it must, the welfare of nations. The selection of a tutor for such an heir to the throne always excites a deep interest and solicitude throughout the kingdom or empire. But we are a nation of sovereigns; and our children princes of a future generation. Great care should, therefore, be exercised in the selection of teachers for every grade of schools.

And what are some of the necessary qualifications of the good teacher? This is a practical question, and one which it seems proper to answer in this connection. In the past, too little attention has been given to this subject. The writer well remembers the time when no examinations were required of candidates for teachers of our common schools, and, in many cases, the only questions raised by the school-officer as to the fitness of the applicant for the important office, were, first, Is he physically strong and courageous? second, Will he work cheap? third, Will he consent to "board around?" These questions settled affirmatively, the candidate was sure to be employed. False opinions then very generally prevailed. It was believed that good school government could be maintained only by physical force; and that anybody who could read, write, and cipher, and "wield the birch," could keep school.

And another serious error was and is entertained, viz., that a backward school does not need a well-qualified teacher; while the fact is, such a school demands all the more attention because it is backward. From such erroneous views has arisen much of the indifference manifested by parents as to the qualifications of their teachers. Still it is a vital question; and I wish to direct to it, especially, the attention of my readers.

Let me say then to the school-committees intrusted with the important duty of selecting teachers for their public schools. Inquire, first of all, for physical vigor (not flogging power, but health) in your candidate. No employment taxes more severely the vital energies, or demands more vigorous health, than the successful management and instruction of a school. The teacher's is a confined life. He has but few leisure days or hours, and short vacations, that he can call his own. During six hours every day, for at least five days in a week, he is shut up between four walls, and often in a badly-ventilated and uncomfortable room; and has but little opportunity for the necessary exercise and recreation.

His is also a laborious life. If faithful to his charge, his labors are incessant. He must govern, and sometimes under the most discouraging circumstances. Out of school, his hours are devoted to preparation for his work—reading, studying, thinking, planning, for the improvement and welfare of his pupils.

Again: the teacher's life is full of care and anxiety. He is laden with responsibility which he cannot shift if he would. Not only do his confinement and unremitting toil tax his strength, and wear upon his constitution, but his perplexing cares and anxious watchings shock his nervous system. Toilsome days and anxious nights are a constant strain upon his very life. To endure all this, and sustain himself under so severe a pressure, the teacher must enjoy good health.

O.

## LARGE WORDS.

Now, large words are well enough—in a dictionary; but the simplest language is the best. Pure, concise, unadulterated English, for us plain Americans, is better than bad French and garbled Latin; and as for the big words, the fewer of them we indulge in, the more intelligible we shall be to ourselves and to everybody else.

Young people are, perhaps, more likely to fall into the habit of using large words to express simple things than we of riper years. There is always a charm for the young in novelty, and some of the recently-coined words are certainly novelties.

To all our young friends we would say, in all kindness: Let your language be simple and to the point. Avoid verbiage and repetition. If you use a word of four or more syllables, be sure you know its exact meaning before you meddle with it, and then be sure that you use it in the right place.

Doubtless you have all heard the anecdote of the man who could not

write, and who wanted a letter written to his sweet-heart. When the person employed by him to indite the tender missive inquired what he wished written, he replied that it was not of so much consequence what was written, so long as there were some nice sounding words put in. And he suggested the word "congregation" as being about the biggest-sounding word he knew of, though he didn't exactly know just how it was to be got in.

This tendency toward the use of large words seems to us increasing. From the preacher in the pulpit, the lawyer at the bar, the statesman in the public forum at Washington, down to the boot black who polishes your boots, and the barber who recommends his Patent Excelsior Capillary Renovator—we, as a people, rejoice in the use of large words.

Inventors adopt them, and we are urged to buy plows, and horse-rakes, and churns, and washing machines, with long strings of unpronounceable names. The soap with which we wash our hands is labeled Eureka Incomparable Detergent. Our teas and coffees are afflicted with such an array of complimentary titles that it is difficult to distinguish the genuine thing, even after it is brought smoking hot to our breakfast table. Our wearing apparel has not escaped. Our boots and shoes are sold to us under French names, which is very appropriate, for we observe they usually take French leave.

Even our flower seeds have to suffer, and pink seed is sold to us under the jaw-breaking title of *Dianthus hybrida atropurpureus*; and our old-fashioned snapdragon is metamorphosed into *Antirrhinum caryophylloides*. Bachelor's button has been cultivated in every country garden since the flood, but who among our grandmothers would have recognized its familiar presence if it had been offered to them under the name of *Centaurea Cyanus*?

But fashion is supreme, and who shall gainsay its power? Large words to express very little things are the order of the day, and we must submit.

Nevertheless we enter our protest, feeble though it be—which is all we can do. And when we meet the man of large words in society we always try to avoid him; and if we have enemies, and we trust we have, our worst wish upon them is that they may be compelled to pass their lives with some one who has made the use of large words a study and a daily practice.—*Kate Thorn.*

## THE REVIEWER.

THE SHEPHERD'S MANUAL, a Practical Treatise on The Sheep, designed especially for American shepherds, by Henry Stewart. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

This is a small and convenient manual, intended to furnish information to the inexperienced and essential help to those who have been acquainted with the business of sheep growing. There was need of such a work, that should treat of the modern improved breeds of sheep, the latest and best methods of feeding and care, the diseases of sheep and their remedies. The author has succeeded well in carrying out his design. Every branch of the business is described, and a full index enables one to turn readily to any topic. The work is well illustrated and the cuts are of great service in gaining a correct knowledge of the subjects treated.

LEFT-HANDED ELSA. Reprinted from "Blackwood." Price, 35 cents.

Left-Handed Elsa, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, is one of those remarkable stories in the publication of which that periodical gained so much of its early fame, and specimens of which it still occasionally furnishes to its readers. The story is original in plot, intensely interesting in action, and is characterized by the first order of literary excellence, while it has qualities that will satisfy the most exacting and fastidious tastes. There is amply enough of the element of popularity in it to make it acceptable to the great mass of readers.

A LUCKY DISAPPOINTMENT. By Florence Marryat. Price, 35 cents.

A charming story of an English girl, who after six years' engagement and separation, sails for the Cape of Good Hope, to be married. What her "Lucky Disappointment" was, will give you an hour's delightful reading.

SCRIBNER FOR JULY. Though not entirely given over to Centennial topics, contains much, the publishers claim, that will just now be of peculiar interest to the American public. The accounts of the signing of the Declaration (even those by the signers themselves) are very conflicting, and Col. Higginson's "Story of the Signing," in this number, is a concise and reliable review of the subject. The illustrations of this paper are quite striking. Recent research has shown that some of our most orthodox and cherished legends of the Declaration will not do "to tie to." But, if we must give up the "Ring! Grandpa!" story, as Col. Higginson seems to think, we shall find, by way of compensation, plenty of authentic legends about Washington in the next paper: "A Little Centennial Lady," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison—a delightful, illustrated sketch of Sally Fairfax, Gen. Washington's pet and friend. This is a rare piece of magazine writing, and embodies portions of Sally's journal, written in the quaintest of language. Miss Jane Stuart writes racy of her father's celebrated portraits of Washington, and gives new anecdotes of both painter and president. Accompanying this is an engraving of Stuart's portrait, from the original in the Boston Athenaeum. In a paper on "Harvard University," by Mr. H. E. Scudder, there are other glimpses in type and picture of Revolutionary times and people, including the Washington Elm and Washington (Longfellow's) House. This is pronounced the best popular review of the University that has ever appeared. Other interesting papers are: The first of Col. Waring's illustrated series on the Mosel River, entitled "The Bride of the Rhine;" a notable defense of Webster's course on the Compromise Measures of 1850, by Prof. W. Wilkinson; a story of bell-pulling by Edward Bellamy, entitled "A Providence," etc.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July is well stocked with good matter. It begins with an agreeable chapter by Charles Dudley Warner, "From Jaffa to Jerusalem," which is followed by a vigorous second installment of Mr. James' novel, "The American;" Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" relates in a vivacious style her first appearance on the stage, and contains anecdotes of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many other entertaining passages; General O. O. Howard's "Campaign and Battle of Gettysburg" is an interesting and valuable record of the great battle and his part in it; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls our attention again to "The State and The Railroads;" and Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes an amusing and spirited poem, "How the Old Horse won the Bet," which forms an excellent pendant to the famous "One-Horse Shay." The Centennial Exhibition is treated suggestively by an anonymous writer; and Mr. W. D. Howells, in "A Sennight of the Centennial," presents a vivid picture of the variety of the affair. T. B. Aldrich adds to the number a very graceful poem, "The Night Wind," and H. H., Mrs. Piatt, Kate Putnam Osgood, and Celia Thaxter, stand with him in the list of poets. In "Recent Literature," Charles Dudley Warner and other authors are discussed; there is a well-prepared section on "Art;" "Music" contains a review of the several Centennial compositions; and "Education" gives a summary of Southern school reports, with comments, which supplies a view of educational doings in the South impossible to obtain elsewhere.

## WHEN THE WAY IS ROUGH AND THE CLOUDS ARE DARK.

Words by G. B. FREEMAN.

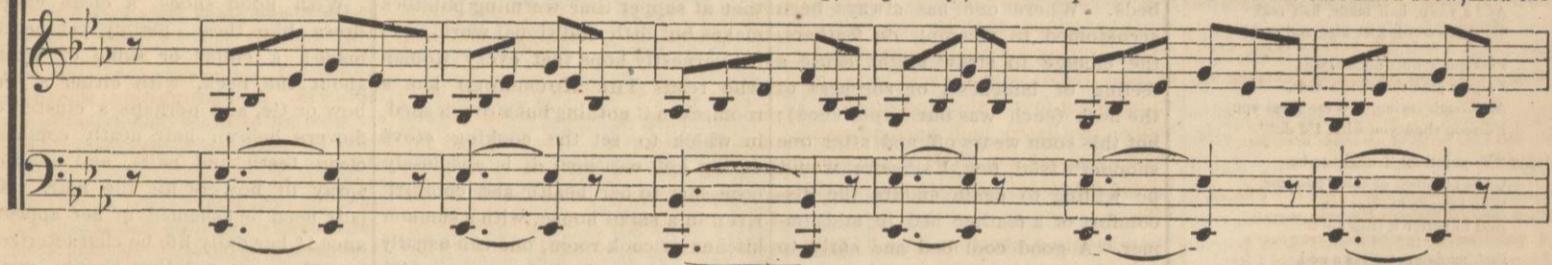
Music by E. CLARK.



1. When the way is rough, and the clouds are dark In the bend - ed sky a - bove me, Will the friends who gather'd in oth - er days, Still

2. When sorrow has fa - ded my blushing cheek, And time left its pencil'd tra - ces, Will the lov - ers who plead for a smile or a word, Still

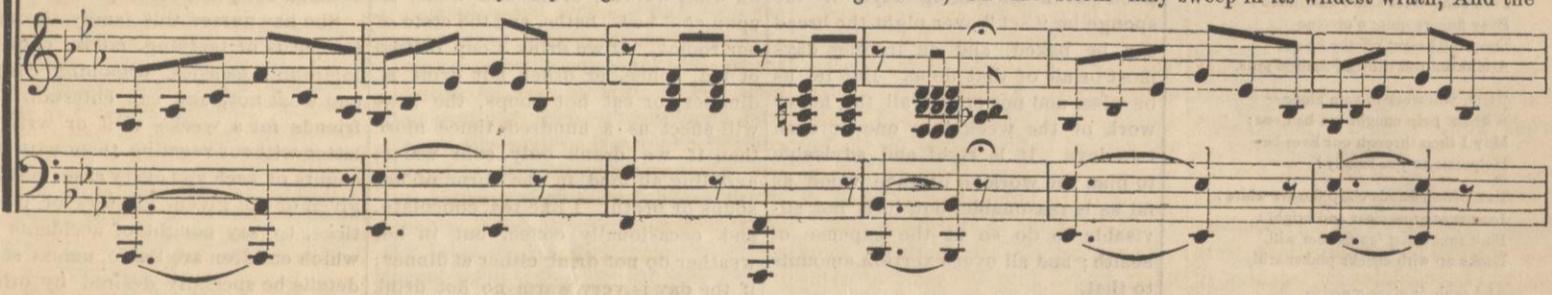
3. In the darkening way and the gath'ring gloom, And the tri - al sharp, I glo - ry; In the pal - lid cheek and the care-lined brow, And the



gather around and love me? Will they help me on with cheery words, As I strive with brave en - deav - or? Will they claim in my heart their pla - ces? When sil - ver is threading my nut-brown hair, And the freshness of youth has left me, When the sun - lit locks grown hoary. — In the speeding of riches that took them wings, In sor - row and pain and loss - es, Since



tighten the links of friendship's chain, That adver - si - ty's hand would sev - er? If so, I can welcome the gath'ring gloom With a au - tumn of life has with merciless hand, Of sunshine and blossom bereft me, Will they love me then for my - self a - lone, For the they are but fur - nace fires that try My gold from its dim - ming drosses, Oh! the storm may sweep in its wildest wrath, And the



shout of heartfelt de - fi - ance, And thank misfortune that makes more strong The bond of our bles - sed al - li - ance. beauty that nev - er can per - ish? Then welcome the death of the summer flow'rs, Im - mortal - les a - lone I cher - ish. sky grow black a - bove me, I can bear the fier - est pang that comes, If the friends stand firm that love me.





## SHELLING PEAS.

Pink sunbonnet hanging down,  
O'er a fair face, half a frown;  
Basket tipped upon her knees—  
Maiden busy shelling peas.

Looking o'er the garden wall,  
Youthful figure straight and tall,  
Lounches with a careless grace,  
Straw hat pushed off sunny face—

And a pair of lazy eyes  
Look with cool and calm surprise  
On the fingers plump and white—  
Shelling peas with all their might.

"Such a busy little bee  
Puts to shame poor thrifless me!"  
And a yawn, half made, half real,  
To those words give sign and seal!

Pink sunbonnet nods assent,  
Fingers give the pods a rent,  
As though saying, "Were these you,  
I'd soon show you what I'd do!"

"So you think I ought to be  
Quite ashamed of this 'poor me,'  
Who bewails his lazy lot,  
And to better it tries not?"

Pink sunbonnet gives a nod,  
Cracks a fresh new glistening pod,  
Which exploding seems to say,  
Answering for her, boldly, "Yea."

Lazy eyes dart a quick look,  
Naught but silence will they brook;  
Bending closer they peer down  
'Neath the bonnet's clumsy crown.

"I would toil and strive each hour,  
Working with a will and power,  
Had I ought to work hard for—  
Some sweet, bright reward in store."

Pink sunbonnet laughs out now,  
And the face was all aglow,  
As she answers, pointing down  
To her basket with a frown—

"Lot of shell and little peas;  
Words are well and sometimes please;  
But words are shell—its fruit we need;  
Talk is easy—prove by deed!"

Quick the lazy eyes flash fire,  
And their owner bends down nigher,  
Till the color in his cheeks  
Fades and flickers as he speaks—

"Ah, but 'tis within the shells  
That the perfect fruit first dwells;  
All my words I'll prove quite true;  
If my reward may be you!"

Pink sunbonnet's still and dumb;  
Busy fingers quite o'ercome  
Drop the basket off the knees,  
And down roll the half-shelled peas.

"See, you work in vain alone—  
Without help naught can be done;  
May I then through our lives be  
Helpmate to you loyally?"

Two brown hands clasp fingers white;  
Lazy eyes grow clear and bright;  
Pink sunbonnet 'gainst her will,  
Looks up with cheeks pinker still,  
And again it gives a nod—  
Then a noise. Was it a pod?  
Something sounded. As you please,  
It all happened—shelling peas.

## HOW TO KEEP COOL.

BY GLADDY'S WAYNE.

DURING the fierce, burning heats of midsummer, the principal "question of the day" seems to be how to keep as cool as possible; and certainly to every housekeeper it is a question of no small moment. Whether the arduous household duties devolve upon the mistress of the house or on others, how they may be performed with most comfort should be to her a matter of deep interest. The merci-

ful woman is merciful to her hired help; so, whether we do our own work or keep a hired girl, let us make the work as easy as may be, securing to the worker all possible comfort. And by managing rightly we country people may in a measure fortify ourselves against the heat.

We must guard against whatever over-heats the body if we would keep cool or at all comfortable. Sleeping on a feather bed in summer gets the system in a condition to feel the full extent of heat. In winter feather beds are comfortable; but in hot weather, usually, the cooler one's bed the better the sleep. I think that a good full oat straw bed with a thick cotton quilt folded and lain upon it beneath the sheets, is the best, coolest and most healthful of summer beds. Where one has always been accustomed to sleeping on feathers, the change to straw might cause a feeling of lameness, or soreness of the flesh (such was our experience); but this soon wears off, and after one summer's trial, few, I am sure, would be willing to again endure the discomfort of a feather bed in midsummer. A good cool bed and early to bed ought to insure refreshing sleep, so the mind be free from wearing care and the brain not haunted by visions of neglected work, unless, indeed, as too often happens, one be too tired to sleep even under the most favorable of circumstances.

As has been intimated in a former article, it is poor policy to sit up and work until midnight and then lie in bed till seven or eight o'clock next morning, thinking to make up for the night's overwork, thus dragging the heaviest burdens into the heat of the day, perchance filling half the next night with them. The earlier to bed in summer the better. And in some climates nothing is better for the health than early rising where one also retires early. With us the nights are almost always cool, and the early morning air clear, pure and bracing. I like to go to bed before nine and rise in the morning about five; then the heaviest work can be done before noon—even on baking days, if the sponge be "set" over night the bread can be baked, and on ironing days most or all of that done. But let us be wise, and not crowd all the heavy work of the week into one or even two days. It is right and advisable to plan the work so to save wood as far as is reasonable, but it is not advisable to do so at the expense of health; and all over-exertion amounts to that.

Strength is health and health is wealth. By sitting down while doing all kinds of work possible to be done in that way, we may greatly economize in strength. Also, I have found it an excellent plan to make all possible preparation for breakfast the previous night. If there are potatoes to be boiled let them be pared and made ready for cooking, then put into cold water to soak till morning; if to be warmed over, I slice, hash or make potato snowballs, whichever way they are to be, all ready for morning, and also cut the meat.

When the supper dishes are washed I put them back upon the table, cover it with an old tablecloth kept for that

purpose, and there is the table set ready for breakfast. Then if there is sauce to be stewed for supper, or cake to be baked, it can be done while the work is being done up, while cooking dinner, or while ironing, thus saving time and often doing away with the necessity of fire during the hottest part of the day. So here we have a legitimate saving of wood. Then there should be plenty of dish water heating before sitting down to meals, as it is extremely annoying to be obliged to build fire just to heat dish water. And you know the mind must be free from excitement if we are to "keep cool!"

We frequently have potato snowballs for supper. I always make them up ready for warming the first thing after dinner before washing the dishes; then at supper time warming potatoes makes but little additional work.

I earnestly hope that every woman who reads *THE HOUSEHOLD* has a room, even if nothing but a rough shed, in which to set the cooking stove during hot weather; it is absolutely necessary to her health and comfort. Even in a small house, with a summer kitchen or cook room, one can usually manage to keep the living room quite comfortable. According to my ideas of pleasantness and comfort, this sitting room may also be the dining room and should not be carpeted in summer; and as it should join the cook room, the ironing, preparing of

sauce, etc., may be done there away from the heat of the stove. To keep this room cool have the doors and windows open all the forenoon; in the afternoon if the heat is very intense, the blinds may be closed, or the curtains dropped over the windows through which the sun shines with greatest intensity, leaving all others open for air; and let the floor be mopped with cool water and not wiped dry. This is an admirable plan in hot weather, when there are no grease spots on a floor; it is really wonderful how greatly it aids in cooling a room.

But as regards being affected by the heat, perhaps as much depends on what we eat, drink and wear, as upon cool beds, baths, and the state of our rooms. If we drink a cup or two of tea, coffee, or other hot drink at dinner, or eat hot soups, the heat will affect us a hundred times more than if we drank only cold water, avoiding all food in the form of hot soups or broths. I like tea, chocolate, and occasionally coffee, but in hot weather do not drink either at dinner; if the day is very warm no hot drink at supper; usually a cup of tea at breakfast, but often if the day bids fair to be excessively hot, deny myself even that. Buttermilk makes a very good cooling drink for dinner; but of all summer drinks I think lemonade is best.

As to clothing, that should be adapted to our work and to the weather. Health should not be murdered by fashion. All things considered, I know of nothing so cheap, so suitable and so well adapted to every day home wear in summer-time, as calico. There are the darkish shades for morning wear, and the light, pretty ones for afternoons. Let us not buy the big figured, wide striped and

glaring ones. If all women would select only the delicate, becoming ones, it seems to me that merchants would, after a while, refuse to purchase prints that in design and coloring are alike offensive to good taste and devoid of all artistic principles. In the making up of our summer dresses let us have regard for comfort. Of all summer fashions that I have tried I like best the long, loose, belted polonaise: the overskirt and gathered blouse is, perhaps, as well.

If the dress skirt (which should be suspended from the shoulders by straps, or otherwise) has a deep facings or a flounce reaching a trifle higher than the bottom of the polonaise, the underskirt (petticoat) may be dispensed with during the hottest part of the day.

With good shoes, a clean calico dress like these, plainly yet neatly made; a collar or ruffle of white about the neck, with either a pin, bow or tie, and perhaps a cluster of flowers below; hair neatly combed, clean teeth and nails, and another spray of flowers for the hair. No lady need be ashamed of her appearance if her daily life be characterized by refinement and that simple, unaffected graciousness of manner, that delicate consideration for others, which constitutes true politeness, being the natural and unmistakable language of a kind, generous heart.

## LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL.—Please extend my sympathy to Heartsease in having "received a stone." Yes, S. C., the case is a real one. Rosamond E. is really a farmer's wife, ten years married and mother of eight children, the eldest nine years old, while baby is but three months, and our little twin boys seventeen months, all living and—our friends say—"fine children." She has cared for her family and kept her house on a farm of nearly one hundred acres in Pennsylvania, with the assistance of one woman, (never changed girls) and a young girl who stayed till she was eighteen without indenture and whose mother at once secured her place for a young sister.

She has nursed this family through the perils of teething, colds, cholera infantum, measles, whooping cough and what not, and can entertain her friends for a week's visit or write a letter without regaling them with accounts of each and every case; physic given or not given, plasters or poultices, to say nought of accidents to which children are liable, unless such details be specially desired by other mothers who prefer comparing notes to other subjects, as too many do, alas? Yet Rosamond E. finds the "wherewithal" an important question and revolves in her busy brain many "hows" which only are a question of hard cash, and how to get enough to go around and some to spare for food for the worn out brain, for the tonics, which the brain more than body of many mothers need, is the question. S. C. only brings a stone. Peddle my family around for a show? Too cumbersome, madam. Though it would afford me pleasure to show "my jewels" to S. C. gratis, i. e., time and strength. As thy day so shall thy strength be,

never was more thoroughly proven than in my case. From day to day strength in surprising measure has been renewed when almost fainting by the way. Time for everything, and the duty nearest first, has proved an excellent rule; though sometimes it be but the duty to rest body and brain, to go to bed and sleep.

Any one can feed children or wash their faces, or attend to their bodies; but mothers only can govern; and it is "line upon line;" and the older children are glad to wait upon the younger ones with a promise of a walk to the woods or a talk, while the little ones sleep for reward. Mrs. Crozier's "Housemother," just meets my views. How beautifully expressed! I would thank her for it.

Heartsease suggests a meeting at the centennial; would it not be pleasant? I think all the Band would vote aye. Delia Willard just touches upon an important feature for which we ought to be grateful to her. We do lack independence; because our neighbor does thus and so we must or try to, whether it is convenient or becoming. Let us try to look first at the home general welfare, and afterwards that of society; her mind too about bringing her children to the table is good, but let them, too, be taught to wait when necessary. I have a large dining room and a long table and always try to find room at least for the younger children from five to two years old, the older ones are glad to help generally by keeping baby or waiting upon the table so I shall eat with my company.

Sometimes I think I could write a book full of experiences—what I know—and many ludicrous tales would be unfolded; but there is no pay for such without more expenditure of time and money than I have at my command, the writing being the least. More anon from ROSAMOND E.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to speak to Mattie. Have you read Mrs. Whitney's "Hitherto?" In it is a description of a room furnished in buff and garnet, which when I read it took my fancy, so that I at once furnished a room in my "castle in the air" in a similar fashion. And hoping that a duplicate might sometime be built on terra firma, I made a buff and garnet tidy as a commencement. But alas! my castle never came down from cloudland, I gave away my tidy, and had entirely forgotten my dream, until reminded of it by your question. When your room is furnished send me a description of it.

Now I wish to ask if any one is familiar with a song entitled "My Queen?" I have found fragments in one or two books, (Bulwer's "Kenelm Chillingly" is one) which I copied and have tried to find the whole, but without avail; so now I come to THE HOUSEHOLD. Here is what I have:

"She is standing somewhere, she I shall honor,  
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen;  
Whether her hair be golden or raven,  
Whether her eyes be hazel or blue;  
I know not now, it will be engraven.  
Some day hence as my loveliest hue.  
But she must be courteous, she must be holy,  
Pure in her spirit, that lady I love,  
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,  
I care no more than the spirits above.  
I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,  
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,

And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,  
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!"

If any can give it as a whole, I presume our accommodating editor will print it as a favor to VIVA STARR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Just one word, please, to the sisters. I have been aroused by the words of love to the weary ones, words that cheered more than one heart. And, dear sisters, you have done good when you little thought it. Hearts that were drooping and ready to fall, were cheered by the thought that there was some one who could sympathize with them; some one who could feel for their sorrows; when you thought you were merely giving the asked for advice to some particular sister, you have benefited many.

Oh, that we could remember the power that just one word has, whether it be good or bad. Power to cheer or to sadden, to comfort or distress. And, believing this true, I want to say a word, hoping the result will be good.

All that I can say, can be summed up in this short sentence: Look upward and onward; do not look backward and live all your life over again in your mind, that is not the way to get rid of these troubles which so harass you. And although it is a blessing to be able to look to our dear friends for comfort, there is One who is mightier and more able to help.

SISTER MINA.

MY DEAR GRANDMA:—Allow me to express the hope that you are partially deaf, so that you can sleep when the wind blows. I can't; so last night I lay awake and listened to its incessant howling, and thought about your letter in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD; and, after the manner of "Young John Chivery," wrote upon my pillow; with this difference,

"Young John" wrote his own epitaph, and I wrote a letter to you. As you cannot see it, and could scarcely decipher it if you could, I have decided to-day to write you one on paper, in the hope that through the aid of our excellent friend, Mr. Crowell, it may ultimately find its way to you.

I want to tell you I like what you said about our lives and strength being too precious to be spent upon kitchen stoves. Not but that I like to see stoves look snug and, as you say, "wholesome," but when I always find them, in season and out of season, as highly polished as a gentleman's

Sunday boots, it makes my back ache to think of the labor that has been spent upon them, and my heart ache to think of the many things left undone which that strength, differently applied, might have accomplished. How many bitter tears some mothers might save themselves if they would spend as much time and labor keeping

clean, and bright, and pure the minds of their little ones, as they do in polishing stoves, floors, tin-ware, etc., etc. It seems to be the opinion of many, that if the little folks are fed, clothed, looked after when sick or hurt, and by and by provided with books and sent to school—alas! too often only to be out of the way—that all is done for them that is necessary.

How much more effectually women would serve the Lord and benefit

themselves and the world if they but felt the necessity of watching over these little ones for good at all times, and instilling good principles into their minds on all occasions. Often a few moments spent, now and then, in amusing them prevents their contracting habits that may stick by them through life and cause a world of trouble. Then would it not be better to spend time in this way than in polishing stoves every day? I do not wish to encourage any woman to be slovenly. Many troubles in a family may grow out of careless, slovenly habits. Let all things be done decently and in order. This is one way to instill good principles into the minds of the young. And another way is to so employ every moment of time as to bring about the greatest amount of good.

This is just the doctrine, Grandma, that you and I wish to preach. We do not wish to be understood as looking upon careless house-keeping with any degree of toleration. We would say to our sisters, "Come, let us reason together," to the end that, by an interchange of thought and experience, we may learn to manage our work to the best advantage, and gain both neatness and time for other duties.

And now, Grandma, I must say farewell. I would like to say more to you but fear I would be intruding too long. Get your pen and put on your spectacles, dear, and tell us something more you've learned by experience, which is the best of all teachers in this world. Yours truly,

ANNA SHERWOOD.

With permission from our editor I would like to address a few words to Hannah G. I, like her, am an invalid, and have for more than a year been mostly confined to a couch of suffering. But I have not found the sick chamber a desolate place. I believe there are compensations for every trial, and if I have endured much physical distress, I have also experienced much pleasure from the unexpected attention received from many, whom I had not previously reckoned on my list of friends. Human sympathy is a blessed thing, though until lately I had never fully appreciated its soothing, cheering influence.

Let not our friend say that her life is useless. No life can be useless if it is lived in the endeavor to serve our Heavenly Parent, and this should be the guiding principle of our lives. Even the weak ones have just as much strength as is needed to do the work assigned them. And if it is not just such a life as we should choose, yet let us be content. Though we are not called to active service, yet we need not feel that we are idlers. For let us remember, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Not that I wish any one to think that I can always feel resigned to the dispensation of suffering allotted me. Often has my proud spirit chafed against these fetters. But it only makes the burden heavier. Fenelon says: "Peace in this life consists, not in an exemption from suffering, but in a voluntary acceptance of it."

Therefore let us not "grow weary" blue, white, crimson, and salmon

of strength granted us, remembering that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

ELSIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—My letter to THE HOUSEHOLD in the April number having been noticed, I feel quite like a privileged person, and come again. I have many, many things I would like to say to the sisters, but find it difficult to express myself in writing.

I would suggest, however, for any one, who in the multiplicity of her household duties finds little leisure for the culture of the mind, to commit pieces of poetry to memory. Take for instance, Longfellow's exquisite poem, "The Day is Done;" Whittier's "Maud Muller," or any pretty, simple piece that catches the eye in the newspaper. Have a book or paper near you while at work and occasionally read a line or two, and you will readily commit the whole poem. Then days when you get easily discouraged, and it seems as though you could not get through with the work, repeat aloud, or to yourself the poem or poems you have learned and you will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the dishes are washed, or other work accomplished.

Another thing I would suggest. Any work such as ironing, washing dishes, or kneading bread, where you can sit without much inconvenience, to provide yourself with a high chair, or stool, anything that will bring you a little above the work before you. It will save much weariness and pain.

How very pleasant it would be if the members of the Band could meet face to face! Could not such a meeting be arranged? This being the Centennial year, and people on the go, it would be comparatively easy to appoint a place of meeting. What says Mr. Crowell? I would like to take Mrs. Dorr by the hand, and many others whom I have an affection for, and thank them for the kindly words they have written us from time to time.

I have read this winter Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins." Her writings are not only interesting to the young but also to the children of an older growth. I think Dickens' style of writing is incomparable. I am reading Tennyson's "Queen Mary."

MRS. A. M. M.

MR. CROWELL:—I became a reader of your valuable paper a short while since, and so great was my sympathy and interest aroused in its behalf, that I could not resist speaking a few words, and I would fain claim a place in each heart of the dear happy band, and although I live in the bright sunny South, I hope the kind sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD will not hesitate to take me in. I have already gained much from its interesting and instructive pages, and hope to prove a worthy as well as an attentive reader.

I wanted so much to assist Mrs. Wentworth in making her little sacques, as I have crocheted four in the patient endurance required of colors, but find I cannot explain sufficiently, but thankfully accept the measure clyently to make her understand; I hope

however, she will not fail in gaining the valuable information; perhaps Viva Starr could enlighten her on the subject. I am much obliged to her for directions for making a rose tidy, although it was not given for my benefit; her plan is so simple and satisfactory, I think I shall try one soon, and will let her know how I succeed.

I appreciated and read with great interest the pieces by Sister Jessie and Hans Dorcomb, also Majasa, on Girl's Rights; I agree with her with all my heart; and the article by Faith Royal, the little Massachusetts girl, completely won my heart. I know she has a warm, affectionate nature, as her words seemed to spring from a pure, noble fountain of love, and I would be delighted if she would send me her address that I may learn more of her. I hope I may help some one of your happy circle in some way before our great centennial year draws to a close, and as Majasa says, "Time and experience are necessary to develop character and prepare for higher usefulness and happiness," I will not despair.

I read with special interest your recipe department as I am a great hand to experiment; but I have said enough, and for fear of trespassing on forbidden grounds, I will withdraw. May He who doeth all things well, bless and reward each reader of the dear *HOUSEHOLD*. JESSICA.

Holly Springs, Miss.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. CROWELL:—I saw in the April number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* some questions asked in regard to making butter, the cause of white specks in the butter, etc. As far as my experience goes they are caused by the surface of the cream getting dried over before it is ready for skimming. To obviate this the milk should be kept where the wind will not blow directly upon it. I have always found the butter made from milk set in a cellar more free from specks than if kept in a milk room above ground, for this very reason, cellars are generally damper, consequently the cream does not get so crusted over as we often see it if kept in a dryer atmosphere. There are but few cellars that are as good for dairy purposes as rooms situated in some good location above ground, with the exception of this one difficulty. How to remedy this I know not, (and have a free circulation of air, which is necessary,) where there is a large quantity of milk to care for, but where this is not the case this difficulty may be overcome or nearly so by covering the milk with paper; newspaper will do very well if nothing better can be obtained, by folding them about the size or width of the pans. One paper of ordinary size will cover several pans. This I will admit is some trouble, but of two evils I prefer to choose the least. I wish some one of the many readers of your paper could give us some plan how a milk room may be constructed so as to give proper ventilation without the strong draughts of air which is to often the fault of milk rooms.

In regard to washing pans, I first rinse them in luke warm water, then wash in a good soap suds, afterwards

wash in clear waters as hot as the hands can bear until perfectly clean, so that when scalded the water used for that purpose may look as clean as before using it, I do not wipe them on the inside but turn bottom up to drain as fast as scalded until all are ready to be turned in the same manner out of doors in such a way as to give a free circulation of air underneath them. If the weather will not permit of this then dry well around the stove. There is one more fact I have failed to mention, that is the dry heated air from a store room is as bad as wind for the drying of cream.

There was a request in the February number for a way to cook oyster plant. I know of but one way that we like, which I will give. Take five or six good sized plants, slice crosswise quite thin, cook until tender in water enough to well cover them, then put in about three pints of milk in which a heaping tablespoonful of flour has been previously well mixed; season well with butter, pepper and salt. Pour this, after boiling up, over slices of toasted bread; or serve up the same as oyster soup with crackers crumbed in. In case milk is a scarcity one-third water can be used and yet be very good. This for a family of four or five persons.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Wausemon, Wis.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Maggie L. wishes some direction in fancy work. I think she would like to make a box—or perhaps I should say a bag—for matches in this way: Take a tin spice box, fold some perforated cardboard around it and cut the piece a little larger all around than would cover the box. Embroider a figure or initial letter in the center with split zephyr in one or two colors if she prefers. The letters should not be too large. She can find the whole alphabet by looking over Peterson's magazine for the last two years. About one-half an inch from the edge of both top and bottom of your braid, embroider a row of cross stitches, or a narrow Grecian pattern, of the same color or colors as your letters. Sew the two ends together so it will be just large enough round to cover the spice box. Finish the top edge with chenille, or a border knit on needles over a lead pencil, similar to the borders so often seen upon lamp mats and babies' hoods; this must be the same color as your letters. Take a bias piece of silk, also the same color, full five inches wide, gather it slightly leaving a double ruffle one-half an inch wide; sew it upon the bottom of your cardboard. Then gather the opposite edge of your silk the same as you did the first only drawing your silk in a tight pucker and fasten it. This will form a bag for the bottom of your round cardboard. Make four worsted balls of your zephyr; put two of them upon the bottom of your silk bag to finish it, and one upon each side of the top of your cardboard to hang it up by. Put a little cotton in your bag so the spice box cannot slip down into it; then put in your tin box. These are very pretty and convenient to hang upon a hanging lamp or a hook, to hold burned or new matches.

Pictures are prettily framed in the

following manner: Put a good pinch of bonnet glue and a little water in a tin spice box; let it stand where it is warm and thoroughly dissolve. Make the same quantity of thick starch that you have of glue and pour into your glue. Drop in a few drops of vinegar. Keep it warm. Have a glass and a stiff cardboard cut the size of your picture, also some black cotton galloon, old black silk, or black paper cut in strips long enough to go around the edge of your picture, and wide enough to lap over upon the glass and also upon the cardboard at least one-third of an inch. Wet thoroughly with your glue and starch mixture, put your picture between your glass and cardboard, hold them tightly in your left hand, and with your right fold the black binding evenly and carefully around the edge. If pressed thoroughly down upon both glass and cardboard it will soon dry, and will never crack or peel off. Glue two loops upon the back of your picture in which to fasten cords.

SISTER JESSIE.

MR. CROWELL.—In answer to M. L. H's inquiry about berry pies, make the crust same as for any pie; then dampen the inside of the crust with a beaten egg just before filling. One egg for two pie crusts. My way of making pie crust is to allow a large spoonful of lard for each pie, rub dry in the flour and then wet with water till it mixes smooth.

I think Ida will not find any method of keeping the color of her flowers, except selecting varieties that retain their color, such as larkspurs, four o'clocks, wild Indian pinks, buttercups, fuchsias, flowering maples, or coreopsis, and a few others besides everlasting flowers. I use ferns and grasses also. By varnishing each flower with Damar varnish before mounting, it will make them very bright, but I do not think the wreath will last as long varnished as without.

Cloth baskets are made by cutting lengthwise strips and drawing all but four threads, then slightly twisting, and make up like deep bead hanging baskets, with wire to keep the top in shape.

For crystallizing grasses, I use two pounds of alum, and I guess two quarts of water, I have lost my recipe. Warm the water and pour it over the alum in a very deep jar or pitcher, so that the long grasses will not bend or be crowded. If the water is very warm the crystals will be small; if used cold the large bead-like crystals will form. Can you paint grasses to work up with your crystallized ones? If not, gather every weed top, burr, and seed-vessel of every kind, even mullen, varnish them and cones; when dry, pass them through gum-arabic water, made by dissolving an ounce of gum in a tea-cupful of water, and holding over a paper, quickly dust dry common paints over them. It only requires a few cents worth of each color, such as chrome yellow, prussian blue, vermillion, venetian red, green, umber, and white paint or flour. These make pretty bouquets for vase, or very large ones in a case, with moss for base. Mount large bouquets on a stick which will not show. I intend

making mine up in a three-cornered case with a large glass front.

In dressing ribbons, ladies, don't wet them if plain ribbons, but hold a large flat-iron steady with one hand and draw your ribbon under it. Of course you want cloth or paper on the table. If gros grain wet in clean water and shake dry.

Sapoline is the very best thing to clean kid gloves. It will clean light green kids without soiling them.

In dressing over men's wear, hang the clothes up where you can "switch" them until all the loose dust is removed; then take some old cloth that will not loose color or lint, for it would ruin the clothes if it did, and laying your coat or whatever it is on a clean board, lay your wet cloth over it on the right side of the garment, and pass a hot flat over it. Remember to rinse your cloth every time you take it up, and change the water often. It will take four or five pails of water to clean a common coat; but if you have patience you can clean it as nicely as a tailor, for this is their way. If the collar is velvet, hold that over steam from a kettle or cloth wrapped over an iron.

Will the lady who promised to tell about wax flowers tell us next month? and fruit too, if it is not asking too much?

MRS. HELEN N.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SWEET PICKLE FOR APPLES, PEACHES OR PEARS.—Boil together one quart of good vinegar with three pounds of sugar. This is sufficient for a peck of fruit. Stick four or five cloves in each apple or peach, as the case may be, and put in and boil till tender, lay carefully in a stone jar, and when all are done pour the boiling liquid over them and cover closely. This is my favorite recipe.

PRESERVING CITRON.—Take equal weight of fruit and sugar—having first pared and cut the citron into squares two inches thick and stuck with cloves—add bits of stick cinnamon and boil until the fruit is transparent, take out and boil the syrup until thick as honey and pour over the fruit.

TOMATO SWEETMEATS.—Scald and remove the skin, slice them thinly and stew them in sugar like other preserves, three-fourths of a pound to a pound of tomatoes.

FILLING FOR LEMON PIES.—I have discovered a nice way of making filling for lemon pies. It is to slice the lemon, boil till tender and strain, add corn starch dissolved with water to thicken, sugar, and when cool add one egg and a piece of butter. COM.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One and one-half ounces of grated chocolate mixed with a little cold milk; stir it into one quart of boiling milk; when nearly cool add the yolks of six eggs beaten with sugar to taste, flavor with vanilla, and bake until thick as custard. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth with six spoonfuls of powdered sugar, pile lightly on the pudding and brown it in the oven. Serve cold.

FRUIT SNAPS.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, two cups of currants, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, cloves, ginger and cinnamon. Mix soft as you can and roll out.

LEMON PIES.—One lemon chopped fine, one tablespoonful of corn-starch mixed smooth in a little cold water, pour over it one cup of boiling water, stirring constantly, add one cup of sugar, one beaten egg, a small piece of butter, and bake with two crusts.

VIVA STARR.

TO COOK DRIED BEEF.—When it is very dry and hard I boil it in water two or three hours, or until it is perfectly tender, then chop it up into small bits and make hash

of it, seasoning it very highly with red and black pepper, onions, etc.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ANOTHER WAY.—Cut the beef in thin slices place it in the spider and pour hot water on it, thicken with a little flour and water stirred smoothly, season with butter, salt and pepper, boil about five minutes, and while boiling break in one or two eggs and stir all together. Halve and butter some warm biscuit, place in a deep dish and pour the mixture upon them. It is very nice indeed.

J. F. C.

Parma, N. Y.

RAISIN PIES.—One cup of raisins, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of chopped bread, one cup of vinegar, if strong part water. Chop the raisins with the bread.

ANOTHER WAY.—One cup of raisins, three cups of water; cook until the raisins are soft, if the water boils away much add more, thicken with flour as thick as cream for pies, add a small cup of sugar, a small piece of butter, salt and cinnamon.

WAXING BRACKETS.—I have made card baskets of hoopskirt-wire, and I used the yellow beeswax, coloring it with vermillion. Have the wax hot and put it on the wire with a spoon. White wax makes a more delicate color.

whole life. Had she not learned something about "first pure and then peaceable," where was it? She was going to the parsonage to-morrow, and Mrs. Rogers could tell her.

Whatever Mrs. Lester did was done earnestly; but the night before she had employed her energy in attempting to misjudged her neighbor, now her heart was opened to her sin, and she would confess in the minister's home all the evil she had thought.

CREAM MUFFINS.—An excellent and well tried recipe. One quart of sweet milk (half cream if you can get it), one heaping quart of graham flour, six eggs, and salt to taste. Bake immediately in hot iron muffin rings. Your oven should be hot, and the muffins sent to the table so soon as they are taken up.

FLORIE W.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—A young housekeeper wants to know how to pickle cucumbers. I would like to tell her how I pickle them. When first they are picked from the vine, after washing them, I put them in a pan and add salt enough to make a good brine; then pour boiling water over them and let them stand twenty-four hours; then set the pan on the stove and let them come to a scalding heat; drain and put them in a jar and turn over enough cold vinegar to cover them, add a little horse radish root and some nasturtiums and they will keep a long time.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two eggs, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour.

Salisbury, N. Y.

MRS. D. D. C.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you a few recipes which I like very much and would like my sister readers to try them.

HOW TO COOK DRIED COD FISH.—Soak it till it is freshened enough, broil over hot coals, then butter, is very good way. Also soak it, then let it come just to a boil in water, take out and butter. What I like better than either of these is what I call "picked up fish." Cut it up in very small pieces, between the size of a pea and a small walnut and freshen it. Bring a quart of milk to a boil, then add the fish and a little butter; break two eggs (not beaten) in it, but do not stir it after you drop the eggs in till they are partly cooked. I think it is nice, but is very good without the eggs and using part water.

FROSTED LEMON PIE.—One lemon grated, yolks of two eggs, a cup of sugar, half a cup of water, one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of flour, beat well together. The white of one egg beaten to a froth with white sugar. This makes one pie.

CORN BALLS.—Cook the molasses the same as for candy, only not quite as much. Have the corn in a large dish, then pour th-

boiled molasses over it, stirring at the same time. Stir it well together. Have the hands clean, then butter them, and make it out in balls.

BREAD.—Quite a number have written on the bread question, but as my way of making it differs from any of them I will give it. I use the National yeast cakes. In winter I mix it up directly after tea, but in summer not till nearly bed-time. I take one yeast cake, pound it up fine, and pour on it nearly a cup of warm water. If I think of it I do this perhaps half an hour before I mix my bread, if not I do it at the same time. I do not see that it makes any material difference which way I do. I sift my flour, add salt, then pour in my yeast and add warm water; yeast and water together making about a quart, which will make two good sized loaves; then knead it. I do not go by the length of time but knead it till I knead in all the flour I can, I do not think there is much danger of getting in too much, and cover it up warm over night. When it has risen enough I make it out in tins and let it rise for the oven. Be sure to let it rise enough the first time. Following this rule I always have good bread.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—Heat one pint of milk till it nearly boils, and into it pour this mixture: Yolks of three eggs, one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of cornstarch, one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of sugar, stir it till it thickens, then set it out to cool. Take four or six oranges, peel and slice them, taking out the seeds, lay them in a deep dish, over this pour the cream, then to the whites of the eggs add two or three cups of sugar, beat to a froth and spread over the cream. Place the dish in a pan of cold water and set it in the oven to harden. Must be very careful and have a slow fire.

MRS. B'S BROWN BATTER PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of milk, three cups of flour (not very full), three eggs, salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, spices and raisins to taste. Steam or boil three hours. Stone the raisins. Eat with sauce.

Laurence, Mass.

JESSIE.

PORK APPLE PIE.—Make a crust as for apple pie, fill with sliced apples, then spread over two-thirds of a cup of salt pork (previously cut quite fine and soaked), add sweetening and water, and cover with a thin crust. I have another way which I like still better—rather it is more like a pudding. Cover the inside of a pudding dish with dough, made as for biscuit, about an inch thick, place in a layer of sliced apples, then a layer of pork, and continue to do so alternately until the dish is filled, then add molasses and water and cover with a thick crust. Bake in a moderate oven three or four hours. I usually let it cool, cut it up, and steam it.

TO COOK SALT COD FISH.—Soak it several days until it is fresh, frequently changing the water, then fry it in pork fat. It is nice.

F. H. T.

CORN BREAD.—Mrs. W. S. H. wishes for a recipe for making corn bread. I will send you mine which I have used for several years. Take two pints of sweet milk, one pint of sour milk, two pints of corn meal, one pint of flour (rye or coarse flour is better), one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Steam it three hours and bake one hour.

Knowlton, P. Q.

MRS. G. W. N.

ANOTHER.—Mr. Editor:—Mrs. W. S. H. wishes for a good recipe for corn bread. I will send one I have used for many years and find quite satisfactory. Six quarts of corn meal mixed with water a little more than milk warm to a thin batter, let it stand till nearly cold, then add two quarts of rye meal (ground without bolting), mix together thoroughly and bake in pots or basins holding three or four quarts apiece in a brick oven well heated. I let mine remain in the oven till wanted for the table. It never dries, and will keep good a week.

MRS. A. F.

TO MAKE COFFEE.—Mr. Crowell:—Jeannie asks how to make good coffee in a common coffee-pot. If she follows my directions she will have a beverage that cannot be surpassed. Purchase the coffee unbroken, brown about a quart at a time, and while still hot stir in a piece of butter as large as a chestnut, and put in a can that shuts close.

Do not grind it till ready to use, then grind the desired amount, (I allow a heaping tablespoonful for each person,) and mix with it egg enough to moisten each particle of coffee, add a cup of cold water, stir again and put in the coffee-pot, set on the stove and let it stand till it boils up, then add the desired quantity of boiling water, let scald up once more and set on the back part of the stove where it will keep hot but not boil till ready to serve. Just before serving pour half a cup of cold water in the coffee-pot. Will Jeannie tell us if she has good success?

MRS. MARY B.

CURRENT PIE.—One cup of currants, one cup of sugar and one egg; beat them together and bake with two crusts.

COM.

TWO EXCELLENT RECIPES FOR BROWN BREAD.—Four cups of Indian meal, three cups of rye meal, or if preferred, wheat flour, two cups of sour milk, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, two level teaspoonsfuls of soda, one tablespoonful of salt and warm water enough to make a rather thick batter. Mix thoroughly, set a three quart dish in your steamer, pour in this mixture, cover closely and set it over a kettle of boiling water. Steam two hours and then put in your oven to bake ten minutes; while steaming do not let the water stop boiling.

Another Way.—Use bread crumbs as follows: One pint of nice wheat bread crumbs soaked soft in warm water, stir into them four cups of Indian meal, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda and warm water enough to make a batter not too thick. As soon as mixed put in the oven and bake slowly three hours; cover with an old plate to prevent the crust from burning; it must bake very slowly; it can be steamed if preferred.

SISTER JESSIE.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your many readers give a recipe for Vermont johnny-cake, sweetened with molasses?

FLORIE W.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I send answers to some of the correspondents. In answer to Mrs. H. in the April number I would say the preparation for railroad bread answers for two or three bakings. I think she lets her's get too light, before putting away in a cool place. Use the darkest shorts, and get only a pound or so at a time, you can get the best at a mill. This quantity will last two months or more.

To E. J. B. I would say if a child seems croupy, or coughs on going to bed, place one of Brown's troches in the side of the mouth, and have the child let it remain there, it will gradually dissolve and prevent coughing and croup. I consider these troches invaluable.

If the child is taken suddenly in the night with croup, give the following syrup, a half teaspoonful to a small child, every ten minutes until vomiting is produced, and if convenient put cloths wrung out of hot or cold water on the chest, covering with dry flannel.

We do not consider it safe to be without this syrup in the house; it can be prepared by a druggist. Syrup of ipecac, horehound, syrup of tolu, equal parts. Get two ounces.

There is nothing better than gum tragacanth for fastening moss on card board; wet a small quantity with water and let it stand until the consistency of paste.

To the sister who asks for something to prevent the hair from falling out, I can say I have used the following which I like very much: One ounce of borax, one-half an ounce of camphor powder, pound fine and dissolve in a quart of boiling water. Damp the hair frequently. It cleanses, beautifies, and strengthens the hair, preserves the color and prevents early baldness.

Can any one give me a sure cure for warts?

HENRIETTA.

MR. CROWELL:—E. E. wishes to know how to break the necks off of glass bottles. I have been told to tie a string around the neck and wet it with spirits of turpentine and set the string on fire which will melt the glass.

I also wish to send a recipe for cooking oatmeal which is very nice if cooked right. Take a large iron kettle and put in some

water, in this put a tin pail with some sweet skim milk and some salt and let them boil; sift your meal lest there be anything in it, wet it in some milk and stir it in the hot milk, and keep putting in dry meal until you have enough; don't get in too much as it swells a great deal. Cook it four hours and if you try it once you will try it again.

Mrs. V. S. wishes to know how to kill plantain. Take five quarts of water, ten pounds of stone lime, one pound of flour of sulphur; boil in an iron kettle, let it settle and drain it off. Sprinkle it on the weeds. Care must be taken not to get it on other plants as it will kill them.

JENNIE R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask the sisters through the columns of your valuable paper, if any of them can tell me what will prevent a stove from rusting that is not used through the summer?

Also, what will prevent the white fly from destroying rosebushes? Mine were full of buds when the fly made its appearance last year, and I did not have a single rose. An answer in the next HOUSEHOLD would be very desirable.

MRS. M. J. M.

Oak Hill, Maine.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There is a way to cook chicken called smothered chicken. Will some of you please tell me how it is done?

I would like also to get a good recipe for Irish potato salad.

COM.

Will some one give me a recipe for making yeast buns?

MAY.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask you or some member of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make thunder and lightning cake? Also how to make jelly without fruit?

S. L. H.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for several years and like it very much. Will some of the members of it please give me a recipe for varnish for ladies shoes? and oblige,

CLARA F.

Burr Oak, Mich.

MR. CROWELL:—In the May HOUSEHOLD I see you made one mistake in the pickled cabbage recipe; the word should be rinse instead of grated. I fear if any one should grate the cabbage they would not like the pickle. Please change the word.

Willow Creek, Montana.

MRS. H. H.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please give me a recipe for making indelible ink? I wish to use some for spatter work on tides, etc., that will require washing.

L.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having read carefully your Answers to Correspondents, I thought perhaps you could tell me what to do to keep ants out of my pantry as I can keep nothing in there without its being covered with them. Will some of the sisters tell me? and oblige,

M. L. D.

Collinsville, Conn.

MR. CROWELL:—Can you spare me a little space in your paper? I noticed in my April HOUSEHOLD a method of keeping eggs fresh; will Mrs. L. C. C. please tell me through your columns if it will do to put them up in summer? I put some up but they floated and were half out of the water, will she please tell me if they should? if she will she will oblige me very much.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to can strawberries? Also how to make raspberry shrub?

If M. L. B. will boil peeled potatoes in her porcelain kettle a few times she will find it improved and if it is not too bad it will take it all off.

A VERMONTER.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Will some of the sisters tell me what will make my hair grow thick? It has been very thin several years, and nothing that I have tried has proved a benefit.

MRS. MARY



## SAFE WITH THE MASTER.

BY EBEN H. REXFORD.

Sorrowful mother, you mourn for your boy,  
Missing the voice that was ringing with joy.  
Missing the face which was hidden away  
Under the daises, that sorrowful day.  
Missing his kiss and his touch on your hair,  
And his dear little form from the empty arm-chair.  
Think while the shadows your life's sunshine dim,  
God loveth most whom he calleth to him.  
God knoweth best. But our eyes cannot see  
Wherefore and why in His way's mystery.  
Living—who knoweth?—your boy might have died  
In the death that is worse than all others beside.  
Now he is safe from all sorrow and sin:  
God opened heaven, and beckoned him in.  
Safe evermore with the Master above,  
Folded about with an infinite love.

## AN ANTIQUE VASE.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

**M**Y dear, it exceeds anything I ever knew in the way of extravagance. If Mr. Rogers is allowed to do so, he will assuredly lose his influence; it is so inconsistent, and a minister should be especially careful of his reputation. I called at Mrs. Pratt's on my way home, and when I told her about it, she suggested writing him an anonymous communication. You know she's president of our sewing society, and says she won't make her eyes ache stitching for a parson or his family while he can afford to spend money like that! She thinks he'd better hire a seamstress! Why, it will be the talk of the town! I've a mind to see two or three of the ladies, just to get their opinion of the matter!

And Mrs. John Lester paused for breadth while she handed her husband a cup of tea that looked most inviting, served in the delicate china which had been her last Christmas gift.

The evening was warm, but through the open windows came the fresh country air, sweet with the fragrance of the clematis that shaded the west end of the piazza. Every surrounding of the supper-room spoke of ease and luxury. Mr. Lester forgot the close business office, forgot the dust and filth and noise of the city when he drove into the little village where he had made his summer residence. Hard work had brought him a fortune, and when he married his partner's handsome and wealthy daughter, the world counted him as one of the happiest men. Yet the world's judgment is often wrong, and well for some of us that its standard of happiness lies beyond our reach, else we might labor to catch the glittering bauble, and, after heart and hands and feet were bruised and bleeding in the search, grasp it but a moment, to find it only—gold!

John Lester was a man in the highest sense of the word. He held his influence in the village, for he was generous of manner as well as means, and rich and poor alike respected him. He who seeth not as man seeth, who look-

eth not on the outward appearance, judged which was the noble act—the donation of a thousand dollars towards the new church, or the hearty "Good evening, Tony," which always made the coachman's dark face lighten with a smile. Tony had a sunstroke one season. When the fever was raging, and Eunice, his young mulatto wife, could not control the strong, excited frame, Mr. Lester staid all night by the coachman's bedside. Did Tony ever forget that?

Her husband loved her, for he was too honest to have married for any other cause. She, too, had a power which money gains. She was courted and quoted; and, perhaps lame Teddy, the washerwoman's boy, gave the correct reason for it when he questioned:

"Mamma, isn't Mrs. Lester's tea-pot full of pennies?"

Poor Teddy! On the top shelf of their one closet stood a useless teapot, the receptacle of each spare cent. The child's acme of happiness centered in a chair which he could wheel himself in and his faith in the teapot increasing with every addition to its contents. It took a long time to cover the bottom, and the coins did not begin to reach the hole where the spout ought to have been. There was something most touching in his wanting the one five cent piece given him by his old grandmother changed into pennies, because they would help to fill up sooner. And Teddy lay back on the lounge as the Lester barouche passed by the tenement house, and wondered if it would not seem just like Heaven to rest against those soft cushions and look right up into the sky, instead of getting a peep of it through the small window, for the poor boy spent many a wearisome day alone.

Mr. Lester had been glancing over the evening paper, and dropping it to take his tea, became conscious that his wife had been addressing him.

"What is Edith? You are extravagant, and everybody says so."

"I extravagant, Mr. Lester! and I've only had two silks this summer! By the way, don't forget my check for two hundred dollars in the morning; I'm going into the city. What was I talking about? Just this! I called at the parsonage this afternoon; one of the ladies tries to go in every day to look around a little. Mrs. Rogers is young and needs advice, though she won't always take it. Why, she had her shades drawn up to the top of the sash when Mrs. Hill was there the other morning, and when remonstrated with upon the plea that the sun would fade her new Brussels, she actually said she must have light, whether carpets grew dingy or not; and, my dear, the shades have been up exactly the same every day since. Very good sense you think Mrs. Rogers has? and that is all I have to say? Oh no; but the beginning of the remainder. While I was waiting for the minister's wife, I noticed in a corner of the parlor something new—an antique vase, as curious as beautiful. It must have cost so very much, and the bracket that held it was elegantly carved by hand; we have not a more expensive piece of workmanship in our whole

house. Hadn't she a right to accept! recital, and the manly resolves in his

a present? Certainly, my dear; I've no fault to find with her having all she can get, but it is the giver. The idea of Mr. Rogers doing anything as extravagant as that!"

Mr. Lester had become accustomed to his wife's volubility. Sometimes he quietly listened, sometimes argued, and at others tried to check the disposition toward gossip which so evidently ruled her, and was increasing rather than diminishing. Just now he wondered if all women really were like his Edith—certainly not as handsome, and no one could grace a table as well as she. Even now, as she sat talking, there was a charm about the tipping of the dainty cup. Surely he was, and ought to be, proud of her; yet there was not the rest he needed in the talk with which he was being entertained—a fair sample of each evening's experience. Knowing but

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heart to purify the tone of his own wife's thoughts was thoroughly rooted. In a firm but gentle voice, he replied:

"Edith, till you know that Mr. Rogers gave his wife the vase you have no right to say he did. Imagination is one thing, evidence another. It may be very apparent that you have all a woman could desire to make her life happy; yet is it a woman's highest pleasure to slander her brothers and sisters? You resent the idea of having any intent to slander, but already Mrs. Pratt has listened to what you have told me, and she has or will repeat the story in fuller dress. I beg that to-morrow; instead of spreading, you will try to check the evil you may have done. If Mr. Rogers did give the vase, he had his reasons for so doing, and it is none of our business how he spends his money. Unless I am mistaken he and Mrs. Rogers will endeavor to rid our village of this sin of gossip, my wife, and we will aid them all we can!"

Mrs. Lester was subdued, if only by the stand her husband had taken. A woman of no mean disposition, she had

"Will the lady who promised to tell about wax flowers tell us next month? And fruit too, if it is not asking too much?"

MRS. HELEN N.

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SWEET PICKLE FOR APPLES, PEACHES, OR PEARS.—Boil together one quart of

food vinegar with three pounds of

cider vinegar.

"Harry," she said, "they all noticed my vase and admired it so much. One lady told me that antique ware was quite the style now, and concluded my present must have been very costly. It is beautiful, isn't it? but not half so beautiful as the true love that gave it to me!"

At that moment Mrs. Lester drove up to the gate, and through the open window saw the minister with his arm around his wife standing before the bracket. It looked like another proof toward the truth of her story; but recalling her husband's words, she entered the parsonage with more of kindliness in her heart than she had ever carried there before.

"I'm just home from town, Mrs. Rogers, and stopped to leave this small parcel; the fall goods were being opened, and this is a pretty shade that will suit you," and did not wait for thanks.

"Oh! Harry dear! a new dress. Now you can do what you could this morning—get a chair for poor Teddy Burns. I'm so glad! Why, it's like your sermon on Sunday; 'All things work together for good.'

In the Lester home that night there was a happy change. Mr. Lester wondered why his wife was so tender in her greeting, so softened in manner, never dreaming that his good deed was already springing up; it had not been sown upon barren ground, but in soil that simply needed cultivation.

Oh! if woman, the true woman seeing in her sex this disposition to bicker, to slander, would reprove by silence or gentle rebuke, society would be based upon a higher principle,

atmosphere of homes would be purer, and lives of mother, wife and daughter would breathe of the love that "is kind and thinketh no evil."

Mrs. Lester's eyes were full when her little one said at bed-time, "Mamma, sing!" But the voice was too tremulous to lull the child to sleep with the customary song, and she answered:

"Birdie, you sing to-night—sing something Mrs. Rogers taught you in the Sunday-school."

"Yes, mamma, me sing a wee bit prayer; she say God love us to sing him a prayer sometime," and two tiny hands were clasped, two white lips closed, and the clear voice sang softly:

"Saviour, bless a little child  
Teach my heart the way to Thee;  
Make me gentle, pure, and mild,  
Loving Saviour, care for me."

"Birdie, Birdie, darling, sing that every day to mamma, will you?"

And as the mother watched the sweet sleep of the little one, the evening air seemed to whisper of a peace all strange and new, and the tones of the lisping voice, pure and mild, made music in her soul that should echo through her whole life. Had she not learned something about "first pure and then peaceable," where was it? She was going to the parsonage to-morrow, and Mrs. Rogers could tell her.

Whatever Mrs. Lester did was done earnestly; but the night before she had employed her energy in attempting to misjudged her neighbor, now her heart was opened to her sin, and she would confess in the minister's home all the evil she had thought. She had talked only to Mrs. Pratt, but with that recollection came the fearful knowledge of the rapidity with which news, evil or good, spread through the village. Mrs. Lester was bitterly humbled as she remembered all the past and the unnumbered words she had spoken against one and another not meaning any harm at the time—oh! no. But the harm had been done, it was too late to undo it now. Edith Lester was a changed woman that night, and she determined to use her whole influence hereafter to check this deadly sin.

The morrow dawned, and over the parsonage hung a cloud. There was a tremor in the little wife's voice as she said good-bye to her husband when he started for the study; then it rose clear and steady; while the hand detained him: "Harry, my husband, in our joy last night we said, 'all things work together for good;' in our sorrow we will believe it, too."

Mrs. Rogers was dusting the parlor when Mrs. Lester came in with Birdie. The minister's wife looked wearied, and perhaps Birdie's loving kiss and clinging arms were too much for her, for she laid her head down on the table and wept. Then came the story, for Mrs. Lester was sweetly fitted to be the comforter now, and she must know the cause of such sorrow.

"I could bear it, Mrs. Lester, but to have Harry wronged! Harry so generous, so true! I kept up before him, but I must talk to somebody. What do I mean? Why we have only been here three months, and last night as Harry was locking the house, he found this under the front door. He is perfectly innocent as to its purport—he has expended nothing here, because

the people have given so much. His first payment is up in my drawer, except the sum he always sends his old mother, and oh! he is not extravagant, Mrs. Lester, only self-sacrificing; he wanted to go without a commentary he needed; that he might get lame Teddy Burns a chair, but we did not tell anyone about that, and even Teddy was not to know where the gift came from. What does it mean? My head is so"—

"Let me see that note, Mrs. Rogers; Birdie, run out and ask Tony to drive you home, and you can get a basket of fresh eggs for your dear teacher."

Only two days! and yet the little word from her lips has spread, and here was the result:

"Reverend Sir:—It is commonly reported in our village that you are growing extremely extravagant. That you, a minister of the Gospel, should indulge in making unwarrantable gifts, when we find it difficult to collect your salary, is beyond consistency. Evidences are against you, and this is but a warning that your congregation highly disapprove of your procedures. Knowing your character to be heretofore irreproachable, I consider it my duty as one interested in your welfare to inform you of the public opinion, that you may prevent further talk.

#### A FRIEND."

Edith Lester had been humbled the night before, and asked to be kept so, but in this way? She deserved it, though the punishment was severe, and did not spare herself; at the last, Mrs. Rogers face brightened, and she actually laughed amid all the tears.

"Oh! it was the vase, then, and I showed it to every lady who called yesterday! I wanted to tell where it came from, but shrank from saying so much about myself. I saved the life of a poor outcast once (sometime you shall know how), and she has never ceased being grateful. When we came to housekeeping she sent me the only thing she had kept from being pawned during all her wanderings—that old vase, an heir-loom in their once respectable family. She is a happy woman now, and married to a Swiss, who carves beautiful; he made the bracket you saw!—dear Harry laid it by my plate with only a touch of violets, because violets led us to know each other. I flushed to think I had left his sacred words where stranger eyes might see them."

The minister could not study that morning, consequently the call from two ladies did not interrupt his usually busy hours. And after the long talk, as the three walked to the parsonage, Mrs. Rogers repeated slowly:

"All things work together for good to them that love him."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Lester; "for if it were not so, I might have gone on in my old way, and ruined myself as well as others. But I have not yet made full reparation."

The sewing society met at Mrs. Lester's; the minister's wife was not there, and Mrs. Pratt looked across the table to Mrs. Hill in a most significant manner. The hostess was so very still and white, some one questioned if she were ill.

"No, thanks; but, ladies, I have a statement—confession to make, and a resolution to offer."

Then she went over the whole story, implicating no one but herself; and there was more than one moist eye as the usually haughty lady pleaded with her sisters, to aid her in her new resolve to be "first pure then peaceable."

Mrs. John Lester's money never wielded such power in the society as did her love that day.

Mr. Lester had been proud of his wife for her beauty, her grace; but a new pride was kindled in his breast when he listened to all she had to say. The wife he had looked for and wanted so long had come to his home! Birdie sang her prayer to both father and mother in the quiet twilight—the prayer that had been so quickly answered.

The minister's book-shelf did not stand empty for new commentaries; nor did he and his wife want for true friends. And Teddy, poor Teddy in the tenement house! One morning he awoke to find the coveted chair by his bed-side, and on its cushioned seat stood the old teapot, with pennies tumbling out of the spout hole, there were so many; a wee slip of paper told him it was "all from Birdie," and when the Birdie stopped to give him a ride in her "own dear mamma's carriage," he thought an angel had surely come to take him home!

"Yes, Teddy, Mrs. Lester's teapot was full of pennies, but better than that, her heart was filled with the love that "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

#### PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-five.

#### GIRLS' RIGHTS AT HOME.

Whatever rights womankind may have to engage in the various trades and occupations of life, those at least suitable for them to enter, it is evident that the large majority of our American girls consider it their most sacred privilege to be provided for and protected in the parental home, for a longer or shorter period of their young womanhood. Germane to this, we find in an article upon "Woman's Occupations," in a late issue of the Galaxy, that, at the last census, only a trifle over one-tenth of the female population of the United States were engaged in any ostensible trade or occupation, and of this tenth the larger portion were employed as household servant. And our servants, as is well known, are mostly of foreign birth, thus leaving a mere fraction of American womankind engaged in any of the various occupations, which the few enter.

That changes are being wrought, both in the efforts of woman to do more for themselves, and in public sentiment upon the subject so that the next census will show a much larger proportion of women competing with men in money-making occupations, there is not the least doubt. And that many young women are burdens upon a slender household purse, who ought to be up and doing for themselves, we do not dispute; while many more, who have no home claims to deter them, ought, and should be finding fields of worthy labor and usefulness in this work-a-day world.

But having said all this, the fact remains, that for the majority of womankind home is their center and their sphere; and the question now is: What right have the girls there? Have they not rights to which parents are bound, as parents, to respect, and which brothers should regard as not secondary to their own?

These rights will assume a different aspect, somewhat according to the pecuniary circumstances of the family, and the ideas entertained concerning the wholesomeness and respectability of a girls soiling her hands with useful household labor. Aristocratic poverty is, in some cases, more afraid of the degradation of work than is independent wealth; and servants are not unfrequently kept for appearance sake, where the daughters could, and should share those duties with the mother, and thus be helpers instead of cumberers at home.

But it is not with these that we are dealing, or their rights that we would advocate. No, it is our HOUSEHOLD girls; those who do not shun to do their part, and to make sacrifices for the good of each other, and for all of the family. Those who do not shrink, if needful, from battle with broom and scrub-brush, from whence strength is born, and needful experience gained.

Many a young girl has grown up like Mrs. Stowe's "Pussy Willow," familiar with work from a child, assisting in spare moments out of school, and taking a share and an interest in the family labor and arrangements scarce second to the mother. Love and habit makes this come as a natural part of their life at home, and after leaving school the daughter often becomes the mother's right hand helper in all domestic affairs.

Yet for all this has she no real individual rights of her own? Because she is a daughter in the house, shall her services remain unremunerated? This is too often the ground taken, and when food and such clothing as the parents are able, or see fit to bestow are provided, no farther right to pecuniary reward is considered. And these the daughter receives as benefits, not as just dues.

Now what we would strictly maintain is, that if any laborer is worthy of his or her hire it is the daughter who takes home duties upon her, and who, perhaps, lets pass opportunities where she might earn good wages, because she is needed at home and because her place seems there. She may be twice as valuable, merely as help, as a servant would be, because she can better fit herself to the needs and circumstances of the family; besides her presence is a pleasure, while a stranger in the house is often an intrusion upon family freedom. Yet does she have, in common cases, half a servant's wages that she can call really and truly her own? You may say that all things should be common in the family; but does the head of the house submit to go without pocket money, as the daughter is in many cases expected to do.

It is not only the girl's unalienable right to have a certain sum allowed her which she can feel is sacredly her own, but it is altogether better, for both parents and daughters, that such

an arrangement should effected. It acts as a stimulant to the young girl, in her often homely toil, to know that she is earning her own money, and besides it is far better for her to have to use her own judgment in spending it, and also to have the privileges of exercising her own taste and preferences in using what is justly her own. Some may choose to save from a given amount for books, or for certain other pleasures aside from dress, when they might never be provided by the parents with wants uppermost in their own minds. It is hard to ask for every dollar, as though it was asking a favor, when in fact it is only just due.

The sum specified may be more or less, according to circumstances, but let it be something—and as much more thrown in as the generous impulses of the parents will allow. Let even the girl have an opportunity, if she chooses, of having her little savings, and of feeling that the money is really her own. Even if she chooses to return it all as a gift to the home fund, should a time of need require, let her have the privilege of being a giver—not feeling a beggar always in her own home. Many a young girl goes from home, when needed there, and when there is enough for all there, more because she wishes to feel independent, and as though she had something in her own right, than for any other reason. And the mother, bearing her burdens alone, sadly misses her helper, but cannot blame her for her independent course.

But besides her right to her just wages, there are others due the daughter who remains at home as assistant and companion in the household. Something should voluntarily be granted her by way of right to a voice, with others, in family arrangements, and especially as regards the labor which she herself performs. This privilege is often denied her, and the way made harder and less attractive than it otherwise need be. Many housekeepers think they must work in the same old ruts that their mothers and grandmothers before them did, and are not satisfied unless their daughters follow in the same steps. Their methods may be best for them, in a certain sense, because habit has made other ways irksome, but the bright, ingenious daughter, more accustomed perhaps to the ways of the world, fancies that if she could carry out some of her own plans it would make work easier and more attractive, and home less commonplace than it must be under the mother's more set rules.

For instance, the girls may wish to use the best rooms in the house more common, and live every day in a pleasanter, more cheerful atmosphere. But no, it is all folly the mother thinks; she is contented in the kitchen, why cannot the girls be? Then they wish a flower garden and time to devote to it, and perhaps are discouraged in the attempt. There is enough to do in the house, the Martha-mother says, and it will be too hard to undertake the garden besides. As if the pleasure, where one has a taste for flower-raising, would not be restful and a delight rather than otherwise! And thus, instead of the mother allowing herself to be won to more refined and

educated tastes, she would keep the daughters on her level, and so doing repress the natural enthusiasm of their girlhood.

About the ways of doing work, girls to a certain extent should have the privilege of exercising the own judgment and of arranging their task somewhat to their own taste and convenience. There is Jennie, who says on Monday evening, "Please mother, don't let us try to do all that large ironing to-morrow, we have had so hard a day to work to-day. I will iron for a while early in the morning, and then we can get Fannie's dress ready to be making and have an afternoon to sew."

"But no," the mother replies that Tuesday is regular ironing day (and others of *THE HOUSEHOLD* I see sometimes assert the same set rule) and that she cannot rest, if she tries to, till the ironing is done. Then they can save some the last of the week, and not be putting off other work for it. The mother gives no real reason, only that is her way, and so of course it is best. Jennie, who is not as strong as her mother, pleads for the change of programme, adding that ironing steadily Tuesday is harder than Monday's washing, and also that it causes her hands to crack to iron Tuesday for any length of time.

"But we cannot expect to have lady-hands and do our own work," says the mother, "and if you can't iron I can I suppose, and have it done with. And," adds the mother, putting on her dignity, "if I have not kept house long enough to know how to plan my own work, I think it a pity," and more in the same aggrieved style.

Now what can Jennie do but to give up to what she considers her mother's unjust demands? She knows how much easier it would be for her, if her mother would allow her the right of having a little voice in planning her own share of the work, but she does not wish to seem undutiful and headstrong, and so gives up in this case, just as she usually has to, whenever she tries to exercise her own judgment or plead for her own rights. Shall we wonder if the daughter comes to think her mother set, and a little obstinate? Wonder if she sometimes declares she will leave home, though she is indispensable there—and go where she is not used as though she were a child, and her wishes and conveniences of no importance? It is not always, of course, that the young girl's requests are consistent, or her plans wise ones; but where they are not decidedly inconsistent they should be, at times, indulged, if only as a matter of courtesy and a doing as we would be done by. If the mother wishes her way in most things, should she not allow the daughter "the right of way," when she can conveniently do so?

Then Jennie wishes her mother to allow her to take the responsibility of doing the cooking for a time, as an agreeable change from other housework, and as being of more interest to her. She has partaken of dainty dishes at some friend's home, and she wishes to try experiments and get up something different from the same old routine. But her mother "fudges" at this, says it is more bother than help to have her do the cooking—that she

is used to it herself and can do more prudently, and so on, till Jennie grows discouraged in the contest. To be sure she often makes a cake or a custard, but she wants the charge for a time, and set her own wits to work, and test her own skill in a free and easy manner. Suppose she should make a few mistakes, must she be kept from learning to take the responsibility on that score?

There is Katie's mother, just as good a housekeeper as is Jennie's, but she is something besides a household drudge, and is willing others should be also. If the ironing should not be finished till into the last half of the week, it would not destroy her peace of mind though, as a general thing, she thinks it better to arrange work for certain days, as far as one conveniently can, and not make it too terribly methodical by so doing.

She allows Katie to assist her in suggesting, and where she can favor her daughter's plans. She knows, too, that doing the plainer kinds of work becomes distasteful to a young girl, and so plans for changes from time to time. "There Katie," she says "you may take all the charge of the cooking one week and I will the next, and we will see which will do the best, and make the most of the same materials." And Katie, is interested in his, and learns to be a good cook, and to feel the responsibility of being a housekeeper in her own right.

Baking days, the mother takes it upon herself to wash the dishes during the week that Katie is cook, and thus relieves the young girl of that often dreaded drudgery. And as she looks up to her daughter to assist in making home attractive, they plan things together, and if Katie's ideas are consistent the mother often indulges them, even if at a little sacrifice of her own whims. Thus each "lets" the other do and be gratified, and if opinions do sometimes clash there is not often a feeling of being wronged on the part of the daughter, nor does the mother feel that Katie is running over her or taking away her own natural prerogatives as head of the household. Thus Katie has an interest in the work, and it is invested with a significance beyond mere labor—it is a part of life.

Were this article not already becoming too long, we might specify various other ways in which the rights of daughters at home should, as far as possible, be regarded, while we also assume that the best opportunities within the means of the family should be accorded to them. Educational and social advantages, and a chance to travel and see something of the world, in its various phases, are not only desirable as a means of culture, but lift the young girl out of the narrower routine of every day life, and enable her to be more useful to herself, to her family as a member of society than she otherwise stands a chance to be. She needs resources of her own—something that mere money cannot give, and which no untoward circumstances, but the loss of reason itself, can take from her.

She may labor, but she must be something besides a working machine, or a doll, to have developed the true womanhood within her.

In very many homes, where a moderate independence, if not wealth permits the rougher, harder work of the family to be done by hired help, there is still room for the daughters to do much in the household affairs, and at the same time have considerable leisure of their own. But their rights to a voice in what they do, and also their right of pecuniary reward should not be overlooked, more than is that of upper servants in families of means.

However, what we have written has been more as suggestive than as real advice for particular cases. To the thoughtful parent we need say no more; and it is because so many fail to consider these rights of our household girls, that we have touched at all upon the subject. We have in these "Papers," from time to time, sought to interest our friends among the girls in their own better interests, but we know, and feel that the co-operation of the parent is needful to their highest good and reasonable enjoyment.

#### DOES IT PAY?

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

Mrs. John Markham was a sad libel on her usual blithesome, happy self as she sank into her easy chair that evening in the early summer-time. Her brow was clouded with care and anxiety, and her face, still young and very fair, was written all over with weariness and dissatisfaction.

"Those children are in bed at last, and I am so thankful; seems as if they were never noisier or fuller of their wants. It was because I've had so much to do, I suppose, but I shall be glad when school begins, anyhow," pressing her hands to her head.

"Gracie has been a real help to-day; she is a good girl if she is my child. I must light the lamps and finish putting the ruffles on to her pink dress so she can have it to-morrow. Seems to me she is gone a good while." And jumping up, Mrs. John Markham brought out her lamp and, bustling about, sat down with a stifled sigh to finish the be-frilled and be-ruffled dress that had already absorbed so many weary hours.

"Couldn't she wear her buff dress, or the light suit she had new last summer? they are both clean. You look a good deal too tired to sew to-night," suggested cousin Lucy, from her quiet corner on the lounge.

"They are neither of them as pretty as this will be; besides, this has the advantage of being new," bending over her work as she spoke.

The facts in the case were, Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Tilton, two ladies from a neighboring town whom Mrs. Markham held in high esteem, were visiting in the vicinity and had sent word to her at noon that they would spend the afternoon with her next day if agreeable. It was very agreeable, for Mrs. Markham felt a good deal flattered by the attention, and forthwith set herself about devising ways and means to entertain them sumptuously, as well as to establish her reputation as an immaculate housekeeper. Very much regretting that there was so lit-

tle time, she however determined to make the most of what she had.

"I am so glad I did up the parlor curtains in the spring," she began meditatively. "Now there is nothing to be done in that room but open and dust it. The sitting-room will have to take a thorough overhauling. How much work those oil-shades save! but the windows must be wiped, and a good deal of the paint needs it, too. These window-curtains will have to be washed, and the bed-balances in our room done up. I must go right off and wash them out," glancing up at the clock.

"Shut the room up and save yourself that work," Cousin Lucy said this. "It is only a short time since these curtains were done up, either."

But her remark was scarcely noticed, or if heard at all was not deemed worthy of a reply, for Mrs. Markham had an all-absorbing subject on her mind just then.

"Now, Gracie, you clear up the table and wash these dishes the first thing, while I put on the boiler. I must set some bread rising to-night, so as to have it new to-morrow—wish I hadn't made but one loaf to-day. My cookies are new, and I can open that last can of peaches; how glad I am that we saved them. But that isn't much; what shall I have to eat?"

And with visions of rich golden cakes, rare pies and delicate custards marshalling themselves on her deftly laid tea-table, Mrs. Markham rushed on and on till her head whirled and every joint ached in her weary body. Such shaking of rugs and sweeping of carpets, such washings and scrubbings as made that afternoon eventful! And most of all this was so needless, too.

Then just at night, when she ought rather to have been serving the comfort of her long-suffering family, she brought forth an array of cooking utensils and, ransacking the storehouse of her experience and skill, she proceeded to call into being the culinary marvels which her fruitful brain had been devising.

"It rests me to think what good luck I had with those cakes," she soliloquized as she sat stitching at that relentless pink dress.

It was far into the night when she shook it out and held up her finished task to admire it. But there was nobody there to congratulate her—the family had all retired hours before.

"Gracie!" she called loudly from the foot of the stairs next morning, "come, hurry up quick, and help mother. It is a beautiful day, and your new dress is all done."

A hasty breakfast was hastily eaten, while Mrs. Markham kept glancing up at the clock, breaking out with, "Now these dishes must be washed in just no time at all," when the last mouthful was scarcely swallowed.

Then it was, "Bring out the silver, Gracie, let us give that an extra rub. You may fill the lamps and clean them up; you can do that just as well as I can, and I'll see to this myself. Wash the outside of that lamp-filler and—O, those cellar stairs must be brushed down; take the wing, so as not to make the dust fly. I wish I had time to clean a little down there."

Before that job was done Grace was called on to "tidy up the out-chamber."

"Set the things back and wipe down the stairs," the order went on. "I want to wash up those shed floors as soon as I finish these curtains. Then you may sweep here so I can slick out this room; and if your chamber isn't all right you must clear it up. Lucy is doing that? I thought likely, but I hope she won't work round till she gets flushed so as to look tired out when the company comes."

Briskly the work went on with sound of broom and mop and brush, and clatter of dishes and oven-doors as Mrs. Markham rushed from one thing to another and attempted to finish her preparations for an elaborate tea at the same time.

"Past eleven," she exclaimed in the midst of it. "Dinner to get and put away, the parlor to open, my bed and the children's to make and those valances to put on—dear me!"

"Then our heads are to be combed all round and our clothes changed—and I must go out and re-arrange those plants on the veranda; plants are a disgrace if they look neglected. Can't you work a little faster, Grace? If you could take hold here just a minute, Lucy, it would be such a help."

The dinner that day was just what it happened to be, unobjectionable in quantity, but hurried carelessly on to the table without any cloth, or even a plate apiece. Nobody thought of complaining, though, it was just what they were accustomed to on days when company was expected.

Mrs. Markham could not stop to eat, but caught a mouthful now and then as she went on with her work, comforting herself with the hope that they wouldn't come very early.

Everything was in order at length, the family were tricked out in their holiday dresses, and tired Mrs. Markham sat down and folded her hands to take a long breath; she hardly enjoyed it though, it was getting so late in the afternoon and still no arrival.

The sound of carriage wheels was, however, presently heard, and the hostess hurried out to meet her guests, overwhelming them with her words of welcome, assuring them she was inex-

pressibly sorry they had not come earlier. "You must make it up by spending the evening," she added, thinking how nicely everything would look by lamp-light.

The afternoon passed pleasantly, the tea and all pertaining to it was a grand success, although nobody could even taste of every dish urged upon them.

It was all over at last, the children were in bed, and Mrs. Markham sat alone with cousin Lucy. Both were very tired, though neither of them spoke of it.

"Sometimes I think it hardly pays, after all." Mrs. Markham was the first to break the silence.

"It is just what I was thinking of, Sue," cousin Lucy replied in a serious tone, "and I don't believe it pays at all. The coming of company ought to be a treat, bringing only pleasure, instead of the signal for dismay—working us within an inch of our lives."

"And so it is a treat. I enjoy getting ready for it too, but I must confess I don't enjoy working quite so hard, though it lacks considerable of

"within an inch of my life," and she

laughed a little hysterical laugh that was too hollow to mean anything.

"Of course it is often necessary to make some preparations for guests," said cousin Lucy, "but it is of the excessive doing we are speaking—this general overhauling and shaking-up from cellar to house-top—as if our common lives could not bear the inspection of the world until they were all fixed up and made over with the best side out."

"Seems to me you put it rather strongly," faltered Mrs. Markham, "but it does amount to about that, after all."

"And I wonder if we are not doing ourselves injustice," cousin Lucy went on, "when we act as if our ordinary living were not fit to show to our friends."

"But I do love to fix up sometimes; I enjoy visiting better when my house is in order and I know I've got something to eat," Mrs. Markham affirmed complaisantly.

"As if so much must be done that the 'house may be in order and there be something to eat,' you surely do not mean that, cousin! I was thinking, too, that we wrong our friends when we seem to suppose they come to spy out our style of housekeeping and get something nice to eat, instead of to see us and refresh themselves socially. I am afraid there is some radical wrong in the matter of receiving company, afraid we are placing first that which should be last, and that last which ought to be first, when we consider of prime importance the things which shine on the outside but perish with the using. Our spiritual and social beings ought surely to have our highest care, but it is hardly possible even to think of their needs when we are consuming our vitality to satisfy the demands of our eyes and our stomachs, fastidious and relentless as they are. There, I did not mean to say so much! You are not offended with me, are you, Sue? It is very easy to stand aloof and theorize, you know," half frightened that she had spoken out so plainly when she noticed how grave her cousin looked.

"Offended with you, darling!" laying her hand on Lucy's head. "Theory is at the bottom of all our practice. I have thought this thing over a great many times and in my inmost soul condemned this 'general overhauling,' but, as you say, it is a great deal easier to theorize than practice; and it is so natural to do as others do, you know. But right is right if all the world does wrong, and if I cannot reform everybody, perhaps I can myself; I do mean to try, and you shall see, little cousin, what a fearless pioneer I will become. In the light we have been looking at it to-night, I hang my head in shame, feeling as if I had all my life been belittling myself and insulting my friends. But, with you to hold up a warning finger, the past will suffice; I'll remember that I have a higher and better self; will remember there are richer viands with which a feast may be spread than with all my pains-taking I've ever even thought to set before my guests."

Reader, is there a Mrs. John Markham in the circle of your acquaintance? She is just the one for whom this little sketch has been written.

#### SOME AMERICAN WANTS.

The greed of luxuries and the admiration for splendor that rage in this country are attended by some very serious inconveniences. We are continually demanding magnificent hotels in our large cities, where the charges are three to five dollars a day, and we are continually building such enormous structures for the gratification of those who have three to five dollars a day to spend in them. Then there are "Silver Palace" sleeping cars, and other magnificent railway coaches, finished with rose wood, mahogany, maple, and gilt, and provided with crimson plush cushions and floors of inlaid wood, for those who can afford it, to travel in when they go away from home. The daily papers have a great deal to say in praise of these magnificent hotels and their furniture, and of these "Silver Palace" railway coaches and their sumptuous equipments. They are mentioned as proofs of our advance in civilization, and the multiplication of comforts in our favored country. But these great and gilded luxuries are based on the assumption that all our people are rich, which, unhappily is not true.

There are a great many who, even when they indulge in the luxury of travel, need to husband their resources. They cannot afford to spend three to five dollars a day at splendid and fashionable hotels, for the fare and lodging that ought not to cost more than half that much; and when they ride, they cannot afford, and do not want to pay a good round price for sitting on crimson cushions, and gazing at the ornamentation around them. They are not accustomed at all to this empty finery at home, and they do not need it when they go abroad.

It is well enough, perhaps, to have sumptuous car and hotel accommodations for those who covet them, and have money to pay for them; but it is not fair to force others to pay for them, too. The bulk of traveling done in this country is for business purposes, and is done by persons of moderate means. All that they require and ask for is comfort; if they can get this they are willing to leave the luxuries to others. It is for this class of persons that the amplest and best provisions should be made. One who has traveled much, both in this country and Europe, and had a good opportunity for comparing the traveling habits and methods of the two lands, says:

"Our palace-cars have perhaps no rivals anywhere; but, like other palaces, they are made for the rich; and what we want is convenience for the masses. There is hardly a railroad line in all the old world which does not, in the first place furnish its patrons with slightly, comfortable and pleasant station-houses, where, if the traveler happens to be detained for an hour, he may be at as much ease as he would be in his own parlor. The rooms are kept scrupulously clean, with well cushioned seats, and a healthful ventilation. They are not allowed to be crowded by 'loafers,' but are reserved for passengers and their friends, and they always have

an attendant to wait upon women, and to see that no disorder occurs.

In the second place, the restaurants at which you are expected to take your meals are as agreeable as Delmonico's and are commonly supplied with as great a variety of well cooked provisions. The traveler is not hurried to a long, pine-board table, as pigs are to a trough, to bolt down a few badly stewed oysters, a slice of leather-like ham in a marble-quarry of eggs, or a ball of indigestible sponge-cake, flanked by a still more indigestible slab of dried-apple pie; but he finds cozy tables, with a regular bill of fare, attentive waiters, careful cooking, and, what is better still, he is allowed plenty of time to accomplish his operations.

In the third place, all the persons employed to attend to travelers are distinguished by a uniform, so that you always know to whom to apply, in case of doubt or difficulty. If you ask a question, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand you will get a courteous answer."

Every one who has traveled at all knows that whether he travels comfortably or not depends on whether he spends his money lavishly or not. If he flings his greenbacks freely about, he will get what he wants; if his resources are limited, he will suffer from the want of common comforts. What we need, then, is quiet, well kept hotels, where one can have all reasonable comforts at a reasonable price, without being forced to pay for splendors and style that he don't care a fig for; clean and comfortable railway coaches with second rate charges, and some simple and cheap conveyances for getting over cities and seeing the sights in them, without being at the mercy of dishonest hackmen charge five dollars an hour.

Say what we will about it, traveling in this country is twice as expensive as it needs to be, and the cause of it is that all the arrangements for the accommodation of travelers are made on an expensive basis. When we learn to banish gilt and finery, and consult comfort alone, we shall have made some real progress in meeting the wants of the day.—*Ex.*

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been spending a part of my vacation in your state, and with your permission will use your columns for a few words which will be of local interest to your readers, as well as to some others, who may accidentally see this communication.

It is a very pleasant route from Springfield, Mass., where you take the morning train, passing up the magnificent Valley of the Connecticut, through Northampton, Holyoke, Deerfield to Brattleboro, Vermont, where is located the largest cottage organ manufacturing establishment in the world. The proprietors, J. Estey & Co., have brought their instruments to great perfection, and spare neither pains nor expense in securing the best artists in the country. They employ about five hundred hands, and have invested nearly one million of dollars in the business. The reputation of the manufacturers of these musical

gems is somewhat cosmopolitan. They have within a few years opened a large European trade, so that with their immense reputation in America which these instruments have, I take great pleasure in adding here that the Estey reed organ is also favorably known in England, Russia and in the German states.

After a stop of ten minutes at Brattleboro, we continue on up the same beautiful valley over West River bridge through Putney and Westminster to Bellows Falls, where passengers change cars to the Rutland division of the road operated by the Vermont Central R. R. Co. This place is noted for its beautiful natural scenery, pleasant walks and rides, its manufacturing establishments and

two of the best hotels in the county of Windham, viz: the Island House, and a new hotel owned and kept by Charles Town, who is a veteran in his profession. Here the traveler can find a half-way stopping place between New York and the White Mountains.

If you make no stay here, you will have some ten minutes to step into Col. Dunton's restaurant and partake of one of the best cups of coffee which can be found on the entire route, after which you will be better able to view the growing corn, and the green meadows, which you will find along the road from Windsor to White River Junction.

At the latter place the cars leave, on the Northern Railroad, for Concord, New Hampshire, the Central Vermont, for Montpellier, St. Albans, etc., and on the Passumpsic and Connecticut River Railroad, for Newbury, Wells River, St. Johnsbury, Lyndonville, and Newport. It is over the last named road, which we contemplate to pursue our journey. I think that this part of the state, or what is called the Northern Connecticut Valley, is full as interesting, if not more so than the Southern, more especially the scenery in and around Newbury. It is said by some writer that, from no point does the White Mountain range present such sublime and picturesque views as from Mount Pulaski and Montebello in the last named town, and from no place on the river can such varied extensive and beautiful valley and meadow views be obtained as from the heights of Montebello in Newbury.

We steam along up the Valley passing through the wild and romantic views of Barton and Coventry, and about seven o'clock in the evening stop in the pleasant village of Newport. The depot at this place looks like a Chinese Pagoda and is quite ornamental. We immediately make for the Lake Memphremagog Hotel which is only a short walk from the said depot and find a smiling landlord awaiting and glad to see us, and a good supper of lake trout, and other refreshments to correspond.

Newport is situated on the southern bank of Lake Memphremagog, which is the Indian name for Beautiful Water. Newport Village is in a pleasant rural town and like most of the other villages in the state, with one exception—it is situated upon the shore of the most beautiful lake in the United States. Next to the lake and its charming scenery our eyes were

gladdened by the sight of the famous and well-known hotel, the Memphremagog House, well-known in some parts of Europe as well as in our own country. It is a fine hotel, 210 feet in length on main street, four stories high, Mansard roof, and basement. There are ample accommodations for four hundred guests, it has hot and cold water baths, gas and steam, and about all the modern improvements and conveniences. There are also billiards and bowling alleys both for ladies and gentlemen, livery stables containing fine horses and carriages are at hand, and the lover of nature can enjoy one of the most beautiful sunset scenes in the world from the north piazza.

The last, but by no means the least item of interest which I will now proceed to mention is the proprietor or landlord. The gentleman who caters to the wants of the traveling public in this immense structure, evidently knows how to keep a hotel. Mr. Buck has kept two hotels which are among the best in the city of Boston, and, I may add, second to none in any of the other cities of the United States. He has lost none of his reputation in taking charge of the Lake Memphremagog House, and the United States and St. James of Boston have gained no additional benefit in the exchange of landlords. Mr. Buck has a very able corps of assistants, polite clerks, good porters and attentive waiters.

We retire about ten o'clock and breakfast at half past seven the next morning, after which we walk on board the new iron steamer, *Lady of the Lake*, commanded by Capt. Geo. W. Fogg. This steamer makes two trips daily between Newport in Vermont, and Magog in Lower Canada, a distance of some thirty miles. The lake is one of the most lovely sheets of water in America, has several beautiful islands, and other points of interest; the most prominent one is Owl's Head, which belongs to the range of mountains on the western shore of the lake, and which I will describe at some length, for the associations or legends at this point are quite novel and very interesting. It is just beyond the limits of Vermont and in the Queen's Dominions, and from its summit, 8000 feet above the lake, can be seen a large range of country. With a telescope in a clear day can be seen the church spires of Montreal.

The summit of this mountain is divided by a crevice from north-west to south-east and shows proof of what is called by geologists the glacial period, when the huge ice rivers passed over it, so that when the ice struck it the summit was taken away and was left in the same condition as it is now. Long lines or crevices are now found which were made by the ice, and they run parallel with the crevices. It is said that these crevices are not found on Mount Washington, which doubtless reached above the ice. The proof of my statement is, that for many miles to the south-east large rocks of the same kind which are on Owl's Head Mountain, are found scattered here and there, and are not of the same kind as those found thirty miles away. One huge mass of rock weighing 1000 tons of the kind that is found on this mountain is that far away, and

it is reported that it will exactly fit into the great furrow plowed through the mountain by the ice.

There is an island about eighty rods from shore in which there is a cave said to have been used by the Indians to secrete their prisoners and treasure, stolen from the primitive white settlers. It is a resort for fishermen, and smugglers have had the reputation of secreting goods here for many years until found out by government officials.

We should be glad to tarry here for hours longer, but our time is limited, and so we speed along down the lake fifteen miles further and bring up at the foot of the lake, near the beautiful village of Magog, which is in old England's dominion and not far from Orford Mountain, and which lies along the romantic shores of Orford Lake. We have nearly two hours here for rest and dinner. We found a carriage here which took us about a half mile to the Union House, where we found a polite and attentive landlord, and soon after a well cooked dinner of lake trout, meats and vegetables, and last, but not least, native strawberries and cream which were most excellent.

The boat whistle now summoned us on board, and we are soon on our return to Newport where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, with good appetites for supper. At about eight o'clock we step on board the Montreal and New York express, homeward bound, and soon are in the beautiful and unique town of Newbury, Vt., where we purpose to remain for a few days.

This is a quiet, unpretending country village, containing a fine hotel with reasonable charges for board. Two churches, several stores, livery stable, schools and several fine residences. The citizens certainly are second to none in the United States. It is situated in the valley of the Connecticut, and from the hill, Montebello, commands a magnificent view of the White Mountain range. The proprietor of Montebello is the owner of some valuable mineral springs, one of which is partially developed, and is called Montebello Sulphur and Iron Spring. Already large numbers have been benefited by the use of these waters, and several entirely cured. I am told that a physician in Newburyport, Mass., after bathing and drinking this water for four weeks was cured of an obstinate eruption of the skin, probably of a scrofulous nature, also a few weeks use of water removed, and entirely cured a large protuberance which much troubled a lady from Boston, which came upon the neck and remained there for years, and which defied the best medical skill in Boston to remove. I might go on and fill the columns of your paper, but I will forbear for the present. It is a great wonder to me why some of your capitalists have not purchased this property and developed it, and made a fortune. From what I know and can learn, this is the most valuable mineral spring in the United States, Saratoga not excepted. I know that if your poor scribbler had ample means to develop this spring property fully, Montebello would have a new owner before Hon. Horace Fairbanks is

elected Governor of your grand old Green Mountain State.

About the last item of interest, but by no means least, which I shall now mention, and which is a bright and shining ornament and an honor to this unique town is one of the most thorough and practical institutions of learning in New England, in fact I may say in the United States, for I have visited what is called the best schools in America and this certainly is second to none of these. There are some, I may say many, more highly endowed by benevolent individuals, but I know of none more worthy. I refer to what is called Montebello Ladies Institute, Miss Mary E. Tenny, Principal. The school is select and homelike and a specialty is made of the physical development of the student, as well as the moral, religious and mental culture of the scholars.

The term closed this year with an examination of two days, Thursday and Friday June 22 and 23. The pupils were examined on the first day in Geometry, History of England, Algebra, French, United States History, Medieval and Modern History and Gymnastics. The examination of the last day commenced with Zoology, continued with Arithmetic, followed with Latin, Chemistry, Elocution, Sacred and Ancient History, and closed with Gymnastics. The recitations on each of the two days were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music under the direction of the music teacher, Miss Genevieve Clark, who is an excellent teacher, reads difficult music readily and has a very fine piano touch, which is lacking even in some of the best so called professionals. While all or nearly all of the recitations were good, some very good, the classes in United States History, Sacred and Ancient History and Elocution, were very fine. The school is finely classified and the principal, Miss Tenny, has the pupils well in hand, and by her untiring energy and perseverance, they have done honor to one who by birth, and education, and practical experience, is fitted to take the charge of any female college or seminary in our republic.

RUSH.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

Fussy people want everything just so, and expect that the sun, moon, and stars are going out of their way to oblige them. The first lesson of wisdom is, accept cheerfully the inevitable.

You can scarcely understand how much sweet and wholesome wisdom lies in simply making the best of things. If we fancy we are going to make circumstances bend to us, we shall be continually running our heads against a stone wall. The wall will never go out of our way, but we can easily go round it.

We cannot help or hinder that very independent thing, the weather. It will rain or shine, be hot or cold just as it was sent. I have seen foolish people who made themselves quite miserable about the weather. It was never going to rain again or it would rain forever! The wind blew too strongly, or else they were suffocating for a breath of air. Their time was

filled with complaints of things they could no more alter than they could alter the earth's orbit.

There are others I have known completely conquered by dust, flies, or mosquitoes. Such things are troublesome and annoying, to be sure, but can we avoid them by fretting and fuming? Fly specks are bad enough but a fretful disposition is a thousand times worse. Let the flies buzz and the mosquitoes bite, if they must, but try and keep yourself sweet and tranquil.

I remember reading of a philosopher who was so very poor he had everything stripped away from him but a miserable straw bed and one wretched blanket. The weather became intensely cold, and to prevent freezing to death he wrapped himself completely in the blanket, and cut holes for his eyes, his nose, and mouth. Here, he says, he not only existed, but was very happy. You have heard the story, perhaps, of two little street beggars who, on a bitter cold night, crept under an old door. Instead of lamenting over their misery, one says to the other, "Ah, Pete, what do you suppose the folks do who hain't got any door?"

Such example of cheerfulness under great evils, should surely help us to meet the little evils of life in the right spirit.—*Times of Blessing.*

OUGHT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS TO BE OPEN ON SUNDAY?

This question is now being much agitated, one party urging the importance of keeping the Sabbath; the fatigue that would result if exhibitors were kept busy without a day of rest, etc., etc., the other party arguing that we as a nation may do as we like about keeping the Sabbath, but that we have no right to interfere with the customs of other nations, or to dictate to their representatives who will be present; that a large proportion of the people who will be here upon this occasion, are not accustomed to regard the Sabbath at home, and must not be expected to regard it here; hence we should keep the grounds open for their pleasure.

In short, the question resolves itself with this: Ought we to conform to God's requirements, or to man's customs? Shall we consider as of first importance, God's will, or man's pleasure?

Or to look upon the question from another point of view: Shall we be Americans and follow our national customs and the dictates of our own conscience? or shall we, as unfortunately too many of our countrymen incline to do, try to ape every foreign custom, good or bad?

A certain class of Americans seem to have the queerest combination of pride in their own country and institutions and servile and silly adulation for everything that is not American, and especially for everything that is European. They avowedly admire America above every other nation on the globe, and yet it is plainly to be seen that in their eyes nothing American is equal to that which is foreign. "To use an expression more striking than classic," Americans are too ready to "toady" to Europe.

Let us congratulate ourselves that the Commissioners will not permit us to degrade and disgrace ourselves by yielding in this instance our national custom and above all our convictions of right to a silly desire to please strangers. A. HOLYOKE HOWARD.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap and gave it a thorough trial as directed, and was perfectly satisfied with the result; in fact it went beyond my expectations. It certainly deserves all the praise it receives. I have recommended it to all my neighbors and they express a desire to get some.

MRS. MALINDA YOUNG.

Andersonville, Ind.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and sent for a box of it. I think it so much better than any other soap I ever used that there is no comparison between them.

MRS. ANNA WOODRUFF.

Sycamore, De Kalb Co., Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am late in acknowledging the receipt of a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I offer its manufacturers the thanks of the community for I am sure they all appreciate the many good qualities of the soap. I have never heard a person speak of it but in the highest terms. One poor woman who lives near us says she don't know when wash-day comes now it is over so soon.

MARY G. YOUNG.

Rock Hall, Kent Co., Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Dobbins' Electric Soap after a trial has much pleased us. I think a bar will easily do two large washings and the soap is the cheapest and best for all purposes hot water is used for, that we have ever tried. I have advised a great many people to try it and shall continue to do so taking it for granted that all the soap is as good as my sample. I shall try and purchase a box of it this week, and if it is like mine I shall recommend it to all friends far and near.

MRS. G. M. HALLIDAY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

You need not fear that the box will not be like sample bar. We have bought for friends and others over \$1000 worth of this soap this year and know that it is uniform, and is all made just alike. ED. HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Our sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap came to hand and by your request I will state the facts connected with its trial. I have decided that it is the best soap I ever used and find that it is all that is claimed for it, and more than I expected. It makes my clothes whiter, almost without any labor, and saves

two waters boiling, and almost all the endless rubbing. I think I would have been ten years younger if I had used this soap ever since I commenced keeping house eighteen years ago.

MRS. G. E. MEGRAIL.

Richmond, Ohio.

DEAR MR. CROWELL.—I have tried a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and must say that it proved all that has been said of it. Others here are trying it, to prove the truth of my praise of it, and after one trial its continued use is sure. I have friends in other towns that have sent for it because I praised it so much. My health is not good, and washing-day has been one of the hardest in the week, but now thanks to THE HOUSEHOLD and Dobbins' Electric Soap, I think I can see a bright side to even washing-day. I hope it may be the means of benefiting many even as it has me. MRS. DR. O. H. LAMB.

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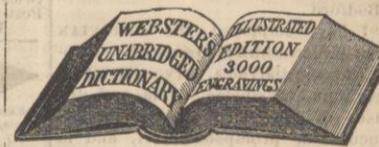
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PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

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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 remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 88 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.

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