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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. 6. BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1873. No. 6.

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The Household.
A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

Just over the brow of the hill,
Overlooking the valley below,
Where the pinyon pines are all dipp'd
With crystals of beautiful snow,
A little brown cottage doth stand,
And some of the inmates I know.

There's Jemmy, a red-headed lad;
Full of business from morning till night;
Nicely blended his work with his play,
And seeming in both to delight,
With a motive that's higher than they—
An earnest desire to do right.

There's Annie, a gay little witch,
With round, rosy cheeks and black eyes,
With a voice that is as sweet as a bird's
And lips that would scorn to tell lies;
With hands always ready to help—
Is not little Annie a prize?

The gray-headed grandfather sits
In a chair by the warm-glowing fire;
Half asleep in the soft light he sits,
And the children draw near to admire
The thin, snowy locks and white beard
Which mark the long years of the sire.

The dear mother's grave, pleasant face,
For a moment a dull shadow wears;
But shadows are there out of place,
And the wife has forgotten her cares;
For hark! on the still evening air,
Her husband's quick footsteps she hears.

There is poverty, so says the world,
In the little brown house on the hill;
There are riches of value untold,
That the heart with contentment doth fill;
The wealth that is better than gold,
That all men may have if they will.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

HOW few people there are, comparatively, who make an exertion to beautify their homes, and adorn them both indoors and out, when it is so easy to make home pleasant and attractive. A large sum of money is not required, but simply a little tact in arranging things so as to make them look pleasant and inviting to the eye. None are so poor but that they can make their home a little Eden, if they only have the will to do so. The world is well supplied with trees, and they can be transplanted or grown from the

seed for almost nothing. Take a survey of your premises, and then reflect how much you could improve the appearance and value of your homestead by planting an assortment of trees and shrubbery. Put your evergreens and other ornamental shrubbery in your door yard, and, in order to blend the useful with the ornamental, plant cherry, pear, peach, and other fruit trees, also. There are enough fruit trees that are ornamental without planting many of such as bear no fruit, though it is best perhaps, to plant forest trees around a farm or suburban home, and along public roads.

If any one thinks he cannot afford to have an assortment of fruit trees, let him plant such as he can get for the digging, rather than be without them. It is a pitiful sight to see a homestead without trees of any kind near it; such a home must indeed be a monotonous one, and the inmates of that home are surely dull and miserable beings also.

Children reared and brought up in a home of beautiful surroundings are far better and more refined for it. Boys and girls, both, should be encouraged to assist in planting flowers, making summer houses, vine trellises, rustic seats, etc. It will be pleasant enjoyment for each one to engage in as often as they desire. Every month in the year some improvement can be made in the adorning of one's home. Throughout the summer season the trees must be carefully watched to protect them from the ravages of insects, and thereby an opportunity is given to study entomology; which, by the way, is a beautiful and interesting study to the lover of nature.

I hope the time is not far distant when every home, in both town and country, that can be, will be surrounded with trees and flowers.

Readers, just imagine how beautiful the whole country would appear if all the farms and homesteads were well supplied with fruit and ornamental trees and beautiful flowers, and then make up your minds to do all you can in this way, and persuade your friends and neighbors to follow your worthy example.

- Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
- Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thought will linger,
Confidence and love belong.
- See the home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright.
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight,
Such a home makes man the better;
Sweet and lasting its control—
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves the impress on the soul.

LOOK TO YOUR WHITEWASHING.

Good whitewashing, well applied to fences, rough siding, and the walls and ceilings of buildings, has a highly sanitary influence, as being in the highest degree preservative in its effects. To be durable, whitewash should be prepared in the following manner:

Take the very best stone lime, and slake it in a close tub, covered with a cloth to prevent the steam. Salt, as much as can be dissolved in the water used for slaking and reducing the lime, should be applied, and the whole mass carefully strained and thickened with a small quantity of sand, the purer and finer the better. A few pounds of wheat flour mixed as a paste may be added and will give greater durability to the mass, especially when applied to the exterior surface of buildings. With pure lime, properly slaked and mixed with twice its weight of fine sand and sifted wood ashes, in equal proportions, almost any color may be made by the addition of pigments. Granite, slate, freestone and other shades may be imitated, without any detriment to the durability of the wash.

This covering is very often applied, and with good effect, to the underpinning, stone fences, roofs, and the walls of barns and out-buildings. Probably the pure whitewash is more healthy than the colored, as its alkaline properties are superior, and when in cellars, kitchens and sleeping apartments, produces salutary results.

No person who regards the health of his family should neglect to apply a coat of it every spring. Country places, especially farm out-houses, fences, etc., are greatly improved in appearance by an annual coat of good whitewash, and will add to their permanency much more than many would imagine. It is cheap and easily applied so that neither expense, nor labor can be pleaded against it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—It is a common mistake to plant pines and spruce-firs near the edge of one's walks and carriage roads. Few persons know or stop to inquire how large trees will spread as they grow to maturity. They look pretty as they stand in the nursery, and are set at arm's length of the walk where they can be seen and petted. But in a few years they stretch from fifteen to twenty feet each side, over the walks and shrubbery, and the result of the whole is, that either the trees must be cut down or the lower branches hewn off, which is sure destruction to the trees. Any method of planting which does not forecast the future height and breadth of trees, whether planted in groups or singly, is a mistake.



CARPETS AND PAPERS.

ALL the floors and walls in a dwelling require to be covered or painted in some manner, if comfort and embellishment are desired. And yet we frequently observe such indifferent, not to say actually bad taste, displayed in the selection of designs and material for covering the walls and floors, that the dwelling loses much in its general appearance of comfort and beauty. Persons in all classes of society vary in their tastes; what one admires, another denounces. Where, then, shall we find any rules or directions, by which we can fit up our dwellings in a manner that shall entitle us to general praise for having had good taste in the selection of materials, and at the same time of having obtained that "air of comfort" which is the true beauty of every home?

In endeavoring to get rid of this apparent difficulty, we banish from our mind's eye those palatial abodes, the interior of which are resplendent with fresco-painted ceilings, Axminster carpets, silk and damask curtains, rose-wood piano-fortes, bronze statues and highly-colored pictures, purchased and paraded, in many cases for the express purpose of exciting astonishment and envy. The superb receptions and dainty chambers, with their rich upholstery and sets of costly porcelain, are shut up seven-twelfths of the year; they are gorgeous solitudes where the lady of the house is, fashionably speaking, seldom "at home," and socially speaking, "never at home."

Such "show houses" are not where we would enter, to explain our ideas of embellishment and cheeriness, taste and comfort. But to the merchant who prefers a brown stone front, or the tradesman who selects a plain brick house, or the mechanic or artisan who chooses a country cottage—we speak, concerning display of taste in the dwelling.

And now to be practical, the hall of a house is generally a mere passageway to some better beyond, and therefore it should not be embellished so as to attract special notice. Paper, with figures of light pillars or pilaster, looks well; as does that which is marked off in courses, representing marble or stone, or grained to represent oak or other woods.

The parlor is for a different purpose, and should receive a different treatment. It is the principle room of the

house, the place for superior dress, good manners, the expression of kindly sentiments, and its adornments should be delicate and ethereal. The covering of the walls should not be obtrusive and glaring in color and forms. An over-dressed wall looks as unseemly as an over-dressed man or woman. A parlor wall should be a pleasant surface and back-ground for objects, and not a conspicuous object in itself. It should seem airy and light, shutting us in loosely, yet giving a sense of freedom and breathing space.

The living room should have a cheerful-toned paper, less delicate than the parlor, but by no means gaudy and glaring. The dining-room should be plain but rich. The bedrooms, of course must be neat and simple, the prevailing colors by no means dark. The library should be of some sober, neutral tint, yet warm and cheery.

The carpetings to these several rooms should correspond in style to the papering. A few years ago, the designers of carpet figures ran mad with huge designs, and glaring, ill-assorted colors: in crossing a floor, one had to tramp over scrolls, cornucopias, and huge bouquets, several feet long. Even now, there are vivid colors and monstrous figures enough, but we advise our friends to pass these by, and leave them to the upholsterers who may be hired to embellish flashy hotel parlors and steamboat saloons. Our homes must be embellished with neatness, with designs subdued and chaste, rather than flaring gaudy colors and large figures. Therefore sound judgment must be used in the selection of both paper and carpets. What would look well in a large hall or room would be out of place in the narrow hall or snug parlor of a cottage, and *vice versa*.

It is the strange mixture of large figured paper and small pattern carpets, or the want of uniformity and contrast, that often make dwellings wear such a strange appearance. The interior decorations of the home should receive the attention of every man; and where we find good taste without display, simplicity and unostentatiousness in the general arrangement, but withal good designs and pleasing contrasts, we are generally correct in supposing that in that comfortable home there is a refined mind and genuine hospitality.—*Technologist*.

EASE IN SOCIETY.

"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day," said Reuben Riley to his sister as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar around his sunburnt neck, "than go to this pesky party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off, and go out and chop wood on match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub," said sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go anywhere, nor see anybody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but the echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had

not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is only worn on rare occasions it will never fit well and seem comfortable.

Learn to behave properly at home, to cultivate yourself. Do not stand, or sit, or lounge about in ungainly attitudes, but acquire a manly, erect bearing. I have never seen such vigorous, hearty manhood, in any class, as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners be especially looked after. If you are so unfortunate as to have a mother who is careless in this regard, you must do the best you can to remedy the early defect in your home training. Note carefully how well-bred people behave, and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to imitate that which is good and beautiful.

Above all if you wish to be at home in society, fill your brains with ideas. Set your mind at work. Wake it out of the sluggishness it would naturally sink into, if you were only a plodder and nothing more, by good stirring thought. Take the newspapers and read them thoroughly. Knowledge is power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worth talking about, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect, and where you are well received, you will not fail very soon to find yourself at ease.—*Country Gentleman*.

LOVELINESS OF A GOOD TEMPER.

Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life?—a woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log-cabin? the fire that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Where is the stream of life so dark and unpropitious the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide will not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyously-tempered people don't know half the good they do.

—An ingenious Frenchman has invented a process for treating common woods, which makes them of a closer texture, harder grain, and greater density, and so enables the cheaper kinds of wood to take a polish. The mode is as follows: The surface is first planed perfectly smooth, and then rubbed with diluted nitrous acid. An ounce and a half of dragons blood, dissolved in half a pint of spirits of wine, and half an ounce of carbonate of soda are mixed together and filtered; the liquid is then laid on the wood with a soft brush.

The treatment should be repeated after a short interval, and the wood will then possess the outward appearance of mahogany. If the polish is not sufficiently brilliant, rubbing with cold drawn linseed oil will improve it.

—The following short rules for the care of furniture are from an article in the *Technologist*: "Keep water away from everything porous, alcohol from varnish, and acids from marble."



WHEN JONQUILS BLOOM.

"What shall we wear when Jonquils bloom?"

The hum of girlish chat
Came softly to the ingle nook
Where I, a dreamer, sat
Between the line of firelight flash
And daylight's purple gloom.
Thinking how girlish face and form
Gladdened the dim old room.

"What will you wear, Anita, dear—
Garnet, or friar's gray?"

I mean to wear a lovely blue,
Made in a charming way.
I'll have pink roses in my hat,
Just perched upon the brim;
Somebody likes them—you know who—
Not that I care for him!

"But one loves roses for themselves.
And you—what will you wear?
Oh, if you wish a lovely shade,
You need but match your hair.
What funny shopping that would be,
Where fabrics, wide unrolled,
Would lack—this one the shadowy brown,
And that, the gleaming gold!"

"Nay, Myrtle, I shall foil my locks,
Not match them; so 'twill be
A pansy purple, made *en suite*,
A basque, and flounces three;
A chain of gold about my neck,
And golden gloves, you know!"
The tea-bell rang. That night—ah me!
It seems so long ago!

For I have seen them clad for spring,
When May blooms reddened fair,
The shadow of a mourner's veil
Was o'er Anita's hair.
The robing of an orphan child
Above a torn heart stirred,
And a little cry of bitter woe
Was the weary sound I heard.

I saw sweet Myrtle white and still,
Like a little child at rest;
No roses nodded o'er her brow,
But lay on a stifle breast.
No azure robe about her fell,
But white, like sunless snow.
These were the robes the maiden wore
When jonquils ceased to blow.

E. L.

REARING OF CANARIES.

CANARIES propagate readily and can be raised easily, in fact with scarcely any trouble at all on the part of the possessor. They are such general favorites that a desire is often expressed by those who have only one or two to raise others, to bring up a family of these beautiful birds. There is no difficulty in attempting the work, and it is a wonder that more are not raised by amateurs. A few instructions, which are very simple and easily performed, will enable a person to raise a nice stock of canaries, provided the parent birds are suitably matched. It is necessary, in breeding them, to have the male and female of good song that the future birds may become good singers. They must be

placed in separate cages hanging near each other, in the month of February, for it is at this period of the year they are usually strong and healthy, having finished shedding their feathers. Allow them to remain a week or so in the separate cages, and if, during this time, they begin to call and try to reach each other, they can be placed in a breeding cage. If the billing and cooing is still kept up, a nest box must be put in the cage.

The best material to make a nest of is Manila hemp, cut in small pieces about an inch in length, unravelled and separated into shreds. In working with the hemp and carrying it they are apt to turn it out on the floor of the cage, but let them do so for a few days and they will soon pick up the bits to fix their nest. When you find that they are really making their nest, take the box out of the cage, make a nest in it yourself and replace the box in the cage when it is finished. About a week after the birds commence to build their nest they lay their eggs, usually four or five in number.

The birds require to be watched, as they often pick the eggs and break them soon after they are laid. If either the male or female bird should do so, one of them must be removed and another of the same sex put in the cage. In about two weeks the eggs are hatched. The old birds must still be watched for it frequently happens that they will take the young birds out of the nest, sometimes killing them. Should this occur, the bird doing it must be removed and the remaining bird will take care of the young birds. The bird that is so removed, however, must be placed in another room where he cannot hear the bird in the cage call or sing.

The best kind of food for the young bird is a hard boiled egg, both the yolk and white chopped into small pieces and mixed with a spoonful of finely rolled cracker. Put the mixture in a small cup in a part of the cage where the old bird will not throw dirt in it, and they will feed it to the young ones. A cabbage leaf placed between the wires is very good as a dessert. Avoid giving them apples or fruit, for these substances are apt to sour the birds, making them weak and sickly, but when they become full fledged they can have these as a treat occasionally. As soon as the young birds come out of the nest, an extra nest should be put in the cage that the old pair can lay another batch of eggs. This precaution is necessary as they frequently push the young birds out of the nest before they are able to feed themselves, in order to lay their eggs. The young birds must be kept in the cage until they can help themselves and are able to eat without assistance from the old pair.

It is often the case that the fledglings have their feathers picked out by the old birds before they can feed themselves; if this happens, a small cage can be placed or suspended adjoining the other cage and the young birds put in it, when the old ones will feed them through the wires. When the young birds have the ability to look after their own food, they should be put in a separate cage and fed on the egg diet. In about six weeks af-

ter they are hatched they can be fed on seed, but care should be taken in selecting the seed as they are often injured by poor seed. The mixed seed, composed of hemp and mustard seeds, which people generally buy in drug stores, is very injurious and unwholesome; the hemp seed fattens the birds while the mustard seed heats them, keeping them continually in a feverish state. The proper seed is German rape and canary, mixed in equal quantities, which can be procured at the bird stores, as the bird fanciers always feed their canaries on that kind of feed.

Canaries are often taught to sing tunes by means of a bird organ, but it is very difficult to teach them. The bird must be taken away from the others while very young, so that it cannot hear any other bird, and kept in a darkened cage, with just enough light to eat. By going into the room at night and playing on the organ an hour or more each evening it will listen to the tune, its attention not being attracted by anything else in the room, which must be dark. If this course is pursued for several months the bird becomes able to sing the tune it has heard so frequently. Should it hear another bird during this time, it will in many cases not be successful; in fact it hardly repays one for the trouble the work being so tedious. It is not long after the bird is let out of its quarters before it begins to lose the knowledge of the tune, because it hears the notes of other birds which it tries to imitate, thereby forgetting the original notes.

Professor Waterhouse Hawkins mentions the fact of a talking canary, that spoke a few words which was exhibited in the streets of London a number of years ago. Mr. Sotheby recently sent a communication to the Zoological Society of London, giving a description of a talking canary belonging to a friend of his, that could whistle the first few bars of "God save the King" quite clearly, and would call "Minnie," "Kiss Minnie," "Kiss me now dear Minnie," and several other phrases. They can be taught to perform tricks which are very amusing and cause much astonishment to those who behold them.

Many of our readers will remember a travelling showman who exhibited about a dozen performing canaries in the streets of this city a few years ago. He carried them in a small cage together with a round stand, on which they performed their tricks. Four of the birds were taken from the cage, each dressed in a diminutive coat and hat and harnessed to a small wagon, another was placed upon the seat, the reins put in its bill, and two more were seated in the wagon. At a given signal, the birds drew the wagon around the stand, continuing their course until the showman rung a little bell, when they stopped and were put back into the cage. After a short rest the birds were again called upon to show their proficiency in the way of a drill. The whole force of the birds were arrayed in bright regiments, tiny guns were put in the claws of one foot, and one of the birds whistled a few notes, they hopped on the remaining foot a few moments in good order. Several other difficult as

well as amusing tricks were shown, and the performance ended by one of the birds firing a gun, pulling the trigger with its foot, affording much amusement to the bystanders who had gathered around to witness the exhibition.—*Mail*.

GREENHOUSE PLANTS, ETC.

Dahlias should now be brought forward. A good plan is to shorten the extremity of the roots, put them in six inch pots and place in a warm greenhouse. In a few weeks they will sprout, when they should be shaken out, divided with a piece of root to each sprout, and separately potted in four inch pots.

Camelias will require rather more water while growing than at other times. Just before they grow is a good season to graft. Cut down the stock, cleft graft in the crown, wax and plunge in a bottom heat of 70°. A great many kinds may be had on one plant by the bottom system, practiced by the writer's father thirty years ago. A shoot about to grow is obtained and attached to the stock as an inarching, the end of the shoot being put in a small phial of water suspended beneath it. This plan does best, however, with the young wood in July.

Azaleas succeeded well by grafting with the half-ripe shoots of the present season's growth on plants raised either by seeds or cuttings. Old wood does not take readily.

Chrysanthemums should now be raised from cuttings for fall flowering. They make better blooming plants than offsets.

Fuchsias may now be readily struck from the young growth from the old plants, which will make excellent blooming plants for the next summer season.

Geraniums, Pelargoniums, Cinerarias, and Chinese Primroses must be kept as near the glass and light as possible; they do little good in shady places. Keep off the green aphids—for this on a small scale is nothing like hot water; on a large scale, tobacco smoke in several successive light doses is still the best remedy.

Auriculus, Carnation, Pinks and Polyanthus—the prettiest of florist's flowers—must be kept cool, just free from frost, with plenty of air, if the best of results are desired.

New Holland and Cape plants, such as Apacri, Acacia, Heath, etc., are now the glory of the greenhouse; hot bursts of sun on them should be avoided, as it lays in them the seeds of "consumption," which frequently carries them off the following summer.

Look out for a good stock of bedding plants in time, by striking cuttings of such things as grow rapidly, and sowing seeds of such annuals as may be advanced to advantage.

Pansies are coming now into flower. They like an airy frame, where they will not be roasted at midday nor exposed to drying winds, and yet have a free circulation of air and plenty of light. Planted out in such a frame, and the old shoots cut away as soon as the plant has done flowering, the plants will keep healthy over till the next season.

Superior varieties can be raised from

seed. Choose those with the roundest petals, best colors, and the first flowers that open, to raise seed from.

HARMONY OF COLORS IN FLOWERS.

One of the obscure points of science is the cause of the harmony of colors always observed in flowers. An exchange states that when two colors are found, they are generally complements of each other. The wild asters of autumn generally have purple rays and yellow disk flowers. The pansy is yellow and purple, and the blue violet has its stamens yellow and its petals a reddish blue. In fact yellow and purple generally go together in flowers.

A splendid example is afforded by the large *Iris Gemmarica*, the popular flower-de-luce of our gardens. From the white base of its petals the colorless sap passes into its petals, which become of a gorgeous purple, while the beard of the petals becomes at the tip a very rich yellow, though the lower part of each separate filament is not of the purest white. What chemical or physical law determines the arrangement of color, if there be any such secondary cause, is not yet discovered.

Two French chemists, Fremy and Cloez, say that the tints of flowers are due to cyanin, xanthin, and xanthein. Cyanin is a vegetable blue, which is reddened by acids. A supply of vegetable acid developed in a flower would then turn the blue to rose color, while a scarcely sensible quantity might produce a purple. Xanthin is a yellow from the sunflower, and xanthein the yellow of the dahlia. There probably are other coloring substances.

WINDOW FLOWERS.

It is much to be regretted that window flowers are not so often seen as they once were. It cannot be that the taste for beauty is declining. It is rather that the arrangements of modern housekeeping make flowers in the way of convenience. Yet why not make windows to suit? The demands of modern society are all well in their way, but surely they need not be so imperatively exclusive as to banish all floral adornments from our tasteful houses.

The introduction of heaters had some influence in driving away flowers from our sitting rooms, but coal as gas light has been a worse enemy, yet these can be easily kept in place. Bay windows now often have an inside enclosure of glass—making a kind of cabinet, as it were, and in this the plants grow to perfection. But this arrangement is not essential. A friend, whose window is at all times gay with blossoms, and whose success is the envy of all the neighbors, as nothing but a broad window sill, and she has the window curtains so arranged that they fall between the room and the plants. The lace curtains are down day and night, and the damask over only at night. This seems entirely sufficient to prevent injury from gas and dry air—no plants can possibly be healthier than hers are.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

SMILAX.

I have noticed several inquiries in regard to smilax in THE HOUSEHOLD, and have also had the question asked me many times "what shall I do with my smilax? it is dying." My answer to this is, "let it die." The smilax, one of our most beautiful tender vines, surpassing all others for decoration purposes, is a herbaceous, tuberous rooted perennial, and needs, and will have a season of rest, so when it turns yellow and dies off, set your pot away to dry or take the roots up and let them dry out of the dirt. In a few weeks it can be started again and will grow apace.

While the plant is at rest it can be readily divided, but is so easily raised from seed that it seems the best way. A twenty-five cent package of seed will give dozens of plants with as little trouble as so many cabbages, less, for the bugs never trouble them. Mine has never blossomed, though I know it does blossom freely in the greenhouses.

Another beautiful, rapid growing vine, the German Ivy (not an ivy at all by the way,) will blossom, when the roots are crowded, as they frequently are when taken up to keep over winter, though it does not usually blossom when growing freely. S.

A WORD ABOUT IVY.

I noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD something in regard to the culture of German Ivy, saying it was a great lover of water, etc. My ivy has been the admiration of all who have seen it this winter. It has grown to such a length I had the curiosity to measure it. I find in one pot containing about two quarts of earth, two vines each thirty feet long, three twenty-five feet each, one twenty feet, and several shorter ones, making more than one hundred and fifty feet of vines. In another pot five inches square there are vines, one forty-one feet, two thirty feet, one twenty feet.

They are running in different directions, adding a charm by their freshness as they twine about the windows and ceiling of our room, for the eye to rest upon during the cold and dreary winter. Giving them a good supply of fresh air and water they have all grown in ten months.

H. E. W.

TWO GOOD GERANIUMS.

The two best geraniums received yet are Madame Vaucher and Beauty of Oulton. The first is of short growth, thick, stout stem; leaves dark green, with a broad bronze-colored band; flowers pure white, with scarlet center. The other has yellow-colored leaves, marked with a very distinct band; flowers bright scarlet, and trusses large. Both produce an abundance of leaves, which do not shrivel and fall off like many varieties. Plants that cast their foliage soon look lank and scraggy, but these have not yet shown a withered leaf, and herein is their beauty. Both thrifty and dense, entirely covering the pot. Geraniums make admirable house plants, and all keeping such should get the finest.



PATCH-WORK.

BY EVANGELINE.

Gather them up, the tiny fragments,
Stitch them in patterns bright and rare,
The little scraps, and useless remnants
Of the many-hued garments the children wear.

Some day, when I am old and lonely,
Sitting beside the deserted hearth,
It may bring old memories back to cheer me—
Pictures of childhood's innocent mirth.

Here is the mantle that baby Willie
Sports when he rideth out in state,
Drawn by his prancing steeds so gentle,
Aleck the daring, and winsome Kate.

Here is the robe of my winsome Lille—
Lillie so frail, but with heart as true
As finest steel; my precious darling,
Flaxen-haired beauty with eyes of blue.

This is Katie's, frolicsome lassie,
Dancing about in such joyous moods,
Gathering handfuls of sweet wild flowers
In the very heart of the leafiest woods.

Aleck my hero, tall and stalwart,
This little scrap of sober gray
Will often recall him, patient, helpful,
Earnest in work and eager in play.

Ruthie, afflicted but uncomplaining,
Sitting in darkness, but finding voice
In wondrous song for the sunshine dwelling
In her pure little heart—may she ever rejoice.

Here is another, a precious relic,
One little darling under the sod—
Bright-eyed Bessie—my tears are falling;
Although I know she is safe with our God.

I cannot know what the years will bring us,
This is a world where changes are rife—
But, weaving the remnants in bright mosaics,
I dream of the chequered pattern of life.

Day by day we piece out slowly
Some little fragments, till at last
Shall show the wondrous plan we've wrought at
Our forever completed, unchangeable Past.

THE FASHIONS.

AS the season advances we see no very marked change, in the style of costumes worn. Contrary to the prediction of many, the puffed manner of making polonaise, overskirts and panniers, is as fashionable as ever. There may be a little more simplicity in the manner of draping the suit; but the general appearance of the costume is very little altered from last summer's styles.

There is a great variety of basques, polonaise and overskirt patterns, and every taste can be suited and all styles of figure adapted by the patterns of the different establishments, such as Buttrick's, Madam Demorest's, Smith's, etc. These patterns have become a great institution in the country, and are a boon not only to mothers and ladies who cannot afford the present high prices for dress-making, but also to dress-makers themselves; as the picture of each garment is placed on the pattern it can be easily ascertained whether it is likely to prove satisfactory.

There seems to be no reason why, with all the facilities now at hand, every one cannot dress, at least becomingly; and it is every lady's duty to endeavor to dress with taste, just the same as it is to keep her house orderly and attractive. Many fall in this matter of dress, simply because they are not familiar with a few simple

rules; while others in trying to dress fashionably, forget that it is better to dress simply, than to go to the other extreme of novelty and extravagance, as the toilet which causes comment and surprise is seldom beautiful.

As a rule, plain colored materials are the most becoming, plaids, stripes, and fanciful designs are most suitable for children and young girls, but generally decidedly unbecoming to more elderly persons. Short ladies should never wear horizontal stripes as they have the appearance of diminishing the height, while perpendicular stripes make one look tall and thin, consequently should be discarded by tall slender figures. Checked materials, unless the checks are very fine, will show every defect in the shoulders and corsage very plainly. Ladies with perfect figures, and children, are the only ones who can appropriately wear plaids excepting for loose fitting garments. These loose garments are becoming both to very stout and very slender figures and are admirably adapted to conceal all defects of form. Half fitting garments are also becoming to almost every style of figure, and are especially suitable for outdoor wear. Polonaise, redingotes, etc., which are made fitting in the back and loose in front should be held in place by a belt underneath, fastening in front.

Square cut corsages or those trimmed to imitate them are rarely suitable for stout, or well proportioned ladies; for thin figures pointed or heart shaped corsages with full chimisettes are much more becoming. The plaited blouse waist is especially adapted to slender figures and is thoroughly comfortable and becoming for house wear. For ladies whose figures are wanting in fullness the manteau style of garment, is a very becoming one.

There is no doubt that the polonaise will continue to be a favorite at least for some time, as it is too graceful and convenient to be soon given up. The style can be so varied from the elegant and elaborate, to the simple loose fitting or rather half fitting and carelessly draped polonaise which is so comfortable and well adapted to both house and street wear.

Among the newest goods offered this spring are American silks in colors. They come in all the fashionable shades, and are of good quality; outwearing the French silks, though they are not so lustrous. They also clean beautifully. There is a great improvement in American black silks, and they are remarkable for their durability. The quality sold at two dollars a yard makes a very handsome costume and does not easily catch the dust, as the old American silks did.

Lustrous smooth, taffeta silk is now the choice in black silk dresses. It is lighter than gros-grain and does not catch the dust as badly; for summer wear it is preferable. Silks are cheaper this year than last, and the object now is to get pure, smooth silks instead of the heavy corded ones which are filled in with inferior silk.

The imported black silk dresses, at the best houses, are usually made with two side gores and one full back breadth, though some dresses are still seen with only one gore and two

back breadths. These skirts are not lined but are faced with crinoline three-eighths of a yard wide with a narrow over facing of silk. The edge is bound with worsted braid in the old fashioned way. The skirt has scarcely any fullness in the three front breadths where it is sewed onto the belt, but is laid in a deep plait under the arms, and the back breadths are filled in with French gathers or gauging. The skirt is made long enough to lie on the floor, at least nine inches, but has a nice arrangement for shortening for the street; a tape casing is sewed underneath the skirt, commencing about an inch below the belt at the front seams and sloping downwards until at the back it is a quarter of a yard below the belt, a drawing string is inserted and when the skirt is put on it is tightly drawn and tied behind the person; this draws the skirt up in a puff and allows it to hang gracefully, without looping.

A novel method of trimming silk dresses is to arrange six or seven bias bands or puffs from the belt to the bottom on the three front breadths, while the back is covered with flounces. A band down the second seam is used instead of bows to conceal the ends of the flounces. Where an overskirt or polonaise is made of black silk it should not be lined, as the soft drapery of such garments is their beauty. Basques have less pleatings behind than formerly, and are more nearly square below the waist. Two simple folds or pipings edge the basque, even where the rest of the costume is elaborately trimmed with jet or lace.

VARIETIES.

Darkest green grenadine squares are in fashion for veils. They are a pleasant change from the pale grey and brown shades so long worn.

A rose at the throat is worn in the black lace scarf that now takes the place of fur boas. A flower is also placed low behind the hat in the lace veil draperies, or some of the bonnets have long scarfs of tulle which hang down the back of the bonnet, and are gathered around the neck and fastened with a rose in front. The effect is pretty and becoming.

Sashes are lined. For muslin dresses they will be of contrasting colors, such as pale pink and light blue, green and salmon etc. They are fringed at the ends.

The prettiest ties are china crape with valenciennes. Straight grenadine ties in bars are much worn.

The fancy for colored gold jewelry still continues, perhaps the light green shade is the most popular, as it contrasts so pretty with the etruscan gold which is still fashionable.

The demand for black velvet ribbon is increasing, and it is a favorite style of garniture for spring and summer costumes. The narrow widths promise to be most stylish, arranged in Grecian and like designs. The G. F. brand is always pure silk and has firm edges.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

The Greeks were very chaste in the arrangement of the hair; both sexes gathered it up into a kind of knot on the crown of the head, which was often ornamented with a grasshopper.

They used hair-dye, for we read that the sculptor Miron, age seventy, fell in love with Lais; and, after he had been repulsed, had his white locks dyed black, and asked again; but she replied:—"How can I grant thee to-day what I refused to thy father yesterday?" Ælian describes the tresses of Atlanta as being golden or tawny. Evelyn says the Greeks shaved the heads of their children, leaving locks on each side, which they afterward consecrated to their divinities.

The Romans were more elaborate than the Greeks about their hair. As the slaves were invariably cropped, the Roman gentlemen cultivated long hair. The Emperor Commodus powdered his with gold dust. Martial says:

"A beau is one who, with the nicest care,
In parted locks divides his curling hair;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet,
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat."

They used a liquid for turning the hair black, prepared from leeches which had been left to putrify for sixty days. But a dye that changed dark hair to fair was the most fashionable; it was made of a soap composed of goats' fat and ashes. Martial calls it Malliac balls, from Mallium in Germany.

Ovid reproaches his mistress for having destroyed her hair by the use of injurious dyes. Ladies even cut off their hair, if dark, to replace it with a flaxen wig. When a man attained his majority, he shaved off his beard, and presented it at the temple of one of the gods. Nero presented his to Jupiter Capitolinus. Shaving continued in fashion until the time of Hadrian, who let his beard grow to cover imperfections in his chin. Galen tells us that, in his time, women suffered much from headaches, contracted by standing bareheaded in the sun, to obtain this golden tint, which others attempted by the use of saffron. St. Gregory Nazianzen, extolling his sister, says:—"She has no yellow hair, tied in knots and arranged in curls."

The Romans began to cut the hair about 450 A. U. C., when Ticinus Mænas introduced barbers from Sicily. Many busts and statues in the Vatican and elsewhere have actually marble wigs upon them. Diodorus Siculus says that the Britons, who had red hair washed it in water boiled with lime, to make it redder. The ancient Gauls had a like custom of washing the hair with a lixivium made of chalk, in order to make it redder. At the beginning of the French monarchy, the people chose their kings by the length of their hair. The Venetian ladies dyed their hair a gold color by a preparation consisting of two pounds of alum, six ounces of black sulphur, and four ounces of honey distilled in water.

Long hair was a distinguishing feature with the Danes. In an ancient Danish poem, "The Death-song of Lodbroc," we have mention made of "the lover of the lady beauteous in his locks." The hair of King Canute hung in rich profusion over his shoulders. In the Anglo-Saxon illuminations of Prudentius, the hair appears to be cut short; but long hair was fashionable in the time of Edward the Confessor—persons not noble being

obliged, as in France, to cut it round upon the middle of the forehead. In Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, the beard and hair are frequently painted blue. Stratt, remarking upon this, says:—"In some instances, which are not so common, the hair is represented of a bright red color, and in others it is of a green and orange hue. I have no doubt existing in my own mind that arts of some kind were practiced at this period to color the hair; but whether it was done by tinging or dyeing it with liquids prepared for that purpose, according to the ancient eastern custom, or by powder of different hues cast upon it, agreeably to the modern practice, I shall not presume to determine."

When monks were shorn, the first lock was cut off by the king or some great person. Gifts to the church were often confirmed by laying hairs of the head upon the altar. Time has very little effect upon the hair. The auburn locks of the Countess d'Albini, wife of the founder of Wymondham Abbey, were found to be as fine and glossy as if just taken from the head of a living person, when her tomb was opened, seven hundred years after her burial. Fabyan, in his "Chronicle," says:—"At this time, (William I.) priests used bushed and braided heads, long tailed gounes, and blysan clothes, shynying and golden girdles, and rode with gilt spurs, using of divers other enormities."

The Norman ladies colored their hair to give it a yellow tint. In the twelfth century, the hair was parted from the front of the forehead to the crown. Astrologers speak of fit days for combing the hair, so that it is probable our ancestors did not perform that operation daily. In the reigns of Henry III., (1216,) and Edward I., (1272,) the hair was worn very bushy at the sides, and arrayed in large curls. Chaucer says the locks of the young squire were curled as if laid in a press. The same author thus describes Emelie, in the "Knights Tale:"

"Hire yewle heer was browdid in a tresse
Behynde hire back, a yerde long I guess."

—Home Journal.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

In the summer of 1845, Elias Howe gave to the world one of the most useful, as well as the most wonderful inventions of modern times, the sewing machine. People often wonder, and with reason, in these days when they see the vast number of sewing machines in operation, and the great number that are being manufactured and sold every day, how the world got along for so many ages without it. It has become so useful, so necessary, and its want is felt so much, that one is almost tempted to doubt that it did not always exist. However, on glancing at its history, and reflecting the struggles of its inventor, we are led to wonder how it came to exist at all.

The theories of Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, Jenner, Stephenson and Franklin were laughed at. The men who are now placed in the highest niches of Fame, were once regarded as visionaries, their theories looked upon as the offspring of disordered brains, as examples of the extraordi-

nary hallucinations of the human intellect; and it is hardly to be wondered at that Elias Howe, when he announced his discoveries of a method of sewing by machinery, should have been regarded as a fool, and a very simple fool at that. The only wonder is, how he succeeded in overcoming the tremendous opposition which met him on the announcement of his discovery.

If Columbus had been able to construct a telescope of such power as would have enabled the Genoese, Venetian, Portuguese or English governments to view the continent, which he was certain lay on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean, it is unlikely that he would have petitioned them for aid in vain. If Galileo had been able to pluck the sun and planets from their spheres, and set them whirling in harmony around their center, before the Inquisition, it is very unlikely that he would have failed to convince them of the soundness of his theory. But strange to say, after Elias Howe had constructed his machine, after he had shown, by repeated experiments, the extraordinary amount of work it performed, and the easy manner in which it was accomplished, opposition became more violent than before.

The general opinion was, that no machine could be constructed which would perform work with the same neatness and facility, as the human hands. Centuries of experience had demonstrated the fact, and so strong were the knights of the bodkin in this belief, that Elias Howe's invention not only inspired their ridicule, but excited their anger. The idea that any one could have the hardihood to maintain that a machine could make clothes! No wonder that tailordom was aroused. Never since the time that Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together to make aprons, had such a thing been heard of and so every effort was put forth to crush the inventor.

But with strong faith in the utility of his invention, Elias Howe bravely met the fierce tide of opposition; successfully breasted it, and eventually had the satisfaction of seeing his invention hailed as one of the greatest benefits that had been conferred upon the human race.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Every month or so newspapers contain accounts of some bride's outfit for married life—her jewels, her silks, her satins, the various finery—all which looks and reads very much like extravagance, and leads often to grave moralizing upon the wastefulness of American women.

No doubt there are extravagant women, but, look at this:

The value of silk and the manufactures of silk imported into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1869, was \$22,334,654. Now in the State of New York, in 1865, there were 1,467,636 women and girls over ten years of age. The sum of \$22,334,654, the total value of imported silks, divided among these women and girls of one State alone, would give only fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents worth of all silk goods imported in the United States to each. This is

the value of two gallons of fine brandy "imported from France," but in fact oftenest made at home.

This simple fact seems to show that as a class, American women are not extravagant; as a whole, they are in fact the best of economists; for they make small means go farther in their own expenses and in their households than any women in the world. That there are extravagant women, as there are men, no one of course denies. That there are some who live only to make a show and glitter, is true, but in comparison with the whole number of wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters, these are but very few indeed. They will make, more cheerfully and without complaint, more devoted sacrifices for their husbands and children, than any other women. They bow with more dignity and grace to the loss of property, and bear up with more resolution and fortitude under adverse circumstances, than any other of their sex. There never has been exhibited in the world's history more and nobler heroism or greater self-sacrifice, than by the women of the United States during the late rebellion.

Go up and down Broadway, through all the streets, into all the cities and larger towns, and where you find one place fitted up for women to trade and buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, grog-shops, cigar stores, sample rooms, concert halls and other places, where men pay large sums in the aggregate for things which profit neither "body, mind nor estate," but weaken the one, enervate the other, and waste the last.—N. Y. Evening Post.

HOW TO DO UP SUMMER SUITS.

In one of her late fashion letters, Jennie June says:

It was remarked in a previous letter that the laundress has quite as much to do with an elegant appearance in summer as the *modiste*; in fact the extensive use to which cotton and linen materials are now put in the construction of costumes has greatly increased the demand for, as well as the emoluments of these laborious but little appreciated class of household laborers.

Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, *pique*, cambric or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing, is a matter of great importance.

Common washer women spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more frequent than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress.

It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this, and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give their laundresses themselves.

In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quick, turned upon the wrong side; and hung in the shade to dry, and when starched, (in thin boiled, but not boiling, starch) should be folded in sheets or towels,

and ironed upon the wrong side as soon as possible.

Buff linen should be washed in water in which hay has been boiled, or a quart bag of bran. This last will be found to answer for starch as well, and is excellent for print dresses of all kinds; but a handful of salt is very useful also to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns; and a little beef's gall will not only set, but heighten, yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green.

JAPANESE SHOES.

Three kinds of shoes are worn in Japan, a brief description of which, may interest the reader:

1. There is the straw shoe. This consists of a strong mat of straw, made to fit the bottom of the foot, and fastened by means of strings going through the mat and round the ankles. The Japanese horses, what few they have, are shod with straw, in precisely the same way. The mat being made to fit the bottom of the horse's foot and turn up a little at the sides, is fastened on by means of strings going round the leg above the hoof.

2. The second kind of shoe is made of cloth for the upper part, and this is attached to a sole of felt an inch thick. This is the most common shoe of the Chinese also. Then instead of our gum overshoes, the Japanese construct a rude sandal of wood, the bottom of which fits the shape of the foot, and across the bottom are two transverse sections, one near the toe and another near the heel, forming two huge corks, a toe cork and a heel cork, of wood, four inches long and an inch thick. The whole is constructed of one solid piece of wood, and kept on the foot by means of a strong rope or string fastened to the top of the sandal, like the bail of a kettle, under which the foot is thrust to the instep, and the pedestrian is enabled to move "high and dry" over a muddy road. The tracks of such a traveller look queer enough. Two impressions in the soft earth, four inches long and one inch wide, and four or five inches apart, are all you see.

DIFFERENCE OF LINEN AND COTTON FIBRE.

It is often a matter of importance to the purchaser of goods to be able to distinguish between linen and cotton fibres in some more simple manner than by the infallible test of the microscope. This may be done by taking a thread of the fabric in question, untwisting it slightly, and then pulling it apart, and examining the extremities where it has separated. If the thread be cotton it will part very readily, and present at the extremity a frizzled, branching, twisted appearance. The linen thread, on the other hand, generally tears off short, and the ends form a tuft, consisting of straight threads, not twisted together. By trying the experiment on known fabric of linen and cotton an appreciation of the difference may be gained, so that it will always be possible to recognize the material under any circumstances.



MEASURING THE BABY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage-wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill!

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from their snowy gown;
And we thought with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the baby again.

Ah me! In the darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a bubbling rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon—
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

—Heath and Home.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Four.

I MAY next allude to another method of mismanagement equally ruinous. I mean scolding and threatening.

Correction and reproof are proper and necessary in family government, but constant faultfinding is wrong. To ignore the good and censure the bad, tends to discourage the child and leads him to contract habits of heedlessness, and to float along the current of passion and evil influence, regardless of consequences.

His good qualities and commendable conduct, should be recognized and encouraged by kind words of approval. In this way pride of character and self respect may be cultivated which will prevent much of the wrong which parents are obliged to rebuke and punish.

The habit of threatening children is equally objectionable. The desire of the parent is to enforce obedience without severity; but the result is very different. Obedience is not rendered, and the failure to secure it by

threatening disarms authority. Not only so but every unexecuted threat gives the child an example of falsehood. What does he care about the oft repeated assurance that he will be "shut up in the dark closet," or "sent to the cellar," or "skinned alive," since he knows that neither the imprisonment nor the skinning is likely to follow? Or if by chance the threatened punishment is undertaken, the child well understands his own ability to win in the fight. He has learned to control such parental weakness, and gain his object, and he will not fail to improve every opportunity. And when the actions of parents so often contradict their words, children will naturally learn the lesson, and contract the habit of lying. What a harvest of insubordination and misery has been reaped in those families which have been reared under such mismanagement!

To avoid the contemplated evil, let parents adopt the following negative rules:

1. Never threaten unless you design to execute.
2. Never threaten a specified punishment for an anticipated offense.
3. Never resort to stratagem in the management of children.

These are indeed golden rules in family discipline and if strictly followed will "hide a multitude of sins."

Again, some parents have adopted the flogging method of managing children. This is wrong. I do not mean to call in question the propriety and necessity of sometimes resorting to severity in the government of children. There are some times where literally "to spare the rod" is "to spoil the child;" there are cases in the treatment of which the severest punishment is not only the first and only remedy, but an expression of the greatest kindness. This severity is more often made necessary by the mismanagement of parents than by any other cause.

The system of family government which I here condemn adopts flogging as a rule. It offers a blow for every offense. It does not recognize kindness as the necessary accompaniment of severity and management as a better way of preventing evil. Corporal punishment so employed, appeals to the lower nature of the child, and hence, does not secure the object.

I once called to account a little boy, for a slight offense, who had been entrusted to my care. I said to him, "now Bertie, what shall I do with you for thus disobeying my orders?" His answer was, "Whip me, of course." The little fellow had been so roughly treated in his home relations that he knew of no other disciplinary agency but flogging, and expected this for every act of disobedience. And he supposed still further, that this penalty, like penance, atoned for the crime. Hence, he must infer that the fear of punishment is the only motive to obedience. View this system as we may, it tends to subvert the true idea of discipline, and degrade its subjects in the scale of moral beings. No well managed and well governed family needs cruel treatment, and no wise and judicious parents ever resort to it.

Other parents attempt to govern

their children by persuasion. This is also a false method. Persuasion and every other mild measure which tends to induce good behavior are legitimate agencies in family government.

The moral power of gentleness, forbearance, kindness, good example, wholesome council and proffered reward should be recognized, as well as the usual power of reproof and punishment; but oftener may even take the place of authority. But the liability of mistake is not in the use, but in the abuse of gentle measures in the training of the young. Moral suasion has its own proper sphere in the management of the family to prevent evil. When the passions are unruffled, and the loyalty of our children is unquestioned, it is God-like to win and control them by the power of affection. It is God-like also to rebuke and chastise where they have abused our love and broken away from our authority.

This rebellious spirit manifests itself in different ways, according to the disposition of the child and the circumstances of the case. Sometimes in cool and deliberate disregard of our wishes; sometimes in sullen and determined hostility; sometimes, in passion that bursts itself in screams and angry tears; and sometimes in open resistance. In either case it is wrong and ruinous to attempt to coax the rebel into obedience. The effort may succeed and it may fail; it makes but little difference which. Authority, which is the only legitimate controlling power in such cases, has either been entirely set aside or greatly weakened by an appeal to argument. To resort to persuasion, therefore, is a confession of weakness and a loss of governing power.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY AUNT LIZZIE.

My dear lads, and lassies; young men and maidens; will you all allow your old Auntie to ask you a question once in a while, and perhaps give you a little advice? Are you in the habit of handling everything that happens to be near you? if you chance to sit near a spool of thread, thimble, scissors, pencil, or any of the many things that are likely to be lying around a common living room, do you feel compelled to take them up, move them on the table, or handle and make a noise with them? if so, remember the words of a most excellent English authoress: "It shows most clearly that one has been without a mother, sister or near female relative, to train them, or tell them how annoying such habits are to every one near them, besides being frequently detrimental to the articles handled."

I do not think she is quite right, but she may be wrong only so far as English, and American young people differ, for I know there are many who have good, pleasant homes, mother, and sisters included, who cannot or rather do not sit down where any little thing is in the reach of their fingers, without being constantly moving or in some way handling it, thereby annoying those around, and at the same time cultivating a bad habit, and one which is liable to subject them to

ridicule at some future time; for we all know how ridiculous some public speakers make themselves from this same habit: like the one who always handles his glasses while speaking, alternately putting them on, pushing them up on his head, and taking them off. At one time his opponent knowing this placed eight or ten pairs on the desk where he was to stand; as soon as he got engaged he seized a pair, fingered them a moment, then put them on, soon he pushed them up on his forehead, then as his hand chanced to come in contact with another pair he put them on, they soon followed the first up on his head, and so on. He was so engaged that he did not see the smiles around him, or know what he was doing, until at the very best point of his argument he pushed up the last pair so far, that the first ones went over back upon the floor and the audience were set in a roar of laughter. He was confounded, took his handkerchief to wipe his heated face when off went the rest, to the continued amusement of the lookers on, and his own enlightenment.

Now of course you may never be brought to such a climax, it is not to be expected, but it is better to overcome a bad habit at once before it gains too strong a hold. Do not wait to be made ridiculous, for even if you run no risk of that, it is just as annoying and disagreeable to your friends.

BE GENTLE WITH CHILDREN.

BY ELENOR FABUR.

Children have sensitive loving hearts. They are easily pleased and as easily grieved.

By gentle loving words and deeds their affections are easily won, and with love comes obedience.

They are repelled by a lack of sympathy in their childish sports, joys and griefs, and dislike is nurtured by cross looks and words.

Mothers who use hasty expressions, many times inflict wounds in the hearts of their children too deep for healing.

Some children are made stubborn and rebellious by such expressions, some sad and discouraged, and others careless and indifferent. But mothers who allow themselves to speak harshly to their children, do not mean to be unkind, but they are harassed with many cares, and often do not realize that they speak harshly and are thus doing their children harm. They seem to forget that their children are miniatures of themselves.

If a mother meets her children in the morning with cross looks and impatient words, she will find them fretful and crying, and disposed to quarrel among themselves; and the night finds them as the morning leaves them.

But if she has a smiling face, pleasant words, and good morning kisses for each, she will generally find them cheerful and obedient; and if she strives to minister to their happiness, they will be more likely to try to please each other.

The mother of a numerous family once said, "I am sick of hearing the word, 'mother.'"

She knew not then, what it was to have a child's voice hushed in death. But she has since mourned the loss of two dear children, and the memory of those words, spoken so thoughtlessly, has added much to her grief.

Many times has she wished that she had never responded impatiently to the call of "mother." But perhaps some of my readers will say, "A child must be corrected." Yes, children often need correction, but it should be done with mildness.

And if corporeal punishment is necessary, (which is seldom the case,) let it never be inflicted in anger. And then do not be afraid to take the sobbing child to your heart, to let him feel that it is in love not in anger that you have punished him. And do not talk of breaking your children's wills. You cannot do it—you do not want to do it. But you want to teach them by precept and example, how to control their passions.

Be plain with them, but by all means be gentle.

TO MOTHERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read with interest and profit the excellent articles contained in your columns, and would like to give to young mothers the benefit of my experience with babies. I have two little ones who have been nursed at the breast, at regular hours and the plan had worked so well I wish to try to induce other mothers to follow it.

I commenced at the baby's birth to nurse it once in an hour and a half. For instance at eight, half past nine, eleven, etc., through the day. Taking care to see that she has enough, but not too much. She will throw up the milk or hiccough if she has too much, so you can easily tell. I increase the time half an hour every month till she is six months old when I commence at four hours and keep to that till I wean her. Be careful to bathe her just before nursing and as early in the morning as possible. Endeavor to nurse her at the same hour each day: you can, by a little planning. Have regular hours for her naps, and put her to bed every night at six o'clock. It is cruel to keep children up in the evening.

Never wake a baby to nurse it. My little girl three months old, goes to bed every night at six, is turned when I retire, but does not wake to nurse till three, four or five in the morning usually, and then has another nap.

If young mothers will follow these rules, there will be fewer "cross babies" and better night's sleep for mother and child, besides adding to the health of both. My little girl has gained between four and five pounds since birth and is very good natured. Her little stomach is not constantly overloaded. Let me recommend too, that every young mother, particularly with her first child, should provide herself with "Advice to a Mother" and "Advice to a Wife," two books by an English physician named "Pye Henry Charsse." They are worth their weight in gold. I would not part with mine at any price if I could not replace them. They can be obtained very easily at Boston book stores.

Do not neglect to procure them; take my word for it you will never be sorry.

MAMMA CAREFUL.

BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-by.
What we ought to do this minute
"Will be better done," he'll cry,
If to-morrow we begin it,
"Put it off," says By-and-by.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue:
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do;
We shall reach what we endeavor
If on Now we more rely:
But unto the realms of Never,
Leads the pilot By-and-by.

FATHER.

What was that you said, "Papa?"
and you a girl of fifteen. What would I say? I would say "Father." Think of a boy or girl in their teens using the childish pet names of papa or mamma! When we have a good expressive word let us use it; and where in our language do we find more expressive words than father, or mother? The very words themselves express to our hearts honor, esteem, love and reverence: while papa, mamma, express merely what Webster says, "A name given to parents by young children."

Would you say that Washington was the papa of his country? No, you would say at once it was irreverent, and unbecoming. Would you speak of the mammas of the Revolution, who were willing to sacrifice their sons for their country? No. Take up a good author, the words father, mother, often thrill the heart, but papa, mamma, never; then there is another, more reverent, holier, dearer still, in all times of sorrow, doubt, or fear, how gladly we turn our thoughts above and say, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

Show that you have a mind to appreciate such beautiful words as father, mother; let them ever come with a loving cadence from your lips, expressing the deep, loving thoughts of your heart. Papa, mamma, suit the childish years before deep thought comes, but they have not the meaning, and do not express the love, and respect of the dear old words, Father, Mother.

—A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure, it is the finest of fine arts.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. Buy the truth and sell it not. 2. Happiness.

3. H ero D

A moo R

Norwa Y

D rea D

E agl E

L era N

4. Oh! thou who art waging a worldly strife,

Deem not thy troubles too hard to bear;

There are thorns in the pathway of every life,

And toil-worn worker, thou hast thy share:

But remember in dark disappointment's hour,

When the voice of sorrow is deep and loud,

(And the thought shall nerve your arm with power,)

There's a sunbeam hidden in every cloud.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fifty-three letters.

My 20, 35, 36, 48, 28 we should all guard against.

My 15, 4, 31, 51 we should all cultivate.

My 1, 52, 53, 19 is very beneficial in the morning.

My 33, 14, 24, 23 is a precious stone.

My 5, 50, 20, 35, 3, 2 is a well known fruit.

My 17, 18, 27 is an insect.

My 8, 10, 40, 46 we could not live without.

My 6, 11, 53, 7, 38, 44, 45 we should all strive to be.

My 9, 13, 41 is a personal pronoun.

My 12, 43, 10, 16 is useful always.

My 29, 25, 21, 52, 50, 20, 53, 30 is a word often misspelled.

My 47, 32, 49, 36, 52, 28 is an object of pity.

My 22, 44, 26, 21, 39 is a small domestic animal.

My 42, 34, 45, 46 is an adjective in the positive degree.

My 37, 35 is a preposition.

My whole is good advice.

BLUEBELL.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of sixty-one letters.

My 12, 5, 10, 24, 57, 52, 18, is one of the goddesses of Justice.

My 11, 38, 54, 49, 60, is the sacred bird of Jupiter.

My 55, 23, 1, 44, 27, 2, 56, 42, is a Greek name for the twin brother to Sleep.

My 4, 35, 41, 43, is Queen of Heaven.

My 6, 50, 10, 20, 57, the giant, who, in the contest between his race and the Olympic gods, was transfixed by Ares.

My 61, 59, 41, 18, 59, 61, 47, 40, 21, 24, the wife of Hades, and Queen of the lower world.

My 3, 16, 43, 58, 17, 25, is one of the Graces who presided over festivals.

My 34, 29, 41, 6, 48, 42, is the messenger of the gods.

My 8, 31, 57, 33, 20, is the goddess of fire.

My 19, 27, 13, 35, 41, is the primordial germ of all things. (One of the theories of the Greeks concerning the creation of the universe.)

My 18, 52, 49, 24, 21, 56, 57, was tutor and counsellor of Pan.

My 45, 17, 12, 54, is a title for the ruler in Thebes.

My 25, 53, 51, 17, 49, is an implement used by Vulcan.

My 54, 41, 37, 24, 28, 18 engaged in battle with the Trojans.

My 30, 27, 17, 38, 32, 57 are nymphs of streams and fountains.

My 13, 50, 46, 38, 53 is the brother of Saturn.

My 26, 43, 41 is a calamity occasioned by Helen.

My 22, 52, 36, 14 was Queen of Carthage.

My 15, 9, 41, 7, 21, 50, 1 is the goddess of woodland and groves.

My 39, 17, 42 is a title for Pluto.

My whole is a power possessed by Mercury.

HELEN.

CHARADE.

3. My first is the far-famed land,
Where giants and heroes old

Sprang into life; whose wondrous deeds
Tradition and song unfold.

My next the wise will do,
When sin with flattering tongue

Would lead astray: 'twas a perilous shore
Where the fateful sirens sung.

Who does my third is blest
To raise those fallen down;

One higher than we, could stoop to us
That we might wear a crown.

My whole is a marvelous thing
Our ladies sometimes wear.

The scornful laugh, the wise deplore,
And artists sketch with care.

The poet tells how "forms of some
Are likest the human form divine,"

But editors say, and perhaps 'tis true,
I make it likest a kangaroo.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. A ballad; a hearing of causes;
a Roman King; to increase.

5. An arched roof; a sign; to make better; the extremities.

JOEL.

BLANKS.

To be filled with transpositions of one word.

6. — flowers are hard to —.

7. That — is not — enough for my purpose.

8. Don't go to — until you have eaten some — of — cooking.

9. Did you ever hear of any one crossing the — in a —?

10. A delightful — came through the — from the garden which was about a — in size.

11. They will — the vessel with a — of —.

12. Does the knave — his children to —?

13. I am — that it was only a —.

14. Are — very — birds?

15. Does a — eat —?

16. — soldiers are not esteemed in —.

17. What — the —, that I can't hoist it.

18. When we —, he — better.

19. We saw a drowned — lying on the —.

20. Will you not — anything with your —?

J. H. W.

HIDDEN TOWNS AND CITIES.

21. I'll—O well—I'll come to-morrow

22. War renders it necessary for me to leave you.

23. She will—we hope—continue to act on that principle.

24. The new portal was decorated with evergreens.

25. You must row Esther up the river.

26. I'm going out west on the next train.

27. If you are going into town, send out a steak for dinner.



LITTLE DINNERS.

THE size of the party is a matter of consequence. Party is a noun of most indefinite multitude. Some numbers arrange well at table—some ill. Six, ten, fourteen are favorite numbers. They balance symmetrically and give a proper alternation of sex. But as a general rule it should be set down that the “little dinner party” shall not comprise more than ten. It taxes the powers of the parlor-maid too heavily, and a hired waiter converts the affair at once into a “spread.” But given six or ten well-selected, judiciously grouped people, a round table, a moderate temperature, sufficient light and a good dinner, and what further provocation does mortal man need to make him agreeable? if agreeability within him lies.

The dinner need by no means be elaborate. Soup, fish, a joint or poultry, and a pretty dessert, with bright conversation by way of sauce, is sufficient for any small party. And these dinners, those of us who are not Aladdin, can afford to give not infrequently. And a dozen such in the course of the year do more toward cementing friendliness and extending our hospitable influence than any number of “swell” repasts from a confectioner's, or even a bi-annual jam of the most recherche kind, presided over by Brown or furnished by Jauch.

Every table should have a center, and that center should not stand too high. Be it fruit, flowers or confectionary, its top should be below the level of the eye. Nothing interferes with talk so much as to be forced to dodge this way and that to catch a glimpse of one's opposite neighbor. There should not be too much on the table at a time. A crowded look destroys elegance. The eye demands space as well as the elbow. Two vegetables with each course are sufficient.

Hot plates, iced water. Blessed duo! Temperature should be studied by every housekeeper. It is all-important and within the reach of all. A cold plate makes a good dinner bad and a bad one horrible. A hot plate (which costs nothing) improves everything. A hot room dulls and stupefies. Conversation wilts with the flowers.

To give coloring to a table is a difficult art now that white china is so generally used. Much may be said in favor of this china. It is neat and pure looking, it conflicts with nothing and can always be matched. On the other hand it defaces easily, and gives a colorless effect which is difficult to overcome. Our own preference is for English china, which is cheap, extremely strong, remarkably convenient in shape and size, quaintly and beautifully decorated, and not difficult to replace if broken. This, however, is a matter of taste. If the dinner service be white it can be enlivened by various little touches. The napkins may boast a scarlet initial or

monogram. Folded napkins with similar letters in the center may be laid to receive the dishes in lieu of table mats. Finger bowls may be arranged to form groups of prettily contrasted tint. Flowers in the center, or beside the plate of each guest, are prettiest of all. Nothing lends such grace to food as flowers.

A delicate finish should characterize each detail, and a certain amount of ornament. Every dish is susceptible of being made pretty as well as eatable. A bunch of parsley, a circle of sliced lemon, vegetables cut into pretty forms, potato, rice, bread-crumbs, quilled paper, adjuncts neither troublesome or expensive may be made to give a look of elegance to simple fare. Above all things perfect and dainty neatness, best ornament of all, and that cordial home atmosphere which confers savor even upon a dry crust.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

EATING TO ORDER.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We can hardly imagine a time on this now well-heated earth when fires were unknown and only solar heat was present. But geology teaches us of an age before stoves and fireplaces; before there was a race fit to use them if they had existed. The legends of the Greeks relate the history of the audacious mortal who stole fire from the gods, and brought it to men and taught them to use it. From the moment that men grew discontented with unroasted acorns and raw meat, and aspired to the luxury of cooked food, began the long train of woes which have afflicted humanity, and whose generic name is Kitchen.

It was the sad dawn of luxury and discontent, of anxieties about dishes, of contrivances to make men eat that were not hungry, of cooks and scullions, of mutterings, explosions and overturnings in the kitchen, innumerable and unending.

But after all, eating is a thing of prime importance in this world. Looked at merely in a philosophical way, it is the fuel that generates steam for the engine. The body unfed would in a day or two, be like a steamer without coal, unable to turn the wheel, and drifting helpless. Yet no one eats with this thought in his mind, but simply because he is hungry. For thousands of years, men have eaten without a scientific motive, without rational appreciation of the relations of food to bone, nerve, muscle and so on. The whole motive lay in the mouth. Men ate because it tasted good! This was certainly better than nothing, and seems to have answered the purpose thus far. But, by and by, when science shall have opened up the matter properly, when we know just the ingredients which the various parts of the body need, we shall have scientific bills of fare, in which dishes will not be obscured by absurd foreign names, but will be named from their true uses. Then we shall have bone-building, fat-producing, nerve replenishing, muscle-forming dishes. The host will scorn the days of ignorance when men asked their guests to take beef or pudding.

To a lean and cadaverous guest he will say; “Let me fill up your tissue,” or “My dear sir, your bones are brittle, allow me to pass this compound. Better bones were never made than this produces.”

To some exiguous scholar, thin and nervous, the jolly host will say; “My dear fellow, let me help you to brains. What do you affect? This dish runs strongly to poetry—or philosophy is it? This has been found to be admirable. It is not such stuff as Jones' cook palms off for brain-breeding. It was on his dishes that Professor Upset delivered that extraordinary course of lectures last year, that startled all sound-thinking men, and set them to eating the truer dishes, by which all the absurdities of Upset were exposed and refuted.

“Why, sir, philosophy is only food etherialized. To such a nicety have we reduced this science of cooking, that I can send a bill to my cook any day; ‘Send up four philosophers, two musicians, and one poet,’ and he will at once set things a-stew, and in his skillet or pan the hidden elements will begin to hiss and sputter, that in a day or two will come forth from some brain as a sonnet or madrigal, or a grave chapter of philosophy.”

What an age will that be! Now a man eats promiscuously. Often when the preacher would be tender, he in his ignorance has been feeding combativeness! He fain would appeal to men's consciences, but has been eating food that breeds abstract thought!

In the culinary millenium, a man and his cook, will be like twin brothers. The lawyer will say; “Give me a jury breakfast, Tom—an average jury;” and looking into his new psychological receipt book, his dear Tom will find just the articles required. The man will gain his case, unless his opponent has a better cook and was fed up to a higher pleading power.

In that day intuitions will be subject to order. The right part being fed, it will be automatically active. We shall no more hear about “ragout” and “chops,” and “steaks a la” this, that or the other thing. The comfits and custards and bon-bons will give way to higher names indicative of mental powers. We shall hear men say, “Do let me give you another spoonful of conscientia. Those speculations are very trying, and you need strength in the right spot.”

“Lost the game? Why, you neglected yourself. Chess is a sure thing on this diet. Let me help you to a little more.”

“Don't my dear madam, don't touch that! not but that I am willing that you should have anything that the house affords. But it is provoking to the temper. It is wonderful what spirit it breeds. It is for timid persons entirely.”

Ah, me! what a world of teaching and trouble, and mistake, and blaming, will be over with, when we can extract morals from a stew-pan, and turn out problems from the kitchen like omelets. Meanwhile Mr. Bonner, you and I shall have to eat on in the old way, only looking over into this promised land of science.—*New York Ledger*.

THE DESSERT.

—A western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: “It is such kindness as this that bring tears to our eyes.”

—A Portland paper asserts that a man recently walked into the office of the Zion's Advocate, in that pleasant little Maine city, and inquired if Mr. Zion was in.

—A drummer says that at a “first-class” hotel, he ordered one morning, of its attentive waiter, “two soft boiled eggs.” Sambo went off to the kitchen, and soon returned, and asked, “Mass Boss, did you want dem eggs scrambled?” “No, I want them soft boiled.” “All right, sar,” and off he trotted again. In a few moments he loomed in again, and remarked in a most persuasive tone: “Mass Boss, you better have dem eggs scrambled.” “What do you mean?” “Well, Mass Boss, I'll tell you; dem eggs ain't very fresh, and dey'll look better scrambled.” He concluded not to take any.

—“Brother G—,” exclaimed a minister on meeting a brother D. D., without stopping to ask any other question, “is it possible that you chew tobacco?” “I must confess I do,” the other quickly replied. “Then I would quit it, sir!” the old gentleman energetically continued. “It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it!” “Father C—,” responded his amused listener, “do you chew tobacco?” “I? No, sir!” he answered gruffly, with much indignation. “Then, pray, which is the most like the hog, you or I?”

—At a recent trial the counsel for the prosecution, after severely cross-examining a witness, suddenly put on a look of severity, and exclaimed:

“Now, sir, was not an effort made to induce you to tell a different story?” “A different story from what I have told do you mean?”

“That's what I mean.”

“Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't.”

“Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are.”

“Well, you've tried about as hard as any of them.”

He was questioned no further on that point.

—Some years ago an honest citizen of Newburyport, who had acquired a competence by hard work, was appointed by his Excellency a justice of the peace. The appointment, which had been unsolicited, was regarded by him as a very great honor, and he determined to make himself worthy of it by retiring from active business and giving his attention to books. His first purchase was a copy of the general statutes—his next a volume of the plays of Shakespear, about whom, as he told his wife confidentially, he had heard the big guns say a great deal. The great poet produced a powerful impression upon him. “I don't suppose,” he said, speaking of it afterwards to his friends, “there are twenty men in Massachusetts who could have written such a book.”



THE CARE OF THE SICK.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

HOW many restless, weary hours might be shortened, how much pain and distress alleviated, by knowing how to care for the sick. It is a sad thought that ignorance and thoughtlessness on this subject, separate us for life from many near and dear ones who might have been spared to make home happy, and to do more good than we can estimate.

There is no man or woman, boy or girl, but should make it a duty to learn all they can of the proper treatment of the sick, for none of us know how soon one of our own household, perhaps the dearest, may need our tenderest care.

We owe thanks to "Aunt Lizzie" in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD for her valuable rules, and beg leave to present a few more considerations upon the subject to your readers.

We believe, and it is certainly matter for devout thanksgiving, that there are very few such nurses as "Sairy Gamp" and "Betsy Brig," portrayed so vividly by Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit. But we have other nurses, who injure the patient almost as much through ignorance or carelessness, as these did from cruelty and selfishness. We must not forget that ignorance is a sin, when we might have been better informed; and carelessness is inexcusable, in that which involves the health and happiness of a fellow creature, not to say life or death.

Then on the other hand we have the nurse who seems too careful. Perhaps she is very fond of you, and her anxiety is so apparent that it worries you. She moves about the room restlessly, asks questions incessantly, if you are warm enough, if you want more nourishment, how you feel now, if you do not want this, or that or the other; is continually moving about the bed, trying to arrange something better, or to make some change, or to do something for you. You appreciate fully her tender sympathy, and love her for it, but you feel weary and long for rest and quiet. No doubt she tried to be quiet, walking on tiptoe perhaps, and whispering; but the incessant rustling and fixing tries you, and whispering long continued, especially if between other people in the room, or any where within hearing of the sound, often has a very bad effect upon the patient; sometimes even causing delirium. It is better to speak aloud in a gentle tone. Be very careful not to hit the bedstead when near it, as the jar it occasions is generally extremely unpleasant, not to say painful, to the sufferer. Often the patient likes to have the nurse sit perfectly still within sight and hearing, where she can be ready at a word or look to attend upon her charge. She may even in some cases take some sewing or a book, if she does not make any rustling with it; but she must never

become so absorbed as to forget for a moment the sick one in her charge. Try to obey more than ever the precept of St Paul, "Study to be quiet." Be quiet, cool and calm, yet full of sympathy, gentle, patient and cheerful; doing everything with the least possible parade; never saying two words or taking two steps where one will do. "Make your head save your heels" and save also the brain of your patient.

We will not in this article describe all the various disagreeable nurses whom we, alas! too often meet, such as the untidy nurse, the gossiping nurse, the dismal croaking nurse who delights to tell you of all the horrible sufferings and ills that have come under her cognizance; the vulgar nurse, the boisterous nurse, etc., and present our readers with only one more, who might pass for the Mrs. Alexander Exact, of Mrs. Stowe's admirable work "Little Foxes." With untiring energy and conscientious care and watchfulness, everything is given and done according to rule, and in the most rigid and exact manner. Excellent so far. But let us see. Why does the patient shrink from her and almost regard her as an icicle, or a steam engine. We will suppose it to be a mother lying sick. She hears the voices of her little ones two and four years of age outside the door begging for mamma. Mrs. Exact walks to the door and with a firm tread and in spite of resistance and screams on the part of the children bears them away to a distant part of the house and leaves them in other hands. You vainly plead on her return, and indeed before she reaches the door to take them away, to see the children a few minutes. "No, you are not well enough." "You must have perfect quiet." Her will is law. She is "monarch of all she surveys." She has had experience and she knows what is proper and her law is as inexorable as that of the Medes and Persians. The poor patient is too weak to struggle for her rights or even to argue, but she "keeps up a terrible thinking." To her excited brain the children, probably long ago soothed, seem still crying and wretched. She is no doubt much more injured by worrying than she would have been with care by seeing them a few minutes. Perhaps you are feverish, or in great pain; you feel as if you were in the hands of a tyrant. In your weakness you groan or cry a little, when she immediately gives you her ideas on the duty of patience and carefulness. She lays her hand on your forehead in a cold mechanical way, says you are doing as well as could be expected, which somehow does not soothe you in the least. Everything she does is done from a sense of duty, with no sympathy or pity.

Sick people are very sensitive, and very quick to detect loving sympathy or the want of it in those who have the care of them. Sympathy and tenderness will be more to them sometimes than medicine. They feel weak and dependent and in a measure childish, and like children need much love and some charity and indulgence. As a little child cries for its mother so will one who is sick and suffering long

for those nearest and dearest to perform every little necessary attention.

Oh son! daughter! husband! wife! brother or sister! think of all the comfort you may give to your afflicted relative by your constant tender care and gentle, loving ministrations. Make it a point of religious duty, to study how to be a good nurse, and you will be a blessing, not only to your own family but to many others; and the comfort you have been to others will be restored to your own bosom a thousand fold, by Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

HYDROPHOBIA—IS THERE ANY CURE FOR IT?

Every few months we read in the daily papers an account of some new case of hydrophobia. We do not know of any more terrible and shocking form of disease. It is harrowing to one's feelings to merely read a description of the sufferings of its victims. Is there any cure for it? A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune describes a case where the man was in convulsions and barked like a dog, but which seems to have been successfully treated. The Tribune says:

During these convulsions the patient would seize the pillows from his bed in his teeth, and shake and rend them with all the seeming ferocity of an angry dog. An intense dread of water also exhibited itself. The doctors decided to place the patient upon the same treatment which had been successful in a former case, which, for the aid it may be to others who suffer from this disease, we here give as follows:

The injection under the skin of large doses of morphine, and the administration of large doses of castor, which is a powerful anti-spasmodic. About one grain of the sulphate of morphine was injected under the skin once in four hours, and half a drachm of the powdered castor, mixed with syrup, given internally. The effect was to produce sleep in about half an hour, which lasted about an hour and a half, when the convulsions returned at intervals of an hour to an hour and a half until 9 o'clock Sunday morning, when the last convulsion occurred; after which he suffered severely from obstinate vomiting until Monday at 10 o'clock, when that also ceased, leaving the patient comparatively easy, but very much prostrated. Since that time he has gradually improved, and now is to all appearances, quite well. In addition to the above treatment small quantities of chloroform were inhaled at times, and on Sunday morning the patient was wrapped in a woolen blanket wrung out of a warm solution of muriate of ammonia, eighteen to twenty grains to the ounce. This was the treatment which checked this fearful malady, and which the doctors, for the sake of humanity, are anxious should be published to the world, and thoroughly tested.

—The fluid extract of lobelia, when applied to mosquito bites, entirely and almost instantly puts an end to their itching. It can be obtained of any druggist.

PREVENTION OF SCARLATINA.

The following is an abstract from some remarks published recently by Dr. Snow. The authorities do not consider scarlatina to be contagious; yet it undoubtedly spreads through some epidemic influences independent of contagion, as in extreme conditions of filth and ventilation, and particularly when accompanied with putrid sore throat. There is no sure preventive known.

At the present time there is a tendency among physicians to attribute many diseases to microscopic spores, or fungi, or animalculæ. There may be some reason for this, though when these are found in the blood and secretions it is by no means certain whether they are the cause or the effect of the disease. However this may be, it is certain that carbolic acid will surely destroy all microscopic life, whether animal or vegetable. If, then, the cause of the scarlatina be anything of this description, and there is reason to think so, carbolic acid may be used as a preventive, and we would therefore recommend a trial of it, not on account of the experiments already tried as of any value as proof, but owing to its well-known properties of destroying all microscopic life.

The best and only preparation of it for general practical use in the sick-room is the carbolate of lime, which is a dry powder of a bright pink color. Let this be kept exposed in the rooms where the children are sick, and in other rooms if desired, in small quantities, just sufficient to make the coal-tar odor perceptible at all times. A more agreeable odor of the acid may be made by pouring the solution of the pure acid on dry slaked lime; but this would be much more expensive, and probably not as efficient. The carbolate of lime has also been used in the same manner quite extensively to mitigate the severity of the spasms in whooping cough with great advantage.—*Journal of Medicine.*

DANDRUFF.

Dandruff cannot be prevented. It is a natural production upon every part of the body where hair is found. It shows more abundantly upon the head from more active growth of hair upon the scalp, the facilities for collecting, and the contrast it bears in early life to the color of the hair.

It is formed on this wise. That portion of the shaft of the hair which is contained within the hair-tube is kept steady in its position by contact with the lining scarf-skin of the tube; and, as this skin is continually undergoing the process of formation and exfoliation, the superficial scales of the sheath are moved towards its aperture with the growing hair, and are then scattered on the surface in the form of scurf, or dry skin; as the moisture on coming to the surface evaporates, these dry scales necessarily form. It is, therefore, a healthy and natural exertion, and should be removed but cannot be prevented. So, when the vender wishes to sell you a lotion to prevent dandruff, just keep your money, and tell him you have a comb and plenty of clear soft water, which is the best lotion that should be applied to the hair.—*Guardian of Health.*



BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE order which relate to books in the "Close Rolls" of this period are interesting, not only as illustrating the literary taste of the age, but principally because they generally contain some circumstance which shows the scarcity and value of the article. It was not until a period considerably subsequent to the invention of printing, that the cost and rarity of books ceased to obstruct the advancement of learning and the diffusion of knowledge. We may quote the statement of Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," that, in the middle ages, "None but great kings, princes, and prelates, universities and monasteries," could have libraries; and the libraries of the greatest kings were not equal to those of many private gentlemen or country clergymen in the present age.

The Royal Library of France, which had been collected by Charles V., VI., and VII., and kept with great care in one of the towers of the Louvre, consisted of about 900 volumes, and was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, A. D. 1425, for 1200 livres. From a catalogue of that library still extant, it appears to have been chiefly composed of legends, histories, romances, and books on astrology, geomancy, and chiromancy, which were the favorite studies of those times. The kings of England were not so well provided with books. Henry V., who had a taste for reading, borrowed several books which were claimed by their owners after his death. The Countess of Westmoreland presented a petition to the Privy Council, A. D. 1424, representing that the late king had borrowed a book from her, containing the "Chronicles of Jerusalem," and the "Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne;" and praying that an order might be given, under the privy seal, for the restoration of the said book. This order was granted with great formality.

About the same time, John, the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, presented a similar petition to the Privy Council, setting forth, that the king had borrowed from his priory a volume containing the works of St. Gregory; that he had never returned it; but that in his testament, he had directed it to be restored: notwithstanding which, the prior of Shine, who had the book refused to give it up. The Council, after mature deliberation, commanded a precept, under the privy seal, to be sent to the Prior of Shine, requiring him to deliver up the book, or to appear before the Council to give the reason of his refusal.

These facts sufficiently prove that it must have been very difficult, or rather impossible, for the generality of scholars to procure a competent number of books. The extreme costliness of the article rendered it no less difficult to borrow books than to buy them. To illustrate this, the same writer, in another part of his work,

quotes from Comines, the fact, that Louis XI. was obliged to deposit a considerable quantity of plate, and to get one of his nobility to join with him in a bond under a high penalty to return it, before he could procure the loan of one volume, which may now be purchased for a few shillings.

In a Close Roll, dated the 26th of March, 1208, King John writes to the Abbot of Reading, to acknowledge that he had received, by the hand of the sacrist of Reading six volumes of books, containing the whole of the Old Testament. The receipt is also acknowledged of "Master Hugh de Victorie's Treatise on the Sacrament," the "Epistles of St. Augustine, on the City of God and on the Third Part of the Psalter;" "Valerian de Moribus;" "Origen's Treatise on the Old Testament;" and "Candidus Arianus to Marius." The following month, the king wrote to the same abbot to acknowledge the receipt of the copy of Pliny, which the abbot had in his custody.

In 1249 King Henry III. orders Edward, the son of Otho of Westminster, to cause to be purchased certain church-service books, and to give them to the constable of Windsor Castle, that he might deliver them by his own hand to the officiating chaplains in the new chapel at Windsor, to be used by them; and they were then to be held responsible to the constable for "this library," consisting of eight books. Another Close Roll of the same king dated 1250, commands Bother R. de Sanford, Master of the Knights of the Temple in England, to allow Henry of the Wardrobe, the bearer, to have for the queen's use a certain great book which was in their house at London, written in the French dialect, containing "The Exploits of Antiochia, and of the king and others." This work was probably a French translation of a Latin heroic poem, entitled "The War of Antioch, or the Third Crusade of Richard I.," written by Joseph of Exeter, otherwise called Josephus Iscanus; and was perhaps wanted by the queen to elucidate the paintings in the "Antioch Chamber." It is observable that all the books mentioned in these Rolls are either in the Latin or French language. Indeed no English literature at that time existed, if we except some metrical chronicles and romances, chiefly translations, of a very marvelous character, a few of which have, of late years, been printed from MSS. still extant.

HOW TO WRITE.

William Cullen Bryant, the poet and editor, gave to a young man, who sent him an article, the following excellent advice, which we commend to all who would learn to write:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in

your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known, oblong instrument of manual industry; let home be home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning, and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time we will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or of pronunciation. The truly wise man will speak so that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sydney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it will be."

SILHOUETTES.

Although these pretty black pictures, especially those by Konewka, are at present so popular, we doubt if many persons understand the meaning of the term Silhouette. This word is a proper name, and was first used in connection with shadow-pictures, in France, about the middle of the last century.

In 1759 Etienne de Silhouette was the French minister of finance, and his administration was severely economical. Owing to his example, the fashions became plain and simple. To be stylish, people were obliged to dress cheaply. Coats were worn without collars; all unnecessary adornments and trimmings were dispensed with; snuff-boxes, instead of being made of costly materials, and adorned with diamonds and paintings, were of the very plainest wood; and portraits instead of being painted, were drawn in outline and filled up with India ink. All these various economies were called *a la Silhouette*, in honor of the illustrious minister who set the fashion of being economical. At the present day our fashionable gentlemen wear silhouette vests (though probably not from motives of economy,) but the term has long ceased to be applied to anything but the black pictures with which we are all familiar.

This style used to be confined almost exclusively to portraits, and to save trouble in filling up the outlines the picture was often cut out of black paper and pasted on a sheet of lighter color. Hence they were sometimes called scissors pictures. But now the silhouette has taken many steps for-

ward, and we have the most delightful little figure pieces in our illustrated books. To Paul Konewka, the German artist already alluded to, this revival, or rather advance, in silhouette art appears to be due.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment that he was an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy—always much readier for a "bicker" than apt at his lessons. At the Edinburgh University, Professor Dalzell pronounced upon him the sentence, "Dunce he was and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned upon his mother's hand as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late.

Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, shipped him to Madras, and he lived to lay the foundation of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school.—*Smiles' Self Help.*

THE REVIEWER.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. By Mrs. Cornelius. Boston: Thompson, Bigelow & Brown, Publishers. 8 vo., pp. 312.

This excellent work contains about one thousand receipts for cooking all kinds of meats, poultry, game, pies, vegetables, etc., with directions for plain and fancy cakes, sweetmeats, desserts, pickles, preparations for the sick, and miscellaneous receipts. The merit of these receipts is, that they have all been tried, and can be recommended conscientiously. The author has acquired great reputation among housekeepers for the excellence of her works on cookery, and this volume will enhance it. It will be useful to matrons and young housewives. By the aid of this book, the young and inexperienced are brought nearly on a footing with those who have seen service in the culinary department, and by having it at hand are rendered tolerably independent of help, which sometimes becomes very refractory. The best regulated families are sometimes taken a little by surprise, by the untimely stepping in of a friend to dinner—to such, *The Young Housekeeper's Friend* is a friend indeed, ready as it is with instructions for the hasty production of various substitutes to serve in place of meals which require timely and elaborate preparation. The whole is accompanied by a well arranged index, by which any desired receipt may be turned to at once.

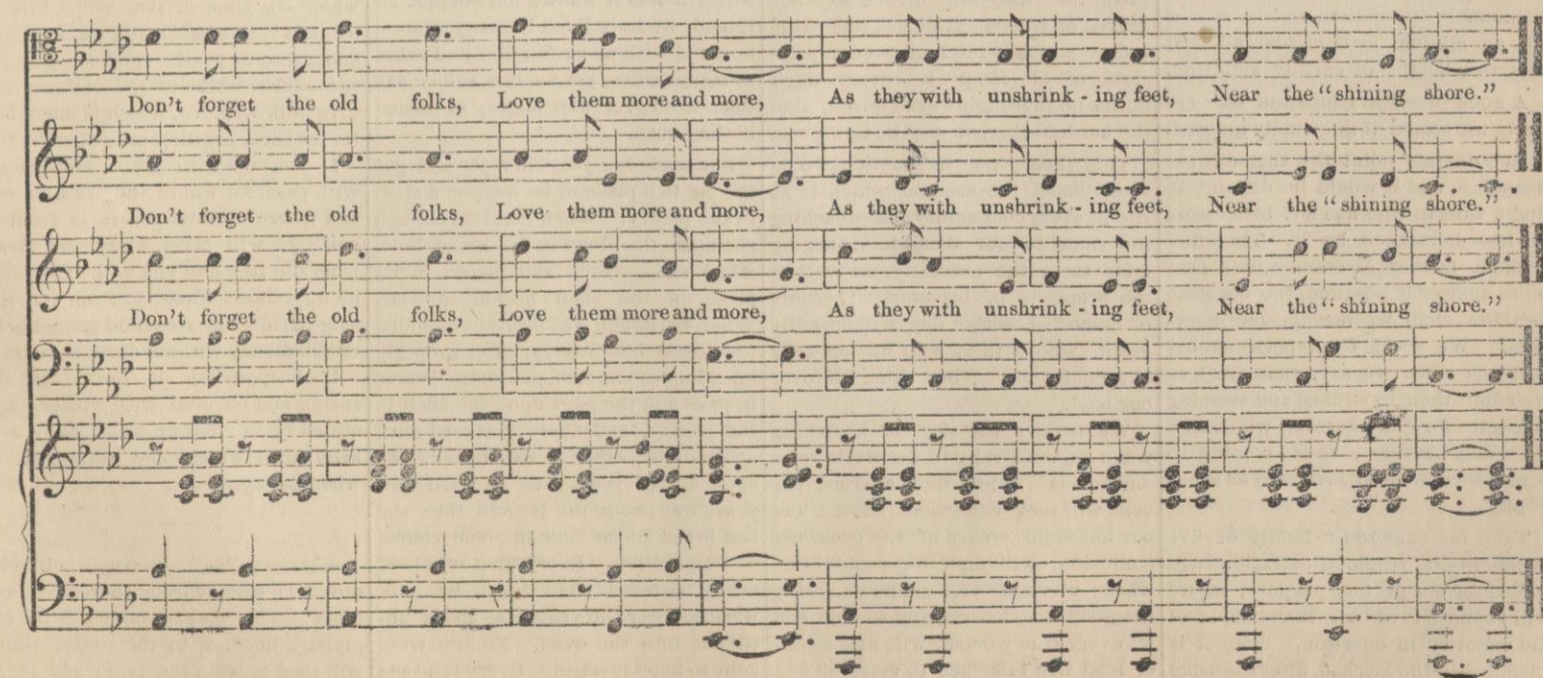
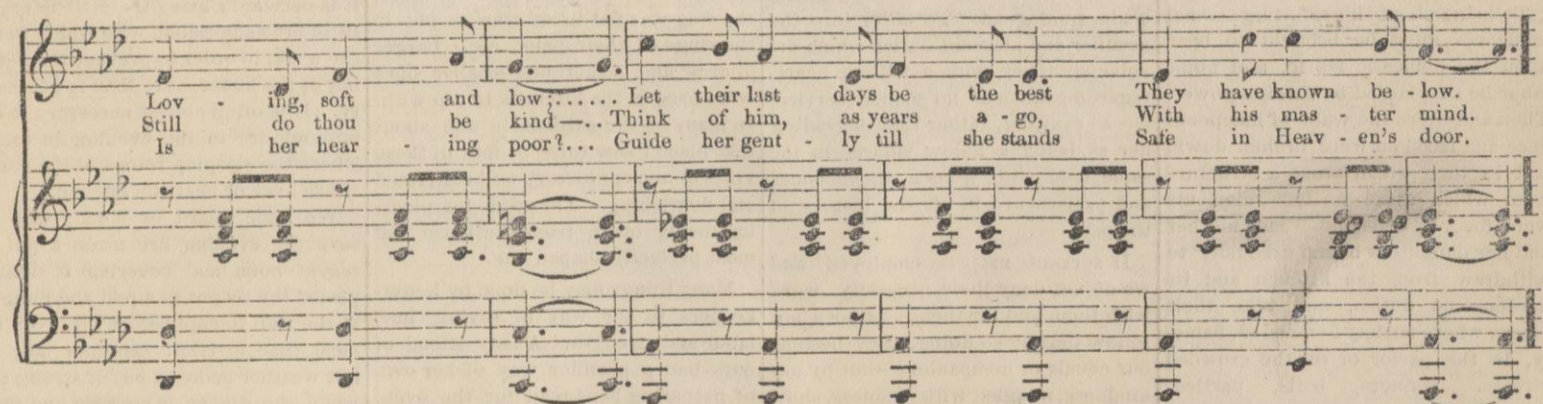
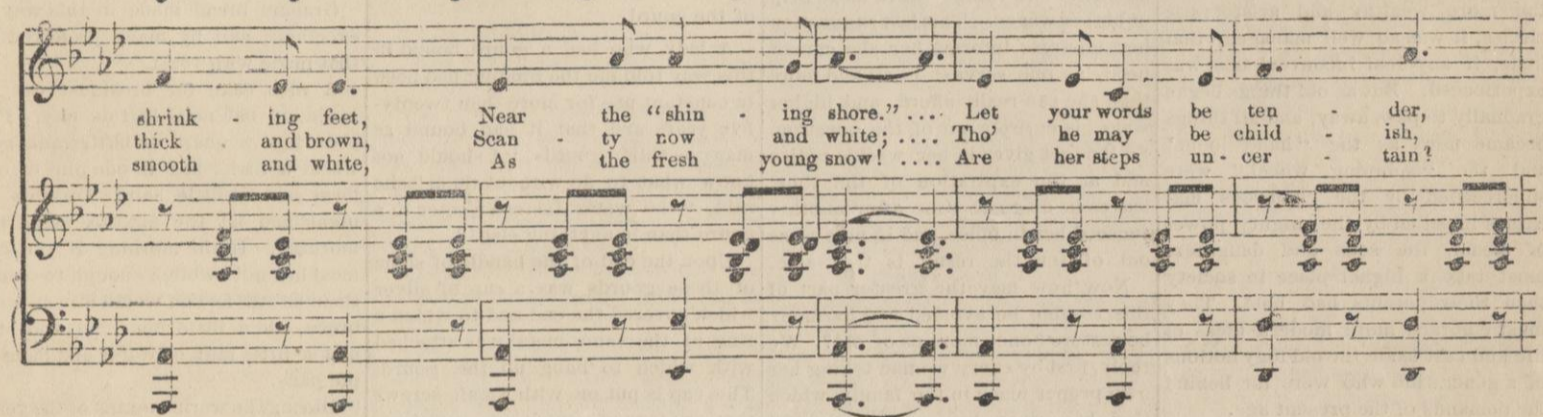
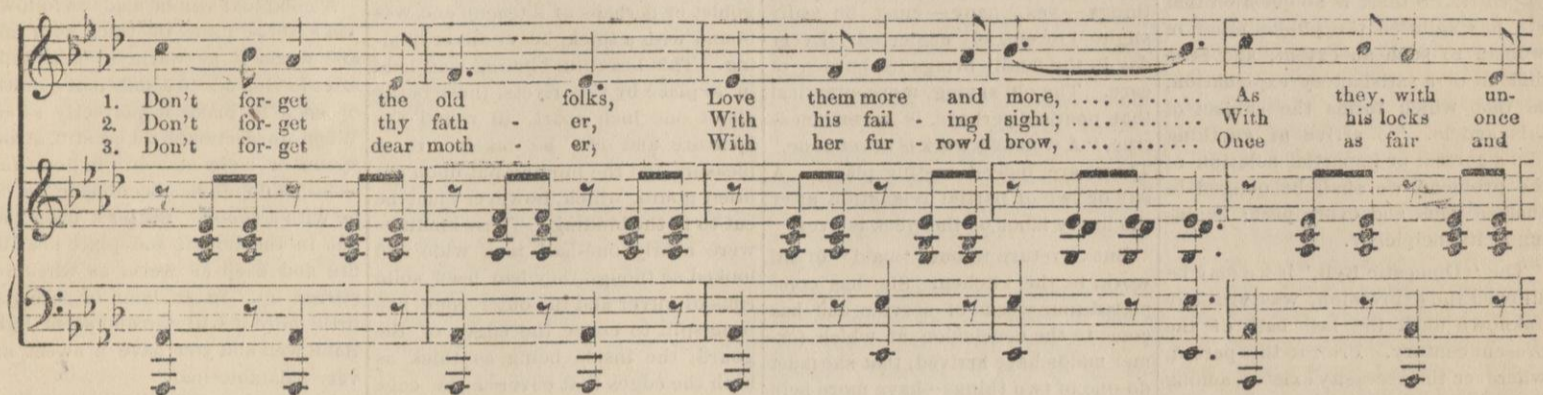
The last number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY contains Dips, Spurs and Angles; The Little Brown Bird; Breakers; An Indian Reservation; Relics of John Clare; A Familiar Spirit; Early Jesuit Missions in Lower California; On a Pressed Flower; Costa Rica and its Railroad; Ultrawee, No. V; The Relics; After the Winter Rain: The Japanese Indemnity Fund; etc.; Current Literature. The Overland has entered its tenth volume and grows better with each succeeding year. Published by John H. Carmany & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May is received with a most appetizing table of contents prepared by Mr. Howells, who is giving us through this magazine a continual "feast of fat things." In this number the Editor has another installment of *A Chance Acquaintance*; Mr. Parton gives an account of *The Presidential Campaign of 1796*; Robert Dale Owen's *Autobiography* is continued; Sam R. Reed treats upon *Specie Resumption*, and John A. Coleman is still fighting the Railroad. Besides there are several articles of a lighter character, poems, etc.

Words by
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Music by EDWARD CLARK.





HOW SHALL WE MANAGE OUR SERVANTS.

BY CHRISTINE.

PERHAPS there is no question that has agitated the public mind of woman to such an extent, and is so difficult of a satisfactory explanation, as that which forms the subject of this article. To arrive at anything like a correct or impartial solution of the problem, we shall be obliged to analyze each and every part; beginning at its incipency.

The "Domestic Evil," if we may be allowed the expression, was virtually unknown until the last half of the present century. Prior to this period, wherever the necessity existed, among the more wealthy and aristocratic circles, it was so well managed, that little, if any real inconvenience was experienced. But as old things began gradually to pass away, and all things became new, as the "hand loom" and the "spinning wheel," were superseded by the cumbrous machines impelled by the mighty power of steam, the sons and daughters must take a higher place in society than their parents had held. They must embrace more modern ideas of life and cast aside the old foggy notions of a generation who were far behind the demands of the present age.

To bring about this reform, external influences must be brought to bear upon the domestic fabric, and home labor be supplanted by foreign power. Then and there the walls of independence and freedom were broken down, and in their stead arose a structure from which these ancient elements were forever debarred. The mother and her daughters began gradually to withdraw from the kitchen and its burdensome duties, and take their places where society demanded, namely, in the parlor or on the crowded streets. Dinners, balls, parties, operas and the countless round of fashionable dissipation, and to crown all, an eligible matrimonial alliance was the height of earthly ambition.

A good practical education was entirely too stupid, if not wholly ignored.

But on this point the theme is exhaustless, and it would be difficult to find a woman who has not been more or less influenced by it. Therefore without farther discussion, we pass on to answer if possible, the question—"How shall we manage our Servants." We speak from personal experience when we say, that much as we admit their ignorance and seeming disregard for our interests, which as a class they manifest, we are coming to regard them with some degree at least, of pity.

Take for example a family of five members—a single illustration will suffice for our present purpose, as we will suppose it to be a fair sample of the majority in question. Bridget is installed in the kitchen, after the usual preliminaries, as the sole proprietress

of this part of the establishment. She is expected to wash, iron, cook, sweep the house, run of errands, wait upon the table, attend the door, and in fine, be in all places at the same time.

Have we overdrawn the picture? We think not, and we are confident moreover that any woman who knows anything at all of domestic duties, knows also that it is quite impossible for two hands to do everything. Some things—yes, many—must be sadly slighted or entirely neglected. Every day in the family brings its burden of care. The old saying, more practical than poetical perhaps, is nevertheless true, "A woman's work is never done." There are indeed resting places. A day or two of partial relaxation after the heavy labor of the week is over.

But to return to our "maid" of all work, in the kitchen. She has completed four weeks of service and has come to the conclusion, at which former maids have arrived, that she must do one of two things—have more help or higher wages. This last suggestion her mistress informs her she cannot heed, as one servant is all and more than she can really afford, and higher wages is entirely out of the question. So Bridget gives in her week's notice and at the expiration of the time, leaves in disgust. One after another succeed her in office, and in nine cases out of ten the result is the same.

Now how may the greater part of this trouble be avoided and harmony be restored once more as of old? We reply, first by every woman taking her own proper place in the family which God has given her, as its rightful leader and head. To enter into the peculiar and pleasant duties which devolve upon her, with a willing heart, regarding them as no menial service, but as exalting, rather than degrading her as being a fellow laborer in the same field with women whose names and praises are in all the history of the past.

If servants must be employed, and we do not deny their necessity, work with them and for them. It does not follow that by so doing, they become our equals or companions—but by our kindness, mingled with firmness, show them that they are entitled to some degree of consideration. Teach them order—which is the fundamental principal of all labor—let every day's duties be thoroughly systemized, that the burdens thereof may be lightened.

This theory put in practice, would soon dispel the trouble which is so rife in every community and—teaching the same to our daughters, urging upon them the necessity, as well as the propriety of becoming "keepers of home"—a better day will speedily dawn, whose light will fill not only our family circle, but shine all over our land.

We believe the day is hastening when we must rally to the work—else our homes will lose their charms; our sons will seek enjoyment abroad and our husbands, weary of the ceaseless confusion, will sigh for some Eden where servants are unknown. May the good time hasten, and to this end let every true woman, wife and mother lend her influence to carry on and complete the reform.

HINTS AND AIDS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY PATIENCE POPULAR.

Being on a visit in a large and wealthy town, in a distant state, I saw a dipper or vessel for drinking such as I had never seen before. They were gourds of a medium size, with small handles. The hole or aperture having been cut out about the size of the top of an ordinary goblet or perhaps of a teacup and was bound with a thick, heavy silver binding. This beautiful binding was held in its place by tiny rivets, these being about one inch apart, all round the aperture and can be taken out at pleasure and the binding put upon another gourd, which, however must be cut to fit the binding. These bindings were nearly one-half inch wide and looked as though they had been solid rims of silver and the outer edge had been split to cover the edges of the gourd, the inside being as thick as both the edges that covered the edge of the gourd.

A lady who had a gourd bound in this way told me the binding had been in constant use for more than twenty-five years and that it had bound as many as thirty gourds, "I should not know what to do without them" she said, "the water tastes sweeter in a gourd than in anything else!"

Upon the end of the handle of some of these gourds was a cap of silver which covered the end and to which a ring of the same metal was attached with which to hang up the gourd. This cap is put on with small screws three or four of which are sufficient, the ring was put in as tinnies put in the rings of their pans, etc. Larger gourds and sometimes smaller ones were used in the kitchens to dip with. In many of the gardens in and about that place I saw three or four of these vines of ancient history well cultivated and flourishing. The seeds for planting being taken from the finest and most perfectly shaped one.

Many things may be done by house-keepers in the way of saving time, labor and strength. A lady friend of ours had a peculiar way of her own of preparing her bread for the oven. Nevertheless it was a good one, for although we have lived in many places, boarded with many families and eaten at many tables, yet we can safely say that we never saw nicer, or tasted better bread.

She made her yeast in a jar and put the jar in a place of its own on a shelf in the pantry. When it raised enough she made the bread in the bread bowl which she covered and placed in its place on the shelf beside the jar. When the dough was light she moulded the bread into loaves, after properly kneading it, and then placed the loaves in pans and the pans upon the shelf in the pantry, and there it stayed until again light, then it was baked. As soon as the yeast was all used new yeast was put in the jar and thus she had bread all the time in some course of preparation. Everything was kept neatly covered. The bread was not warmed after the yeast was made until put into the oven. No fires were kept to keep it warm. Every time she went into the pantry to prepare a meal

she peeped into the yeast jar, bread-bowl, etc., and did her bread work just when it needed to be done. She baked bread twice each week in winter and three times in summer. If company came in unexpectedly she could warm her dough or yeast as might be and in a few hours have bread in plenty or could make light cakes as might please her. They seldom ate any warm bread and never had any very stale bread.

A good loaf can be made as follows: Take three pints of thick sour milk and warm it as warm as new milk, after having added a sufficient quantity of soda to make it perfectly sweet. When warm enough take a stiff, strong spoon or ladle and stir in flour until as stiff a dough has been made as can be with a spoon. Butter a deep pan, put in the dough and place near the fire and keep as warm as when first stirred up. In an hour or perhaps a little more it will rise and seem light. Bake well and you have a sweet and very palatable loaf.

Graham bread made in this way is excellent, and by many preferred to that made with yeast.

A nice cake for breakfast can be made of oat meal in this way. Put soda into a quart of buttermilk and warm a little, stir in one pint of oat meal and a little salt. Do this at night and let the mixture stand till morning. In the morning if the oat meal has not swollen enough to make them as stiff as you would stir up corn bread, add a little flour. If too stiff add a little milk or water and bake in pie pans.

During the warm months of the year, it is necessary many times to have as little fire as possible, with which to do the work, in order to prevent the heating of the house more than is necessary. It is often almost necessary to do without fire in the evening in cases where the sleeping rooms of the family are over or near the kitchen.

We once heard of a lady who to save the evening fire made a pot of tea at noon and covering it tightly placed the teapot in a pail and hung it in the well to cool before the evening meal time arrived. Another lady in hot weather makes a pot of strong tea when the dinner is cooking and then when tea time arrives chips bits of ice into it to weaken and make it cold enough to be good. This she gives to the adults while to the children she give milk with ice, which is much better for them in either case than the tea.

If you wish to grate horseradish with ease, sit where the wind blows, and where it blows across in front of you. It will carry away the steam from the face and you will experience no uneasiness whatever from it. Sitting in this way we could grate horseradish all day without shedding a tear!

If horseradish is grated in the spring and covered with vinegar and sealed up in glass or stone jars it will keep until winter and be as good as when first grated.

—Many persons destroy their window sash endeavoring to remove old putty. This may be obviated by applying a hot iron to the putty, which will then yield to the knife and leave the sash clean.

CAREME—A KING OF THE KITCHEN.

Marie Antoine Careme the great cook, whom Lady Morgan mentions among the celebrities she feels proud to have met, was certainly one of the most original and pleasing figures of the first half of the nineteenth century.

His biography has all the interest of a novel.

"My father," he tells us in his memoirs, "was a poor lumper who had no less than fifteen children to feed. One evening he took me by the hand and brought me outside Paris, where we dined less frugally than usual. On our return, night had already set in, and my father seemed in very low spirits. I asked him several questions without receiving an answer, and he walked so fast that I had some difficulty in keeping up with him. All of a sudden he stopped in the middle of a deserted thoroughfare and said: 'You know, my boy, how wretched we are at home; too often, there is not bread enough for us all. You are a clever lad and sure to make your way in the world. Go my child—tomorrow perhaps you may find a more comfortable shelter. Farewell, and God bless you!' He then slipped a few cents into my hand, kissed me and ran away. I believe he was weeping.

I was about eleven years old when this occurred. I counted the money my father gave me—fifteen cents! My parents had never been unkind to me, so I thought they must have acted for the best, but it was very cold, and I felt rather frightened. I walked a long way without knowing where I was going, but I did not cry. At last I sat down on some steps at the door of a little tavern of the Faubourg St. Honore.

When the tavern-keeper, whose name was Laduran, came out to put up the shutters, he found me there shivering with cold. I told him my story. After having examined my features, he appeared convinced that I was no liar, for he said that I might sleep in the kitchen, as he wanted a boy to help him. At eleven years old, in the space of two hours, I had thus gained a social position. I was something—I was a head waiter—and head-sculion into the bargain, for Laduran had no other attendant.

Careme spent several years studying the cookery of the ancient Romans: the result of his learned researches proved to him that the dishes which appeared upon the tables even of such gastronomers as Lucullus, Pompey or Cæsar were thoroughly bad and atrociously difficult to digest. He had learned Latin in order to consult the writings of Palladius, Apicius, and other ancient authors.

His principle works are; *The Picturesque Pastry-cook, The French Maitre d' Hotel, The Art of Cookery in the Nineteenth Century, Ancient and Modern Cookery Compared*. You must not imagine that he writes like a cook. On the contrary, he has a most elegant and sometimes an original style. One reads with interest his *Fragments of Gastronomical History, The Table of Cambaceres, The Emperor Napoleon at Breakfast*, and many others of his contributions to the *Revue de Paris*.

One day our illustrious cook was

sauntering along the quays of Paris, dreaming of some new dish, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a middle-aged woman who was crying bitterly at the door of a wine-shop. Careme kindly asked:

"What is the matter my good woman? Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, sir; but if I cry it is because no one can help me. My husband, who is a first-rate silver-smith, spends all he earns in that abominable tavern, and leaves me to starve with my two children."

"He is too fond of good fare, then?"

"Ah, if he were half as fond of his work, we'd be well off."

"Yet, although he is a man of taste,

you condemn him to eat boiled beef every day."

"Eh? Who told you that?" asked the woman, with a look of surprise.

"I guess it," replied Careme. "No man cares to go abroad for a bad meal if his wife can cook a good one. If you listen to me, I'll teach you how to keep your husband at home. Where do you live?"

"Number 33 Royal street."

"And what is your husband's name?"

"Wagner."

"Very well. Take these five francs and purchase some charcoal. To-morrow morning you'll receive a basket full of provisions, lay them out in the kitchen and wait till I call, for I intend to do the cooking myself."

The next morning Careme paid the promised visit and found the workman in bed.

"Sir," said he. "I have heard of your talent as chaser, and I have brought you this silver cup, which requires to be repaired. Though the task is a difficult one, I know that I can safely entrust it to such an artist as you, and you can charge your own price. By the bye, I have invited myself to breakfast, as I want to show you that I too am an artist. Now Madam Wagner, lead me into the kitchen, and bring me an apron. We'll begin with the woodcock." * * *

Careme distinguished himself, and the meal was worthy of Talleyrand himself. Wagner, who was a real gourmet, had never tasted such fare.

"Why," he exclaimed, "Careme himself could not prepare a woodcock in better style!"

"Thank you for the compliment; I am Careme," replied the cook. "With your permission, I'll come back this day week, and if my cup is ready, we'll try a wild duck. In the meantime your wife, to whom I have already given some good advice, will pay more attention to her culinary duties."

Careme, at his next visit, found his tankard admirably repaired. The wild duck was eaten and found more delicious than the woodcock. Madame Wagner quickly learned how to prepare more tempting food than boiled beef; her husband ceased to visit his favorite tavern and became an artist instead of a common workman.

One morning Careme received a box which contained a silver woodcock, admirably carved and bearing on its bill a small cup with the following inscription:

"To Careme, from a friend who was saved by good cookery."—*Zell's Monthly*.

FARMER'S HOMES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you allow me a little nook in your HOUSEHOLD band around your cozy hearth this evening? And may I beg the privilege of saying just a few words?

I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for a year; and have found on its pages many excellent articles; and when a friend kindly sent me a January number for 1873, I hailed it with joy, as an old friend, and carefully perused its every page. Then came the February number and I was equally pleased with that, until I came to a piece entitled "Carelessness about Home." The very pointed remark contained therein, seemed to be aimed especially at the farmers—poor creatures! And, as a farmer's daughter, I feel that I have a right to dispute it. Let us look it over a little.

"How completely repulsive even the approach to the houses of more than two-thirds of our farmers is presented. There is no gate to the approach—a pair of rickety bars offer you ingress and egress. Often there is no alternative but to scale the fence to gain admission."

May I enquire where the writer originated? Surely not in this section of the country. For to my knowledge, no one has to "scale a fence" or "take down a pair of bars" to gain admission to the farm houses in this vicinity. Many of us have no door yard fences; but from the door to the carriage road is a well kept "slope of green;" and you will meet with no obstacles—nothing—save a few flowers, for the "calves and sheep are not allowed to browse there." Again the writer says "pigs have a wallow under the kitchen window, where the slops are thrown."

Bless you! the pigs understand the rules of etiquette better than to wish to wallow under the kitchen window—even if there was such a place as named above, which is not the case. "Chickens run on the porch and go down between the boards—half broken out—to lay; and at night roost upon the railing." What uncivilized hens those must be, to prefer a nest there, to one of soft, sweet hay in the barn!

"The windows have pillows, pants and dresses, as substitutes for glass." No, indeed they don't! They have the genuine glass, kept clean and bright; and should you take a peep within, you will see that very many of them filled with thrifty plants.

Then the writer speaks of the "uncurbed well and how the water is drawn by an 'old brass kettle' owned by their grandmothers, a hundred years before. The wagon and sled, in front of the house, the wood scattered along the fence, in complete association with plows, harrows, etc."

Lastly "the inside of the house, for the sake of womanhood, we will not attempt to describe." Now all this may sound well enough to those who have no knowledge of farm houses; but to me who has always lived on a farm, and never having seen such places as described by the writer, it stirs up my combativeness, a bit. Since they kindly refrained from describing the inside of the house, perhaps I can enlighten them a little.

The head of the household is the

mother, and she "looketh well" to its ways, and her daughters follow in her footsteps. It is not often that they are inclined in any other direction. They do not let the cream mould, before it is churned, the cobwebs gather so thickly over the doorway that you in danger of being entangled in the silken web if you attempt to enter, nor the pies and bread burn to a coal in the oven, while they are reading THE HOUSEHOLD, or a novel. No! not anything of this kind will be found in this region. The farm houses are neatly kept—both the interior and exterior. Instead of the vine of negligence, will be found the flowers of thrift and industry.

To think of "two-thirds" of the farm houses to be in the condition there described is simply absurd? What, think you, would become of the merry children who people our country school houses, and the sprightly girls, whose bright eyes and rosy cheeks, are the delight of the Poet? how I would like to call them together to deny this terrible abuse heaped upon the farmers!

Surely, Mr. Editor, you could not agree with the writer could you? or any member of THE HOUSEHOLD family? If you do, one of you, I would like to whisper in your ears, as I bid you good night, "Oh! thou art darkly ignorant!" A. H. L.

NEATNESS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

The following article, from the pen of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, appearing in the Christian Union, we recommend to the attention of all housekeepers:

"Will you please tell me how large to make sheet and pillow ties, and how to arrange them? Also how a woman, in poor health, two or three in the family, six cows, and no help, can keep anything neat and tidy?"

We could never understand how any woman under such circumstances could succeed at all in carrying her burdens if she did not "keep every thing neat and tidy." Neatness should save work not increase it. With "a place for everything, and everything in its place," and well cleaned before it is put there, one can turn off much more work, with far less fatigue, than if each article, as fast as used, were thrown aside anywhere, to be searched for when next wanted, and then cleaned, before it could again be used, consuming in the search more time than it would take to do the work for which it was wanted. Every housewife knows that if any article is set aside uncleaned it will take more than double the time to get it in a proper condition when next wanted, than if it had been immediately cleaned when used. Knives, forks, spoons, plates and dishes, are hard to clean if left unwashed till what remains on them gets hard and is thoroughly dried.

After making bread or pastry the breadboard and rolling-pin can be washed and made spotlessly clean in less than five minutes, if done immediately; but set them aside for an hour or two, or until next needed, and you will find it will take time and strength which you can ill afford to waste, to get them in working order again; or if used unwashed—and we

have known such cases—your bread or pastry will reveal the carelessness. Just so with paint, floors, windows; and each and every kind of work. If you let them pass day after day till dust and dirt accumulate in every dissection—for these are industrious workers—by and by, from regard to your own comfort and convenience, you must take a day, perhaps two or three, to repair the damages, and it will be hard work; whereas, a few minutes dusting or sweeping, or use of clean cloth and water, each day, will easily conquer the dust and dirt, moth and rust, and you will find far less fatigue in the operation. We mention these things simply to serve as examples; the same method carried into every part of your work will save you time and strength, and yet “keep everything neat and tidy.”

Sheet tidies should be as long as the sheet is wide, and about a half a yard deep, and spread over that part of the sheet that is turned over the spread at the head of the bed. They hide the wrinkles and tumbled look of the upper sheet after it has been once slept on, and gives the bed a neat look, that is very desirable. Pillow tidies may be made two and a half yards long, and from three-quarters to a yard wide, according to the width of the pillows, and spread over both when the bed is made, or cut in two pieces, covering each pillow separately. They may be made with a simple deep hem or a hem and tucks, braided, embroidered or ruffled, according to your fancy, time or means. They may be made of new linen or cotton, or when old sheets are too far worn out to be used as sheets for small beds, the proper length and width may be cut from such parts as are whole, and hemmed, tucked or ruffled, nicely starched and ironed, and used for tidies. They should, of course, be removed and neatly folded each night, with care will not require washing oftener than once a month. They are a great convenience, as a bed may always be kept looking attractive, and neat enough to relieve you of all fear of unexpected callers, or company; and when the house is small, and one is compelled perhaps to have a bed in the sitting-room, add much to your comfort and piece of mind.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I am not a spiritualist by any means, but I have just been up to Brattleboro (in the spirit of my dreams) and have been into your sanctum, and fumbled over all your papers, and ransacked all your draws, and read all your private communications, to find, if possible the source of your success,—to find the fountain from whence comes so many valuable communications.

There must be some spring whose waters, (always sweet) brings forth things new and old at your bidding; which others have not found—nevertheless I have something against you—and it is this. All your HOUSEHOLD recipes, contain such phrases as these, “good, sweet butter;” “rich cream,” “fresh eggs,” “sweet milk,” etc., etc. Now any good Vermont house-wife can make nice food with such materials at hand, and it makes my mouth

water when I read about it, for I can almost taste the delicious foods at a distance of one thousand miles. Did any of your contributors ever live in the west? especially in Chicago, or any other large city? If they did, then they are aware that their recipes do not apply to this latitude.

Who ever saw or tasted sweet butter made from prairie grass, and still-slops; who ever saw milk in Chicago that would rise even thin cream? who ever saw a quart of good sweet milk that came from a dairy farm? Who ever bought a dozen eggs that were all fresh, and had not lain under the fence in the sun for a week? Butter—white and tasteless—cream (if any) thin and pale;—milk—thin and blue;—either the cows had not been shingled and leaked and the rain got mixed with the milk, or else the milk-men forget, and water the milk instead of the horse, while on the way to town. We have not seen a quart of real good milk since we came to Chicago.

Now what I have against you and your correspondents is, that they do not give any recipes for making nice foods with poor butter, thin cream, blue milk and stale eggs. I think if some of them would turn their attention to this matter they would become benefactors to this western world if they succeeded in the undertaking.

It is of no use to ask us to write recipes, because we have these things to work with, for we have got so used to poor materials that we should not know when we had succeeded, our taste is thoroughly vitiated. Do please ask some of your good housewives to help us out of our trouble; and remember all the while that there is no spot under the sun where more of the luxuries of life can be had than in good old Vermont; and that though wheat and corn grow in abundance in the west, there is no place where we have fewer luxuries than here. (I mean in point of food.)

In hunting over your papers I came across several communications from Dr. Hanaford, and I read them, and was pleased with them. He gives some good advice, especially on the subject of health. I would like to ask the doctor if he remembers riding on the rail with the writer from Boston to Beverly about ten years ago, when we were detained by some accident about two hours on the road?

I go back in spirit often to my Boston home, as I do also to my Vermont home, and look at the changes that have taken place since I left. There is many a vacant chair, and many a new tenant in the houses, that have been abandoned by the original proprietors, who have removed to mansions not made with hands, in the Better Land. My home among the hills has few attractions now, and it is a long time since I saw the cot where I was born. My home on the Lake shore here has many attractions, but there is no spot on earth that is so dear to me, as the home beside the Connecticut river. It will not be long before I shall go back there, but it will be to occupy but a small spot of land among friends in the city of the dead. I can almost see the new house that has been built for me in the Better Land, through the gates that have been left ajar. And I enclose a few lines

which, if you find worthy of a place in your valuable paper, you may consider written specially for it, and with which I close this letter, and remain yours truly,

F. I. M.

Chicago, March 31, 1873.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Two years ago I moved into this house. Without and within a stranger might suppose us to be at peace with ourselves and the world around us, for we are apparently surrounded with almost every necessary comfort, but not so, we are the most distressed mortals you can imagine, in fact we are carrying on a civil war with bed bugs and rats. The house has been fumigated for days at a time the floors washed in kerosene and turpentine, Lyons powdered, but they only disappear for a time and in a few months appear again in ten fold proportion. This year we closed our house while away for a few weeks. I often congratulated myself that it was left perfectly clean and in order, free from bugs of any kind, and I hoped the rats would find a new boarding place as there was nothing left for them to live on. Imagine my surprise when I got back to find, not only bugs and rats in greater numbers than ever, but fleas, occasioned the neighbors say by the wet weather we have had this spring.

Is this so or did they originate in consequence of keeping a cat and a rat terrier dog? In the servant's room there is a canton straw matting, can it be that the bed bugs take shelter in those, lay their eggs and hatch out from time to time? so mysterious are those creatures in appearing and disappearing that I have got to that state of feeling, that it is with fear and trembling that I meet a guest in the morning for very fear of disgraceful stories about a dreadful night's encounter with the enemy, for I never know when we are safely rid of them; sometimes I think they come across the grounds from a neighbor's house. If any of your people can tell me what to do next, I shall be very glad to do it, only don't say use corrosive sublimate. I have tried it and am still using it, though it don't seem to do much good. I have soaked bread in it for the rats, and if it has killed any there's enough left so that I don't miss them.

My husband has just come in and wants to know who I am writing to. I say I am writing to myself, for I don't want to tell him I am writing for the press about bugs, for it is something I have tried to keep secret from all but THE HOUSEHOLD. Yours truly,

Mrs. J. M.

OYSTER SOUP.

Beat to a paste the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs and three dozen of oysters together, in a marble mortar, with the liquor of the oysters strained. Mix three quarts of good stock and the pounded oysters, and stew them half an hour; then stir in one way the yolks of six raw eggs, well beaten, to thicken the soup, and pass it through a tammy, rubbing through the paste as much as possible, then add a dozen or two of oysters, bearded, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, and simmer the soup five minutes to warm.

Oyster soup is very nice, prepared in the following way. Stew a knuckle

of veal down to jelly, throw in a seasoning of celery, and when done, strain and set it away to cool. About an hour before your soup is wanted, skim the fat off, put the clear jelly in your oyster pan with pepper and salt, and the strained liquor from the oysters. Let it come to a boil, skimming it carefully. When clear, and up to boiling point, throw in the oysters and let the whole come to a boil as quick as may be. It must then be dished immediately, a few crackers having previously been broken into the tureen, or the oysters will shrivel.

SOMETHING NEW FOR HOUSEWIVES.

A new mode of washing linen has been introduced and adopted in Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterwards washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor, and fuel.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CORAL BASKETS.—Mr. Editor:—I am going to spend this afternoon with the members of THE HOUSEHOLD. Mrs. J. R. D. will be pleased with the following method of making imitation coral: Make your frame according to the directions already given in THE HOUSEHOLD, or from card board. You can then dip it into your sealing wax, or varnish it, or you can dip it into warm glue, (the last would be the cheapest and just as well,) then sprinkle rice over it, just as much as will stick, set it away a few days till perfectly dry. Then take common varnish, color with vermilion and apply with a brush; or gum shellac cut with alcohol, color and apply the same way.

CURL FEATHERS.—I would not advise my friend to curl her feather over the stove. If it is a colored one, commence at the right hand side, and curl every fiber with a pen-knife, continue around till all are curled. If it is a pure white ostrich, wash in warm suds and rinse in several waters, lastly in a blueing water, and switch over the hand till perfectly dry, and every fiber will be as lively as when new; then curl.

CANDY.—Probably the trouble with Mrs. K. C. T.'s candy is caused by her using too much molasses and not boiling sufficient. Eva will be pleased with the following method of making candy. I have always found it reliable: Take two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of molasses, one-half cup of vinegar, (or same quantity of water and one teaspoonful of tartaric acid.) If possible make in a brass or copper kettle, stir as little as possible, and be very careful and not burn it. Now have a large spike (40-penny nail) driven into a convenient place near the fire, upon which to pull your candy. Wash it, and grease with butter. Next take your dish-pan and a wash tub, put into each, two pails of cold water just from the well. Then grease well two milk-pans. Now take a dipper of cold water into which drop a little of your candy, wait a few moments, then take out and if it will break short and quick it is done, pour it into the two pans, place them upon the cold water to cool, (use care and get no water into it.) As soon as you can run a knife around the edge and turn it over. Now add about ten drops of oil of peppermint, wintergreen, sassafras, or some other flavor. Grease your hands with butter, and commence pulling

just as soon as you can handle it. If you wish it striped, take off a piece nearly as large as your hand, throw it into one of the pans and place near the fire. When pulling your candy, draw it out two or three yards long, but work quick. Continue to pull it as long as you can conveniently, or till when you let go of it, it "draws up," then draw out the piece intended for striping, put over your candy and pull out about twice, take it from the nail and draw it out as small as desired, and with a pair of large shears cut off the end, turn over and cut again; this will make "sugar kisses" in shape. When it is all cut, place in a clean pan, and sprinkle over it half a cup of white sugar.

BLEACHING.—I will try and tell Rose how Aunt, (who is a milliner,) bleaches hats. The first thing she does is to wash them clean in soap-suds, then put them into very sour milk and let them remain all night, or if she has no milk, or has not time, she washes them in weak tartaric acid water, then wet up some corn meal and wash them in that, plaster it on to them; new put them into a box or barrel to bleach. Place good live coals in a basin, and sprinkle brimstone on them, and put it under your hats, (be careful and not let them hang so near the fire as to scorch,) cover up tight, about once in two hours renew your coals and brimstone.

When sufficiently bleached, brush off all the dry meal, dissolve some white glue in water, and wet them over for the purpose of stiffening them, then shape on your "block," which you will have to buy or borrow, fasten with pins, place a fine white cloth over the hat, and press it till dry with hot irons, sew wire around the edge, put in your crown-lining, and your hat is ready to trim. When you wish to color hats or bonnets black, go through with the same process as for coloring cloth; when dry stiffen, block and press, but before removing, varnish with one-half pint of alcohol, three ounces of gum shellac and just enough Ivory Black to color.

LACE.—Please tell Quere that she can restore black lace, which is rusty, by making a weak black dye, into which throw a small handful of good wood ashes, wet the lace in suds, let it remain in the hot dye, fifteen minutes, and rinse in clear water. When you press it, put a piece of paper over it.

FADED HAIR.—I have used the following recipe and consider it perfect: Six ounces of castor oil, two ounces of alcohol. Flavor with a few drops each, of musk, lavender, and bergamot.

SUNBURN.—Hattie, you ask for something that will remove sunburn. Here it is: One-half pound of clear oxgall, one ounce of myrrh, eight tablespoonfuls of honey, four tablespoonfuls of rock salt, one teaspoonful of camphor, one teaspoonful of burned alum, two teaspoonfuls of borax; shake well every day, for three weeks, then strain very carefully. Apply once a day.

Moist patches cannot be removed by external application; you must bring up your general health. I would recommend sulphur to help clear your complexion, one teaspoonful in milk, before breakfast, every other morning for three or four weeks.

PEACH AND CHERRY PICKLES.—For Eva C. J. To one quart of good vinegar add six pounds of coffee sugar, whole cloves and cinnamon to taste; when hot, wipe and drop in your peaches or cherries, as soon as they commence to crack take out and place in your jar, then add more fruit till all is cooked, boil down the juice a very little and pour over the fruit.

PICKLE LELY.—One peck of tomatoes chopped fine, two large cabbage heads, one pint of molasses, one-half pint of grated horse-radish, (it is good without it), two tablespoonfuls each, of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and pepper, three pints of vinegar. Place a layer of tomatoes and a sprinkle of salt in a colander and let the juice drain out, then place in a jar, heat your vinegar, molasses and spices and pour over. It must be covered with vinegar.

KEEPING TOMATOES.—I wish to tell my friends my experience in keeping tomatoes for winter use. I have tried for several years to keep them as many tell me they do; i. e. one pint of salt to a barrel of fruit, and cover with cold water, but for me, they always rot. Last fall I cut them with the shears leaving about half an inch of the vine adhering to the fruit, they kept splendidly. Before

I had pulled off the fruit, and of necessity the skin was broken. COUSIN MARY.

POISON FROM IVY.—An ounce of sugar of lead dissolved in a little water will kill ivy poison, or mercury. I wouldn't advise using it if the skin is broken, because it is one kind of poison, but otherwise it will do no hurt. Bathe the parts affected as often as you think of it. Iodine has also been used with success, and is very good for styes on the eyelids.

GRAPE JELLY.—Mrs. A. H. R. is not alone in her trouble in making grape jelly. I had the same bother with currants. If she will boil it up again and add some isinglass, or gelatine, I think she will have good, firm jelly. Some of the jellies put up pound for pound are too sweet to suit every one's taste. A little gelatine does away with so much sugar, makes as good jelly, and is liked better.

BLACK CURRANT JELLY.—A tumbler of water to each quart of currants, mash them, give them one boil upon the stove, and squeeze through a jelly bag; to every pint of juice put about a pound of sugar, and boil ten minutes. The juice is very thick, and if boiled too long will be tough and ropy. It makes an excellent jelly for sore throats.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—Instead of beating the whites to a stiff froth before adding the sugar, just stir them both together without any beating, it will stick better and look whiter. Try it, and you will be much pleased with the result. Another way is to frost the cake while warm to make it stick. A third way is to shave off the top of the loaves with a sharp knife before frosting. It will be sure to stick then, and if your cake happened to get burned a little, or did not rise evenly while baking it will look much better for being shaved.

TO KEEP HAIR IN CURL.—A Bandon-line made of quince seeds boiled in water, with a few drops of perfume added when cool, is excellent to keep the hair in curl. And another thing; if you brush your hair back ever so smooth the strong winds will blow the short ends round into the corners of your eyes, in the most provoking manner; a little bandoline put on will stop all that, and is better than sugar and water which some folks use, for that makes one's hair so sticky and hard to comb out. The seeds can be bought at a drug store for a few cents per ounce. Once using it, will tell you whether you have it proportioned right or not.

KITTIE.

BLACK CURRANT JELLY.—Mr. Editor—I noticed in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD one of your subscribers asks if black currants can be made into wine or anything else. They make an excellent jelly and sauce, and are invaluable as a remedy for colds or sore throats. Put your fruit into a porcelain kettle (no water) and boil slowly two minutes, when cool strain through a towel and add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, boil ten minutes, pour into bowls and set to cool.

BLACK CURRANT SAUCE.—One quart of fruit, one pound of sugar, one cup of water, and boil a few minutes.

To use for a cold or sore throat pour boiling water over some and drink as hot as you can.

LEMON SYRUP.—I send a recipe for a delicious and healthy summer drink. Four pounds of granulated sugar and two quarts of cold water, set it on the stove and stir till dissolved. Give one good boil and skim, take off the fire and stir in one ounce of tartaric acid. When perfectly cool flavor with essence of lemon. Clarify the sugar with the well beaten white of an egg put in when you put in the cold water. To use, put a tablespoonful into a goblet and fill with cold water.

MARBLE CAKE.—Dark part.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, three cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, yolks of four eggs, one whole egg, and a teaspoonful of all kinds of spice.

Light part.—One and one-half cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and the whites of four eggs. C. M. M.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the April number just received, S. A. M. asks how to cook macaroni. Cooked in the following manner it is a favorite dish with our friends and forms an almost daily dish on our table during two-thirds of the year. Break up into pieces about two inches long, enough macaroni to fill a basin one-quarter full; wash, then fill the basin two-thirds full of hot water and boil until quite soft, or, about three-quarters of an hour; then pour off the remaining water and add enough milk to the macaroni to cover it, and let it boil one-quarter of an hour longer. Take off and season with butter, pepper and salt; then put in a baking dish in layers, with grated cheese between each layer and on top. Then bake half an hour. For those not liking the cheese at first, (a taste for it is soon acquired, and macaroni is never complete without it.) it can be omitted, and the macaroni found quite palatable with just the boiling. Should the macaroni not taste quite right, add some more salt as it requires a great deal.

J. B. M. asks for a recipe for "Vermont puffs." I do not know what she refers to, but I can give her a most delicious recipe for puffs. Three eggs beaten very light, three cups of milk, (part water can be used,) three cups of flour, and a little salt. To be baked in deep gem-irons, which must be very hot when the batter is poured into them. Therein lies one secret in having light puffs. A little practice will soon make a most delicious article for breakfast.

Mrs. L. S. requests a "remedy to prevent odors from perfuming the breath." I doubt if she will ever find an effectual one; but I would ask her if she ever tried eating a few coffee grounds and holding some in her mouth? We, and those to whom I have told it, have ever found it a most excellent remedy.

And now I should like to ask, if any one can tell me how to remove match stains from a wall of hard finish?

In closing I must say how dearly I prize every number of your most valuable paper. I trust it will never cease to gladden our home. MRS. M. A. D.

Could some one tell me how to make a pretty rustic basket? and oblige, C. M. M.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Will you please send a good recipe for biscuit in your HOUSEHOLD. A HOUSEKEEPER.

I hope some one can tell how to repair gilded picture frames when they are spotted and bruised. Also, will some one give some good ways for making common dressing for meat, fish, etc., and some more fancy way of cooking meat than a plain roast, boil or stew? Can anyone tell me how to make Graham crackers? A. F. H.

MR. EDITOR:—If Ruth will mix her dampings for soup as for cream of tartar biscuit, and place them on a steamer over her soup until cooked, then put them in the soup she will find them light and spongy. L. A. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some one through your columns asks how gray hair may be restored without the use of deleterious drugs. I find this in my note book, which you may publish if you like:

To Restore Gray Hair.—Apply the juice of grape vines in the spring.

To Prevent Hair Falling Out.—also Dandruff.—Wash the scalp twice a week with castile soap-suds, then rinse thoroughly in tepid water. Use no dressing for the hair whatever. Or, wash the head often in tepid water and rub it till nearly dry with a towel. This last is a capital remedy for headache.

I am much pleased with your paper. I wish it could be introduced into every family in the land. If homes were what they should be, the "golden age" would soon be here. Whatever influences the homes of Vermont, reaches the world, for its sons and daughters wander to the ends of the earth. Don't let the Martha's—dear efficient souls—forget in the enthusiasm of their good housekeeping, that "life, that is more than meat" in themselves, husbands and children. MRS. L. J. P.

MR. CROWELL:—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD for two years (this being the third) and like it very much. I have received much valuable information from its columns and should hardly know how to do without it. I often

see many questions I would like to answer, but my time is so occupied with other things that I keep putting them off for some one else to answer. I notice in the February number A. A. F. asks for a roll jelly cake. I will send her mine which I think will please her.

To three well beaten eggs, add one cup of powdered sugar, one cup of flour, stir well and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in two pie pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel and as soon as done turn the cake on it bottom side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly and wrap in a towel.

In the March number Mrs. Dora A. wants either a recipe for cake without eggs, or some eggs, so I will send her my cook's recipe without eggs. I have used it all winter, as eggs were scarce with me (and none to get) and think it good. Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one small cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of soda, spiced to the taste, mix stiff, roll thin and bake crisp.

Fried Cakes without Eggs or Milk.—Mix with flour one coffee-cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, dissolve in a pint of hot water one teaspoonful of salt, and melt in the same a small tablespoonful of lard, wet the flour prepared with the soda and cream of tartar with the water and lard, work the dough quickly but thoroughly and roll thin. Nutmeg is an addition.

I would be greatly obliged to some of your many readers if they could tell me how I can have a blue merino dress colored to look nicely, what color or colors will it take best? Almost any color will do excepting black.

A Reader in the August number desires a good recipe for ginger snaps. I will send her mine. One pint of molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one tablespoonful of soda. Stir the soda in the molasses, then stir enough to wet the flour, and roll thin.

I will also send a recipe for cold slaw: To one gallon of chopped cabbage add one cup of sour cream, one-half cup of vinegar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, beat well together and pour over the cabbage in an earthen dish and let it cook until the eggs are cooked, salt and pepper to suit the taste. This slaw is to be eaten cold and is excellent.

My mother wants to ask through your columns for a delicate cake recipe with the whites of seventeen eggs, and will send recipes in return. A. M.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—Will some subscriber of your paper give me the necessary instructions for making a hog's-head cheese? JONES.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for more than a year, and like it very much. I like the letters much, all of them, and especially those by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. I read the paper with both profit and pleasure, and should not like to be without it.

One of your correspondents asked how to preserve eggs. I have seen a number of answers, all of which I tried years ago without success. I will give her my way which I have practiced for more than twenty years with success. It is simply this: Take dry bran or saw dust, put a layer on the bottom of your box or keg, or whatever you put them in, put in enough so that the egg will not touch the bottom, then put in your eggs, little end down, not near enough to touch, then cover them with bran, and keep on in the same way till your box is full, having bran on top, then cover with a board and set them in the cellar and they will keep any length of time, and when you break them they will look like a new laid egg.

A Young Housekeeper asked how she could have her salt pickles look smooth and plump. Put your pickles in a porcelain kettle, not much more than half full, and fill it full of cold water, put it on the stove and let it heat up as soon as it will. Let it get almost to the boiling point, stirring them frequently, and when it gets too hot to put your hand in, take it off, pour off the water and fill immediately with cold water and heat as before. Do this nine times, then put them into cold vinegar, and I don't think you will have shrunken pickles. If you want them crisp put a little alum in the last water, you can spice your vinegar if you like. MRS. L. M. D.



THE HOME OF THE WEARY.

BY MARY J. WINES.

On the banks of the mystic shore,
Where the star of life fades never,
Where wait the loved who have gone before,
Whose joys are joys forever.
Where skies by storm-clouds ne'er grow dark,
Where love and peace are glowing,
And the soul may launch its spirit bark
On the waves of truth, there flowing.

On the banks of the mystic shore,
Where the Paradise bowers are shining,
Where immortal flowers their fragrance pour,
Rich garlands are ever twining.
A labor of love by angel hands,
For the dear ones earth is keeping,
When the spirit shall walk with immortal bands,
While the mortal in dust is sleeping.

On the banks of the mystic shore,
Where the weary shall rest forever,
When earth's dread cares and woes are o'er,
Where the anguish tear falls never,
Guide safe, oh! God, to the shining stand
The storm-tossed bark of mortals,
That crowned with joy, we all may stand
Within the Heavenly portals.

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

BY DUSTIN C. BURDICK.

SAMUEL Thompson and Nathan Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated on a beautiful eminence, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil there was not a cent's worth of difference in the two farms, but yet they wore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked for a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings all looked neat and tidy. His door-yard was clean, his windows were whole, his barns snug and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more of a family to support than did his neighbor, yet his house and out buildings, and the rural aspect of his farm were very different. A few rags were to be seen in the spots where there should have been panes of glass; various things were kicking about the yard that should have been in other places; there were large cracks in his barns, through which the rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple-trees were scabbed with old bark, and the tops were disfigured by scraggy dead limbs. Mr. Holmes worked hard—harder if any thing, than did Mr. Thompson; but yet his matters were always at loose ends, and he often wondered how it was that his neighbor pushed things along so smoothly, and kept everything in such excellent order.

"Ah, Thompson," said Holmes, one day in early spring, as he came up to the former, "have you got an inch auger?"

"Certainly," returned Thompson; "I can't get along on a farm without one."

"I wish you would lend it to me for a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain for two days because my harrow is broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it."

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," said he. And then as a sudden thought seemed to strike him he added:

"They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday."

"Yes," returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, "one of the best cows I had."

"But how did it happen?"

"She broke her leg."

"Broke her leg! How, pray?"

"Why, you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn and shaky, and night before last she got one of her legs through it and snapped the bone off like a pipe stem; so I had to kill her."

"Ah! Mr. Holmes, those are things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that."

"I know it," said Holmes, with a down-cast look; "and I should have fixed the floor long ago, if I had the tools. But it's no use crying now—what's done can't be helped."

This was always a great source of consolation to Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done he tried to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use.

Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed-door and led the way into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for handy use, and upon it was a full set of planes, saws, gauges, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition were arranged a set of chisels, gimlets, files, and screw-drivers; and overhead hung some half dozen different sized augers. In short, there was everything here that man could possibly need in building and repairing about a house.

Mr. Thompson took down an inch-auger and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so he remarked—

"I have not seen your son Thomas about for two or three days—is he sick?"

"Well, not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot; he can't step on it."

"Ah! how did that happen?"

"He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn floor, and it went into his foot some ways."

"Whew! that's bad," muttered Thompson with a shudder. "I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that pricks and bruises generally cost more than shoe-leather, aside from the comfort and looks."

"O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you see there was a hole in the bottom of his shoe. I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it."

"Ah! friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and when there is any patching or tapping to be done, I can fix it up in a few moments. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might be idle."

"Well," muttered Holmes, "I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools, but it takes quite a collection of implements to fill a cobbler's bench. However what's done can't be helped. I guess Tom

will be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now to fix my harrow."

It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to mend his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land until the next morning; and when at length he got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson. His son was confined to the house over a week; and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay. When it came haying-time he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they had started with the loss of a few teeth or the breaking of a bow, or perhaps even the head might have got broken; and thus, instead of saving a good handle, etc., and making the other parts that were needed, for the want of proper tools he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So, in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress—and all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool-chamber, making some apple-boxes, when his neighbor Holmes appeared.

"Thompson," said the latter, after watching the movements of his neighbor's fore-plane a few moments, "how much did that ox-sled of yours cost? I have got to have one this winter."

"O, that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days we had before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled out my wood last winter, so the job came quite easy."

"Well, neighbor Thompson," said Holmes, after some little time spent in hard study, "I don't see how it is that you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work as hard as I do. Your wife does not make any better butter or cheese than mine does: your bees don't make better honey. You raise more fruit than I do, to be sure."

"But have no more trees," said Thompson.

"No; but then your fruit is of better quality, and finds a more ready market."

"Certainly, but I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours were twelve years ago; and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the places, you will find that in many respects mine is the most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do during the winter, because they have better shed-room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pen and pig-house are tight and comfortable; and then I am inclined to think that my bees make rather more honey than yours do, for my hives are in better order. I may not raise more than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain-chamber as they do to yours."

"Perhaps you are right," muttered Holmes with a crest-fallen look; "and I suppose you are laying up money."

"Certainly I am—one or two hundred dollars every year."

"So much as that!" exclaimed Hol-

mes with a look of astonishment. "Why, I can't lay up a cent."

"Let me give you a bit of a secret," said Mr. Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone, as he laid his plane upon the bench. "Last summer you bought four new rakes and a pitchfork; now how much did they cost you?"

"Let's see: the rakes were twenty-five cents a piece, and the fork came to a dollar."

"Well now, my fork-handle got broken by accident last winter, and so did some of the rakes; I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first opportunity I fixed them up. There were two dollars saved. Now you have nothing to do to-day."

"No, it rains too hard."

"And yet you see I am at work. Now how are you going to get your apple-boxes?"

"Marston is going to make them for me, and I am going to give him a barrel of good apples."

"There are two dollars more. Now if you hire a sled made as good as mine, it will cost you twelve dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up, while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixteen dollars will multiply itself. You sold your wool last spring as soon as you sheared your sheep."

"Yes, I had to, for I needed the money."

"How much did you get for it?"

"Thirty cents a pound."

"If you had had this sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold then?"

"No," returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open, "I could have squeezed along with that sum."

"Now," continued Thompson, "I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent to my door for it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it, I found that I had made just twenty-one dollars; that is I had obtained twelve cents more on a pound than I should if I had sold when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves."

"All this comes of your having tools to work with," said Holmes in a sort of subdued tone.

"Mostly," returned Thompson.

"Well, if I had tools I might save a good many small sums in the course of year, but I never had the money to spare for them. Why, the tools you have here in the house, over and above your farming utensils, must be worth fifty dollars."

"Just about that sum."

"Then I fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare any such sum as that."

"You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. Let me explain. I never should have gone with a fifty dollar bill and bought tools; but I have collected them gradually. I have bought every tool on the premises with my grog-money."

"Grog-money?" reiterated Holmes in blank surprise.

"Yes," returned Thompson, with a slight smile, "with my grog-money. Now I am not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am;

but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, and show you its consequent comfort, content and happiness. The first year I was on this farm I used occasionally to take a little spirit, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times. I know not that I experienced any bad effect from it; but I am confident that it did me no good, and that it was a habit that might grow into a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirit I had used cost me on an average twenty-five cents a week. I suppose it costs you that now."

"Yes, every cent of it."

"Well, I commenced on the first day of January to lay up my grog-money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up the gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some of the work that I was obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying some tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year I found myself the owner of thirteen dollars worth of tools, and it all came from the money I might have otherwise drank up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation for future good."

Time passed on, and my twenty-five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, now a hammer, then a plane, then a new auger, then a bit-stock and bits, until in eleven years I have not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my grog-fund nearly a hundred dollars in cash besides. But the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money. As I have already shown you, they are not only a source of great profit, but also of comfort. A small gap in a man's affairs may seem a trifling thing at first, but it is like a little hole in the bank that confines the high waters of a lake. The almost insignificant stream will be sure to grow frightfully larger, and unless soon stopped up, the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring stream. I believe, my friend, that in giving up my grog I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now, don't you think you would feel as well without it? Compare the products of your grog-money with the products of mine."

Mr. Holmes made no answer, but he poked down deep into the shavings with his foot, as though he expected to find an idea there.

"Thompson," he said at length, "I wish you had explained this to me years ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you; for to touch upon a man's private affairs is, at best, a delicate matter."

"I know it; but Nathan Holmes is not the man to be offended with his friends for their kind admonitions."

"Well," said Thompson, with a look of extreme gratification, "it is not too late to commence, and, if you have an opportunity, take advantage of the market; and if fifty dollars or so would be of any use to you, I will lend it to you with pleasure."

Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with

moistened eyes, and shortly afterward went home. The next day he went to the village; but instead of bringing home a little brown jug, he brought home an auger; and he really felt proud when he found himself at work with one of his own tools.

The winter passed away, and when spring came Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars worth of tools, and all from money that would have been wasted had he not bought them. But this thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had ability to fix his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride that he had never felt before. He built racks and stands for his farming utensils, re-set his windows, fixed up his bee-hives and roofed them over, tightened his barn, and during rainy days he found himself with plenty of useful and profitable work to do. His children never wear worthless shoes now, nor do the cows break through the barn-floor; but he is a happy, thriving, contented farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as many good apples, his chambers hold as much grain, and he gets as much money for his wool as does his neighbor Thompson. And all this is because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending on his neighbors for what he ought to do himself.

MRS. BIDDY CHANTICLEER THE REFORMER.

BY ALICE CARY.

The following story though written nearly twenty years ago, will be as interesting to those whom it concerns at the present day, as it was to the previous generation. In whatever light the arguments may be regarded the manner of presenting them is capital:

Towards the sunset of a mild autumnal day, in 1854, two sleek, plump, and motherly appearing hens might have been seen with their heads close together, and exchanging looks of exceeding great wisdom, as they stood a little aside in the barn yard of John Moses Oldstyle. The precise "local habitation," of the aforesaid John Moses matters not to the interest of our story, as it is with all his pretty chickens and not himself, that we have to do. No farmer in the country perhaps ever paid greater attention to fowls than he, and probably none up to the day mentioned, with more uniform success and satisfaction. A more commodious hen roost was nowhere to be seen, and no poultry could be found better provided with straw, corn, water, gravel and all other things useful for the comfort and convenience of reasonable hens and roosters. But to return to the autumn afternoon. The two hens mentioned happened to meet at a puddle of water near the well, and as good neighbors should, exchanged civilities while they drank.

"Have you met our new acquisition?" said the lesser and sleeker hen who was known familiarly among her friends as Stripe neck; and there was something in the words "new acquisition," as she pronounced them, that implied disrespect on her part for the

person whoever she was, so designated.

"No indeed—if you refer to Miss Crowant, and I suppose you do. But who calls her a new acquisition?" And as she spoke, the hen known as Speckle, and one of the oldest and most estimable in the barnyard, put her head a little closer to Stripe neck than it had previously been.

"Why, whom do you think?" replied the first speaker, turning her little wise head to one side, as much as to say, "It will perfectly amaze you—you'd never guess, I know."

Speckle shook her head and said no, she could not pretend to guess what anybody thought anymore; and her manner implied that she had little sympathy with some things that were thought by some folks.

"Well," said Stripe neck, "she was called so by Longspur, I always thought he had more sense; and not only he—but a good many of our young folks seemed to think she is a wonderfully smart hen; they say she can crow as well as a rooster, and Mr. Longspur told me that she was going to make a speech tomorrow evening in the hen roost at early starlight. Now if that don't take the lead."

"Mercy on us," ejaculated Speckle raising both wings. "I won't let any of my chicks go that's flat. What has she to speak about, I should like to know." "Mr. Longspur" answered Stripe neck, "says she is to speak on hen's rights, if you know what that means."

Speckle sipped a little more water—and said when she was a pullet she never heard of such a thing, and she was not sure she as yet understood the phrase correctly. "Mr. Longspur says" answered Stripe neck, "that she advocates a more enlarged sphere for hens—thinks they are circumscribed in their movements, and that their capacities are equal to the self-styled lords of the barnyard."

Speckle said she did not and would not understand the new-fangled notions of some of the hens—Miss Crowant among the rest, and she thought they would all live to deplore the day she came into the yard. And she added: "Old John Moses must have been crazy when he bought her. New acquisition indeed?"

Stripe neck looked all around—and speaking in a whisper said: "You must not say anything about it Speckle, but a certain person told me that John Moses never did buy her—but that she was in the great chicken show you've heard of and got her head turned in consequence of being seen and admired, and has been going round the country ever since lecturing on hen's rights, and that she was smuggled in here by Mr. Longspur, without the knowledge of good Mr. Oldstyle."

"Did you ever!" said Speckle and she opened her wings wider than before.

Again she sipped and added, "a most pernicious influence she will exert among us."

"That's my opinion," said Stripe neck. "And another thing, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Longspur should get enough of the Crowants yet for they say that his wife Mrs. Biddy Chanti-

cleer is to assist in the performance to-morrow night."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Speckle, "what are the chickens of this generation coming to?"

Stripe neck replied that she did not know, but that one thing she did know she should not suffer one of her chickens to hear the proposed lecture from Miss Crowant.

Here the neighborly gossip was interrupted by the loud talking of a couple of half-grown pullets, who a little way off stood backed against a fence to make their tails stand up after the manner of a cockerel.

"As I am alive," exclaimed Stripe neck, "one of those chickens is your daughter, I would not have believed it."

"Sure enough," answered Speckle, "and the other is yours." And rushing as she never rushed till then—except for her life—she seized her ambitious daughter and picked out two of the brightest tail feathers, exclaiming as she did so: "What in this world are you doing? Why I was never so surprised and shocked in all the days of my life."

The little pullet shook herself free, and with a saucy look that said, "You are quite behind the times old hen"—flew to the top of the smoke house and essayed to crow.

Meantime Stripe neck seized her chicken by the left leg and demanded an explanation.

"Wretch!" she said, "how dare you presume to set your tail up beyond the ordinance of nature?"

"Because," replied the culprit, blushing red in the comb, "Mrs. Chanticleer told us it was going to be all the fashion pretty soon; she is setting her's up, and says Miss Crowant wears her's as high as a rooster's!"

"Oh! that I should have hatched such a pullet!" cried Stripe neck. "What will your father say?"

"They are a couple of old fogies, sister chick never mind them," called the pullet from the roof of the smoke house. "I have some ideas of my own about reform and hen's rights, and my old fashioned mother won't make me wear my tail down in the dew and dust—I don't care what she says. I have a right to wear a short tail, and will wear it whether it pleases every young cockerel in the yard or not." And stretching up her neck she attempted to crow again.

A couple of roosters who were passing in their shining pride, affected to be so mortified at the conduct of the pullets that they hid their heads beneath their wings that they might not witness the disgrace of chicken-dom.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of their old-fashioned mothers, the two ambitious young ladies who were of Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer's way of thinking, stole from their proper roosts after night, and, contrary to custom, went unattended to hear the lecture of Miss Crowant. There was a great sensation in the yard, to be sure; some of the old hens would not even look up as the reformers passed along, most of them peeped slyly just to see how the creatures did look, they said. A few of the younger chanticleers were generous enough to take their wives to hear what was said, but

mostly those who went, went alone — the majority, and those known as the respectable class — absenting themselves altogether. In their opinion any rooster who went to hear Miss Crowant, compromised his dignity. As for the tone of society being affected by such an upstart, they had no more fear of it than the moon would turn aside for the mist on the hill top. They forgot that the oak is the growth of an acorn, and in domestic life, especially, the greatest annoyances spring from very trifles.

All the barnyard fowls, however, could not make up their minds to maintain a dignified indifference; and a number gathered about the door of the hen roost with intent of creating a disturbance and crowed and cackled and strutted up to the very door in mockery of the proceedings within.

A terrible noise they raised when Miss Crowant was observed to enter accompanied by Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer. Indeed some hisses were heard.

"For shame gentleman," said Mr. Longspur, standing up in the audience, "your mothers, sirs, were hens."

"Yes," replied one of the number outside, "but they did not pretend to be roosters."

Miss Crowant had evidently oiled her feathers most carefully, but they lacked the gloss of the poorest cockerel in the yard, after all, but that she was equal in the matter of making a noise nobody could deny.

She was there to speak in favor of hen's rights, and she would speak: she would not yield her right to crow to any self styled lord of the barnyard, she cared not how long were his spurs; nor would she cease to demand for her poor down trodden sisterhood an enlarged and nobler sphere of action. Hens were too distrustful of their capacities, she said; they had been so long accustomed to silent submission that they were really unaware of the mighty energies slumbering in their bosoms; they must form societies, individual effort could do but little, but with wing to wing, and cackle to cackle, they would speedily make their equality felt. Stated meetings must be established; let no hen who felt the necessity of reform say she could not leave home; the leaving of the nest and chickens to the care of the lords of the barnyard was the very first step towards her emancipation. Why must she be tied at home, the loftiest faculties of her soul undeveloped, or rusting out in uneasy inaction? Who made the law that demanded of her a lesser and consequently a weaker action? Why, who but the chanticleers? And was there not a law of right higher than any code framed by a set of roosters? Moreover, if the roosters could make laws, why could not the hens make laws? They certainly knew their own needs best. Cockerels might sneer if they chose, but as to their windy assertion of supremacy, she did not care a pin feather for it.

Here there were several clear ringing crows from the outside of the roost, — which seemed to say, "Do that if you can, Miss Crowant!"

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer took the perch and in very shrill and decided tones

informed the audience that an article of hen's rights had been drawn up by Miss Crowant, and that her own name headed it. If any of the sisterhood present felt disposed to throw off the yoke of oppression, and in a manner becoming a true hearted biddy, assert her independence and equality, she would be very happy to scratch down her name.

Several most ill natured hens went forward, and between the scratching of their names, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer said that weekly meetings would be held thereafter in one corner, for the furtherance of the great reform, in which all chickendom was more or less interested, and which was destined ere long to shake the thrones of the proud monarchs of the barnyard; that Miss Crowant had engaged to be with them once a month, and that in her absence, meetings must be kept up for mutual encouragement.

As she sat down she was observed to wink her eye at her husband, who sat modestly in one corner, upon which he immediately arose and went around with his hat for the benefit of Miss Crowant. The meeting was concluded by singing,

"There's a good time coming, Biddies—
Wait a little longer."

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer and Miss Crowant rendering it with great spirit.

Some of the hens who had sat through the entire performance, pulled their top knots over their eyes and walked straight out of the roost, avoiding any recognition of Mrs. Biddy and her friend—late of the exhibition.

They were in no wise amazed, however; they only smiled at their scorn. They had tasks to do and duties to perform that must not be thwarted by the idle contempt of the thoughtless multitude. Ridicule and all reviling were indeed evidences in their minds of their glorious calling, and so, after the people had departed, those two elevated and devoted hens took their way home alone, wing in wing, and eschewing protectors and lanterns alike. Mr. Longspur as he walked home alone, was heard to say, that was the happiest and proudest night of his life. From that night, confusion dire reigned in the barnyard of John Moses Oldstyle.

Speckle and Stripeneck turned their two daughters out of house and home; one cross old hen, whose personal beauty had been for a good while on the wane, and who had been known as Longtail in the barnyard, created a deal of scandal by hiring an ass to chew off the longest feathers; another, who had never been married, and who had from her youth been addicted to a bad habit of crowing, was reported to have provoked a bat to bite her comb for the sake of making it deeply red. What business had any fowl, even though it were a chanticleer, with a redder comb than she? Some of the biddies, younger and prettier of course insinuated that the ambitious reformer had wisely had recourse to a bat, for no other bird, except a blind one would have bitten her comb at all.

This was malice, perhaps envy, on the part of the biddies who had no talent for crowing. Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer, president of the association of

reformers, made a speech at their first meeting, in which she openly asserted that she had no longer any regard for nest or nest eggs—that her husband is as much called upon to keep the house as she and that she felt disqualified by her abilities to be a slave for any rooster. She was born in a free barnyard, and would live and die an independent hen! Before a great while Mr. Longspur began to show signs of discontent; he neglected his plumage and drooped visibly. He went little from home, his spurs seemed losing their strength and sharpness, and it appeared as if half his fine neck feathers were gone; his old proud strut was lost, and he evidently didn't feel like a chicken among chanticleers any longer.

The entire chicken community of John Moses Oldstyle was affected by the reform movement; and such talking and gossip as prevailed had never been heard of.

Often Speckle and Stripeneck met at the well to bewail the undutifulness of their children, for both felt how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless chick; after due condolence, they never failed, as they sipped water together, to put each other in possession of certain matters which other hens had communicated to them, each promising each, of course, that as true as she lived and breathed, she would never cackle it to another hen.

One day when they stayed longer at the puddle than common, Mrs. Stripeneck might have been heard to say:—"Sister Speckle, we are likely to have better times; Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer is going to leave her husband."

"What! you don't say so, Stripeneck. What on earth is the cause? He has always been a good provider, has he not?"

"Yes," said Stripeneck, "there never was a more faithful scratcher in the yard; he was too good for her, that's my opinion."

"And they are really going to part—are they?"

"Yes they are going to divide the chickens—he takes one half and she the other. They have never been truly married, Mrs. Biddy says; though they never have quarrelled, there is no perfect sympathy between them; and besides, she feels it her duty to go through the world and lecture on hen's rights; and Mr. Longspur, they say is quite willing that she should scratch for herself, inasmuch as she is independent in all other respects."

"Well," said Speckle, after a thoughtful silence, "I am truly, an ignorant, old-fashioned hen, to be sure, but it seems to me that any hen who has a home, and does all she ought to make it happy, will find her sphere large enough; and I have a notion of my own (here she put her head close to her friend,) that it's only the hens that have not anybody to crow for them, who set up and crow for themselves."

—In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

THE WINE QUESTION.

Ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD, I have some remarks to make to you because of my deep interest in the cause of temperance, and I desire to urge upon you some thoughts and suggestions from a woman's mind, and if it may be, impress your consciences with the fervor of my own zeal.

Men have done and are doing much for the temperance cause; they are constantly talking, lecturing, agitating and legislating; and this is well. But after all, so long as people want to drink whisky, they will drink it and somebody will sell it to them. There is the point. The supply will equal the demand. Back of the drunkard, back of the rumrunner, back of the manufacturer is the root of the matter. If there was no appetite for whisky there would be none made, there would be none sold, there would be no drunkards. There is the stronghold of the enemy; in the appetite.

Ruined homes, broken faith, shattered fortunes, abused wives, neglected children, blasted intellect, lost integrity, the hell of despairing souls; all these have been held up before your eyes again and again in stronger lights than I can throw upon them. I can add nothing. Not one among you but is familiar with the working of this giant evil. Did you ever think my sisters that much of all this sin and suffering lies at your door? That your hands are urging on this car of juggernaut under whose cruel wheels are crushed the brightest lights of intellect, the fairest of our sons the dearest of our hopes? I am deeply impressed with the thought that the appetite for alcoholic stimulants, often inherited, is almost always cultivated and developed in infancy and childhood.

We are born a fast race at best and there is need that mothers, of all others, should put on the brakes, instead of which I fear that most of us are feeding the fires that get up the steam. Few of our children are allowed to enjoy four weeks of earthly existence (often not one) before the deadly enemy is introduced into the fortress of their systems by the very hand which should guard so dear and precious a charge with jealous, unrelenting care. Baby frets and down go the poison drops (the body of which is alcohol) and the child is sent to a drunken sleep. The mother is feeble; has company; is busy, etc., and soothing syrups, paregoric, essences work marvels. Day after day for months and perhaps years this goes on. Is it possible that there is no lasting result from so potent a cause? Can the delicate mechanism of an infant's system be subjected to so powerful an agent and remain unaffected? Watch your baby when you administer your abominable syrups. How soon the light dies out of his eyes, his muscles relax, his whole frame loses its nervous animation and he soon sleeps. He is drunk. Think of the delicate membranes of his stomach subjected to the influence of this active poison. And his brain so promptly responsive to the slightest impressions from the sensitive, nervous telegraphs, deadened and benumbed by the fumes of alcohol. Years after, when all that is

glorious in manhood shall have become bond slave to the demon you have nurtured, when your pretty prattler shall have become familiar with cursing, the soft, smooth hand hard with blows, the clear eyes bleared, and the supple form bloated and unsightly, it will be too late. Now the power is in your hands; then your prayers and tears will be vain.

I entreat you, mothers, give your children pure unpurged appetites. Feed them simply. All stimulating food, spices, condiments, sweetmeats, and much animal food, pervert the appetite and pave the way for a thirst for intoxicating liquors. Fruits, vegetables, milk and coarse bread, will build up vigorous frames, which will demand no unnatural stimulants. Give them pure cold water to drink. 'Tis the only true thirst-quencher. It does not bite like a serpent or sting like an adder. Don't give them tea or coffee or any other warm drink. Warm drinks weaken the powers of the stomach; and whatever weakens invites stimulants. And when your children are sick, as they will sometimes be, don't, as you value their safety, give them alcoholic mixtures. There are better remedies. Give them the medicine without the alcohol. Banish the whole vile troop from the nursery. In sickness nurse them with wise and tender care, if they are peevish be patient with them, but don't poison them, don't lay the foundation of an evil which appalls our greatest statesmen and bids defiance to the powerful arm of Christianity herself.

There is another aspect of the case on which I scarce know how to speak, and yet I dare not hold my peace; and that is the pre-natal influence of the mother over the life and character of her unborn child. Many and many a woman stamps her child a drunkard before it sees the light. For the love of God, for the safety of our country, for your own peace and above all for the good of your children lay a strong and steady hand upon the bridles of your appetite. Let your lives be so peculiarly pure and abstemious that no stain or taint from you shall mar the purity of the infant soul.

Some of the saddest cases of unreformable drunkards it has been my lot to meet, have belonged to this class. I recall one instance which came under my notice in the first years of my married life. A model of physical beauty, this man's intellectual and moral nature were no less admirable. But alas from his birth he was cursed with a thirst for stimulants. Possessed of a strong will, his struggles with the enemy were pitiful. Again and again he fell; and time after time he straightened himself to renew the conflict. And who can imagine the anguish of that mother as she watched his repeated struggles and defeats and knew that to her he owed the inheritance which cursed his life.

At length he became engaged to a young lady of intelligence and refinement and under the elevating influence of his love he remained sober for many months. Many mothers would have closed their eyes to the past and accepted this fair promise for the future, but she knew better. She saw adown the coming years increasing misery spreading wider and wider. She sent

for the young lady and entreated her not to marry her son. She said "it is a curse he cannot escape. He may reform for a little; but he will die a drunkard." Her warning was in vain; but before the bridal trip was over his vow was broken. The battle was fought over and over but he was always defeated. He dearly loved his wife and through all his many failures she remained his true staunch friend. Once she mortgaged her little patrimony to enable him to try the effect of new scenes and associations. He took the money, went as far as New York and lay drunk about the streets for six weeks, and came home in rags and misery. At last he enlisted for the war, wandered away from his regiment, died in a cellar and was buried in a Potter's field. But he never gave up. He was never an abandoned drunkard. He constantly fought the enemy and though always beaten died, I doubt not, with earnest desires for a pure and sober life.

We fight an enemy from whose attacks none are safe. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the intelligent and the foolish, the christian and the scoffer all fall before it. Respectability itself, that magic word, is powerless before the common enemy. Before the magnitude of this evil our wisest statesmen, our most learned professors, our most pious divines shrink back appalled. Let me say to you that mothers are the hope of the nation; of the world. There is but one shield which is a sure protection; and that is a pure appetite. You mothers have the power so to rear every child which lays in your bosom, that his simple natural taste shall be to him a present help against the temptations of his later years, and when they go out from you into the world and take their places on the stage of life, they will know nothing of either the need or the want of stimulants. You can do more than this. You can so instill the principle into your children's souls; you can so set before them the exceeding sinfulness of this sin, and the exceeding beauty and excellence of temperance, you can so fill their susceptible minds with the love of virtue, that there shall be no room there for so vicious a vice as intemperance. The mother's power in this direction is almost unlimited. The little child at her knee catches the inspiration of her spirit and if her precepts are enforced by a consistent example, her children will be apostles of temperance from their cradles.

There is much talk of woman's suffrage and doubtless it should and will come to us in time, but already we wield a mightier power than the ballot box ever was or will be. To us is given the bearing and rearing of the rulers, the judges, the statesmen and the workers of the nation. They lie in our bosoms, they climb upon our knees, they cling to our skirts, they hang upon our words, they watch our looks, our tones, our gestures; we are to them as God. They believe in us; we mold their characters, they draw from us sustenance both for mind and body; what they are and shall be, we make them. Let us so labor that we may not be ashamed of our handiwork.

S. A. M.

REMINISCENCES.

BY OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

As I look over memory's pages a picture of the past rises before my mental vision. First, I seem to be travelling on a road that winds around among the hills in a certain town in Maine. I travel slowly along the old road, noting every object and feature of the once familiar scenery. The old landmarks are still there—the same hills and dales—the same rocks and tiny rivulets. At last I reach the grand old ledge where my childish feet so often strayed, and I almost shudder as I look at the steep side, up which, with great ambition, I once climbed. I turn my eyes to the right, and there stands the brown farmhouse with its cluster of outbuildings, surrounded by broad fields and fruitful orchards.

In my fancy I am once more within those brown walls. Youthful voices and shouts of laughter greet my ear.

Ah! here is the merry game of "blind man's buff" in full operation. What fun and frolic! Little Bessie is blinded and the roush boys, John, George and Willie, delight in pinching her arm, or pulling her hair, and then darting to the other side of the room. Hannah and Maria do not tantalize her in that way, but they are spry and hard to catch, and altogether they are most too many for poor Bessie; but she is persevering and will not give up, and finally the last one is caught. The game is now changed to, "hide and seek" and into all the dark corners and shy places, Levi is peering after the hidden ones. He hears a low "coop" here, and another there; but he has hard work to trace the sounds. At last all are found but Bessie. She has crawled into a high cupboard by the chimney, and he never thinks of looking there. Round and round the great chimney he crawls—her voice sounds close to his head—he reaches out his hand and says, "now I have you," but finds nothing but the bare boards. He comes back into the entry and her voice is again heard behind the chimney. He calls her a witch and gives it up; then Bessie's sister opens the door and out hops Bessie triumphant.

The scene is changed. It is a winter evening. A bright fire flashes and leaps, and sparkles in the wide fireplace. Around the broad hearth is a row of shining faces, lit up by the fire's ruddy glow; while down on the red bricks are two merry children playing "Jack straws." There sits the widowed mother, thoughtful and busy—she is never idle. The older girls are knitting. One of the big boys is making a broom, while the other is attentively engaged with a book. All are employed, yet contented and cheerful. O! those old happy days! I sometimes think that a great deal of brightness and cheerfulness went out of the dear old home with the old-fashioned fire-place and bright fire; and with the dark stove and other modern improvements, pride, discontent and envy crept in.

Boys and girls used to be strangers to much that worries and disturbs the young ladies and gentlemen of the present age. In those days if the boys

got a warm suit of home made cloth they were content as far as clothing was concerned; and if the daughters got a woolen dress spun and woven by their own, or mother's hands, and colored and pressed at "the mill" for winter, and a pretty print for summer, they were well dressed and envied no one. But now, queen Fashion rules the nation, and old and young have to feel, more or less, the effects of her powerful reign. Especially does she tyrannize over the young, and poor children suffer anxiety and heart-ache in obtaining the needful requisites to keep somewhere near "the style." A spirit of competition gets in, and then follows envy, jealousy and hatred, because some of their associates can go ahead of them in this ridiculous chase after fashion and popularity.

But I have digressed, and while my thoughts have dwelt for a moment on present scenes and subjects, the bright old picture has faded. I go back to the old homestead but the scene has changed. The familiar faces that once gathered there, are scattered far and wide. Some of them lie sleeping, no more to wake until the resurrection morn. Some of them are battling with the world, all engrossed in striving for the treasures of earth. Some of them have got their eye on a brighter, better world, and are seeking a home where the family circle which will gather there, will never more be broken up, and affection's tender ties will never more be severed. The aged mother still lives: her hair is white and her steps feeble; but even now her hands are not idle. Little Bessie is a care-worn woman. Time, and sorrow and suffering have left their mark upon her person, but there are still some traces of the mirthfulness so natural in her youthful days; and she is looking for a brighter life, where there will be no more tears, when the morning dawns, and all the shadows shall have fled away forever.

OUR HOMES.

BY INEZ FORD.

There exists a very beautiful ideal of what home should be, but somehow men and women have fallen into the habit of showing the world their best side; of exerting themselves to be amiable and agreeable to people who care the least for them: while to those to whom their interest, honor and happiness are of vital concern, they display all of their most unholy and disagreeable traits.

Some men use their homes as escape-valves for all the ill humor generated by friction with the world. It will not do to storm and fume at that, but at home—ah, there one has a right to do as he has a mind to! It is his home, and he is bound to have his own way there, which he undoubtedly could—only there happens to be one or more others there intent upon the same thing! And by the way, this "having one's own way" is a very difficult thing in a world like this, where every life is so linked with every other life.

There are women too, set down in the calendar of the world as patterns of amiability, whose home temper is a

sad commentary upon the wisdom of the world's judgment! There are softly modulated and lady-like voices, the charm of the social circle, which in the privacy of their houses break out in irritating taunts and angry retorts. There are "very nice women" who destroy all the sweetness and blessedness of their household by loud and continual scolding, frettings and faultfindings. There are brothers, chivalrous and devoted to other people's sisters; but who at home tease and trouble their own. There are charming young ladies, fancied by some infatuated young men to be angels, who are stubborn, self-willed, and indolent at home where they should be most agreeable. The true meaning of home is not a place to go, only when you feel hungry or cross; where you can wear your worst coat and your worst temper.

The home is undervalued, and its sweetness and sanctity highly desecrated; it should correspond with the beautiful ideal one, which we all venerate, where all baser passions are subdued and controlled by sweet affection, tenderness, patience. It is where the wife prefers to stay above all other places; a place that is never lonely to her for the innumerable blessings that hover around it. Where the shadow of solitude is lightened by the halo of quiet love. Where the hearth is always bright, and the rooms tidy and cheerful, and where the wife spends her "afternoons," and the husband his "evenings." These are the shrines to which the absent and weary will turn with longing for rest and peace.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

—Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but only for a time.

—Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold.

—A woman frequently resists the love she feels, but cannot resist the love she inspires.

—Measure every man according to his own measure; i. e., do not expect or demand of him more than there is in him.

—The best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness.

—We may safely lay it down as a rule of life, that things of doubtful expediency are always best avoided. Let not your good be evil spoken of.

—Encourage charity and brotherly love between rich and poor, between relations or friends, and especially between enemies, or those that have been such.

—Measured by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measured by his good deeds, he has not lived long enough; measured by his evil deeds he has lived too long.

—If the minds of men were laid open we should see but little difference between that of a wise man and that of the fool; there are infinite reveries and numberless extravagances passing through both.

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We call especial attention to the advertisement of the Dingee & Conard Co. in another column. They make a specialty of sending roses by mail, and judging from the specimens we have received and the unqualified testimonials of others, they are in every respect able and willing to give abundant satisfaction to all their customers. Their roses are well-rooted, vigorous specimens, securely packed, and where practicable, sent by mail prepaid. We advise our readers to give them a trial, feeling sure that they will be pleased with the result.

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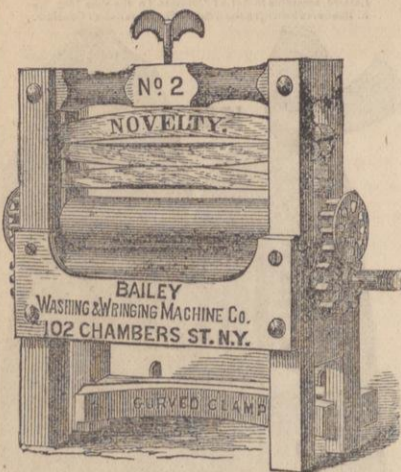
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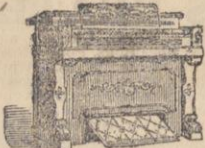
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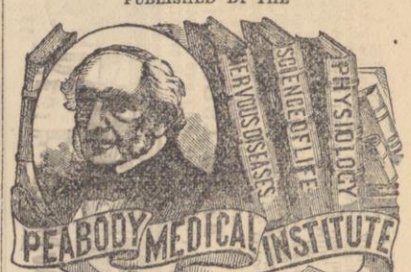
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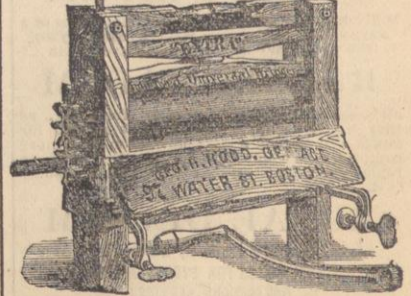
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We regret to learn that several persons have subscribed for THE HOUSEHOLD to J. W. D. Treen, of Holliston, Mass., whose names have not been reported to us, and consequently no papers have been received. As we have said many times before all our authorized agents have certificates of their agency, and we are responsible for no others, and we advise all not to subscribe to a stranger without first satisfying themselves that he is a genuine agent, or at least an honest person. We give everybody the privilege to act as our agents, and so far as we can will assist in bringing to justice those who swindle the public in our name, but we cannot be responsible for the hundreds and thousands of people throughout the country who are making up clubs for our magazine. The persons solicited must exercise due caution, for with them rests the responsibility in case they subscribe to a swindler.

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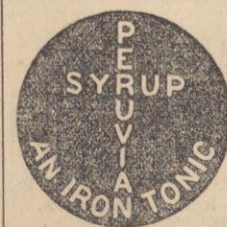
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M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873.
DR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough has stopped. I have not spit up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me.
Yours truly,
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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I respectfully state that in May, 1872, I caught a cold so severe and deep, that since July I have so far lost my voice as to be unable to sing; lost my appetite, and become unfit for business; had cold sweats nearly every evening; that in January and February I spent above fifty dollars for pills and powders, with four doctors, who pronounced me in consumption, and said I had not long to live. That within three weeks I have been induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed, and, having taken three bottles, I am now enjoying a good appetite, have strength for my daily business; and last evening (April 10) I some six times led (in their singing) a prayer-meeting of above a hundred voices. These statements are no exaggeration. Attest: HUGH McDUGAL,
37 Melrose Street, Boston, April, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY.—I am an old woman seventy-six years of age, and I want to tell you what the Prairie Weed has done for me. I had been sick on my bed nineteen weeks, with a violent cough, pain in my stomach and sides. Nothing would stay in my stomach; and I was so reduced by coughing, I could not raise myself from the bed, when a friend brought me a bottle of the Prairie Weed. The first spoonful seemed to me to rest my stomach and soothe my cough; and, before a week had passed, I was able to sit up in my chair, which I had not done for five months. I have used two bottles; and I am now able to do my work about the house, and have not felt so well in health for many years. I have been cured by the Prairie Weed; and I wish every one with a cough, or stomach weakness, would try your wonderful medicine.
Carver Street, Boston.
THERESA LINTON.

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Buy a Bottle of the Medicine.