



The household. Vol. 20, No. 4 April 1887

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, April 1887

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New York Pa

Date 14th April 1887

Dr. George C. H.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1887.

No. 4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

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

The Veranda.

APRIL.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Coy and uncertain in her ways,
She brings to earth persuasive days,
Alluring us by tears and smiles
That intermingling on her face;
Eluding is her tender grace—
The blithesome maid so full of wiles.

Bright flowers she strews beneath her feet
To make her advent still more sweet;
The voices of the birds attend
Upon her pleasure with their song,
While all fresh things to her belong,
That she may to the season lend.

Give welcome to the early spring,
O hearts! ere she be vanishing;
She is a friend to mirth and song;
Her tears are but the overflow
Of generous love, as we may know
Who seek to hold her treasures long.

Dear April! take this lay as thine
From one who would thy grace enshrine:
None shall forget thee who are led
In faithfulness along their way
Towards the light of endless day—
Us thou in love hast visited.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

FROM the large number of letters we are constantly receiving from our readers in various sections making inquiries about desirable locations, cost of building and furnishing dwellings, and the various other items which enter into the establishment of a home, it is evident that this subject is as it ought to be, a very prominent one in the minds of many of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, and believing as we do that this interest in home making should be encouraged in every way, whenever its accomplishment is within the range of a possibility, we have sought to render such encouragement by giving a series of plans of low cost houses, beautiful in design, convenient in interior arrangement, and, most important of all, within the reach of families of very moderate means.

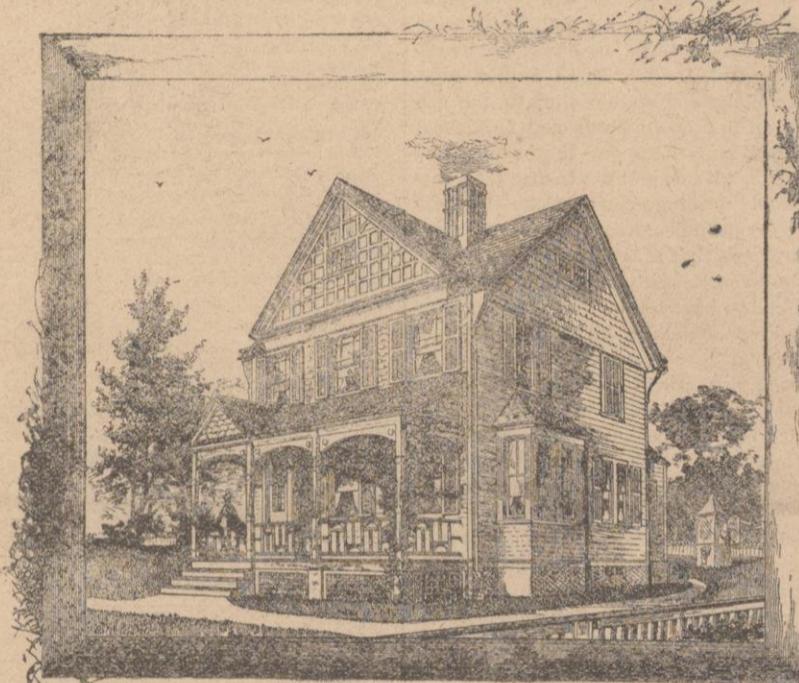
In selecting these designs we have had regard to the symmetry and beauty of their exteriors, principally because it costs but a trifle more—and often times no more—to build an artistic home, one that would be a gratification to its owner and "a thing of beauty" to all who behold it, than one of the prevailing style whose only merit is its cheapness and whose cheapness consists far more in appearance than in reality.

Then, too, a cheap looking house is slower of sale if circumstances render it desirable or necessary for its owner to dispose of it, while one of tasteful design

and pleasing appearance is pretty sure to sell for all it cost or more—a consideration well worth taking into account by those who build to occupy as well as to rent.

The first one of the series, which we give this month, is a very handsome structure containing seven good sized

rooms—with a chance for two more in the attic—making nine rooms in all, large enough for a family of six or eight persons besides a suitable spare room for "company." This beautiful design is thus described by the architects, who have kindly furnished us the illustrations at our request.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

Size of structure: Front, 21 ft., 6 in., not including the staircase annex. Side 36 ft., 6 in., not including veranda.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of Stories: Cellar, 6 ft., 6 in.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft., 4 in.

Materials: Foundation, brick and stone; first story, clapboards; second story, clapboards and shingles; gables, shingles; roof, shingles.

Cost: \$1,600 to \$1,800, complete.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Cellar under the main house.

Two rooms can be finished off in the attic, to which a stairway is provided.

One large central chimney warms the whole house.

A very large dining-room and large openings between all rooms of the first story.

Side annex for the staircase on one side and a bay-window on the other. Large veranda.

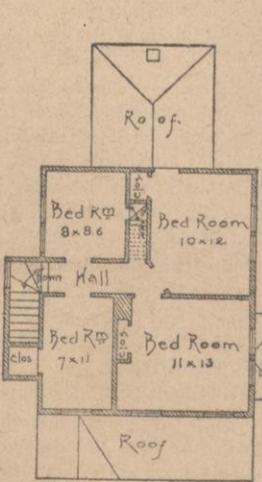
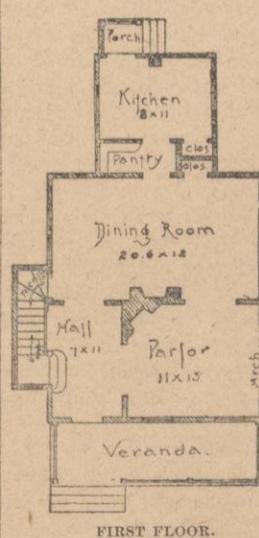
Presents a beautiful appearance when painted.

Deservedly popular, as

it provides ample and elegant room for a family of good size, and the cost is so reasonable. The cost stated is right, having been proven over and over again.

The above design (called No. 255) was furnished us for publication by The Co-operative Building Plan Association, a large firm of architects doing business at 191 Broadway, New York, who make a

specialty of country and suburban work, being able to furnish the drawings and specifications for more than three hundred different designs, mostly of low and moderate cost. They invite correspondence from all intending builders, however distant. They will send their latest publication (called Shoppell's Modern Houses, No. 5) containing more than fifty designs, on receipt of \$1.

**The Drawing Room.**

ART.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

I AM aware all readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will not be specially interested in the subject at the beginning of this article, inasmuch as they may say, "I am not an artist, I cannot draw and paint," but the few thoughts given here are not for such alone, but for all interested in the truth of things.

"That master-light, the secret truth of things,
Which is the body of the Infinite God."

"It is this mystery that pervades the highest art, and marks the presence of the immortal purpose; it is the soul of beauty, which is the breath of divine life breathed into the human handiwork, expressing and exalting that mystery of the real behind the illusory, the eternal behind the transient. The art that does not help on the higher way is false art; for no technical power, however marvellous, can atone for default of the inspiration of that divine beauty for which arts exist, the goal of their perfection."

To begin, we will endeavor to define art, tell what it is, that we know what we are talking about. It would seem very absurd for a person to make a speech or attempt a long and lengthy essay on a subject, describing this or that attribute or quality, tell what it was good for, what men saw in it, and much more, yet never describe the thing itself.

In defining I shall not attempt a definition of my own, but one given to thousands of readers the past year. "Art in its widest sense has come to be, 'human labor regulated by human design.'" It has also been called the "flowering of man's moral nature." It is a growth beyond mere existing necessities, and appeals to our sense of beauty.

The artistic sense by which we appreciate such things has sometimes been styled the sixth sense, and by cultivating this sense, we seek a pleasure that is in all things elevated, appealing to the purest and most intellectual side of our nature.

The inspiration of music and poetry as well as painting and sculpture lies at the root of the artistic sense. Beauty is the pleasure sought, and without beauty these great arts amount to but little.

Almost all nations, all individuals, have an inherent love of the beautiful in a higher or lower degree. The poor Indian paints his skin in bright and varied hues, and otherwise decorates, and there is with all a certain mystery connected, which at the same time is a very truth, and which when explained becomes no mystery. Says Mr. Ruskin, "If we watch an old woman spinning with deftness and dispatch distributing her thread dexterously from the distaff, we respect her for her manipulation; if we ask her how much she expects to get in a year for her work, and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation; if she

is watching at the same time, that none of her grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation. Yet, for all this, she may still be a commonplace old woman enough. But if she is all the time telling her grandchildren a fairy tale out of her head, we praise her for her imagination, and say she must be rather a remarkable old woman."

It is much so in the arts, whether music, poetry, drawing, painting, or sculpture, the artist may do his work well, it may be strong and secure, he may keep closely within his contract, thus showing his honest arithmetic, but somehow, in some way, he must tell us a fairy tale of his own, before much praise can be bestowed, or he be reckoned remarkable.

In the beginning art in its primal state was purely useful and necessary. As history leads us back to earliest ages of the world, we see that man must defend himself from causes of various kinds. Thus the first arts arise. He tills the ground and cultivates the soil; explores by navigation the seas and rivers, and establishes industries of various kinds. But we are told the ant, the bee, and the like, are also quite proficient in the arts of pure use and necessity, the difference is they stop, while man goes on. The home and cell of the bee and ant reached perfection ages past, but the wants and inclinations of man are forever developing and multiplying, and perfection never reached.

The first stage of art fulfills its mission when the bodily necessities are supplied, then we arrive at the second stage, art decorative. This fulfills needs of both use and beauty. Just when it began there is perhaps no record, but from very early times it has been increasing, developing, improving. Mr. William Morris says, "Men have at all times more or less striven to beautify familiar matters of every-day life—a wide subject, a great industry." Yet it is not wise, as is sometimes the case, to hinder use by ornament. The pass to which civilization has brought many things of every-day use is not to be praised.

Good authority says, the savage tribes never allow the ornament to overcome the use. The Indian does not so over-decorate his paddle, or tomahawk, and a real capable workman or woman, has the same true instinct. This author continues: "An accomplished needle-woman rejects the highly ornamented and tasseled work-basket, a practised writer objects to a gilded and elaborate inkstand and gimcrack pen-holder, and a really clever cook is not over anxious about the trimming of her apron so that it is of stout material, and the shape that will best protect her dress."

Mr. Morris says, "Nothing is ornamental unless also useful." This at first may seem to condemn all, or most ornamental objects, but upon consideration it is not so. There is a reason for this as stated in the few illustrations drawn, and that which pleases the eye and appeals through its beauty to the artistic sense serves its purpose and is not solely ornamental. "Happy is he," says Goethe, "who at an early age knows what art is," and is also never too old to learn.

Through the "operations of the hand, and intelligence of man together," is the decorative art applied. If it is true that art existed before the beginning of history, then the word or thing "manufacture" as applied at present could not have been, and every article to supply a want, as well as ornament, must have come directly from man's hand. He has since invented thousands of mechanical contrivances whereby the work of his hand is saved and other natural forces pressed into service, but spite of all, the human hand remains, "the most perfect agent of material power existing in the universe."

"All art," says Mr. Ruskin, "worthy the name, is the energy, neither of human body alone, nor of the human soul alone, but of both united, one guiding the other; good craftsmanship and work of the fingers, joined with good emotion and work of the heart."

According to this our so-called manufactures must take the second place, and indeed, shop-makers recognize this, handmade garments bringing a better price than machine-made, and we all know that hand-made lace we call "real," the machine, "sham." It is very proper to use machines where things must be used in quantities and masses, but not when but little is required.

It would be folly to set aside the printing press and return to written manuscripts, but it is not so with various kinds of carving which lose much of their beauty when turned out by machine. Mr. Ruskin lays down a principle which seems sound, and easily applied in the matter of ornament.

"The true forms of conventional ornament consist in the bestowal of as much beauty on the object as shall be consistent with its material, its place, and its object." And another good author says, "Simplicity and plain dealing in the material of household goods and appliances will lead us a long way in the direction of taste. When we think of vases that will hold nothing, candlesticks that will not carry candles, lamps that won't burn, pen-wipers that refuse to wipe your pens, and numberless articles that do not even pretend to have a use, we believe an educated taste would lead us in a different direction."

Such, as you will see, do not lead with what we started with, the truth in art—which is really the cultivation of the artistic sense, which sees beauty in use, and use in beauty, and leads to manifesting some ideal of one's own, whereby the "fairy-tale" is thrown in. Without this, according to Mr. Ruskin, we shall be like the old woman who could spin, calculate, and observe well, yet amounted to no more than commonplace.

It is a gain to educate the beautiful in child-nature. Maturer life may develop untoward circumstances but the good effects are never wholly lost. One good picture in a house, is worth a dozen useless ornaments that mean nothing, and if rightly used may become a good art educator.

When Christmas time comes, wouldn't it be well to consolidate and buy one fine article all could enjoy, and let the individual Christmas gifts go by in the family?

Ruskin in speaking of the wife says: A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing she will find some way of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat.

Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are

rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

—If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.—*Sharp.*

—Every man has a paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.—*Longfellow.*

cannot strike them, and they will make strong, healthy plants for winter again. Rex begonias do best inside.

My ferns, except silver leaf, I put into the ground, in a shady corner. After a time they lose the old foliage and take a nap, then spring up prettier than ever before, and may be re-potted again in autumn.

Bouvardias I cut back and re-pot in fresh soil, and sink the pots in a half shady place in the garden. If wanted for winter blooming, the buds should be removed as they appear. This plant is usually propagated in spring time. Take an old plant, shake the soil from the roots, and cut them into small pieces an inch long, plant in sand, keep warm and moist, and they will soon spring above ground and be ready for potting off.

I know of no plant called *Leonetus* or *Leonosus*, but perhaps you mean *Leonurus* or lion's tail, which is the meaning of the word in Greek. This plant blooms the second year from seed, and is a hardy perennial.

I don't know as I can answer your question about carnations satisfactorily to you or myself. I have had plants deport themselves in the same way, but never new ones, it is the old plants that do so, particularly if the soil becomes exhausted, or if the plants are crowded or too much shaded. They delight in good rich soil, sunshine and air.

I have no book such as you wish, my knowledge of plants has been gathered from experience, but I think you will find what you desire in "Practical Floriculture" by Peter Henderson, judging from a summary of its contents. I presume you could get the book directly of him, or find it at any book-store. The price is one dollar and fifty cents.

Sophia, it is characteristic of some carnations to deport as you describe. It is what florists term bursting at the side. You can do nothing to prevent it that I know of, but just to "let nature caper," or get one that don't "caper" to its own discredit.

Mrs. E. S. Wilson, I never heard of mullein sage before. Mullein is doubtless a local name. You can get seeds of the medicinal sage, *salvia officinalis*, from any seedsman.

Dick, your heliotropes may be tall growing varieties, but evidently you have not given them sun enough. If you had pinched off the tops of your plants when eight or ten inches high, and kept them in a sunny place, the plants would have grown more bushy and compact, and blossomed ere this.

If seeds of the wallflower are sown and cultivated in the ground, they may be potted in September, to flower in the window in winter, or they may be kept in a cool, frost-proof cellar, and will flower early in spring. They will not do well if kept too warm, perhaps that is the reason yours have not produced their beautiful flowers.

I have a letter before me from an amateur florist, who evidently is much disgusted with botanical names. She wishes me to tell her through these columns, if there is any catalogue published giving the names of plants, and their descriptions in plain English, "for," says the writer, "I have only what is termed a common school education. Greek and Latin are indeed dead languages to me, therefore descriptions like the following make me no wiser: *Populus grandidentata*. Branches terete, leaves round-ovate, sinuate, toothed, hoary tomentose, covered with a close velvety pubescence, etc."

I want to tell my correspondent just here that if she could find a catalogue to her mind, one excluding all Greek and Latin names and perplexing descriptions from its columns, one confined to the

popular or common names of plants, giving the characteristics by which each may be distinguished in our own simple language, I fear her troubles would not be lessened. I believe she would find it as hard to get the particular plants she desired, by ordering from such an indefinite list, as she now does to solve those complicated terms without the aid of a botanical dictionary, for the different species sometimes have as many local names as localities. We will take the balsam for an illustration. It is known botanically as *impatiens* all over the world, but in our revised catalogue we cross out the word and substitute balsam. Another florist gets out a revised edition and catalogues our balsam as jewel weed, another as lady slippers, another as touch-me-not, and yet all mean the same species, but we who buy of them are not supposed to know this, and favor each with an order, getting in return the same plant under as many names, or, it may be, we shall not get it at all, but something very unlike, for other plants may also be known by these same cognomens in some other portions of the country.

I would not have you understand me to say that the above would be our experience in every instance, for that is not my meaning. What I wish to show you is, that such a catalogue as my amateur friend wishes, would not be a reliable one, and that to find definitely any particular species under consideration, we must have the scientific, botanical names, for they are the same all over the world, and for this reason are given in Latin and Greek.

We should be very unwilling to have these Latin names dropped from our catalogues, since they aid us so materially, but what we would drop out if we could, are the descriptions of our beautiful shrubs and flowers that are unintelligible to the masses, for if they are not Greek and Latin they might as well be, and they are not really necessary to distinguish a plant since we have terms in our own mother tongue that answer every purpose, and they are so plain the humblest may comprehend.

Would it not be just as well for the few who understand the terms, and better for the many who do not, to say round instead of terete, egg-shaped instead of round ovate, pointed instead of acute, teeth rounded instead of sinuate toothed, grayish white instead of hoary tomentose, covered with soft hairs instead of a velvety pubescence?

Why could not the writers of the past ages, when composing their treatises and establishing laws by which the floral kingdom was to be governed, set forth the characteristics of plants and flowers in terms that could be comprehended by the common people, and thereby benefit all classes? But since we are powerless to amend these long established laws in favor of our amateur friends, the next best thing is to give them a key to unloose these semi Greek and Latin terms used in connection with this most delightful and important branch of science. In my next I will give them an explanation of the terms most frequently used. It would make this letter too long as I have other questions to answer.

Stella W., I pot my tuberoses in April, set them in a warm corner of my kitchen, and moisten the soil occasionally. If given too much water the bulbs will decay. As soon as the weather will permit, I slip the plants from the pots into the ground. They delight in a warm, sunny situation, and a rich sandy soil.

Yes, I sometimes start gladioli in the house, but I have the best success when I plant in the ground as early as practicable, which is as soon as the ground gets warmed up, there is nothing gained by planting when it is cold and wet. They,

too, like a rich, sandy soil. Last season mine were planted in the sunniest part of my garden, and they did splendidly. A few bulbs of the *hyacinth candidans* planted with them produce a fine effect as they continue in bloom a long time.

Avice, the seeds of the *nicotiana officinalis* are very fine, but not hard to germinate. I think you must have covered them too deep. I would start the seeds in the house this season, and transplant to a shady or half shady place in the garden. They are beautiful at early evening when other flowers are sleeping. They will sow themselves and come up year after year without any particular care on our part, and if potted and kept at a north window, or at any window where the sun cannot strike them, the flowers will remain open all day as well as evening. The flowers in form are a large white star and emit a delightful odor.

Rugosa is the best bedding calceolaria. They grow very quickly from seed and begin to bloom when only a few inches high. The flowers are not so large as the varieties adapted to house culture, but they are freely produced and a bright clear yellow in color. After once sowing they will seed themselves freely, and spring up of their own accord in due season.

Mrs. H. E. Smith, the plant known to

you as Scotch mist is botanically *gypsophila paniculata*.

It is called by many

"infant's breath" and "baby's breath."

It is a hardy perennial and very beautiful

for bouquets where fine, graceful things

are wanted. It blooms the second season from seed.

The aloe is propagated by offsets. The roots of this genus are not numerous but thick and strong, and the young plants form on the ends, and appear above ground usually near the edge of the pot. They should be carefully separated from the parent plant, and potted in sandy soil. Great care must be exercised in watering or the roots will decay, and you will find them tipped out of the pot, as they are a heavy plant when large, with hardly roots enough to balance the top.

Your toad cactus is a *stapelia*. This plant is also called star-fish flower. It should never be set away in a cold, dark place. Keep it in a light warm room in winter. In summer give it a sunny place out doors. They are best adapted to a hanging pot. This plant, too, is sensitive to water. Do not give any when it is resting. It is an interesting plant, notwithstanding its pretty flowers emit a disagreeable odor. This plant is easily propagated. Take off a branch at the joint, plant in sandy soil, keep just moist and in the sun.

Yes, I have grown the *poinsettia pulcherrima* from seeds and slips. It takes the seeds a long time to germinate unless you give them heat. I take my slips in June, as I do from *daphnes*, and plant them beneath the foliage of other plants outside, and give them no further attention. In September I find them well rooted and ready for potting. They delight in a rich, friable soil, and are thirsty plants when growing vigorously. They like a warm, even temperature. If you can furnish this there is no reason why you cannot succeed with them.

Sow your everlasting in boxes outside in May, cover with glass until you find them breaking through the soil, then remove. When large enough, transplant to where they are to grow. I never failed to raise a good crop in this way. The *rodanthes* are beautiful little pot plants.

Jessie, your letter must have taken that very uncertain route around "Robin Hood's barn," for although dated in December, it came to hand the first of February. It went where many of my letters go when the county is not given, to Dexter City, Mo., instead of Dexter, Me.

Soak your smilax seed before planting, it will start into growth more readily. It is very easily cultivated. The trouble with yours was, you did not let it rest when growth had ceased, but continued to apply water when it could not absorb it, consequently it died. You can easily tell when they are ready to rest for the leaves will turn yellow. Last season I set my pot of smilax on a shelf in our wood room in May, and did not think of it again until September, when I found it growing rapidly, some of the vines nearly a yard long, with the soil as dry as it could possibly be. I re-potted and set it on a bracket at a north window and it has been beautiful this winter. Now, take a hint from this and try again.

The *farfugium grande* does best in the shade, and likes a liberal supply of water when growing fast.

Anthericum variegatum is pretty for the center of a basket to grow in the shade. Mine is growing in a vase with a silver fern. They are very pretty together. I keep them at a north window.

The passion vine thrives finely planted out in summer. They are all beautiful and interesting to me, and I believe they will delight you also. They will flourish in any good garden loam. Try one and see.

A correspondent inquires if I do not get disgusted with so many questions from strangers. No, indeed, friends, I am always glad to help you if I can, and to the best I have. But I have one request to make. When you enclose a stamp for an answer direct, please put it loosely into the letter, otherwise it is of no use to me, and I shall have to reply to you through these columns.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM: THE PEOPLE'S FLOWER.

The extensive exhibits which are now annually held in several large cities in November create unusual admiration for this, "The People's Flower." As you enter the room of exhibit, they are at once spread before you in a vast variety of colors, the purest of white, the glittering gold, the glowing colors of carmine, red, rose, and crimson, in every shade you can imagine, in the forms of mounds, trees, bushes, umbrellas, fans, etc., ranging from two to six feet in height, and from fifty to five hundred flowers on a single plant. It is really difficult to imagine they are chrysanthemums, such improvements have been made in so short a time.

In the history of all other flowers there never has been such a sight of joy expressed for any one kind of flower, as at the exhibitions held last November in New York, Boston, and other large cities. A leading firm remarked that it is worthy of notice, where but five hundred plants of this flower were the full extent of their sales in a season, their sales exceeded a hundred thousand last year. It is thus very remarkable to show the wonderful improvement and great interest given to this one kind of flower, now so much admired all over the states for flowering in October, November and December, when nearly all other flowers show so few blooms during these months.

The chrysanthemum is at present divided into five classes. The Chinese is large flowering, smooth petals, regular in shape, both incurved, reflex, and globe shaped flowers. The Japanese are the most curious and attractive, with frilled, twisted and curled petals, of irregular form, with large flowers often having the appearance of fringe. The pompons are small flowering. There are also the anemone flowered, with large yellow center, and the single varieties.

They can be obtained from both seed sown in winter in boxes in the house,

or by cuttings or division of roots, any time, during winter or spring. From cuttings is generally considered best, and will make large flowering plants by fall, if planted in the open ground, or plunged in a pot six to eight inches in diameter, removing to the house before frost approaches.

From six to twelve plants of different shades and varieties, you can obtain an abundance of blooms during October, November and December. It is almost useless to enumerate the varieties there are so many that are good, but among some of the best bloomers, with contrast in colors, early and late blooming, the following are good:

Abdel Kader, Mlle. Toulouse, Ceres, Mrs. Barnes, Baron Buest, Mrs. Ward, Felicity, Golden Beverly, Gen. Slade, Snowdrop, Sir R. Wallace, Annie Thorpe, Count of Gurnsey, Elaine, Lady Shelburn, Frizon, Souvenir du Japan, Mrs. R. Brett, J. Y. Markland, President Cleveland, J. B. Wilson. Among new varieties, some to be first offered in the spring of 1887, are J. Delaux, Thorpe, Jr., Mrs. Cleveland, Aker Allen, Mrs. Langtry, Parquette, Gloriosum, Diana.

Brattleboro, Vt. C. E. ALLEN.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

Transplanting should be done at evening, or, what is better, just before a shower. Take a round stick, sharpened at the point, and make openings to receive the plants. Set them a very little deeper than they were before, and press the soil very firmly around them. Then water them and cover them for three or four days, taking care that sufficient air be admitted. If the plant can be removed without disturbing the soil around the root, it will not be at all retarded in transplanting. Never remove the leaves and branches unless a part of the roots be lost.

—A frequent cause of failure with lilies of the valley is that the roots are planted too deep. The crown should be just level with, or but very little below, the surface of the ground. Again, if too much crowded, a leaf growth takes the place of flowers. Transplanting or thinning out is the remedy in the latter case. A liberal dressing of yard manure in the fall does them a world of good.

—Never let the soil in flower pots get dry enough to injure the tender roots at the sides of the pot. To prevent this, apply water enough to thoroughly saturate the entire ball of soil. Give so much that some will run out at the hole in the bottom of the pot. If you water in this way, and do not give another application until the soil on the surface looks dry, your plants will never suffer from drought or from over watering. A most pernicious practice is that of giving water on the little-and-often plan. Don't follow it.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Can any of the sisters tell me where I can obtain seed of a thorny house shrub that bears fruit the shape of an apple, which remains on all winter like the Jerusalem cherry? I will repay the favor.

MRS. J. H. HOWARD.

Hatfield, Mass.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me of a white flower that will bloom from early spring until late in autumn? I want one of some kind to plant on a grave, would like some kind that would live over winter, and will bloom profusely during summer.

OLIVE LEE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD what I can do to get rid of the little red spiders and green lace that are on some of my plants? Also how to kill the tiny white worms in the earth of some of my pots? I have tried several things without success.

MRS. L. A. ROBINSON.

The Nursery.

CHARLIE MAINWARING'S VISIT.

Part II.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

BY THIS time he felt in need of refreshment; and seeing a stand on the next corner containing bananas, he purchased "three for ten," and ate them then and there.

"Now," thought he as he threw the rinds into the street, thus saving pedestrians the risk of dangerous falls, "now for the present for mother." This pleasant thought had been revolving in his mind ever since she had presented him with the half dollar, and he intended surprising her with something which should combine use and beauty.

As though good fairies had conspired to aid him in this praiseworthy undertaking, he just at that moment spied a millinery store. "The very thing," quoth he, "I heard mother say she wanted a new bonnet."

Quick to act when a subject was settled in his mind, Charlie entered and asked for a bonnet.

"What style do you wish?" inquired the milliner, rather puzzled.

"I don't know; something real nice; it's for mother."

"What age is the lady, and what is her appearance?"

"I don't know how old she is, but I know she is pretty," answered Charlie; for where is the boy of his age who does not think his mother handsome?

"Are you the eldest child?" inquired the lady, suppressing a smile.

"Oh no, my sister is fifteen."

"How much do you wish to give for it?"

"I just have thirty cents and am going to give it all."

A sudden thought came to the saleslady's mind. "Oh yes, I know what you wish; it is one of our bonnet frames."

Charlie's idea of "frames" was rather hazy, but he signified his assent.

The lady went to the back part of the store, and presently returned with something perched on her hand that resembled a bonnet, yet rather lighter and airier than anything he had seen his mother wear.

"This is the newest style out, for middle aged ladies and makes up beautifully; shall I wrap it up for you? the price is just thirty cents."

Delighted with his purchase Charlie left the store, and now all business disposed of, he was free to enjoy himself.

A few moments after, a happy boy might have been seen standing before a revolving wax figure in the window of a hair dresser. It was the bust of a flaxen haired beauty, and in all his life Charlie had never imagined anything so lovely.

Minutes flew by unheeded, as he watched the blue eyes which so tenderly gazed into his, while slowly revolving out of sight and giving place to the rich tresses, held by the jeweled comb, yet falling upon the fair neck, and which in turn again gave place to the sweet blue eyes, the downy cheeks, coral lips and smiling expression of the perfect face.

"No danger of mistaking this for a real person, as sister said," thought Charlie; "no live girl could be so beautiful as this."

The first consciousness he felt of having stood a long time, came from the weariness of his arms which held the book and other packages. A happy thought struck him: "Why not go into the store and ask permission to leave his

purchases, and call for them again when ready to return to the restaurant?"

Permission being readily granted, and feeling much less impeded, Charlie proceeded up the street, his thoughts filled with the beautiful face. He was a little startled when he came suddenly upon several fashionably dressed dummies standing in a group before a clothing store; he felt like one who unexpectedly found himself in a ball room; but was not sufficiently misled as to forget his sister's injunction.

He had walked so far up Chestnut street, that business places were becoming less frequent, and finally he reached some elegant private residences. One had a bay window draped with rich lace curtains; and when they parted, Charlie saw another figure very like the one which had so charmed him, except that it did not revolve. Yes, there were the same tender blue eyes, the snowy complexion, the golden ringlets, the sweet expression. Keeping his eyes fixed upon it, he advanced to the window, when lo! it arose, it blushed, it smiled, and to Charlie's almost frightened discomfiture stepped back from the window.

"Ki!" shouted a street Arab, who had witnessed the little scene, "greeny thought that pretty gal sittin' at the window was a wax figger. W'at a guy!"

Deeply chagrined Charlie proceeded no further in that direction, but retraced his steps down the street, though on the opposite side.

A toy store took up one delightful hour of his time, and although his pockets were empty, and he knew plenty of boys who could have bought anything they wished there, not a feeling of envy or discontent crossed his mind. After seeing all, he went westling down the street, resolving to have another view of the wax figure in the hair dresser's window. But although he let nothing escape his view, not a ringlet of her did he see.

He walked down the street until he had seen all the places of interest in that direction and then came back and walked to and fro the squares which he thought included it; but it eluded his vigilance.

Not only did he wish to feast his eyes again upon it, but it was his guide as to the place he had left his purchases; he must walk until he found it. He calculated in his mind the distance from the restaurant to the bookseller's, and from thence to the milliner's, then, if he remembered rightly it was but a short distance to the hair-dresser's.

But, although he passed and repassed the spot where he thought it ought to be, his eyes were not gladdened by the sweet face he looked for so anxiously. The clocks in jewelers' stores were pointing to five minutes of three, when he wearily passed a store on his return trip, in the door of which a young man was nonchalantly peeling an orange.

"See here, youngster!" he called to Charlie, "are you walking for a wager? Seems to me I havn't seen much else but you to-day."

"No," said the boy, almost ready to cry, "I am looking for a wax lady, where I left my book and other things."

"Well, this is the place. I had a notion that you were the lark the boss said had left something to be called for."

"But where is the beautiful lady?" inquired Charlie, pointing to the window now filled with combs, brushes, and toilet articles of every description.

"Oh, that belonged to the hair-dresser; her rent for the window was up to-day, and she has moved, and took the model with her."

A glad boy was Charlie to receive his treasures; he hurried off to the restaurant, the city clock striking three as he entered the door.

No one was in the reception room but

two ladies who were engaged in conversation, and did not notice him; so the weary boy sank upon a sofa to await the coming of his father.

The French clock on the mantle ticked the minutes away, yet his father did not appear. Stories of terrible accidents which he had read and heard of, came into the boy's mind and filled his eyes with tears. He began to imagine that some one of them had befallen his father; that he had no one to help him, being unable to tell any one that he had a son waiting for him in a strange restaurant.

But with all his anxieties Charlie was too sensible to think of going to search for him. Like "Casibianca," he was told to stay, and stay he would.

Brave and right as was this resolve, he was just on the point of bursting into tears, when he heard a familiar sneeze; and literally jumped for joy.

"Why Charlie!" exclaimed his father as the boy ran to meet him in the doorway where they had parted in the morning; "I have been looking up and down the street for you ever since three o'clock; when did you come?"

"Just at three father; and have been waiting in that room for you."

"You made the mistake of taking the ladies' entrance; but no matter, we are all right now; let us go in to dinner."

A very weary but happy boy was Charlie when he reached home that evening. His mother gave no token of her surprise and amusement at the unique gift, but thanked him and said a bonnet was exactly what she needed. And a few weeks later when it came from the village milliner's neatly covered with black velvet, Charlie thought rightly, that it was the prettiest bonnet he had ever seen. When age, though not dimming its beauty had rendered it old-fashioned, Mrs. Mainwaring put it carefully away, as a memento of Charlie's first visit to the city, and his thoughtful kindness to her.

Baltimore, Md.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

"Lend a Helping Hand," read Margie Roberts from the illuminated scroll before her. "Aunt Jess writes that she wants me to take it for my motto for the New Year."

"You'll find it's a good one," remarked her brother Fred, a year older. "Most any of us like help, and we ought to be as willing to do for others, I suppose. Why not begin now, Sis, by mending this hole for me. Then I'll run down to the post office for your magazine."

Margie took the mitten willingly and while mending it neatly tried to think of some way to really help others. She did not despise the little every-day opportunities that came so often. She had been taught to consider it her duty to be helpful to her three brothers and little sisters. But she was sure Aunt Jess had some other motive in sending her the scroll, for the New Year which was also her thirteenth birthday. When the mitten was finished Fred ran off to the office, while Margie set the tea table.

Fred soon came back with his hands full. "Here are the weeklies, the daily, three letters, the magazine, and this for you, Margie, from Aunt Jess. Do open it quick. It looks like a magazine."

"Why its name is just like my motto, 'Lend a Hand,'" Exclaimed Margie, as she tore off its wrapper. "Perhaps it will tell me how, I wish I could read it now."

"After supper I'll read to you while you work," Fred offered. They spent the whole evening reading aloud about the various societies which had taken that motto for theirs.

"Look up, not down,
Look out, not in,
Look forward, not backward,
And lend a helping hand."

"There is one good thing," exclaimed Fred, as Margie stopped to take breath, "it don't say we must do great things, but little ones that most of us despise because they are little. Tell you what, Margie, I am going to form a society among the boys, ten of us, then you'll see."

"And I'll try to with the girls," promised Margie, realizing as never before, what even girls can do. "May we meet here sometimes, mamma, to talk things over?"

"Certainly, dear." Mrs. Roberts was nearly as interested as the children. "But be sure and don't neglect the little things."

"Take special care of little things,
For they are borne on angels' wings,
To vast eternity."

repeated Margie. The words were on a Christmas card from her Sabbath school teacher.

At the noon intermission next day Margie told the girls of her plan, and was quite disappointed that they weren't as enthusiastic about it as she was herself. Jennie Dobson, the minister's daughter, Gracie Barnes the doctor's daughter, and Mattie Ford gave an eager assent, others required urging, Susie Skelding refused to have any thing to do with it.

Their excited voices aroused the teacher, she looked up from her book, saw Margie's flushed face, and went quickly down the aisle.

"What is it, Margie?" she asked kindly.

"We want to form a 'Helping Hand' society. It takes ten and Susie won't join."

"Wouldn't you as soon have me?" inquired Miss Houston. This society was not a new one to her.

"Will you really? It would be delightful to have you." Margie was radiant, Miss Houston was so kind and sweet, they all loved her.

"How did you succeed, Sis?" asked Fred when he came home a half hour later than usual. "I guess you had a hard time."

"I did at first, but Miss Houston has joined us, and she knows so many nice plans for us. We are going to make a picture scrap book for little Essie Wells. She can't go out, she's been so sick, and then they are too poor to buy her pretties. Each of us has some special work to do, and we will be faithful. Mattie is going to draw little Sadie Barstow to school every day, so she won't get snowy, she is so croupy. Jennie is going to read one of her father's sermons to old Mrs. Ellis every Sunday, she has the rheumatism so she can't go out. O, dear, I can't begin to tell you all our plans. Our motto is not only 'Lend a Helping Hand,' but 'Look Out for Little Things.' How did you succeed, Fred?"

"Capitally, boys are always ready for fun and work, if they can find any thing to do. We are going to look out for little things too, especially at home. Next Saturday, the whole ten of us are going over and help Uncle Seth on his wood pile, he is so feeble this winter, and too poor to hire it done."

"Let's all meet together next week, have a good time and talk things over," proposed Margie.

It would take too long to tell all they accomplished during the winter. Many hearts were lightened, some dull lives brightened, actual want relieved, and new purposes formed. All were in earnest, and many opportunities before neglected or unnoticed, were faithfully improved.

Kind smiles, words of approval, and helpful suggestions are sometimes really needed.

They did one thing of which they were

unconscious. They influenced others to try and help. They did not join the society nor even adopt the motto, but seeing the children on the lookout for chances to help others, they began to find chances themselves. As usual, the little things produced most important results.

"O, Miss Houston, whatever should we have done without you?" exclaimed Margie, when the winter's work finished, they had met to plan for the spring and summer.

"What can we do this summer?" inquired Jennie. "Mrs. Ellis can go to church now, so I have lost my work. Essie is well again."

"You can gather flowers for church and for the flower mission in the city. I will take them in every week. Then you can press ferns, leaves and flowers, and gather moss and cones for that box for Christmas. Meantime, have you forgotten the little things?"

"Papa says they encourage him most of any thing, because life is made up of little things," added Jennie.

"Do you know those boys have taken him, Rev. Mr. Dobson, to help? They are going to study their Sunday school lessons more, and go to evening meetings. Do you suppose he will like it?" and Margie looked anxiously at Jennie.

"I know he will, and we could help him, too, in the same way," replied Jennie quickly.

"And we must go and see that new family," added Gracie, "papa says there is a lame girl just our age. We must work hard this summer." FINIS.

TIM'S DOVE.

One day, when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever and the dove could fly again, but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys nor pets.

When he went to pick berries, the dove would go, too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim, and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat, but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make a good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbor going by the house and he ran out and put the dove in her hands.

"Please kill my dove," he said, "and make my mother some broth, she is so sick."

Then he ran in the house and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour, the neighbor brought some good, hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it, she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well again."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother should not hear, that he had no more doves, and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbor could speak there

was a little rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.—*Our Little Ones.*

BOYS, READ THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, and studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forget, I don't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt he began to whine in a babyish way: not a regular, roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way and said, "Oh, never mind, Jiminy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that were the chief end of life.—*Exchange.*

THE GIRLS.

When there are girls at home, it is an excellent plan to allow each one in turn to assume the responsibility of house-keeping for a certain time. It does not hurt girls to be made to take a measure of responsibility concerning household tasks; far otherwise—it does them immense good. Let them in succession have, a week at a time, charge of the chamberwork, the mending, the cooking, the buying even for the family—all, of course, under proper supervision—and their faculties of reason, perception, judgment, discrimination and continuity will be more developed in one month of such training than in six months of common schooling.

—God fails not to sow blessings in the long furrows.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

ANOTHER TALK.

Some recent efforts at teaching first lessons to our "youngsters," as we laughingly dub our two boys, six and seven years old, suggests that some of our ways may be practicable for some mother who feels too busy to spare time to bother with teaching, so waits for school to "begin." Children learn so much from home life, why not teach them rather than let them pick up that knowledge? We have failed often in known lines of duty but never from lack of wish to accomplish it all.

It is so hard for a child to learn to count after it is seven years old. We teach first 0—"naught," "nothing," (not as so many allow said, "aught" which means "anything.") We say, "what have you in your hand," making sure, of course, the answer will be "nothing." Then, "Get your slate and I will show you something—there, that 0 stands for nothing, it is called 'naught.' Can you make one just like mine? Now, what is it?"

Then give the child one bean, one apple, one stick or one pencil. "How many have you now?" "One." "Yes. This is the way to make that." Guide the hand at first and teach a little each day till nine can be counted nicely in beans, books, or pencil strokes, then, "Here are nine ones." "Yes, that is plain. Well when we have another one we have to call it 1 ten, and we say here is 10, 1 ten and no more. When we have 1 more than 1 ten, it is 1 ten and one more, so,—11, and we call it eleven." Fix that in the mind, then say, "1 ten and 2 more are written so—12, and called twelve," and so on. Then, when hundreds are reached the 2 tens and 5 tens have been so plainly shown that the 10 tens come naturally.

The same way with word making. Show X, help to make the letter by two strokes of pencil or chalk. Then A by three strokes, then combine them and make a word; show T by two strokes, add A again and make a new word. So with each new letter taught, let it learn to use it. A child will try to learn its own name, and often that is good for its first word. As soon as all the large letters are recognized and can be made readily the small ones can be taught, then script. It is just as easy for a child to learn to write as to print, if it is taught to form one letter at a time by slate practice.

The multiplication table is a matter of memory and can be taught to a child of seven years as easily as the nursery rhyme—he wastes his powers upon. First show by giving him corn or beans or corn cobs or books or any objects that—"1 here and 1 there are two ones, and count 2. 2 here and 2 there are two twos and count 1, 2, 3, 4." So on with each number. Let them count the piles on each side of the table and make very sure that "two sixes are twelve." Say, "That is a dozen." After that whole line seems to be memorized it is a good way to set it down on the slate hit or miss, so. $2 \times 3 =$ (teaching, of course, the meaning of the signs) $2 \times 5 = 2 \times 7 = 2 \times 4 =$ leaving the product to be written by the child as a sort of play lesson to see if he can be "caught." When it comes to the 7 times we ask, "2x7 are how many? Well you see you know that because 7×2 are just the same." And we show that by placing blocks at intervals two in a place, and seven places. The same way with each number till the 7×6 , then. "7x7 is a new one, and you can easily remember that it is just one less than 50—49."

Adding of course comes in naturally with saying, "ten and two more are twelve." And must be shown, as well as subtraction, by actual handling of certain objects, apples in season are good to stimulate the mind if they are to be a treat when the numbers are conquered, and as one receives or gives away the processes and numbers can be acquired much more readily than by abstract numbers mere characters on a board or slate.

Pictures get one into mistakes sometimes. We knew a little girl who in the sweet long ago was spelling in an illustrated spelling book, "SPADE—shovel," was her rendering of the picture. Every mother has had similar mistakes to chronicle.

Wee Will had struggled with the spelling lessons for next day's reading with some one to pronounce for him. The next morning he was studying his reading lesson diligently when I heard him read, "The grandmother—" "Oh, no," said I, "you have no such word to-day." "Yes," he replied, "I spelled it yesterday. ANT."

So we spell our life lessons, making sad work of it too often, sometimes most ludicrous blunders. Some pick up the lessons cheerfully with a teachable, earnest spirit—striving to prepare for the life where all will seem plain, others resist and will not try to profit by what has been passed over, but take each new lesson in a sullen spirit grieving the Teacher who chooses all our changes for us with wise purpose to best prepare us for what He has in store for us. ROSAMOND E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—I want to say a word or two to young mothers, who, like myself, are endeavoring to train up their little ones in a way that is best for them now, and for the future. We should always remember that our work is for eternity. I like the motto of that old painter, "I paint for eternity." So do we mothers, paint our children's characters for eternity! Shall the result be fair to look upon, or otherwise? At least it is worthy of our highest, best effort.

A friend once said to me, "Be careful about saying don't to your children unnecessarily." The remark set me to thinking, and I was surprised to notice how often the remark, "don't do that," rose to my lips. A child should very easily learn to obey, and when a command is issued we should insist on prompt and cheerful obedience. A child should also be taught to obey, because it is right for them to do so, and not because they will be rewarded for it. But during the course of the day a number of commands make a child irritable and often rebellious, and no wonder! Which one of us, with some experience, and self-control at our command, would not grow very irritable indeed, if we were denied and thwarted in almost every purpose and undertaking. Little children commit offences innocently, and very often the act is not an offence at first, but only grows to be so after we have forbidden its continuance.

After my friend made that remark to me, I tried an experiment. My little boy took a book from the table, which I could not allow him to have. I did not say, "Don't do that, Charlie," but said, "Please, Charlie, lay the book back on the table, that is mamma's book, then come to me and I will talk to you of a dog I saw yesterday when I was down street." Instantly his will was mine. That is only an instance, for with two babies like mine, one has to be on the alert to keep up with them in any matter. I have found that since I issue fewer commands, and insist on those being obeyed, and try to make my children willing to do my will, that I have less trouble.

Hoping that my experience may benefit some one else, I close with thanks for the benefit that I have received from others.

ALBERTA.

The Library.

WRITE.

Write to me very often, write to me very soon,
Letters to me are dearer than loveliest flowers in June,
They are affection's touches, the lighting of friend-
ship's lamp,
Flitting around the heartstrings like fireflies in the
damp.

Write to me very often, write in the early morn,
Or at the close of every evening, when all the day is
gone,
Draw up thy little table close to the fire and write,
Write to me soon in the morning, write to me late at
night.

Write to me very often, letters are links that bind
Truthful hearts to each other, fettering mind to mind,
Giving to kindred spirits lasting and true delight;
If you would strengthen friendship, never forget to
write.

Anon.

COLLECTING AUTOGRAPHS.

BY JAMES M. ADAMS.

THE business of autograph collecting—for with some it is a business—is one not held in high esteem by distinguished personages—especially literary people. That such are robbed of much valuable time, whether the request, or demand, is acceded to or not, is self-evident. The poet Whittier, leaving home for a few days, returns to find thirty letters awaiting him, soliciting his autograph. Here are thirty minutes of valuable time, at the very least calculation, wasted on entire strangers; and, should the poet choose to comply with the requests, as quite likely his kind heart will prompt him to do, a much longer time. Whittier frankly says that this custom is one of the greatest annoyances to which he is subjected. The number of applications which he receives per year may be counted by thousands.

Ouida, in an article in *The Whitehall Review*, launches a tirade against autograph hunters which might well daunt the most persistent and intrepid of them. Other writers have strongly expressed their disapproval of the practice, and have often been severe in their strictures. We think, however, they do not make due allowance for thoughtlessness on the part of their admirers. The autograph collector does not realize that his letter of request is but the counterpart of hundreds, even thousands of others, and that taken collectively they demand more of the attention of the recipient than he can well afford to give.

On the other hand, some authors submit to the annoyance with the greatest patience; and, in some instances, it actually seems to give them pleasure to grant favors of this kind. Many interesting and touching stories are told of the readiness with which Longfellow and Holmes have complied with requests for their autographs—particularly from little girls. Holmes' autograph is very easy to procure as he conscientiously answers every letter addressed to him. His unvarying kindness and courtesy in this respect cannot but increase our love and admiration for him.

A celebrated American author received a letter from a stranger inquiring which dictionary he preferred—Webster's or Worcester's. Suspecting that the true design was to obtain his autograph, he carefully cut the word "Webster," out of the letter and pasted it on a sheet of paper. Also clipping the signature and address from the missive he attached them to an envelope and thus mailed his answer to the "anxious inquirer."

Some autograph hunters make it a profession, and forward printed forms with blank lines to receive the autograph. Their names are usually printed thereon and followed by the words, "Autograph Collector." The editor of *The Literary World* writes in a somewhat humorous vein of receiving one of these forms. In

the upper left hand corner was printed the name, address, and business of the sender. This was followed by a printed date at the right, and then two blank lines. At the bottom in italics appeared the line, "Your autograph is respectfully solicited," supplemented by the collector's name in small capitals. The number "422" occupied the lower left hand corner. The editor writes:

"Here is autograph collecting reduced to a science by a man who means business. No beating about the bush with him. No hems and haws, and circumlocutions; no tentative approaches, compliments, apologies, but a straightforward matter-of-fact demand; your autograph or your life!"

The editor rather likes this open method of procedure, in contrast to the usual circuitous, sycophantic style, and graciously forwards his signature.

One of the most successful autograph collectors is Edward W. Bok of New York. Beginning at the age of seventeen, Mr. Bok has now accumulated over fifteen hundred autograph letters from distinguished people all over the world. He is untiring in his efforts and not easily balked. His collection includes the autographs of Von Moltke, Oscar Wilde, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling, Jefferson Davis, John B. Gough, Henry Ward Beecher, Minnie Hauk, Wendell Phillips, "Mark Twain," Joseph Cook, Frederick Douglass, "Josh Billings," Charles Dudley Warner, Lucretia Mott, and Peter Cooper. Not only has Mr. Bok the signatures of the foregoing, but in every case an original sentiment. Wendell Phillips wrote: "By the street of Bye and Bye we arrive at the house of Never;" Von Moltke: "Cowards die a hundred times, the brave can never die but once;" Gough: "Reputation is for time, character for eternity;" Lucretia Mott: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth;" Oscar Wilde: "To disagree with three-fourths of the British public on all points is one of the first elements of sanity;" Frederick Douglass: "John Brown saw slavery through no mist or cloud, but in a light of indefinite wisdom, which left no one of its ten thousand horrors concealed;" Whittier and Holmes each wrote verses from one of their poems.

The late John Forster, the English writer, possessed a rare collection of autographs, which he bequeathed, together with his books, paintings, etc., to the English nation. They are now on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. Among them are those of Napoleon Bonaparte, Oliver Cromwell, Charles I., Charles II., Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV., Addison, Bacon, Burke, Johnson, Fielding, Goldsmith, De Foe, Coleridge, Lamb, Voltaire, Keats, Scott, Hume, and Dickens.

George Eliot made it a rule to deny all requests for autographs; Ouida does the same except from friends. So does Bismarck of late. Formerly, it is said, it was easy to obtain his autograph by sending him a birthday present. A Berlin beer shop keeper sent him a barrel of beer and displayed the letter of thanks which he received in his establishment. This so disgusted the prince that he determined in future to give his autograph to no one. As a consequence it is now extremely rare, and much sought after by collectors. Bismarck, however, broke his rule in one case at least, when an American girl requested his autograph to carry home to America. Whether unconsciously or not we will leave our readers to decide. The prince wrote in response: "I am sorry to state that I cannot do, even for a young lady, what I have often refused to those of elder years."

BISMARCK."

MYTHOLOGY.

The word Mythology is derived from two words, implying a fable and a discourse; hence, mythology is a discourse or treatise on popular fables or myths. It is the science or system of myths—a collective body of legends respecting the supernatural actions of gods, divinities and heroes of heathen nations. According to modern usage, it is perhaps not allowable to call mythology a science, but more properly a system. The former is knowledge duly arranged and referred to general truths and principles upon which it is founded; the latter is order or method in the arrangement of principles, parts and objects.

Ever since the creation man has felt and acknowledged the existence of a superhuman power. The lowest, the most obscure and ignorant of all the races of the earth, have, in all ages, attributed certain phenomena to a higher intelligence. All do not agree as to the source of this power and intelligence—while some locate it in the material and inanimate things of earth, others, having higher conceptions of divinity, ascribe it to the elements, the planets, and the sun. Nearly all heathen nations have traditions touching the formation of the earth and the forces which support it, and the origin, history and destiny of man. To the heathen this supernatural intelligence manifested or revealed itself only through surrounding phenomena.

Grecian mythology figures conspicuously in ancient history—the history of Greece and Rome. The early Greeks, like all rude and uncultivated tribes, associated their earliest religious emotions with the character of surrounding objects, and ascribed its appropriate deity to every manifestation of favor in the visible universe. The foundation of their mythical religion was a belief in higher existences which wielded an influence over the affairs and destinies of mortals. They had gods and goddesses, nymphs and muses, almost innumerable, some terrestrial, others celestial, according to the places over which they were supposed to preside, and rising in importance and veneration in proportion to the power they manifested. "A set of imaginary beings, in some instances, individuals remarkable for warlike genius, or skill in arts, whose names were handed down by tradition, were exalted to the character of gods, and through the medium of beautifully sculptured figures in marble and ivory, were the objects of reverence and worship."

According to the Greeks and Romans there was a race of these fabled gods, and their mythology contains their theogony—genealogical descent. The original progenitors of this race were Chaos, and Nox, his wife. Chaos is confusion, and Nox is night or darkness. Chaos is modernly used to imply the rude or unorganized condition of matter preceding the creation. Celus and his wife, Terra, which are heaven and earth, were the children of Chaos and Nox.

Let us review: this legend teaches that the primordial god, Chaos, or in other words confused and unorganized matter, and his wife, the goddess Nox, or darkness, gave existence to their children—Heaven and Earth. This, according to the Grecian myths, was the inception of the lineage of the gods, and the creation of heaven and earth. Here is a similitude worthy of notice and speculation. Turning to the first and second verses of Genesis we read: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." That the Greeks possessed some tolerably accurate traditional knowledge of the creation is beyond a doubt. How,

upon any other hypothesis, can we account for the similitude in the language of the bible and the myths? "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—*Bible*. "In the beginning Chaos and Nox gave birth to Celus and Terra"—heaven and earth.—*Mythology*. But the likeness extends further than this. The prime god was confusion—and corresponding to this, the bible declares that the earth was without form, and void; the prime goddess was darkness, while the language of the bible is, "And darkness was upon the face of the deep." Thus the biblical and mythical records seem to correspond in two particulars: first, that heaven and earth were the first offspring of God; and, second, that they were evolved from confusion and darkness. There is much speculation by commentators and scientific men about the import of the first and second verses of Genesis. One theory conjectures that the first verse is merely assertive of the fact and order of creation, and that the beginning was the commencement of the creative period. That the second verse is descriptive of the condition of the primary and unorganized particles of matter prior to, or, at the time, when God endowed them with the power of concretion and combination. If this theory is entitled to any credence, it more fully argues the probability of the Greeks having traditional knowledge of the creation as recorded by Moses.

But there is another phase of this subject which falls legitimately within the range of our thought and the sphere of our inquiries. Mythology has contributed much to the etymology of the English language. To this Grecian system of myths and legends we are indebted for many words which most beautifully express our notions. From Nox we have derived about twenty words; e.g., nocturnal, nightly; noctuary, an account of what transpires at night—opposed to diary; noctambulist, one who rises from his bed by night and walks in his sleep; nocturne, a serenade. Saturn was the son of Celus and Terra, and the grandson of Chaos and Nox; his wife, the goddess, was Ops. In Roman antiquity he is represented in sculpture as an aged deity with a sickle in his left hand and the reaped grain in his right, and is said to have been very mild and wise in the administration of his government, so much so, that his reign was characterized as the golden age, and a yearly festival was celebrated every December in honor of him, in which all classes indulged in unrestrained license and merriment. The corresponding Greek divinity was Time.

THE STORY OF A BOOK.

Eight hundred years ago this very year King William the Norman, who had conquered England, was having a big book made. It was not a bible, though it was quite as large as the one your minister reads from in his pulpit on Sundays. No, it was not the bible, though it has been preserved with as much care as the word of God itself. It is so valuable that I do not suppose it could be bought for twice, nay, ten times its weight in gold. So you will see it must be a very costly and important document.

If we should go to London we could see this book of King William's, for all it is guarded so securely. It is kept in a glass case in the Public Record office, and can be consulted without payment of any fee. It is old and worn, for it is eight times as old as the Declaration of Independence. You would see a queer, quaint folio of almost four hundred double pages of vellum, fastened with two heavy silver embossed clasps, and the corners of the two thick covers protected by ornamental metal work. Each page has a double

column, written over with small, but plain characters in the old-fashioned Latin tongue that was common in the middle ages. Some of the capital letters and principal passages are touched with red ink, and some have strokes of red ink run across them as if scratched out.

This book is an inventory record and gives us a very good idea of England as it was in the eleventh century. The people were then divided into the high and the low; there was no great middle class as now, engaged in trade and commerce and manufactures. The high were nobles who lived in strong stone castles and kept a little army about them, wore shining armor or costly fabrics and rode stately horses; the low were the laborers who dressed in sheep skins and lived in mud hovels. Some of these great nobles had as many as two or three hundred castles. Indeed, one of those recorded in this "Domesday Book," as it was called, owned three hundred and sixty-five fair manors, one for each day of the calendar year.

Cloth workers and potters are the only kind of manufacturers mentioned in the big volume. The reason of this is that the women of most households did the weaving, spinning, baking and brewing. All the clothing of the day was made by the women. Every large establishment had a tanner, carpenter and smith, who received so much per diem from their lord regularly whether they worked or not.

It took two or three years for King William's commissioners to go over the kingdom and appraise all this vast property. The exact time of the commencement of the survey is variously stated. According to some writers, it was begun in 1080 or 1083; according to others, at the close of 1085. But the book was completed in November 1086. So minute was the survey that a contemporary records:

"So very narrowly he caused it to be traced out that there was not a single hide or yard of land, not an ox, cow, or hog that was not set down."

By the completion of this survey the king acquired an exact knowledge of the possessions of the crown. It afforded him the names of the landholders; it furnished him with the means of ascertaining the military strength of the country; and it pointed out the possibility of increasing the revenue in some cases, and of lessening the demand of the tax collectors in others. It was, moreover, a register of appeal for those whose titles to their property might be disputed.

King William's income according to this inventory amounted to four hundred thousand pounds annually. As a pound at that time contained three times the amount of silver that it does at present, and provisions were ten times as cheap then as now, it will be seen that the Conqueror's revenue must have amounted to very near ten million dollars of our money per year.

The name of the book, "Domesday" is supposed to have been derived from the definitive authority, from which, as from the sentence pronounced at domesday or the day of judgment, there could be no appeal. A medieval writer, however, ascribes the name to a corruption of *Domus Dei* Book, because at one time it was deposited in that part of the church at Winchester called *Domus Dei*.

F. M. COLBY.

LANGUAGE OF STONES.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING THE QUALITIES OF VARIOUS GEMS.

The quality of turquoise imparts a prosperity in love.

Chrysolite was used as an amulet against evil passions and despondency.

The opal imparts apprehension and insight, and is the emblem of unrealized hope.

Conjugal felicity was symbolized by the sardonyx, which it was believed to insure.

The topaz was thought to promote fidelity and friendship and to calm internal passions.

The diamond has the mystic symbolism of light and purity, faith and uprightness of character.

The property of the amethyst is to calm the passions of the body and prevent drunkenness.

The bloodstone was thought by the ancients to impart courage, prudence, fortitude and stability of character.

The moonstone was the emblem of the merchant prince, and signified well directed industry and the arts of peace.

Garnet or carbuncle represents constancy of purpose and fidelity to duty. It is pre-eminently the soldier's gem.

The ruby was thought to guard against unkindness, and particularly that form so common in antiquity—poisoning.

The sapphire signifies modesty and charity of opinion, and was thought to possess the power of breaking the spells of magic.

The agate or chalcedony represents physical prosperity, and it is the stone of the athlete and physician, and imparts longevity and health.

The emerald symbolizes truth, and was believed to secure good faith and happiness in friendship and home. It was also the appropriate emblem for a judge or lawyer.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

A TRUE FRIEND.—Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee thy faults, is thy friend; for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it; every man, for the most part, delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

—No lessons are so impressive as those our mistakes teach us.—*Dr. T. D. Woolsey*.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band tell me the name of the article that contains the following verse, also where it is to be found:

"So unless you are sure of your heart, dear,
And unless you can understand
That whether the day be good or bad,
You must walk with him hand in hand;
Unless you can silently bear, dear,
And can pardon what none should know,
And love where loving is only pain,
You had better answer him, 'No?'"

I will return the favor if I can.

MRS. E. R. VREDENBURGH.
Austin, Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you kindly ask the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD if any one can tell me where I can find the piece containing the following lines:

"She sleeps beneath her native earth
And near the spot that gave her birth,
Her youthful feet trod flowers in bloom,
In beauty o'er her early tomb?"

If any one will send me the piece and tell me how to return the favor, they will very much oblige,

MRS. W. J. TILLSON.
Halifax, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the HOUSEHOLD Band please send me the words of an old song beginning like this,

"There's a spot fast graven on my heart,
That years can ne'er erase,
I've sported there in childhood's hours,
With many a laughing face?"

I will return stamps—the favor if I can.

Galesburg, Mich.

MRS. W. J. FORD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the words of the song, "Shivering in the Cold," also "The Romish Lady?" I will return the favor in any way I can.

MISS M. A. HALL.

Watkins, Harrison Co., Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters send me the words of a song, "Never Take the

Horseshoe from the Door," and oblige. I will pay postage and return a like favor if possible.

MRS. CLARA CLOUGH.

Ferguson, St. Louis Co., Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of your readers if they can send me a poem of which the first line is,

"A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers," and a song entitled "The Sword of Bunker Hill?"

GUSTIE BRANDT.

Campello, Mass.

THE REVIEWER.

A NEW ENGLAND IDYL. By Belle C. Greene. The opening chapters describe a typical country farmhouse, such as one may find anywhere in the hill towns of New Hampshire or Vermont, with its little household of girls and boys, and its humble but picturesque surroundings. The pictures of home life drawn by the author are true to nature, and without exaggeration. The main interest of the story centers in the two girls of the family, Hester and Rosy. They are fatherless and motherless, having not only themselves to care for, but the responsibility of looking out for the younger members of the family. How they did it, how they succeeded in overcoming the various obstacles which lay in their way, and what their success was, is happily told. The story is not only interesting, but it is wholesome in its tone and helpful in the lesson it teaches. Price \$1.00.

BOSTON: D. Lothrop & Co.

ESTHER, AND OTHER NEW ENGLAND STORIES. By Margaret Sidney. The incidents which form the groundwork of these stories are such as might happen in any country neighborhood. There is no straining for effect; their characters drop naturally into their places and come and go as they do in real life. None of the stories are long, but they have the merit of completeness. "Hester," which gives the book its title, is a little country idyl; "Aunt Emmeline's Crazy Quilt," "Miss Cynthys Tramp," "D'rinity," and the others which make up the three hundred pages of the volume furnish a variety of studies of real folks as intense in interest as they are distinct and individual in character. Price \$1.25. BOSTON: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE FORUM for February opens with an article on "Outgrown City Government," by James Parton. Following this is Prof. Lester F. Ward's able paper on "The Use and Abuse of Wealth." Prominent among the excellent articles which fill the number are "The Needs of New York Harbor," by Commander H. C. Taylor, "How I was Educated," by Andrew D. White, "The Reproach of Mourning," by J. Macdonald Oxley, and "Why We Have No Great Novelists," by Prof. H. H. Boyesen. Other topics of interest are ably discussed by well known writers, completing one of the best numbers of the magazine. \$5.00 a year. NEW YORK: The Forum Pub. Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES and THE NURSERY for March. This charming little magazine is as attractive as ever. Its bright little stories and pretty pictures making it a deserved favorite among the little people. \$1.50 a year. BOSTON: The Russell Pub. Co.

BABYHOOD for March is filled as usual with useful hints and suggestions to mothers, and those having the care of young children. This excellent little magazine is making itself a necessity in every family. \$1.50 a year. NEW YORK: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

GREGORY'S ANNUAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of seeds and plants is at hand, offering, as usual, a fine assortment of the best flower and vegetable seeds and plants. Small fruits in excellent variety are also a specialty with this well known house. MARBLEHEAD, MASS.: JAMES J. H. GREGORY.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March. \$4.00 a year. NEW YORK: Harper & Brothers.

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

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

ST. NICHOLAS for March. \$3.00 a year. NEW YORK: The Century Co.

WIDE AWAKE for March. \$2.40 a year. BOSTON: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for March. \$2.00 a year. NEW YORK: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for March. \$2.00 a year. LOUISVILLE, KY.: Home and Farm Pub. Co.

THE BOOK BUYER for March. \$1.00 a year. NEW YORK: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PANSY for March. \$1.00 a year. BOSTON: D. Lothrop & Co.

IMPATIENCE.

RONDO—GALOP.

L. STREABBOG, Op. 98.

Allegro non troppo.

The Dispensary.

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF POISONING.

BY J. M. FRENCH, M. D.

FEW emergencies arise in which presence of mind and the knowledge of what to do are more essential than in cases of poisoning. What is done, must be done quickly. The physician may not be at hand and delay is death. A knowledge of the first things to be done under these circumstances is of importance to all, and to none more so than to the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, for upon them, the housekeepers and home-makers of the land, will fall the work of applying the remedies until the doctor comes.

The general principles to be observed in treatment of all cases of poisoning are three in number:

(1.) To remove from the system whatever of the poisonous agent may remain unabsorbed. For this purpose emetics and the stomach pump are our main reliance. Mustard flour is nearly always at hand, and a heaping tablespoonful of this stirred up in a teacupful of warm water makes a prompt and efficient emetic. If this is not at hand, salt and water may be used, or large draughts of warm water may be taken, and the fauces tickled with the fingers until vomiting is induced.

(2.) To administer the chemical antidote for the purpose of destroying the activity of whatever portions of the poisonous substance may yet remain in the stomach. In most cases the emetic should be given first, but sometimes it is better to administer the antidote or dilute copiously with water to begin with, and follow with the emetic. A knowledge of the proper antidotes for the common poisons, will enable any one to act intelligently in the absence of the physician, and may be the means of saving life.

(3.) To antagonize the effect of the poison upon the system when absorbed, by giving a remedy which produces opposite effects. For instance, if the effect of the poison is to depress the heart's action, the heart-stimulants should be given to counteract this effect. But this mode of treatment lies almost entirely within the province of the physician, and can seldom be undertaken safely except under his direction.

The two substances which are used in probably more than two-thirds of all cases of poisoning, are opium and arsenic in some of their forms or preparations. The greater number of cases in which opium is used are either accidental or suicidal in their nature, while arsenic is administered with criminal intent in the majority of instances. These two substances also stand as representatives of the two great classes of poisons, viz.: (1) the irritant, which produce their symptoms largely or mainly by their local action, and (2) the neurotic, which act chiefly or entirely by absorption upon the nervous system. The first class includes the corrosives, such as the strong acids and alkalies, and the simple irritants, as arsenic, antimony, mercury, and most other metallic poisons. The neurotics are mostly but not entirely of vegetable origin, and include such agents as opium, belladonna, strychnine, aconite, and prussic acid.

Taking the substances mentioned as representatives, the antidotes are as follows: for the acids, the alkalies, such as chalk, magnesia or soap, in milk or water; for the alkalies, either the vegetable acids as vinegar and lemon juice, or the fixed oils, as castor oil, linseed oil or sweet oil; for antimony or tartar emetic, large draughts of tannic acid in solution, or any astrin-

gent infusion; for mercury and its compounds, corrosive sublimate being the most poisonous, albumen in some form, preferably the white of egg or flour beaten up in milk or water; for arsenic or Fowler's solution, the freshly prepared sesqui-oxide of iron, or the common dyed-lysed iron.

Coming to the vegetable poisons, antidotal treatment is less effective, and antagonistic measures more important. Prussic acid is one of the most deadly and rapid-acting poisons, and there are no reliable antidotes. Ammonia may be given dilute internally or by inhalation. For aconite, tannic acid and astringent infusions may be given, followed by alcohol, ammonia or other stimulants. For belladonna or its alkaloid atropia, astringent infusions should be followed by mechanical and local stimulation, and antagonistic treatment by the physician. For strychnia or nux vomica, tannic acid or iodide of potash in solution. For opium, as also in all other cases, the emetic is all important if seen early, and little can be done in the way of antidotal treatment, though it may be well to use tannic acid. Strong coffee is in some degree antagonistic, and may be given freely. Other remedies will be given by the physician. The direct cause of death in opium poisoning is by failure of the respiration, and this with the heart's action must be maintained by walking the patient about, shouting in his ear, flagellations, hot and cold douches, electricity and artificial respiration.

COOKING FOR INVALIDS.

The following recipes were among those given to the pupils in a training school for nurses, in one of our largest city hospitals by the physicians in charge. They furnish the very best methods known for preparing the several articles given for the use of the sick, and are worthy of being more widely known and followed.

Broiled Beef Juice.—Broil one-half pound of round steak one or two minutes on each side, cut in bits, squeeze out the juice, salt and serve.

Beef Essence.—Put one pound of raw beef cut fine in a glass jar, set in cold water, heat gradually, not quite to boiling, and keep there two hours, strain, season, and serve hot.

Steved Beef Essence.—Cut one-half pound of beef into bits, salt it, and in a few minutes, squeeze it, let it stand half an hour, heat hot, but do not boil it, and serve at once.

Broiled Beef Tea.—Broil one-half pound of lean, juicy beef one minute on each side, cut in small pieces, pour over it one-half cup of boiling water, squeeze it, salt the juice and serve instantly. Do not heat it again.

Stewed Beef Tea.—One-half pound of round steak cut fine, soak it in one-half pint of water half an hour, let it heat, not boil, strain, salt and serve.

Broiled Steak.—Wipe the steak with a clean, wet cloth, take a piece of the fat to grease the gridiron, broil over a bright fire four or five minutes, turn often, put on a hot plate, season with salt, pepper and a little butter.

Raw Beef Sandwiches.—Scrape fine two or three tablespoonsfuls of raw, juicy, tender beef, season slightly with salt and pepper, spread on thin slices of bread, and put in a toaster and toast slightly.

Gruel—Corn-starch, Rice, or Wheat Flour or Arrow-root.—Wet two teaspoonsfuls of flour in cold water or milk, stir into one cup of boiling water, add one salt-spoonful of salt, boil five to eight minutes, thin it with one-half cup of milk.

Indian Meal Gruel.—One tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonsfuls of meal, wet in a little cold water, and stir into one quart of boiling water, with one

teaspoonful of salt, boil thirty minutes, stirring often.

Milk Porridge.—Boil twenty-four raisins cut in quarters, in water enough to cover them twenty minutes, when plump and the water has evaporated add two cups of milk, and when boiling add one teaspoonful of flour rubbed to a paste, let it boil up, then with a little cold milk add the white of an egg well beaten.

Egg Gruel.—Beat well one egg, white and yolk separately, pour one cup of boiling water or milk to the yolk, add one teaspoonful of sugar, mix well, stir in the white.

Cracker Gruel.—Four tablespoonfuls of powdered cracker, wet with boiling water, add one pint of hot milk.

Oat Meal Gruel.—Add one tablespoonful of oat meal wet in cold water to one quart of boiling, salted water, boil one hour, strain and serve.

Restorative Jelly.—One-half box of gelatine, one tablespoonful of powdered gum arabic, one-half pint of Port wine, juice of one-half a lemon, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three whole cloves, put all in a covered glass jar, set on a plate in a kettle of cold water, let it soak half an hour, put it on the fire, and heat slowly, when all is dissolved, stir well, and strain into a shallow dish, and cut in squares.

Wine Jelly.—One-half cup of gelatine, soak soft in one-half cup of cold water, then pour in one pint of boiling water, juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one cup of sherry wine, stir and strain through a cloth into a mould. A. M. W.

THE MANAGEMENT OF SICK CHILDREN.

The vicissitudes necessarily incident to an out-door and primitive mode of life are never the first causes of any disease, though they may sometimes betray its presence. Bronchitis, nowadays perhaps the most frequent of all infantile diseases, makes no exception to this rule; a draught of cold air may reveal the latent progress of the disorder, but its cause is long confinement in a vitiated and overheated atmosphere, and its proper remedy ventilation and a mild, phlegm-loosening (saccharine) diet, warm sweet milk, sweet oatmeal porridge or honey-water. Select an airy bedroom, and do not be afraid to open the windows; among the children of the Indian tribes who brave in open tents the terrible winters of the Hudson Bay territory, bronchitis, croup and diphtheria are wholly unknown; and what we call "taking cold" might often be more correctly described as taking hot; glowing stoves and even open fires, in a night nursery greatly aggravate the pernicious effects of an impure atmosphere. The first paroxysm of croup can be promptly relieved by very simple remedies. Fresh air and a rapid backward and forward movement of the arms, combined in urgent cases with the application of a flesh brush or piece of flannel to the neck and the upper part of the chest. Paregoric and poppy syrup stop the cough by lethargizing the irritability and thus preventing the discharge of the phlegm till its accumulation produces a second and far more dangerous paroxysm. These second attacks of croup (after the administration of palliatives) are generally the fatal ones. When the child is convalescing, let him beware of stimulating food and over-heated rooms. Do not give aperient medicines; constiveness, as an after-effect of pleuritic affections, will soon yield to fresh air and a vegetable diet.—Dr. Felix Oswald in *Popular Science Monthly*.

—Irish potatoes grated and applied as a poultice is a quick and sure relief for burn or scald.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

J. H. R. Cancers, etc. Your questions are very important, and I am thankful to receive such. It should be distinctly borne in mind that cancers, scrofula, all eruptive diseases, depend on an impure state of the body, as the exciting cause. When the system is not fully purified by the more usual means, nature seeks to throw off these impurities through the surface, in sores, abscesses, cancers, etc. Let it be distinctly borne in mind that the mere discharge is of a friendly character, this never doing any harm, but immense good, as nature's direct method of carrying off a great deal of poisonous matters. To check such discharges, therefore, is to impair the integrity of the system, if not to destroy life. Even the discharge from the cancer is an advantage, the retention of such poisons in the body very soon proving fatal. We should "work with nature, not against her," in this respect, removing poisons as rapidly as possible. In the matter of causes, good authors agree that scrofula and cancers are very nearly related, and that impure food, foul air, darkness and general filth are among the more prominent causes. An able author says: "The term scrofula—derived from *scrofa*, a sow—literally implies swine-swellings, swine-evil, or morbid tumors to which the swine are subject. It is well known that all hogs fattened in the usual way are extensively diseased, and a source of disease to those who eat them. The general employment of this filthy animal as food, is the cause of many morbid affections, manifested under a great variety of scrofulous, erysipelatous, putrid, glandular and skin diseases." The same adds as special causes: "narcotic medicines, as opium, tobacco, alcohol, etc." Of the treatment, a noted author says: "Sunshine is better than tonics. The food must be restricted to the best of fruits, vegetables, and farinaceous preparations allowed in abundance. In this disease the 'hunger cure' is the leading remedial measure. The celebrated Dr. Twitchell, of N. H., was cured of a malignant tumor which had been extirpated once, had been often cauterized in vain, by restricting himself to a diet of bread and cream, the quantity being barely enough to nourish the body." In this and similar diseases, the great idea is to nourish the system in the best way, to purify it as rapidly as possible, breathing all of the pure air possible, keeping the pores open and active, that a large amount of filth may pass off in this way, which, with the action of the air and light, furnishing new and pure blood, by the use of pure food, are the most important means of removing the difficulty, while "cutting and cauterizing" do absolutely nothing toward the removal of the constitutional causes, the re-appearance of the foul excrements being perfectly natural. I should judge from your description that the families described had good constitutions, naturally, but that they have lived very much in conflict with the laws of health, the many cases of cancers being the legitimate result, such as can only follow gross violations of the laws of our being, God's laws. No, I should not advise any one to marry into that or any such families, but, confine such a cancerous tendency to the present generation. While there is always danger, of course it is possible for one of the more healthy, one of the purer, to marry one of a robust constitution, and still escape this terrible scourge, if both, from that time should live abstemiously, doing as much as possible, by strict obedience to all of the conditions of health, to eradicate this corrupting tendency, though, it is unfortunately true that the children not only inherit this foul disease, but, the appetites and habits which naturally produce the disease. There is a constant double danger. Yes, it will be true that to the extent that "each succeeding generation" obeys the health laws, constantly generating health and vigor—if they will scrupulously do their best, which is doubtful—there will be diminished danger. I think that marriage would "increase the danger," at least, unless there is more than usual correctness of living, more than usual care, a care which will not be exercised, ordinarily, by such families.

Mrs. C. MOSHER. Enlarged Joints. The enlargement of the joints, attended by bony formations, with pain, will have several causes, among which are hard work, exposure to unpleasant weather, this being the rheumatic form, and high living, the use of gross and greasy foods, with the "heaters" in general, this having some connection with the gout, perhaps. Of course, to prevent the "continuance of the enlargement" will largely depend on the removal of the causes, while something may be done in aid of this by local applications. I recommend the adoption of a very plain diet, one of the grains and vegetables and fruits, mainly, bread being the "staff of life." I discourage the use of pork in all of its forms, with a small amount of beef, more of fresh fish, not fried. (My "Health Rules" would aid you very much.) I also recommend as a curative means, soaking the hands in warm water till very warm, then wrapping the joints in cloths wet in salt and water, covering and wearing during the night.

NARROW CROCHET EDGING.

1. Chain ten stitches, catch in first stitch with single crochet making a ring.

2. Turn, make six double crochet in the ring.

3. Turn, chain four, one double in the center of six double of last row, one chain, one double in the same place, two chain and one double in first double crochet of second row.

4. Three chain, six double in the center hole of third row, one chain, one double in next four chain, repeat until there are seven double crochet separated by seven single stitches, catch in the chain of first row by a slip stitch.

5. Three chain, catch by a slip stitch between the first and second doubles of fourth row, repeat until there are seven small scallops, then make four chain, fasten with one single in the first double of fourth row, four chain.

Begin again at second row.

NUMBER TWO.

1. Chain seven.

2. One double in fourth chain stitch, three chain, one double, three chain, one double in the same fourth stitch; turn.

3. Four chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, all in the middle hole of second row; turn.

4. Three chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double, in middle hole of third row, one chain, ten double in four chain of third row, catch with a slip stitch in first stitch of first row; turn.

5. Four chain, catch with slip stitch between first and second double of fourth row, repeat until there are nine small scallops, one chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double in middle hole of last row. This makes one scallop.

Make three chain, one double, two chain, one double, two chain, one double in center hole of last row; turn, and begin at third row.

This edging has a heading. Make three chain, catch by one single in three chain of fourth row, three chain, one double in center hole of next row; repeat to the end of the edging. Cotton No. 16 or 24.

MARA.

CRAZY PILLOW.

Procure a piece of railroad canvas two hundred and forty-five stitches square, and then mark off a square with black worsted of two hundred and twenty-three stitches, leaving twenty-two stitches all around the outside, then leave twenty-eight stitches, and make another square inside of the first one, which will be one hundred and sixty-five stitches. Now you have two squares with a space of twenty-eight stitches between them. Next connect the four corners, that is, work a line from the upper right hand inside corner up to the upper right hand outside corner, the other corners to be worked in the same way. Next leave a space of forty stitches on the upper line from the right hand corner, and make another line in the same direction you did your corner line, bringing it down on the inside line forty stitches from the corner, then leave forty stitches from the line just made, and make another run in the same direction, that gives you two parallelograms. Now leave forty stitches from the left hand corner and make a line run in the same direction as the corner line runs, and then leave forty stitches from the last line and make another line, and when it comes down on to the second line it will connect with the last line you made on the right hand side and will form a triangle, then work the sides and bottom the same. There ought to be small figures worked in the small spaces

around the outside, and then filled in with some corresponding color, except black, and have the squares harmonize, and the center is to have large figures worked on it, and when all done fill in with some pretty color. I hope I make this plain enough, if not I will try to help you. Please try, and let me hear from you.

I want to know if there is some little girl in Florida that will send me a bunch of Florida moss in exchange for a hood or sack for dolly. COUSIN MADGE.

PIAZZA CUSHIONS.

Cushions for piazza steps can be so easily and cheaply made and are so comfortable and luxurious that when once made and tried, one will never be willing to be without them again. They protect one's clothes from possible dust, and make nice seats when piled on the grass, and can be used in hammocks, and are nice at all times for little children to loll over both indoors and out. They can be made of old or new stuff, plain or elaborate, as one pleases.

We made the cases of bed ticking. They were made twenty-four inches long and twenty-four inches wide. They were stitched up on the machine, and one end was left open for the stuffing. We stuffed them with layers of straw which was placed in very evenly, and over the straw next to the top, we put two or three layers cut from an old bed comfort, then sewed up the opening very firmly. For covers for these we used for the bottoms heavy cloth cut from old pantaloons; for the tops, figured canton flannels of rich colors, blue, brown and cardinal. The edges were finished with heavy cord, large tassels were placed at the corners, and a strong loop was sewed securely on one side to lift them by. The handsomest cushion covers we have, are made *a la crazy*, of pieces of rich, heavy brocaded stuff from an upholsterer's shop. The bottoms of these were made of oil cloth such as are used for table covers. Four cushions are not too many for one piazza. Make one and you'll soon find yourself making more. Handsome covers for them could be made of ingrain or Brussels carpeting, and crocheted covers would be very pretty. UHLMA.

Riverside, West Virginia.

CROCHETED RUG.

Materials, carpet rags cut half an inch wide, and a large steel or wooden crochet hook. Make a chain of twenty stitches with red rags, double this and sew it together. Crochet around this three rounds in single crochet, (without putting the thread over,) of the red. Join on black and crochet five times around, taking up the same stitch twice three or four times across the ends so that it will lie flat. Join on hit or miss, crochet five times around, and so on until you have three stripes of black and three of hit or miss.

For the edge, join on black and make a scallop of one single, three double, one single, in the first stitch, one single, three double, one single, in the fourth stitch, and so on around the edge.

My rug is nearly round, if you wish it oval make the chain longer to begin with. If you are used to crocheting, you will readily see how to do it. But I have already stayed too long for a first call. MRS. E. N.

TISSUE PAPER MATS.

Open a sheet of tissue paper, fold in center lengthwise once, then fold the other way twice and cut. There will be six squares. Fold across cornerwise three times, cut a deep, round scallop, now unfold. You have six rounds of eight scallops each. I use four sheets of green

tissue, different shades; dark to light olive is best. Fold and cut each sheet same as first. Take one round of the paper, fold one scallop lengthwise in center on one wire of a common hairpin, holding the head of the pin in the right hand, press in gathers the paper with the left hand, toward the right, without breaking the paper, shirr each scallop in this way, then take one round of each shade, from dark to light, and tack together in center and you will have six handsome mats. Now take some rose-colored paper, red, pink, yellow and cream white, fold and cut in the same way three rounds of each color, size three inches each, and shirr in the same way. Take a piece of yellow paper on a wire for center of rose, put them on the wire and you will have a handsome rose. Place equal distances apart, one of each shade around the mat, and fasten in place. They make pretty mats for fairs.

LATTICE WORK PATTERN FOR WOOLS.

Gast on twenty-three stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit sixteen.

2. Knit one, over three times, * knit one, over three times; repeat from * till you have but seven stitches on the left needle, these are to be knit plain.

3. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, now with the right needle slip off each stitch that is knit, after slipping first stitch you drop the three loops, slip next and pull it up, thus making one long stitch; do this till you have sixteen long stitches on the needle. Take the fifth long stitch, and pull it over the four stitches and knit, knit the three beyond the fifth same as fifth, then commence at the first four stitches and knit off plain, eight long stitches will be remaining, knit same as the first eight.

4. Knit across plain.

Repeat across plain.

I have given directions plainly as the third row may puzzle one a little the first time trying it. Will the sisters who try it report success. G. M. SHERBURNE.

Denver, Colo.

CALLA LILY MATS.

These require four shades of green yarn. Single zephyr is prettiest. Take one skein of green yarn and half a skein each of the other shades. Commence and crochet with the treble stitches around a mat of eighty-nine stitches, then eleven stitches chain, then fill this chain with treble stitches, then ten treble, then the chain, and proceed the same all around till you have six stitches deep. Finish with the lighter shades, by putting over the thread and drawing it through the fullness with a thread, which will leave a place to insert the lily, which must be crocheted with one ounce of cream white zephyr.

Set up three chain, use the treble stitch. Add one in the center, and go back and forth until it is six rows deep, then finish the edge the same as the mat. There must be eight lilies. Then have half an ounce of yellow to represent the stem. Set up thirty stitches, knit plain ten stitches deep, bind off, sew together, insert a wire. Sew the lily together and put in its place in the mat.

AUNT DODE.

FAN ORNAMENT.

Take four five-cent fans with the black sticks, take the rivets out, now get a pegging awl and put a hole through the paper ends, (be careful not to split the wood part,) run twine, something strong through the holes, and draw them all up together in a circle and tie. Take black linen thread and tie the big sticks together at the end where the rivets came out.

Now you want two and one-quarter yards of ribbon two inches wide, any color you like, run it around, first under then over a stick, now sew together, and cut off what is left to make a bow. The ribbon must be close down to the paper. Tack it to the wall or door. Some use them to cover a stove hole after putting the stove away in the spring. They are very pretty anywhere. Be sure to tack them through a stick, then they won't break out. Make your bow up somewhat round and pin on over the center.

ROSEMONT.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, *knitted from the directions after they are written*. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters give directions for knitting high-neck, long-sleeved undervest for lady? Give size of needles and quantity of material. MARY C.

Can any of the Band tell me how to make a chair roll with the stripe running slanting around it? MRS. B.

Can some one tell me how to trim and line a tanned deer skin for a rug? NELLY BROWNE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send me some samples of crochet edging and insertion? Will return favor. Paragould, Ark. MRS. J. J. SPILLMAN.

I tried the strawberry lace pattern in December number, and I could not make it come right. I think there must be some mistake. Will Lucy E. Mason please correct? E. A. C.

Will Rose Geranium please tell how home made napkin rings are made? Northwood, Dak. MRS. M. STEVENS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for knitting double rose leaf edging? I have the insertion and would like an edge to match. COM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band be kind enough to send me directions for a tidy (trellis and coral work.) Some years ago a sister sent the directions written in numbers and letters but I lent the paper and it was lost. I hope some of the kind sisters will send me the directions and I will return the favor in any way I can. MRS. FLORENCE BROOKS. Box 529, Farmington, N. H.

A Subscriber wants a use for silk handkerchiefs; here is one, not without cutting some of them however. Four of them will make a handsome square table cover. The nicest one which is left whole for the center, two others cut in two for each side, the fourth one cut in two in the middle, then cut in two again, making four squares for each corner, these are put together with fancy stitches, lined with canton flannel or felt, finished with fancy balls, and you have a pretty cover with very little work. S. J. CAMPBELL.

Will some of the sisters send plain directions for a crocheted Mother Hubbard hood? ELLA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send directions for making a pocket photograph case of plush or velvet for a lady or gentleman? Would like it soon. K. E. N. T.

Newark, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for knitting honey comb? MRS. S. W. STRAW.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give directions for insertion to match shell lace in the November number? De Land, Fla. MRS. ANNA HAYNES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the sisters please tell me how to frame panel pictures? LOUISE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell S. E. M., Oregon, if she will send me her address I will give her directions for rug making. Brattleboro, Vt. MRS. L. A. HUDSON.

Will some one please give full directions for making a pretty toilet set out of thick material? and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Six.

SO MANY of our HOUSEHOLD readers are busy with their house cleaning, their carpet shakings, new paint and general "fixing up" that, very likely, nothing beyond hints for the very quickest time in which the regulation cold dinner may be placed upon the table and cleared away again, will have any particular interest for any of them. Still I will venture to reply to a few questions which have been asked in late numbers, trusting to distance from any of the busy crowd to preserve myself from bodily harm. But a reply to Sunshine's inquiry "How to cook spiced beef," may please others in some busy season when a piece of meat all ready to slice for a hasty dinner may prove a real help to the tired woman who has so little time to cook a fresh dinner every day.

Buy five or six pounds of beef from the top round or rump. It should be solid, and free from fat, which such pieces are, except the rind of fat at the outer edge. A larger piece may be bought for a large family, if one wants it to last several days. The above quantity will be sufficient for two or three people a week or nearly so. Trim and wash the meat, and wipe it dry. Then mix a tablespoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice and the same of mace with one-half cup of salt. Rub this into the meat and put it in a wooden or earthen bowl covered with a cloth. Place in a cool, dry place and next day turn it. There will be a little brine in the dish. Next morning stick one or two dozen whole cloves in the meat and put it in a kettle with just enough boiling water to cover it, and let it cook four or five hours, boiling gently but steadily all the time and keeping just enough water in the kettle to cook the meat, not enough to keep it covered, but to boil up well around it. About an hour before it is done if the broth is not sufficiently salt to season the meat, add a tablespoonful, and when done remove the kettle to a cool place. When cool, but not quite cold, remove the meat and put it in press for twelve hours or longer. Serve in thin slices.

Where one is troubled in getting nice corned beef, or the salt-peter brine in which it is usually salted is not suited to one's stomach, as is often the case, it is very nice to buy a good piece of beef from the shoulder, near the sirloin, or a rump piece and boil slowly till tender. Then add sufficient salt to the water to season it well, from two even tablespoonfuls to a half cupful, according to the quantity of meat and one's taste, and cook about an hour longer. Cool and press, and you will seldom sigh for beef corned in a market.

Peggy wants to know just how to make corn meal cakes and these are good enough to try, at least. One cup of corn meal, one-half cup of flour, one egg, one, and one-half cups of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and if liked, a tablespoonful of sugar. Sift the baking powder, salt, meal and flour, sugar also if used, together into the mixing bowl; of course the flour and meal have each been previously sifted. Then stir in the milk to which the beaten egg is added, beat rapidly till smooth and pour into the baking pan or roll pans, either of which should be buttered and hot, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

A small sheet iron pan the size of a common "biscuit tin," but a little deeper, is one of the most convenient dishes in

one's pantry. Biscuit, corn cake, and gingerbread bake much better in this than in tin, and while it costs but little more, will outlast several, even of the best tin.

Very nice breakfast or tea rolls are made as follows: One and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of butter, one, and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Mix the baking powder and salt with the sifted flour and sift together. Beat the egg and add it to the milk. Melt the butter, and when the milk and egg have been beaten into the flour, add the melted butter, beat rapidly a minute or two, and put the mixture into hot roll pans well buttered; a tablespoonful in each. Bake in a quick oven.

Another of our readers asks how I make griddle cakes, and she will find this a good rule. Two cups each of flour and sour milk, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, two eggs, (one will do very well,) one-half teaspoonful of salt, and from one to two even teaspoonfuls of soda. One should be used first, dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water, then if the milk is not foamy and sweet, dissolve another and add little by little, until sufficient has been used. Beat the flour into this, and when smooth add the eggs well beaten, and the salt. Fry quickly, yet care should be taken not to burn them, and, if one's griddle be smooth and well cared for, a little butter used in frying the first cakes, will be all the "greasing" the griddle will need. Don't put the cakes in a covered dish and let them steam and toughen while more are frying. If they cannot be served as quickly as cooked, pile them on a plate, keeping it hot, until ready to take to the table.

A Reader will find the following an excellent recipe for the "old-fashioned Indian pudding" she wants to make. Scald a quart of milk, beat a scant cup of meal with a cup of molasses and scant teaspoonful of salt, and stir into the boiling milk. Let it cook ten or fifteen minutes and set aside to cool; add a heaping teaspoonful of butter, one-half pint of cold milk, a little allspice and cloves, or a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two eggs well beaten. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a steady but moderate oven three or four hours, longer if convenient. When the pudding has been in the oven for an hour pour over it one-half pint of cold milk, which must not be stirred, but allowed to soak in gradually.

This pudding requires, in all, three pints of milk, and it should be allowed to stand nearly an hour after taking from the oven before serving. In baking, if it browns too much, cover with a pan or thick plate.

Another which is very nice is made as follows: One cup each of meal and molasses, one egg, one pint of boiling water, one quart of hot milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Pour the boiling water over the meal, stirring till well mixed. Stir in the butter, salt and spice, add the molasses and the egg, well beaten. Then stir in the hot milk. Pour into a buttered pudding pan and bake three hours or longer, in a moderate oven. A pint of sweet apples sliced or quartered as preferred, stirred into the pudding just before placing in the oven is an addition many people like very much. A cup of raisins used in place of the apple is another favorite method of varying these puddings.

A new reader who doesn't have good luck with her gingerbread will, I hope, be successful with this. One cup of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one tea-

spoonful of soda, one-fourth cup of milk, and one and one-half cups of flour. Melt

the butter, dissolve the soda in the milk and stir into the molasses. Mix the ginger and salt with the sifted flour and sift together into the molasses, add the melted butter, beat well together and pour into a well buttered pan. Bake nearly half an hour. Don't think it is too thin and stir in more flour, and don't have the oven hot enough to burn it, for nothing is worse in the burned line than burned gingerbread. If served warm, as it always should be, break it apart; a cold knife having a most demoralizing effect on warm cake or bread of any description, and if it must be cut instead of broken, dip the knife in hot water, and wipe dry before using.

One often wants muffins for breakfast or tea when the fire is too low to heat the oven, and, consequently, has to get along without, or wait to kindle a fresh fire. But with a fire that will heat the roll pan on the top of the stove one can make delicious muffins or rolls after this method. One cup of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Sift flour, salt and powder together. And right here, let me say that flour is never to be measured before sifting unless so stated in the recipes, it is never necessary and is always uncertain. Many of our readers have asked about this from time to time, and they should be assured that flour should always be sifted before measuring, and, when one reads, sift baking powder and flour together, it means that the sifted flour is to be mixed with the powder and sifted again. Now we will return to our muffins. Add milk and butter, which should be melted, and beat together till smooth. Have the roll pans hot, butter them and put in the mixture.

This quantity makes just a dozen, and the pans will be less than half full at first, if of the half size. Don't let them cook too fast, and when they begin to bubble, turn them with a long, slender fork, taking them up by one end and not turning from the sides. One's fingers are decidedly necessary to assist in this operation which, however awkward it may seem at first, can soon be accomplished with ease and dexterity. These muffins look most inviting, with their crisp, brown crust, are very light and nice, and will be found most convenient to all housekeepers.

Graham gems may be cooked in the same manner, made after this rule, omitting the butter, and using sour milk and a scant teaspoonful of soda instead of sweet milk and baking powder. Some graham stiffens more than other kinds and it is well to stir in the last half cup by degrees, using less if it seems too stiff.

EMILY HAYES.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

For a dining room, a center-piece of carpet or drugget is particularly pretty. This should be large enough to hold the table and chairs when placed at the table. The floor outside the cloth may be stained with a strong decoction of tobacco, or a stain made of burnt umber and turpentine, both of which result in a dark brown. This should then be finished with two coats of yellow shellac, which is easily kept clean; or it may be painted with turpentine, not oil-paint, in some good dark color. Rather light carpets add, I think, to the cheerful appearance of a room. Very dark carpets and walls absorb the light and are apt to make a room gloomy, therefore I advise you to select a medium tint, against which objects will stand in good relief, and designs small and indefinite, rather than large and showy.

Tint your walls, by all means (unless you paper them.) A light gray or stone color, or a very pale buff, are pretty tints

for parlor walls, while a faint blue or pink will answer nicely for bed rooms. Red is not a restful color, and should be used in moderation; if the furniture is red, the carpet and curtains had better not be, and vice versa. Some housekeepers seem to think it so essential to have a fine, showy carpet, that they put at least two-thirds of the money saved for the furnishing of their parlor, into the floor covering; and then when a few stiff-looking chairs are purchased, they are set around the room close to the wall, as though their owner was afraid they would cover up or hide the carpet. A room may have a very grand and fresh-looking carpet in it, and still seem like a dreary place. A room that looks as though it were not made for use is never attractive. Furniture should not be covered with delicate, pale-colored goods, but with a good tapestry covering. And I would rather have two well stuffed easy chairs, also covered in a neutral hue, with some good wearing material, than six or eight stiff looking, highly polished chairs which look as if they were not made to sit in.—Exchange.

THE DESSERT.

—It was a young housekeeper who s the cake she had baked for a picnic out doors one cold night to be frosted.

—You should never judge a man by the umbrella he carries. Nine times out of ten it belongs to somebody else.

—A clergyman was telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said: "Now, pa, is that true or is it just preaching?"

—"Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible." "Kill it! kill it! It's the very thing that has been eating the book-marks!"

—Teacher—Can any boy tell me at what time the sun rises now? Small Boy (shrill and prompt)—Just the minute father calls, down at our house.

—Nautical Husband (jokingly)—Oh, I'm the mainstay of the family. Wife—Yes, and the jibboom, and the—and the—Small boy (from experience)—And the spanker, too, mamma.

—"I hez bin movin' 'round on top dis yairth moas' eighty yars now, an' it am my solemn belief dat de pusson who pays de least attenshun to de weather enjoys life thirty-three per cent. de best."

—"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug?" "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by the feeling of his pulse."

—A woman hurriedly stepped up to the rear brakeman on Conductor Benedict's down train yesterday at the Naugatuck station with the remark, "Is this the right train?" "Where to?" said the brakeman politely. "Where do you suppose?" she answered snappishly, and such travelers are not alone either.

—Mistress—What! going to leave already? Why you have not been here half a week. Maid—I know it, mum, but I can't stand it here. Things runs too smoothlike, mum. "Why, what can you mean?" "You see, mum, I has always been in places where they keeps three servants." "Oh! You are lonesome then?" "No, mum, not lonesome; but you see I misses the confusion."

—A reporter who once "pulled a hand press" on a country weekly tells this story: One day while the paper was being worked off a man from the country came in and walked all around the room, finally stopping near the press and watching the work very earnestly. "Anything I can do for you?" asked the man at the lever, pausing between impressions. "Naw," was the reply, "I don't want nothin', I jus come in to see ye edit."

The Kitchen.

EMPLOYMENT FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE woman question is irrepressible. When the demand for higher education, or co-education, or that dreadful claim of the suffrage, is silenced for a moment, it is but for a moment;

"The roar that for a space did fall
Now trebly thundering fills the gale."

and larger opportunities is the cry. It is a logical and inevitable cry. When it was conceded that the revered "sphere of women" permitted them to hold property and to be taxed, and to make bargains and wills, without the benignant and salutary interference of men, who, as men, know so much better how to dispose of women's property than women themselves, the only safe ground was abandoned, the floodgates were opened, and a cataclysm was distinctly invited.

Mayor Hewitt, just before his inauguration, said to a reporter that "there are comparatively few avenues open to women for employment, and all but one of them are overcrowded." But it was immediately answered that there are about one hundred selected occupations mentioned in the census, and that in four-fifths of these women are employed. They are excluded from those that demand especial muscular vigor, they are not blacksmiths, masons, or car drivers, but in twenty of the mechanical and manufacturing industries of New York more women than men are employed. Moreover, the modern inventions, the telegraph, the telephone, the type-writer, open occupations for which women are especially fitted, and in which they are very generally employed. They do not, however, generally receive the same wages for the same work. This irregularity is explained by the political economists by saying that women are not in general so strong as men, and that by their own constitutions, and by the constitution of society, equal continuity and permanence of labor cannot be expected from them.

There is no reason to doubt, however, that the course of events which has so greatly enlarged their industrial opportunity will gradually and even speedily introduce them into all employments for which they are not unfitted. The fond idolaters of "woman's sphere" must console themselves as they can. They will naturally lament the vanishing vision of the last best gift to man sitting forever in a rosy light upon a satin cushion and sewing up a seam, but they will perhaps take heart when they discover that man, her natural protector, can no longer sequester her fortune to his own support, and that the oak around which the vine with tender tendrils is designed by nature to cling so closely can no longer compel the clinging if the vine finds the trunk too gnarled and sharp. There are those, indeed, who think that the sphere of woman is in no greater peril from enlarged opportunities of labor than the sphere of man, and who see with composure the end of a great deal of nonsense.

But there is one employment open to women which Mr. Hewitt thinks is not overcrowded. This is domestic service, and women whom the conditions of demand and supply exclude from other occupations are exhorted upon all sides to find in the kitchen a haven of rest. It is evident, indeed, that a great many of them need no exhortation to this end, for there is no kitchen in the land in which women are not found. But this is not

denied. The trouble is that capable women prefer any other employment than domestic service, and resort to it only when other ways are closed. Mr. Hewitt says truly that there is nothing humiliating in domestic service. So thought George Herbert:

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

That, indeed, is the spirit which makes all drudgery divine. But in dealing practically with the question, we are compelled to recall the remark of the wise father to his married daughter, who was pouring out the familiar complaint of the kitchen, "My dear, you cannot expect all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month."

Mr. Hewitt not only justly says that there is nothing essentially humiliating in domestic service, but he says that in the home of his youth "the servant girl always sat at the same table with the family," and did not regard herself in a position of social inferiority. This is still the custom and the feeling in many of the more secluded parts of New England. The word which aptly describes "the hired girl" in the house or "the hired man" in the field is "help." The same sentiment of the relation leads to the use of the word "hands" to describe the workmen in a factory. To hire the labor of others is merely to multiply your own power, your own hands. The sense of equality remains. There is no feeling of abasement or humiliation. Mr. Hewitt proceeds to say that it would be very fortunate and greatly aid the solution of the problem if the old relation between the servant and the family could be restored. It was, in fact, that of the master and the apprentice who lived in the master's family as a member of it.

But Mr. Hewitt says that "of course what is known as fashionable society could not undertake to establish a basis of equality between master and servant, or employer and employed, within the social circle. That is not to be expected where ordinary common-sense prevails." Mr. Hewitt here states one of the reasons why domestic service is peculiarly distasteful to great numbers of women. The main reasons, indeed, are two: One is the total surrender of the whole life to the commands of others, and the other is the sense of inferiority which is made to accompany it. These, indeed, are the characteristics of slavery. Many women naturally prefer lower wages for work and obedience to others during a certain number of hours every day, and complete freedom during the remainder, than the unintermitting service of the kitchen all the time. This, however, might be alleviated by the family fellowship. But since many causes prevent that fellowship, it is idle to wonder that women prefer harder work and smaller wages elsewhere to domestic service.

But the responsibility for the situation lies very largely with the heads of households. The servant is separated from the mistress as by a fiery sword of Hindoo caste. A timely witness to this fact is the passage in Mrs. Kirby's lately published autobiography, describing her experience as a nursery-maid in the refined family of a clergyman. Every close observer sees that in hosts of households not only is the whole body of cardinal virtues expected for thirteen dollars a month, but that the first virtue expected is the most patient and polite endurance of insulting arrogance and ill-breeding from the mistress. It is the employer in this case who is most responsible for the prejudice against the employment. The air of too many a housekeeper toward her handmaiden implies that the maiden should feel profoundly grateful for the favor done her by the employment. But, good madam, are you in turn profoundly

grateful to the peddler who buys your old paper and rags? It is a simple bargain. Madam—if you will regard it in no other light—you and Cinderella each trade for what each believes to be her advantage, and beyond that you are as much bound to be profoundly grateful to her for her service as she to you for your money.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HERE AND THERE AT HOME.

BY MARY MARTIN.

Yesterday was a bright, pleasant day, reminding one of brighter and pleasanter in store, when late spring and early summer should draw nigh. Now it is early spring time—"the early spring," about which as a rule there is more prose than poetry. Cold, shivering days, raw, chilly winds, often harbingers of pneumonia and kindred diseases.

The good mother and housekeeper will look well to her household, and see to it that its members are well clad and comfortable within and without, for to all appearances the reign of winter is not yet broken, still the pulsing earth is passing through a change, the old, old fashion of nature is rejuvenating old earth. With the wild wind for her broom, and the rain clouds for her lime wash, she is setting up an extensive house cleaning, and yesterday when I threw open the blinds, letting in floods of warm sun light, I thought of my house cleaning, and presently of my closets. Now, I said, is the time, before the heavier work comes on, I will seize it.

As a consequence, my closets, up stairs and down, are all in apple pie order, besides I brought to light and to mind many articles needing repair and attention, to which I intend to devote the next few days. When finished and folded away they will not be on hand later, and a real rest to my mind when carpets are up, curtains down, and the cleansing odor of whitewash prevailing.

So much, I can say, will not have to be done again, and my closets are cleaned. Here I can put my pictures. Here I can place whatever I wish free from dust and general uproar.

Now I am sure I have struck a discordant note in the minds of many sisters. "General uproar" is something they never allow in their homes in house cleaning time. I suppose not. But it creeps into mine.

The dining room will borrow of the pantry, the kitchen from the sitting room, the parlor from the front hall, up stairs from down, and *vice versa*. Mother is tired, the children cross, and papa, good man, sighs and is glad "this business comes but twice a year," and so I say in the general uproar it is good to have the closets cleaned and somewhere to put things.

I am acquainted with a lady who calls closet cleaning, arranging and planning, and the like, "cleaning around the edges," and I repeat, I think it a good plan, have adopted and mean to follow "cleaning round the edges."

There is one question I would like to ask, one I have solved for myself, and I am willing to give my experience if it will help. How about that cellar? There are many different kinds of noses, the Roman nose, the Grecian, the celestial, the American, the straight, and so forth, but the detective nose is the one for the cellar. To "nose" out old smells, or even quite young ones, to remove decaying vegetables, at the very first intimation, to renovate and thoroughly, with lime wash and water wash. How often fevers—typhoid in particular—may be traced to the cellar, and the pity of it is the dwellers are all unconscious.

Ours was not new. It belonged to a

house that had had its day and been rebuilt into the one we occupied. I had been suspicious of the cellar for some time, and upon closely examining it I found sort of a fine green film collecting on the walls. This I was told was "rank poison." A mason was summoned, and with a strong lime wash the walls were cleansed and purified; then soap, water and fresh air. How those three ingredients were used! No stink of these will produce wonders in the way of cleanliness and healthfulness. Mops and brooms one must not be afraid of and the victory is assured.

Some people lay great stress on the attic in this "edge" work. I depend mainly on fresh air. Take out the windows or open them to the fullest extent, and let the wind sweep in and around at will, for two or three days and nights if the weather is pleasant. It will purify.

Wall paper that has been upon the walls for years should be changed. Health books and tracts speak of old wall paper as one cause of generating disease. Cheap paper and changed often is better than costly if it must be kept long.

There is much that might be said about wall papers. The subject is quite large, and I do not propose to enter into all the details. I once heard a celebrated art teacher lecture upon "Good and Bad Taste in Design," and wall papers came in for a share. He said it was very poor taste to select a large pattern or where animals and birds came in, and must be occasionally cut in the putting on, or a picture of one object that must be continually repeated. Such tire the eye and the mind. A fine vine trailing gracefully upon a background of contrasting color, or a small diamond pattern in neutral colors suggests repose, besides is a good background for pictures, so also are the plain tinted papers so much used a few years ago, and by many at present. Such bring out pictures well. The room will of course govern the choosing to some extent, if large or small, parlor or kitchen, hall or chamber, but large designs with a good deal of gilt, unless a room is very large, is not so desirable. A fern pattern is always a favorite with me. If not in green it reminds me of the cool, still pools and ponds and damp lands where they grow—the green wood and the wild wood not the city or town. The song of the wood bird is there and nature is abroad. How suggestive a wall paper may become!

When the young doctor came to our town his first case was a typhoid patient, Deacon Fuller. After prescribing and advising the doctor investigated the sink drains, and found a spout from the sink not more than three feet from the cistern which contained the drinking water of the family. Here the accumulated filth gently oozed day after day, year after year, and the water, though often renewed by rains, yet became polluted. A better state of things followed the doctor's directions. A new sink drain was built, leading in the opposite direction, but I began thinking how many families I could enumerate with the same or similar arrangement for drainage, and really the number was surprising.

At present, sewerage, good or poor, is receiving much attention from the intelligent, and architects and builders know what it means, but houses built in the earlier part of the century were constructed with less thought. It is, however, a very cheap and simple thing to do away with the old, and accept what health and good sense recommend.

Many old ways are good, but when reason says the new are better, step on that train. The conservative notions of many good people are amusing in these enlightened days. The laws of the universe cannot change except by the power that cre-

ated them, and there is little danger the new will supersede the old unless it is better.

In cleaning window glass ammonia is very good. Use soap and water for the sashes and ammonia for the panes. After drying rub thoroughly and a beautiful luster will be given. It is also recommended for paint, especially cleaning white paint. A cheap quality can be had and it is well worth the price. It is useful for many purposes, and the good housekeeper should have a supply on hand. These little labor-helpers and labor-savers are worth noticing. In the long run they count.

Plans for summer will soon be upon us. Do not omit some recreation and a little journey now and then. Take a trip to some place of interest rather than fashion. Let the children go, and explain this point or that. It will pay. They will remember it while they live. An excursion to Plymouth, Mass., is suggestive to all New England born.

LITTLE COMFORTS AT LITTLE COST.

Few are the houses in which the window sash is so tightly fitted that no air can find its way between sash and casing. And when a window sash is loose enough to rattle in the wind, the amount of cold air that will enter a room in this way is almost incredible. In an article on the care of window plants, a writer in an English paper says: "Look out for the crevices. More cold air will find its way into a room in moderate weather by way of the cracks round the windows than will come in at an open door with the mercury at zero."

House plants are not the only things that are sensitive to these cold draughts. Little Miss Tot whose chin comes just above the window sill, and who likes nothing better than to kneel in a chair and look out upon the busy street, has to be pulled down or coaxed away twenty times a day in windy weather, because of these piercing draughts that find the way so surely into her ears, up under the sleeves of her apron, and round the tender little neck, laying things ready for a croupy night or even worse. The older members of the family moving nearer to the window as daylight wanes, to economize the last half-hour of the short winter afternoon, are fain to put the book or work aside till evening, because of the discomfort, even if they think not of the danger of these same keen draughts.

Double windows remedy all this, but it is not always practicable, not always desirable, to have these at all our windows. A good substitute, and one which will be found to keep out every particle of air, is a narrow strip of paper cut evenly from the margin of newspapers and pasted over the tiny cracks with flour paste. The change in the atmosphere of a room within five minutes after this little job is done is always a surprise to one trying it for the first time. The difference in the quantity of fuel required to keep the room warm is also very soon noticeable. The strips of paper do not in the least disfigure the room. On white paint they are invisible, except on very close inspection. I have also used them in rooms the wood work of which was grained, and even there they were noticeable only to those who knew they were there.

A neighbor of ours who is a semi-lunatic on the subject of fresh air, in that she thinks that it must be cold in order to be pure, objects to this little contrivance of mine that it renders ventilation impossible, but it is an easy matter to leave one window, or the upper sash of one free to be opened.

In a room that lacks a wood basket a very nice home-made one is made by cov-

ering with red table oil cloth, one of the long, stout grape baskets. Scallop the edge that turns over the upper edge of the basket. This prevents any unevenness from being noticeable. One of these baskets holds a small armful of short wood.

These grape baskets covered on the outside with puffed chintz or silesia, and lined smoothly inside with the same material, make exceptionally handsome knitting baskets. They are capacious enough to hold in addition to one's knitting work the weekly darning of stockings and several balls of yarn.

To hold the smutty foot of the fire shovel or tongs or both, cover with red table oil cloth a small square strawberry basket. Cover both inside and outside, and lay in the bottom the square marble foot of an old lamp or a piece of tin.

Steps without number we save ourselves by having in every room, as nearly as may be, the following articles: A rag-bag or catch-all, a pair of scissors, a small box or tiny basket containing a few needles, black and white thread, a thimble and a little wrapping twine. Many a trip down stairs has this arrangement saved us in the course of years. To mend a little rip in a dress one is about to put on, to baste a bit of lace into the sleeves, to sew a button on one's boot, is just nothing if the things to use are right at hand, but if it include a trip down stairs when one's feet are already too tired, then it becomes a task that it is sometimes excusable to neglect or postpone.

I myself go so far as to keep a very small hammer and a few nails and tacks in a sly place up stairs. Every little contrivance of this kind counts for so much in housekeeping. Hang a pair of scissors over your work table in the kitchen, and notice how many times, especially on cooking or ironing days these scissors will be in demand. By the side of your small kitchen rag-bag hang a similar bag to receive soiled handkerchiefs and other small articles. Over our kitchen work-table is a small box covered with a bit of delaine. Its top is a pincushion. Inside are needles, thread and buttons. On ironing day, if a button is found to be missing or a small rent or rip discovered, it is a rest to sit down and remedy the trouble, since every thing needed to do it with is ready on the spot. If we had to go even as far as the next room after a button, the chances are ten to one that the garment would be laid aside till mending day.

NELLY BROWNE.

A HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and Subscriber, in the December HOUSEHOLD, touches me upon a responsive chord. Truly do I enter into sympathy with her, and I am glad I can help her, having found an infallible remedy for myself. Whenever the sores make an appearance in the mouth, take a dose of some good liver pills, and use any astringent wash for the mouth. No application will cure mine without taking a cathartic. If she had signed her real name I would have written her long ago. I think we might help one another so much more by signing names, for so often have I wanted to address a letter of inquiry, or a word of help to some sister, but, alas! there was that *nom de plume*, and to communicate every little thing through THE HOUSEHOLD would soon overwhelm our editor in a chaos of wants, inquiries and explanations. I fail to see the advantage of fictitious names urged by one sister, who puts in the plea for them that the deciphering of them is "improving to our minds," for could we do so, wherein are we benefited intellectually? If I had not signed my real name to my one little snatch of a letter, I should not have

been made glad by the sweet trailing arbutus one sister sent, and an invalid's couch of suffering cheered by its fragrant, spicy odor, bringing dreams of the cool, shady woods where it grew, and sweet thoughts of the dear little girl who so kindly gathered it. If our letters escape the waste basket, surely we need not blush over them.

A. E. C., I have owed you a vote of thanks ever so long. I have used your washing fluid every week since its publication, and a veritable boon it has proven to me, and the many friends to whom I gave the recipe. Many washerwomen are untidy with clothes and exorbitant in price. The fluid has saved me many dollars and many more worries. Thanks even at this late hour for benefit received.

Last fall our dining room needed a new carpet or matting, but as I am a proselyte to the new faith of center pieces for much used rooms, in preference to the dust harbinger of whole carpet, we resolved, mamma and I, to make us one of rags. We had such a nice collection of old soft woolen garments, cashmere dresses, and one large double gray shawl past service in the capacity of a respectable wrap.

My husband said, "Oh, order you one, it will be almost as cheap and save you so much work." But, woman-like, we figured the cost of each, and went to work on the rags. I cut them, and mamma sewed them, and for \$1.50 we have just the loveliest center piece for the table, six feet wide and nine feet long. The stripes are of garnet, bronze, green, terra-cotta, blue and orange, the grounds just the width of the stripe, alternately gray and dark of any color. We feel very proud of our superior financiering, as an "ordered" one would have cost several times as much. Kind, considerate husband thought only of our work, while we took into account his purse.

The tablē in our sitting room needed a new cover. We did not care to put any thing very expensive on it, since it is necessarily used a great deal. We took two yards of cardinal canton flannel, put a band of black velvet four inches wide on either end, fastened down with fancy crazy stitches of old gold silk floss, put on a center piece of the velvet nine by nine inches, put down by an elaborate stitch of the gold floss, and it is beautiful, durable and inexpensive.

Esther, Jael Vee has never told you if there is "land along side of" her that you could get, so I will invite you to our corner of Sunnyland. There is plenty "along side of" me, and when I tell you that we have peaches on our grounds ripening each month from the twenty-fifth of May until the first of November, and will divide with you until your trees grow, I wonder if it will not tempt you to come. This is truly a good place for poor people to get a start in.

Jael Vee, where do you live? I believe I know of you through a mutual friend, though I cannot claim personal acquaintance. Perhaps we are neighbors of six-tenths of a mile distance.

Cornelia L., I have wanted so long to tell you that among my phrenological organs that of approbateness is sufficiently developed to warrant an appreciation of your neat compliment some months ago. If you enjoyed my rambling thoughts, and found my sentiments in harmony with yours, how much more must I have felt the subtle influence of a kindred spirit, when I read your good, long, graphic letters, and almost, in reverie, take part with you in your fruit harvesting, and out-door sports. I love those women who never outgrow childhood. Years will bring gray hairs and wrinkles, but we can keep our hearts young and fresh by just such a life as you describe. Please send me your name and address.

Cousin Lou, why do you not claim your privilege, and tell us something of your home among the snow-capped mountains or New Mexico? I have wondered if you and Abbie are neighbors, or if Salome passed near you on her migratory flight north.

Nelly Browne, you denounced one of my pet labor-saving plans, that of keeping the dining table ready set, and could you see mine covered, not with net, but a covering of unbleached muslin, completely enveloping table and dishes, I am sure you would modify in some degree your denunciation.

The cover is washed as often as necessary, is snow white, and no speck of dust can penetrate its meshes, neither is it the receptacle for "hats, wash basins or cats," for when I began housekeeping it was with the old motto emblazoned on the escutcheon of our home, "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," and have adhered to it with all the tenacity of old maidish fancies.

Dear HOUSEHOLD Band, I love you all. You, indeed, seem like personal friends. Many very pleasant exchanges I have made with some of you. I must tell you, even at the risk of my letter growing too long, about my little namesake, a real HOUSEHOLD baby, away up in Indiana, named for me, and I am just as proud of that baby as can be, and feel quite a proprietorship in it. Little did we think that the exchange of dahlia and gladiolus bulbs would result in a warmth of friendship sufficient to prompt the finale—naming "our baby" LORA CREWS.

Burnet, Texas.

CARE IN THE USE OF CHEMICALS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

A writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean for Dec. 5th, 1886, with the title of "Mon Wilkins' Mother on Housekeeping," ridicules severely the custom of some housekeepers in using too freely some strong chemical substances and recommending them in the domestic papers without a hint of danger. This subject has often occupied my thoughts, but it seems to me altogether too grave a matter for ridicule, particularly a strain of irony which some busy and serious-minded woman might mistake for an actual recommendation of the recipes.

She says, "By all means print the directions for putting a cup of turpentine or kerosene in the washing, for there are many overtired women to whom sudden death or paralysis would be a boon, and one or the other is sure to follow." With what a thrill of horror I read this jest (?) and remembered that a dear young friend of mine was using this recipe, with what she thought good success, during the illness of her laundress, and recommending it to others as a way to mitigate the labor of washing day.

Now I do not know that the satire contains the actual fact, but remembering the new theory that kerosene produces diphtheria, and the fact that its use in the boiling kettle must subject the tired and overheated washer to its powerful fumes, besides the effect upon hands and arms of being so long submerged in the kerosene or turpentine suds, it seems too probable to be risked lightly.

I well remember some years since, having my hands swollen and filled with a very unpleasant numbness in consequence of cleansing a closet into which moths had intruded, with too large a quantity of turpentine in the water. Since then, although I still retain the custom of having floors where carpets are used washed during spring cleaning with turpentine and water, I always direct the washer not to have her hands in the water, and to have plenty of fresh air in the room. In

cleansing clothes closets it is better to have them scrubbed first and then apply the turpentine (a tablespoonful in a quart basin of water) with a brush to all cracks and corners, being careful not to inhale the odor too long.

The writer of whom I speak, Shirley Dare, ascribes the cases of ice cream poisoning at Sabbath school picnics to "the nice little way women have learned of making their strawberry and raspberry syrup, half of it old pie plant juice that would double up the toughest superintendent with cramps, especially if it went into a copper freezer a few hours before."

Comment upon the "copper freezer" is unnecessary, but it may not be known to all that "pie plant" contains large quantities of oxalic acid. Of this, the stalks when young and freshly picked contain less, but if old or kept until stale after gathering, especially if kept with the green part of the leaf attached, it becomes very poisonous. I know a whole family who narrowly escaped with life from an attempt to use the young leaves for "greens."

Aqua ammonia is constantly used in house cleaning, but directions for its use should not neglect to mention its injurious effect upon the eyes, often so great as to preclude its use altogether. If applied too strong, or not removed by washing immediately with soft water, it will also injure the fabric, even eating holes through the garment or carpet.

She speaks of the use of iodine as a disinfectant and says, "no human being can stand within two miles of it." My own private opinion is that most so-called disinfectants justify the definition of the medical student under examination, who, in reply to the question, "What is the use of disinfectants?" said, "To make the house smell so badly we have to let in fresh air."

Her protest against the item "that prussic acid improves the digestion," seems unnecessary, that being so well known as a virulent poison, but the other that "it quiets the nerves to chew gum camphor," also an idea that it quiets a cough, are not so widely known to be dangerous. "Keep it as you would your camphor bottle," said a good sister in THE HOUSEHOLD a few years ago. I remember well that in the days of my childhood, the camphor bottle was considered an article of absolute necessity in every family, and resorted to in every case of bruise or bump, of headache or colic, as the panacea. Few know it is a poison, the more dangerous because cumulative, so that the many littles remaining in the system become a source of danger and death whose cause is unsuspected. It also acts upon the brain, producing insanity, as I am informed by an excellent physician.

VIRTUES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

As it is the fate of some of the women of to-day to have charge of a house, is it not proper that each should understand the duties entailed by her position?

Housekeeping should soften the character, and while attending to the wants of others, we should learn patience and charity. "That charity that thinketh no evil." I am not one of those who think that because a woman has a husband who is inclined to be disagreeable, she should constitute herself his meek and humble servant. Yet we all know that there is work to be done that can only be done by a woman, but there is no necessity to be fretting about. How many faces once lovely, how many amiable dispositions become entirely transformed from constant repinings at what cannot be helped.

Domestic avocations, if properly engaged in, will not injure the door. Such

a life affords opportunities for excellent discipline, and every woman should make it the aim and purpose of her life to attain perfection in her home. A day for mending, a day for washing, another for ironing, for sewing, and so on, and at once the work becomes simplified and less of a hardship. "Oh, dear, to-morrow is wash day. How I hate it!" This is a common saying, and there is nothing very wrong about it, for no one will assert that washing is an agreeable pastime. Yet it must be done, so it is worse than useless to fret over it; as a consequence every sensible woman should determine to look on the bright side of the washtub and soapsuds. Make a few good rules and keep them. Determine not to put the whole house in disorder and make every one miserable, because the clothes must be washed, the bread baked, etc.

Suppose dinner is to be served at a certain hour, and dear husband forgets all about it, and arrives in the best of humor when everything is cold.

Don't cry and scold, but make the best of it. As he is in a lively mood, cold meat and sauce will not in the least cool his ardor, and he will find as much enjoyment in the meat as though it were nice and warm. It is also most probable that the stimulating effects of the homeward journey are all sufficient without any addition from a "woman's tongue." We all know women who are continually finding fault with something or other, and who are never happy unless there is something to scold about. But every such little worry, every harsh word, every disagreeable look, makes life harder, and but deepens the lines of trouble about the eyes and mouth. There are plenty of real troubles to be met with, without allowing household cares to become a source of torment.

A well ordered home and a happy one is one of the blessings of earth, and it is a blessing easily obtained.

A well ordered house does not necessarily imply a place where the chairs and tables are never dusty, the floor never soiled. A place, in fact, where a man cannot walk without doing some damage. Such a daintily arranged home means a place too awfully nice for common mortals. Dust and dirt are necessary evils of our existence, and as such must be endured. It is truly enough to provoke a saint to see a man in the most indifferent manner in the world step across a floor that has just been scoured. This is not done out of meanness, it is mere thoughtlessness, so kindly remind him of his failing, and, in time, you will reap the benefit of gentle admonitions. Harshness will never have the least effect upon him, and if by kindness you cannot make him understand that the neatness of home is due to hard labor on your part, he is, indeed, "way beyond redemption."—*Exchange.*

THE KITCHEN AND THE CHILDREN.

I declare bad food to be at the bottom of any amount of peevishness, hot temper, family dispute, weak will-power, vitiated tastes, bad morals, and general viciousness. How often, ah, how often has a badly cooked breakfast caused ill temper, and hard, unloving words, and clouded over the blue sky of a day which God meant should be full of sunshine and the singing birds! Many a child has smarted under punishment which never would have been administered if there had not been hot cakes with syrup for breakfast. The mother called it naughtiness. It was indigestion. We have a friend who declares she can always tell when her children have been indulged in these disturbers of the digestive peace for their morning repast; and it is for these little

ones under our care, and for whom we stand as sponsors in regard to the subject under consideration, that I make this appeal. They are to carry the world on their shoulders, by and by. Let us do what we can to make these shoulders strong to bear the burden, the head clear to puzzle out the problems life will bring for their solving.

How much of this work depends upon the servant in the kitchen, and how much upon the mother herself, each must determine, and make answer to her own conscience, only remembering that there must be an ugly warp somewhere in the nature which does not admit that there is no more dignified theme, or worthier work, than the building of these young bodies into strong, pure temples, fit for grand guests of thought and purpose, and I contend that no theme, however fascinating, no love of science, poesy, or art, should stand between the mother and the training of the child physically, not less than mentally. I would rather paint roses in my child's face, if it be in my skill, than to decorate a fish platter to be strewn with the vertebrae of a salmon, or upon a soup plate to be bathed in bouillon or gravy! And why should skill in cookery, or good kitchen management, be regarded disdainfully or as not worth one's best pains? I tell you earnestly, the day must come when this will not be so; when to prepare a good dinner, yes, and serve it, if need be, with deft hand, graceful movement, and womanly taste, shall be no more of a condescension than to write a poem or paint a picture. There are many who say with an air of indifference that they have no "talent" for these things. Why not cultivate a talent in this direction, as well as in executive ability, capacity for management, skill in keeping them? Is there any one of the fine arts the cultivation of which would bring such costly remuneration? Order, peace and good digestion in the family, are golden coins bearing good interest every day.—*Good House-keeping*

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT CARPET BUGS.

About two years ago I found a peculiar little spotted bug, and in the same box a furry skin with nothing in it. I did not then know what it was, but I have since found out by observation that it was the beetle that makes the carpet bug, and the cast off skin of the bug. Last summer I found about fifteen in different parts of the house, mostly under the carpets (straw matting) in the chambers. I took up the carpets and shall probably never put them down again, as I think it much more satisfactory to sweep up the dirt once a week, and know it is all swept up, than to do the same and know that a good part is collecting underneath for the annual spring or fall cleaning.

I put some of the bugs into a glass bottle and furnished them with food in the shape of pieces of cloth. In the fall they became quiet, and after a little while I began to see color where the skin had opened on their backs. About December first, while sweeping I found a beetle in the hall. I examined mine in the bottle, and found them apparently as lifeless as they had been for two or three months. I thoughtlessly left the bottle where the sun shone on it, and in about one-half hour there were six lively beetles and six empty carpet bug skins. The process by which the buffalo or carpet bug comes from this beetle I have not yet discovered, but I have understood that they lay eggs which when hatched are the little, black, furry pests. If this is so, it will readily be seen that the destruction of these beetles will help prevent the ravages of the bug.

And now, that all who are interested may know the beetle when they see it, I will attempt a description. It is about one-eighth of an inch long. Its back is black with white blotches, and a red line down the middle. It is quite flat and the under part of the body is a very light brown. It has been confounded with the lady-bug, much to the discomfort of that innocent and useful insect. The only resemblance is, that it is a bug, they cannot possibly be mistaken one for the other.

The lady-bug is one of the most useful insects we have, one of its kind offices being the destruction of the *aphides* or plant lice. The fact that the lady-bug has been with us many years and the carpet bug only a few years, ought to be conclusive evidence that they are not connected. So don't destroy the lady-bugs.

I have found on warm days in January, three other beetles, and according to my experience, eternal vigilance in the winter destroying these beetles as they appear on warm days, and the same in the summer, allowing none of the bugs to stow themselves away, thus to change again to beetles, is the best means of getting rid of this great annoyance. G.

MENDING TINWARE.

BY MRS. F. M. COOPER.

Many dollars could be saved in the course of the year by giving attention to the little leaks that in the aggregate would make a big hole. One of these little things is the mending of tinware, which any woman can do if she only knows how.

Get five or ten cents' worth of muriatic acid and put into it all the zinc it will dissolve. You can probably get scraps of zinc from some tinner. Then get some soldering; I prefer the hard soldering. Whenever a leak makes its appearance in any of the tinware, scrape any rust off that may be around it then drop some of the acid upon it to clean it; cut a piece of the soldering and place upon the hole and hold the vessel over a burning lamp, or set on the stove so that only the place at the hole will be exposed to the heat; let it stay until the soldering melts, and spreads enough to cover the hole, then remove and hold in position until the soldering cools enough to harden. If you want to mend any part that cannot be exposed to the lamp or stove, then have an iron spoon in which to melt the solder; treat the leak in the same way as to cleaning and applying the acid; have a rod of iron heated at one end and hold it on the leak until the parts around are heated and then pour the solder on.

Our grandmothers used to prevent the wearing of the bottom of pans and buckets by putting legs of pewter on them, and we could make our tinware last many times as long by giving it legs of solder.

All there is to do is to clean a place with acid, melt some solder in a spoon, and pour it on. I have heard tinnings say that they could not patch tinware, but I have done it by taking a piece of bright tin, cutting it the shape I wanted it, placing it over a hole that was too large to solder any other way, and pouring hot solder around the edges. It will have to be well cleaned with acid and heated some.—*Ex.*

ABOUT PATCHING AND DARNING.

Not every one is able to neatly lay a patch or darn a rent who may desire to do so; hence we advance a few helpful suggestions. In patching start by cutting a piece of material of a size slightly larger than to completely cover the worn place. Cut it accurately by the thread; nothing looks more untidy than a crooked patch with unshapely corners.

Next turn in a narrow fold on the four sides of the patch, lay it in place outside the worn part and tack fast. Sew it on all around, either like a seam, or else fell it. If it lies close and flat the tacking threads may then come away.

Now the work must go on from the wrong side, by first cutting away the worn piece, leaving enough margin to turn in as for a hem. Cut little nicks at the corners to allow it to lie flat, and fell it all around. The corners should be as well shaped as are those of the patch. To have the piece square on the right side and then an ill-shaped circle of much smaller dimensions on the wrong side, as one sometimes sees, is to spoil the work so far as looks go.

To nearly match the stripes or figure of the garment by the new material is one-half in doing fine patching. When a patch is completed lay an old handkerchief or other thin cloth over it and press out with a hot iron.

Flannel may be mended in the same way as described, only that instead of the edges being folded in, leave flat, and instead of being felled they should be herring-boned all round.

Sheets and similar articles that are worn thin by long use, and are too weak to patch must be darned. For this, real darning cotton, not that used for stockings, but a soft, fine article made for the purpose, should be used.

When darning take quite half an inch extra on either side, and not just the very thin place itself and that only. If so done there is danger of the mended part not getting through the first wash without breaking out. By running several lines of strong sewing cotton round the thin part before doing the darning it will strengthen the foundation greatly, and will not show afterwards.

Use a long, fine darning for fine fabrics, a thicker one for coarser cloth. Take a thread and miss two threads uniformly, going straight across. Leave a moderate loop at the end to allow for shrinking, turn and go back again, getting your stitches on a line with each other.

DIRECTIONS FOR CLEANING.

It is quite desirable to have something with which to sweep carpets, to prevent raising a dust and to brighten the colors. Probably the safest and best way is to take half a package of soft paper and cut or tear it into bits not over an inch square. Wet it and press out the water; then scatter it over the carpet. It should not fall in large lumps, but be picked apart, so that it will cover almost an entire room. When the broom is used it will roll into little balls, and, as it is swept over the carpet will take the dust up quite thoroughly. Some housekeepers go over the carpet the second time with clean paper. Very coarse salt used dry is good. If the house has damp corners it should be used sparingly, as salt has a tendency to attract moisture. Wet leaves are used by some country families. One old lady has a quantity of cuttings of calico and white goods. These she moistens and throws over the carpet. When she is done the scraps go into a tub of water, are whirled about, and then thrown upon an old wire screen, where they dry, and are clean for the next time.

Brooms should always be hung up by a ring in the top of the handle. If they are set upon the floor, especially while damp, they get out of shape, and the ends of the brush are curved out, rendering them almost useless. Do not stand them up with the brush uppermost. If they are damp the water will soak into the body of the broom, and not only rust the wire or rot the cords with which the broom is made, but will make the

broom straws smell musty and disagreeable, and finally rot them altogether. Mops and window brushes also should be hung up by the handles.

A great deal is said about cleaning old brass. Probably the best method for doing this is to pour very strong ammonia over the brass, and then thoroughly scrub it with a regular scrubbing brush. After five minutes of labor the brass will become as clear, bright and shining as new metal. Then rinse it in clear water, and wipe dry. After weeks of standing there will be no sign of discoloration or dimness. During the process of cleaning it the ammonia vapor may turn the brass a dark bronze-like color, but the direct application of the liquid will remove it at once.

USEFUL HINTS ABOUT POTATOES.

Mealy potatoes are more nutritious than waxy, because the former contain the greatest quantity of starch.

Thus a microscope shows a potato to be almost entirely composed of cells, which are sometimes filled, and sometimes contain clusters of beautiful little oval grains. Now those little grains remain unchanged in cold weather, but when the water is heated to about the degree that melts wax they dissolve in it, the whole becoming a jelly, and occupying a larger space than it did in the form of grains. When a potato is boiled each of the cells becomes full of jelly, and if there is not a great quantity of starch in the cells it will not burst, but if the number of grains or their size be very great, the potato is broken on all sides by the expansion of the jelly in the cells, and mealiness is produced. To insure mealy potatoes, peel them and put them on the fire in boiling water, when nearly done drain them, put them on a dry cloth, cover them closely, and set them near the fire for five minutes.

In time of frost the only precaution is to keep the potatoes in a perfectly dark place for some days after the thaw has commenced.

BUTTER MAKING.

The best butter makers of the day stop the churn when the butter is in the "granular" form, *i. e.*, in small granules or grains, none of them larger than a grain of wheat. In this stage the buttermilk is drawn out of the churn, and cold water turned in to wash the buttermilk out of the butter. This is then drawn off and the process repeated until the water comes away clear. A brine is then made and poured into the churn, and the dash is turned enough to bring the brine in contact with the small particles of butter. The butter is then removed from the churn and only worked enough to remove the surplus brine and shape the butter into rolls or prints for packing. In this way the grain is not injured, and the good qualities of the butter are preserved in all their integrity, constituting what is known as "gilt edged" butter. Of course all steps in the process are taken with due regard to what is required to secure the desired product, proper temperature, proper cleanliness, and proper deliberation and accuracy in everything.

TO WASH CALICO.

Make flour starch as for ordinary starching, being sure that it is entirely free from lumps. This, of course, can be guarded against by straining the starch. Add enough to the clean water in which the garments are to be washed to make it soft and a little slippery to the hand. Do not use soap, nor let the fabrics lie in the water, but wash them out quickly. Add a little of the starch in the same way to the rinsing water, wring dry

and hang up without more starch. Black calico or cambric dresses washed thus will look nearly as fresh as new, and so of all colors; the only precaution needed is not to get too much of the starch in the wash water. Practice will soon teach this.

TO SAVE SOAP.

How many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD wonder what to do with the small pieces of soap left after using a piece till so small you can't hold it. My plan is to make a flannel bag, about five inches by five inches, put the pieces in, sew up, and use as you would a bar of soap. Try it once, and see how it does.

To frost a plain piece of glass, take one-half part of sour beer and one-half part of Epsom salts, boil and paint the glass while hot. It can easily be washed off if desired.

ZELLA.

—Women stand to do many things which could be done as well sitting down. A high chair, with a rest for the feet, made to fit the sink or table, will save many a backache.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I thank the good fortune that sent a specimen number of THE HOUSEHOLD to me. I seized it eagerly, as I had been asking, hitherto in vain, for a woman's paper without politics and pastry combination. I, with my sister, sent for it at once, and since then I have secured several subscribers for it. I want every woman to have it among her household treasures.

I am anxious to see directions for that crazy stitch in crochet. Won't some of our HOUSEHOLD sisters send it?

Some one asked for a recipe for graham gems without eggs. I never think of using eggs, and always have light, tender gems. This is my recipe. Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder thoroughly mixed through three cups of graham flour, one-half cup of syrup, a little salt, and enough sweet milk to make a good batter. Can be made with sour milk and soda.

This is good brown bread. Two cups of corn meal, one cup of white flour, a pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a cup of molasses. Butter small pan that will slip into your steamer easily, steam three or four hours, and brown a few minutes in the oven. It comes out a rich brown, and is as soft as soft gingerbread. Please try it, sisters.

I am glad of that recipe for soft gingerbread, as it is something I've been wanting, as my husband is fond of it, but I've never known how to make it. With good wishes to all the Band. M. H. R.

Viroqua, Wis.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a young housekeeper, and want to thank you for THE HOUSEHOLD which has been visiting our home nearly a year as a wedding present. Having been a "school ma'am" previous to my marriage I knew but little of kitchen work, and find THE HOUSEHOLD no little help in times of great perplexity.

I am a sod-house sister of western Kansas, and must tell you eastern sisters that you little imagine how cozy and cheery one of these earthy abodes can be made, for you know it is not the outside, but the inside that makes the home.

When John and I were married, our tour was from the dear old home in Illinois to the broad prairie to take a claim. The tour soon ended and claim secured, then our sod mansion 12x24, was erected with a north and south door and four windows. It is divided in two rooms.

As our pocket book resembles Job's turkey, we must be as economical as possible in furnishing our home. A coal cook stove, sewing machine, table, two bedsteads, four chairs and one folding rocker, completed the outfit. Then John made a cupboard of lumber, and a goods-box does very well for clothes press, our wearing clothes being kept in our trunks. A soap box put in the wall makes a very convenient book case. Window curtains are made of cheese cloth finished with tucks, broad hem and lace, the wall (which is plastered) has a few pictures and the motto (worked in clouded red and green zephyr) "Thy Will be Done," hanging over the east window, is a gentle reminder that we must be submissive to Him that created this beautiful prairie for our habitation.

Perhaps some sod house sister would like to know how I made a hammock for our darling. Take a gunny sack and hem the ends, tie two ropes to one end and three to the other for the head. Let the ropes at each end run together two feet from the sack, then with two ropes suspend from the ceiling. Make a frame two feet long and nearly one wide of lath and cover with canvas for a mattress. Then with a goose feather bed and pillow you have a bed baby will be sure to like and is not as much in the way as a crib.

My John is very fond of doughnuts made by the following recipe: One cup of light bread sponge, one egg, one and one-half cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard. Knead in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Let it stand till light and fry in hot lard.

If we have a few egg fritters left from breakfast, I break them in very small bits into sweet milk, let them soak till near noon then make very sweet and season with allspice. Bake in a quick oven and you have a very nice custard.

I think Mrs. Belle F. Metz's idea of non-washing very good.

Will some one please give a remedy for croup?

Are white crickets destructive, and what can I do to get rid of them?

Is Mrs. Mattie Ambrose's recipe for cucumber pickles, for new pickles or for those that have been salted down?

Can green cucumbers just from the vine, be put down in vinegar so as to keep for winter use? If so, how?

What month should I take up my lily bulbs?

But my letter has become so long I suspect it will make acquaintance with the basket of waste articles.

Colby, Kan.

M. ETTIE McL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room for one more in your pleasant Band? I have always thought it might be pleasant to belong to such a social company as you seem to be. When my HOUSEHOLD comes I look first among the letters to find the words of comfort that are always sure to meet my eyes. Would that I could do as much to help one as has been done for me by these letters.

Why cannot Loraine join the Chautauqua circle? I belonged to it for four years, completing the course and receiving a diploma, and never saw Chautauqua or even had the help of a local circle, as I was alone in the course. Some of these local circles taking it were so few in number they called themselves triangles. I was not that, only a point, but it paid me well.

Did any of the sisters ever make a chocolate sponge cake? I make them and my John says they are nice. I will send the recipe and some one may try it and find it as nice as we do.

One cup of sugar, two eggs, one square of Baker's chocolate, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder or one teaspoonful of cream of

tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Put the square of chocolate where it will melt, then add to it the milk and thoroughly mix. Beat the yolks of the eggs and stir in sugar and flour containing the baking powder, then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and last the milk and chocolate. Bake in a slow oven and it is delicious. I sometimes bake it in jelly cake tins, and with lemon jelly between the cakes and with the milk frosting (made from a *HOUSEHOLD* recipe) on top of it as nice as any one need desire.

I am interested in flowers and have some in the winter season and they cheer me a great many times with their beauty and fragrance for mine are usually good and bloom freely during the winter.

Thompson, Conn. BUSY SISTER.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—As I send in my annual subscription I ask myself, can I not give something in return for all the favors received. The thought occurs to me that with the extended circulation now possessed by the worthy *HOUSEHOLD*, it may enter some home whose occupants were acquaintances if not friends of mine in years gone by. In fact, I occasionally recognize a familiar name and recall a familiar face, and so many of your number have made inquiries in regard to this country that I have been prompted to write a few lines about sunny Florida, the home of my adoption.

Much, of late, has been said about Florida Highlands in our papers. Many places so called are puzzling to one to know from whence they derive their name. The true Florida Highlands (and the only post office of that name in the state) are situated in Clay county at the highest altitude between gulf and ocean, on the table land of the state, and it is here your humble servant is anchored. Our place is a thriving little village situated about twenty-five miles south-west of Jacksonville, on direct line from Fernandina to Cedar Keys.

The soil is very productive despite so much has been said by "croakers" against our Florida sand. Our climate is very healthful and invigorating. Too much cannot be said in its praise. I have endured the chilling blasts of our northern winters for many years and can appreciate our mild winters as no southern born person can. Our summers are just as lovely as our winters. Many think because of our mild winters we must necessarily have very hot summers. Not so. The mercury does not run as high here as in New England, and our cool ocean breezes sweeping across the state makes the shade always cool, and the sun more endurable.

The birds are tuning their voices (after their silence while raising their young) and soon the air will be filled with their songs. Many a time have I been awakened from my slumbers in the hush of night, by our mocking birds singing in the orange trees near the house. It seems as though one had been transferred to some Elysian shore. Their favorite place for giving us their morning greeting is on the house top. We have no need of caged birds here.

I so often wish my northern friends could enjoy our Florida fruits that we have in such abundance. We have a great variety growing. We had strawberries from Christmas till middle of July, and peaches from May till September, and if I should tell you about our grape vines and fig trees (grown in Florida sand) I am afraid you would think I was writing a "fish story" so I'll not attempt.

Now I wish you could take a look at our orange trees, so heavily laden with fruit. Next month we begin to pick them some, but we don't consider oranges in their prime till December. Those of

you who have never visited our state I wish might have a taste of a nice Florida orange, for so many poor things are sold in the north for them, that never saw Florida.

I have been interested in Loraine's letters, and as the old Bay state was my former home, her mention of camp life at Lake Pleasant, reminds me of by gone days, as I so oft have been there, but methinks she would find camp life in Florida quite a different thing.

There is much I would like to tell you about but fear I have already trespassed upon space and your good nature. In conclusion, I would express my appreciation of our paper. I find it very instructive in all departments, and have a rich treat from its columns whenever a new paper is welcomed.

Some one inquires for a remedy for ants. Draw a very heavy chalk mark around whatever you wish to keep from them and I think you will have no trouble in their going over it.

I would like some of the sisters to try my recipe for sweet potato pie, which is very easily and quickly made. As we down south most always have cold, baked sweet potatoes on hand, I peel a fair sized one and grate on my coarse lemon grater, and then use the potato same as you would so much sifted squash. If you can make a good squash pie, think you will be pleased with this. Be sure and not have them dry with potato, but creamy, and they will be very nice.

JENNIE A. K.

LETTERS TO THE *HOUSEHOLD*.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I have stood outside of the charmed circle just as long as I can. I also have wished to write and thank you for the present of *THE HOUSEHOLD* which has been such a welcome visitor. I was no stranger to its merits for I have been a constant reader of it for the last six years. Nine or ten years ago I took it one year, but I was not interested in household affairs and so did not renew my subscription. In fact, I took it to secure a picture that the agent offered with it. I look back with regret to think that I should have treated such a paper so slightingly and would give much to-day could I have those old papers to look over, and refer to.

When I left my home to find a home in the Green Mountain state, among one of the most useful presents given me by the home folks was one year of old *HOUSEHOLDS*. I don't know what I should have done without them. You may think this flattery, but I mean just what I say. They seemed to help me out of the most of my household troubles. My home had been in the city and I knew very little about farm life, and farm work, and the many letters from the sisters of *THE HOUSEHOLD* with their experience, and advice, helped me wonderfully during the trying time of getting "broken in." But now after a year and a half of "ups and downs," I feel a little more confidence in myself, still, I don't feel as though I could do without it. I know of no paper that could fill its place for variety of really excellent reading matter.

I wish to thank every sister that contributes her mite. When I read their nice letters and other contributions, how I wish I were also "gifted with the pen of a ready writer," so that I might return some of the indebtedness I owe them.

Well, I am making quite a long letter of what I intended to be just a short note of thanks. Last year my husband renewed my subscription taking it with his home paper. Last night I received my last number. Turning round I asked, "Shall you renew this year for me?" his answer was, "Of course!" I think you can count on me for a subscriber as long as the paper is printed.

The most of my fancy cooking is done with the aid of *HOUSEHOLDS*. I have never tried any thing that has proved a failure. And I have had many ask me, "Where did you learn to make this?" I tell them from my paper, and advise them to subscribe. E. ESTELLE WARNER.

So. Barre, Vt.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I am always interested in the letters to our paper. So many sisters telling their ways of work, their thoughts and feelings. As I read, I think how little we know of each other's circumstances, and how little we understand the unlikeness of people and the varied longings and aspirations of different persons. While some sisters are situated so they can plan each day's work and carry it out, others hardly know what their work may be from day to day. Put some of our methodical sisters in

the places of some of the troubled ones, give them the same surroundings and it might not be so easy a matter to reduce every thing to method.

One troubled sister has brought out latent talents in answer to her plea for help. Some criticize, some sympathize and some lay all the blame back to her.

It seems to me that there are many inequalities in married life. Many come from unwise choosing in the first place. Many from persons not being able to adapt themselves to circumstances. Some ask too much help of other members of the family, others too little. Some women seem to forget that husbands are tired as well as we, and so make them not only do their own work, but half of that belonging to the woman. Sometimes it seems as if every thing was all wrong as regards married life. Again I wonder people get along half as well brought up so unlike. It is very little we can do to right the wrong, and the more cheerfully we take our burden the easier it will be borne.

To the sisters who feel as if they were not appreciated, I would say, "Never mind, do the best you can and be satisfied if conscience and God approve. Don't get morbid and blue, but look up, see the sunbeams in the way. Show that partner of yours some of the loving attentions of courtship days or those of early married life. No doubt his heart will warm towards you more than you think."

To the happy wives and mothers I would say, "God speed. Keep in this way and mountains of trouble will become molehills in your path. Many troubles are the result of thoughtlessness." So, dear sisters, be thoughtful for those under your influence. Be affectionate and kind. I know by experience how hard it is when longing to read or write or go out and enjoy the freshness and beauty of the day to be obliged to spend the hours baking or sweeping or washing dishes. I know just what a treadmill, monotonous existence the busy housewife has, just how hard it is to deny yourself for others. I have felt the need of rest when there was much to be accomplished. I know what it is to labor under various disadvantages. I also know what it is to have a husband's heart rest safely, trustingly in me, and I know what the loving caresses of a grown-up son are to his mother, and I know there is satisfaction in duty performed.

So, sisters, one and all, let us take a cheerful view of life and its duties. Let the burdens go. Leave them at the cross, and go on our way rejoicing gathering the sweets of life as we toil on.

MRS. H. B. C.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I want to talk a little while with Muggins Fletcher, and give a few suggestions which I hope may help her. I am a young housekeeper with the same number in the family as you have, Muggins, and I too have groaned in spirit many a time because it took me longer to do the work than I thought necessary. But I have learned some things, and one is that it is just as much a Christian duty to have patience with yourself as with other folks.

You say you did not like housework, and learned little about it before you began for yourself, four months previous to your letter. My dear woman, don't you see that it is rather unreasonable to expect with such a short experience to turn off your work as rapidly as a skilled hand would do? Much of housekeeping is routine work, which after a few months of practice can be done more easily and quickly than at first seemed possible. Then there are many little "secrets of the trade," open secrets, I am glad to say, which help wonderfully. A careful reading of any good publication devoted to the interests of the household will be worth more to a beginner than the subscription price many times over.

Much work can be saved by a little thought. It is not working fast that makes some women better housekeepers than others, but what they do, tells. For instance, take washing dishes. If plenty of hot water is ready when the meal is finished, this is a short job. Use soap enough to make the water foamy and wash quickly, using mop or cloth as you prefer. Put silver and glass through first, laying them into another pan, then cups and saucers, and so on. Pour over hot water to rinse well, and wipe at once. Evaporation from the hot surfaces will render but little wiping necessary, and the dishes will look nicer than if drained. Hot water and a little soda will clean greasy kettles easily, and if, when mush or any starchy food is taken from a utensil in which it has been cooked, water is poured in, time and work will be saved in washing. The same is true of dishes used for cooking milk or eggs.

When a carpet is merely dusty, a good way is to wipe lightly with a damp cloth instead of sweeping. The broom would only set the dust flying in the air to settle again on carpet and furniture, but the cloth takes it up and when you are done the room is really cleaner. Have a pan of lukewarm water and wring out the cloth quite dry before using. Rinse off the dust frequently and change the water as soon as much soiled.

Think over what you want to do and plan it out beforehand. You can make things fit together better. Then don't be discouraged if you cannot go through the whole program that day.

Perhaps you laid out too much. When you have worked about the house a reasonable number of hours, stop, even if you can think of more to do. There will be another day and new strength given; if not, it will not matter that a few jobs were left undone. Don't do housework all day, at least, not often. Change your dress in the afternoon, even if you put on a five-cent print, and have a clean collar and a pretty pin or ribbon. Then, as Rena Ross said in the January number, have a hobby. Do something you like to do, if only for a few minutes. It does so much towards keeping one fresh and bright.

Keep the house in order, that you and those you love may live comfortably and happily; don't live to keep house, or, in other words, don't put housework before comfort and real living. Make your machine go with as little noise and friction as possible, think and plan and work, indeed, but all the time remember that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment. Even what otherwise might be drudgery is noble work when rightly done. "Make your selves nests of pleasant thoughts," says Ruskin. A poem that you like, clipped from a paper and pinned above your kitchen sink or table, is a good friend when you are at work. Even better, perhaps, would be a calendar with daily quotations from some good author. I do really think one can work faster and better when the mind is pleasantly employed.

Above all, keep up good courage, Muggins, and remember that every day is helping you to be a good housekeeper, if you study to learn the best way to do your work. Ever so many more of us are traveling the same road you are on, and we give you a good warm hand shake and a word of cheer. Please let us hear from you again.

MARION HAVEN.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I, too, knock for admission to your charmed circle for although a subscriber to your valuable paper but little over a year, yet I mark that a red letter day in my history, every time John places *THE HOUSEHOLD* on my table, every thing is dropped till its leaves are cut and I have taken a bird's-eye view of its contents preparatory to a more thorough perusal of its every nook and corner, and if I should elaborate on all the good, sweet, pithy, helpful, comforting things it contains, my letter would be of such a length that I am quite sure it would be consigned to the waste basket at the first glance from our kind editor.

The many valuable recipes you have contributed, I have availed myself of, and tested their reliability and will return the favor at some future time. Every time you take a journey, or fit up and beautify the home nest, I am with you, standing at your side, adjusting this or that ornament, looping the curtains, training the ivy, arranging the cabinet, the album, or the scrapbook, and as "old Dobbin" has jogged leisurely along the country road toward the old home-stead, I, too, have scented the sweet clover, and seen the silver waters gleam and flash under the little stone bridge we crossed on our way to the school house under the hill, and have felt a thrill of delight through every fibre of my being, at the "fond recollection," may it never fade from memory. The sweet interchange of thought, feeling, and experience, can, I am quite sure, result in nothing but the highest good to all the seventy-five thousand. What if our opinions do clash, or our sentiments do not harmonize, so much the better. Let us stir each other up to a wholesome spirit of emulation.

I suppose I must follow suit with the rest and give my opinion of Rosamond E. I believe there may exist such a woman in particular, and a good many Rosamond E.'s in general, and if all the sisters would go into every little detail of their life and work as she does, (with the exception of a few of the olive branches,) I think their record would compare favorably with hers.

Some other time I will speak of how we furnished and beautified our snug little parlor, so that visitors as they enter exclaim, "Oh how pretty!" The main point with people in moderate circumstances is to preserve a uniformity without seeming to put more stress on one part than on another. In short, to have the furnishing—if I may so speak—of your house, table and yourself correspond. Beautiful dresses and fine jewelry do not harmonize with shabby furniture, cracked dishes, and a faded, soiled table cloth. Have every thing in keeping; replace as often as the purse will allow; renovate where it is possible; let nothing be allowed to wear a decayed, antique look, and your homes will ever be beautiful with little cost.

One question, and I close. I have a prickly pear cactus six feet high nearly five years old, which has never blossomed. The lady who gave it to us said it would bloom in three years. Please some one "rise and explain," and oblige your new sister.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MUFFINS.—One and one-half cups of buttermilk, one-half cup of thick, sweet cream, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda sifted through three cups of flour, add one teaspoonful of salt

and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, stir about as stiffly as will drop from the spoon, and bake in a hot oven in a gem pan which has been heated hot.

CREAM GINGERBREAD.—One and one-half cups each of cream and Porto Rico molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one or two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger and cinnamon mixed, and flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in one large sheet.

FARMER'S WIFE.

LEMON PIE.—Bake a crust separately, grate the rind, take the juice of one lemon, yolks of two eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, one full cup of cold water, and one heaping dessert spoonful of corn-starch; heat and stir until it thickens, fill the crust, frost with the whites of the eggs, return to the oven and brown.

CREAM PIE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, two cups of flour in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda are mixed, and flavor with lemon. This will make four round tins, enough for two pies.

The Filling.—One pint of milk, one egg, two-thirds cup of sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of corn starch and a little salt. Boil all together until it thickens.

EMMA M.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—The whites of twelve eggs, three cups of sugar, one small cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one-half cup of corn-starch, and two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder sifted thoroughly with the flour; flavor with lemon. Mix the sugar and corn-starch together, add the butter, beat together thoroughly, add milk, stir again, then add flour with the yeast powder, and lastly the eggs beaten very lightly. Half the recipe makes a nice sized cake and just as nice a white cake as can be made.

LAYER CAKE OR CUP CAKES.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two cups of flour, a little over one rounding teaspoonful of yeast powder mixed with the flour, flavor with lemon, and add the whites, beaten lightly, last.

MRS. W. L. COOK.

SMALL SUGAR CAKES.—One heaping teacup of sugar, three-quarters of a teacup of butter, one-quarter of a teacup of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Use flour sufficient to enable you to roll out the dough, one salt-spoonful of salt, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Cut into round cakes and bake quickly.

A. M. G.

GRAND CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter, milk and corn starch, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, and the whites of four eggs. Dissolve the corn-starch in the milk. You can use the yolks if preferred and save the whites for frosting.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—If any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters are fond of these delicious dainties, I wish they would try this recipe and report success. I consider it excellent. One quart of pulverized sugar, and one-half pint of boiling water. Boil ten minutes without stirring, then set the basin in snow or cold water, and stir briskly until cold. Make into small balls and put on a buttered plate to harden. Melt one-half pound of Baker's chocolate over a boiling tea-kettle, then roll the balls in it with a fork.

Canastota, N. Y. ISABELL.

YEAST WITH FLOUR.—Boil six or seven potatoes, say two pounds, pare, mash and put through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. Keep them warm until needed. If you pare them before boiling, pare very thin.

The glory of a potato is meanness, and much of this meal or starch lies directly under the skin, consequently is lost by slowly paring. The most nutritious part of the whole potato lies directly under the skin. Put a pint of hops, say one-half ounce, on to boil in two quarts of cold water. Do not let them boil more than five minutes after they have come to the boil. If you boil hops too long it makes them bitter, an undesirable substance is extracted from the hops by so doing, and if tied in a bag the pollen, a very important fermenting quality of hops, is confined in that way, many now believe. Strain the hop water over a pound or quart of flour slowly to prevent its getting lumpy. Set the crock on the stove while mixing the flour and hop water. The flour must be thoroughly cooked with the hop water, or it will soon sour. If you do not have two quarts of hop water, pour more boiling water over the hops to make the amount. Add the mashed potatoes. If they are too thick add a little potato water. Stir well, and when nearly cold add a cup of yeast, two heaping tablespoonsfuls of sugar, say two ounces, the same of salt, and a tablespoonful of ground ginger, say half an ounce. Keep in a moderately warm place for a day, stirring frequently, then keep it in the darkest, coolest place. Use a two or three-gal-

lon crock with a lid. It is easier to clean and fill. Salt and ginger help to preserve the yeast. When yeast has a strong, tart smell, and a watery appearance on the surface, with sediment at the bottom, it is too old for use. This yeast should never be thinner than will just pour. With too much yeast the bread will be bitter. With too little, it will be heavy. With stale yeast it will be heavy, sour and dark colored. The rule for quantity is, two tablespoonsfuls of yeast to every quart of flour—with brewer's yeast half as much. I hope all will try this old, unfailing recipe and report.

J. I. M.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and one-half cups of flour, whites of three eggs, the whole of one, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, and one cup of raisins. Other fruit and citron may be added if desired.

FIG LAYER CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup each of sugar and flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda; bake in square tins. Beat the whites of one egg with powdered sugar enough to make quite a thick frosting, chop, not very fine, five figs, one dozen raisins, a little citron and about three slices of lemon, stir into the frosting, spread on the layer of cake and roll up.

SPONGE PUDDING.—Here is a nice recipe for a pudding if any one has plenty of cream. Make a nice sponge cake, turn it into a dripping pan, then take good apples that have been pared and quartered and stick them into your cake as thick as you can. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

L. H.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Slice six cold boiled potatoes, mince fine an onion and two sprigs of parsley, melt in a frying pan a tablespoonful of butter, put in the onion and fry a light brown, then the potatoes and fry a light brown also, turning them often. Put in a hot dish stirring in the minced parsley, and pouring over them any butter that may be left in the pan.

STEWED POTATOES.—One pint of cold boiled potatoes, cut in bits, one cup of milk, butter the size of an egg, and a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Melt the butter, add the flour, cook a moment, pour in the milk, one even teaspoonful of salt, and a salt-spoonful of white pepper. When it boils add the potatoes. Boil a minute and serve.

COM.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—Two-thirds cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, one cup of stoned raisins chopped, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder and the whites of four eggs. Lemon flavor. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk, then the flour with the baking powder well mixed with it, then the beaten whites of eggs stirred lightly in the batter. Cover the bottom of the cake tin with the batter, and on this put the chopped raisins, and cover well with the batter. Extracts are better and stronger if dropped on the cake after it is baked. A few scattered drops over the top will flavor the whole loaf.

FRANCES E. OWENS.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Two cups of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one rounded teaspoonful of soda, and four cups of graham stirred into the other ingredients.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint each of Indian meal and rye meal, one-half pint of wheat flour, one-half cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt, two-thirds cup of yeast and one pint of hot water, mix, let it rise, steam three or four hours, and brown the top a little in the oven.

BLACK CAKE.—In this cake fruit may be used, or dried apples, two cups; soak over night in a little water, chop fine, size of peas, boil in a cup of molasses, and stir frequently until preserved through. Beat three eggs, work one cup of butter and two cups of sugar together, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon, five cups of flour (dredge your fruit with it), one cup of sweet milk and one heaping teaspoonful of soda.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of sour cream, one egg, two cups of sugar, caraway seeds or cocoanut, and one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one-third cup of water.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Beat two eggs in a teacup, fill up the cup with sour cream, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, two level teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, or one-half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

S. J. E.

CREAM PUFFS.—One teacup of boiling water and butter the size of a small egg. Melt the butter in the water and stir in three-fourths cup of flour, cook thoroughly and cool, then stir in two well beaten eggs. Drop into patty pans and bake in a good hot oven about three-quarters

of an hour. When slightly cool open a small place in the side and fill with custard. This makes eight puffs, and if properly baked they will be mere shells.

Custard for Cream Puffs.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of corn starch, and sugar to taste. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Put in the puffs while warm.

CLARICE.

RIBBON CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, and two heaping teaspoonsfuls of baking powder; mix all thoroughly. Take out one-third for the dark loaf, add to it one-half cup of raisins, two tablespoonsfuls of molasses, and spices to taste. Bake the light in two loaves and the dark in one, and put together with jelly or frosting. LEN.

CHEAP WHITE CAKE.—One teacup of milk, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, three cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder and a little nutmeg. This is excellent to use for layer cake, using for the filling cream, chocolate or jelly.

Connecticut. CANTERBURY BELL.

LADY FINGERS.—One cup of sugar, and one-half cup of butter beaten together, one egg, one-fourth cup of milk, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one and one-fourth teaspoonsful of vanilla. Cut in little strips, roll in sugar and bake in a quick oven.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—One-fourth pound of boiled potato, three eggs, one-fourth pound of white sugar, one-fourth pound of fresh butter, and one teaspoonful of mixed nutmeg and cinnamon. Spread puff paste on a soup plate, put in the mixture, and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Grate sugar over it.

SQUASH PUDDING.—Run the stewed squash through a sieve, four eggs, a pint of milk, sweeten thoroughly, add cinnamon, make a paste and line a deep dish, pour the squash in and bake.

CLYTIE.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Some one in a late HOUSEHOLD has requested a recipe for chocolate cake. I have one which many have tried and pronounced very nice. I would like to have the lady try it and report. One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Take one-half of the batter and add three tablespoonsfuls of grated chocolate and flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Place dark and light batter in alternate layers. This makes a good sized loaf.

M. M.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup each of molasses and brown sugar, three-fourths cup of melted lard, one egg, two teaspoonsfuls of ginger, one cup of sour milk, two heaping teaspoonsfuls of soda, one in the sour milk the other in the molasses, and flour to mix, not too hard.

MRS. WM. PETERSON.

FROSTING WITH NUTS.—Crack English walnuts, halve the meats, spread a part of the frosting over the cake, lay the meats on flat side down, spread on more frosting, so that the nuts will be coated over, not covered up. By arranging regularly, the cake can be sliced between the rows of nuts. After one has tried this way I think it will be preferred to that of stirring the nuts into the frosting. If nuts are put with frosting between layers they should be chopped fine.

Waltham.

MRS. S. L.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound each of flour, sugar and butter, one-half pound of citron sliced thin, four pounds of seeded raisins, two pounds of currants, one ounce each of ground cinnamon and cloves, four grated nutmegs, and ten eggs. Bake one hour in a large pan.

POUND CAKE.—One pound each of sugar and flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, eight eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of milk.

COM.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet cream, two teaspoonsfuls baking powder, and flour to make a soft dough. I use lemon flavoring also. Roll thin and bake a light brown.

BEDFORD.

RIBBON CAKE.—For the white part take the whites of four eggs, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sweet milk, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon, and two and one-half cups of sifted flour. For the dark part take the yolks of four eggs, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup each of molasses, butter and sour milk, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and mace, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, and one

and one-half cups of sifted flour. Put it in the baking pan alternately, first the light then the dark. This amount makes two loaves.

MRS. J. F. D.

LEMON PIE.—The pulp of two lemons cut in slices, the grated rind of one, one cup each of sugar and water, and one-half cup of flour; bake with two crusts.

ORANGE CAKE.—This is very nice. Two cups each of sugar and flour, one half cup of water, a pinch of salt, yolks of five eggs, whites of three, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Beat the whites and add sugar as for frosting, and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Bake the cake in layers and put frosting between. You can use only one-half an orange for the cake and the other half in the frosting.

WHITE LAYER CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one scant half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, or one-half teaspoonsful of soda and whites of four eggs. This makes three layers. Use with jelly, frosting or chocolate. Please try these recipes.

S. M. K.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Filling.—One egg, two tablespoonsfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour stirred into one-half pint of boiling milk, remove from the fire and add one teaspoonful of extract of lemon or vanilla, and two tablespoonsfuls of cocoanut. Make a frosting of the white of one egg beaten stiff with sugar, spread on the cake and sprinkle cocoanut on the top.

Another nice cake is made by taking the same recipe for the cake and making a filling in the following manner: Grate the rind of one large lemon, add the juice with one cup of sugar, a small half-cup of water, one egg, one teaspoonful of butter, and one tablespoonful of flour; beat all together, boil till quite thick and spread between the layers.

PROVIDENCE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one please send a recipe for a good pork cake? Tell how to mix ingredients, and how long to bake?

MRS. W. H. MURRAY.

Please ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD if they or their Johns have a recipe for washing old German silver, as I have some, and oblige a reader.

H. L. C.

I see in the January number that Ida Bell Van Auken wishes for information in regard to the carpet bug. I read last summer in the Boston Congregationalist that camphor gum, borax, and salt-peter, in equal quantities, pulverized, and scattered in liberal handfuls all along under the edge of carpets, and in drawers, boxes, etc. was a sure remedy. I don't know by experience.

M. H. B.

Mrs. E. B. E., I have tried your recipe for starching linen, and it makes the clothes stiff enough but the outside of the bosoms and cuffs will not stick to the lining, it has the appearance of having air between. What is the matter? I should like the recipe if I could remedy that. I have been married two months and this has been my one great trial.

CARRIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—In the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mary C. Christian asked how to make feathers pure and sweet. If she will put them in a bag, boil and dry, they will be all right.

J. R. T.

Tryphosa, your soda sponge cake, I tried, and indeed it is delicious. I trust that more of our sisters will try it.

MRS. J. A. ROBINSON.

Rehoboth, Mass.

If New Subscriber in January number will trim her hair about an inch every new moon, I think it will grow. The hair very often stops growing because the ends split.

Can any one tell me what will keep raisins from sinking to the bottom in cake? I have tried rolling them in flour, but they sink any way. Also would like a recipe for coffee cake.

MRS. CLARA L. PARRISH.

Williamsburg, Ind.

Can any sister tell me how to clean the rust out of a new iron stove pot? I bought a stove last summer, and one of the pots rusts so badly I cannot use it. I rubbed it with kerosene, let it stand twenty-four hours and scoured it off, after which I boiled greasy water in it. I sandpapered it and tried every thing I know, all to no purpose. I will be thankful for any information on the subject.

S. A. BIBB.

Robinson Springs, Ga.

The Parlor.

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He saw the wheat fields waiting
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"
His heart made bitter cry.
"I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas, am I."

At eve, a fainting trav'ler
Sank down beside his door.
A cup of cool, sweet water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The trav'ler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried, "Oh Master kind,
One sheaf have I to offer
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer Thee."

Then said the Master softly,
"Well pleased with this am I.
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
Thou mayst not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But he who helps a brother,
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

HOME-KEEPING HEARTS.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

"Stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best."

ALL hearts familiar with the songs and the exquisite thoughts of the poet whose pen has lately been silent, but whose soul at last soared aloft to the rest which his own heart so sweetly craved below, will at once recognize the source of the title of the present sketch, the meaning of the double term so apt for the multitudinous HOUSEHOLD folk scattered over the wide land, not one of whom, it may safely be said, but that sometimes, at least, has longingly sighed to stray far from the home confines when circumstances either hindered, or forbade, her flight from the family nest.

Now it is not the body alone that needs to remain stationary at this time; but the rather refractory member, which "flutters" and strives to "fly" away from its common duties and its important interests, as though the person in whole were really already absent from under the home roof. And, then, I believe that the felicitous poet himself meant that, even when abroad, in the crowded world, or forced to move from place to place, all the same needs the heart to preserve its true home-keeping; to be cautious against putting itself in the way of unseen dangers, and to be content with such things as the All Giver has bestowed; not pinning for the unattainable objects of this world which it constantly envies of others.

Wherever the individual, the action of her life may be made unified and also pleasurable, by the home-keeping element abiding within herself, just as her material household welfare asserts its prosperous condition by her thriving care of special details. It is an inestimable privilege, to be one of the contented ones of earth, resting duly from carking cares, and recreating one's self by silent self-understanding.

In prose, the poet says: "It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat, and drenched by the rain, of life." His poetry solves the divine mystery:

"It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest,
Far excelleth all the rest."

But how many of us ordinary mortals are there, who can say with the same

master thinker, "It has done me good to be both parched and drenched?" Ah, my friends, we shall not be ordinary, if, like the inspired singer, we

"Open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run."

Indeed, all the windows of the heart should be open to the pure light of day. Darkness can but depress, contaminate, and engender evil. Light is the life of humanity. Earthly light is healing; divine light uplifting. The sunbeams of the one vivify the mortal being; the soul-gleams of the other, banish all vestiges of hurtful kind. Understanding wins the light earthly. Wisdom embraces that heavenly. And with a healthful body and a pure spirit, combined, what mortal could be long discontented, unreasonable, unhappy?

"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race."

Certainly our beloved bard thus prayed, and likewise acknowledged:

"I see, but cannot reach the height
That lies forever in the light,
For Thine own purpose Thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement."

It is very agreeable, my friends, to be both thinking and writing of these, our human needs, this morning, aided by the lovely words and the poetic thoughts of our American poet laureate. Although we can none of us breathe forth our longing and our aspiration in the same elevating strains; certainly, we can follow after the spiritual teachings therein discovered, and bless his songs to personal comfort. How tenderly he has inquired, as of each one of us—

"What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From overwork and worry?"

Again, we are told,

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend."

Ascend to what? Why, poor, tired, overworked, discouraged mortals—to perfect, to perpetual rest; to a world where neither anxiety nor trouble can enter, and where the perplexities of the past will vanish in the realization of the wondrous enjoyments of the present—the everlasting home?

"Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall;
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher."

Let us, then, be "sunbeams," which every true home-keeping heart may be; seeking only those things which are for best, for endless, pleasure; since, "glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us; but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land.

In one sense, each life may be a poet's life, if it will. How? By appreciation of the poetic—the beautiful, which poetry imminently presents. By unity of spirit with the true poet of nature, and by looking for, and seeing, the divine in the world of nature, instead of bending to the earthly, lowering one's feelings by the merely human standard of work, strife, and money-getting. No more need the poet-lover, than the poet-thinker, be above the practical needs of life. We speak discriminatingly of the difference between the poet and the practical person. But practical knowledge may be the sound possession of the one, while poetic fervor need not be scorned by the other—if he have real aspiration. Every one who has this, will understand and likewise welcome the following poetic-truth words: "These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of the high way upon them. They have been gath-

ered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart."

Yes, though it be the peaceful heart of humanity, or the grand old heart of mother-earth, these flowers and leaves of spring time refresh our weary selves, and make us forget the "winter of our discontent." Let us hope, and pluck plentifully for ourselves, nor wait for them to be brought us by others, for they are the property of all earth's inhabitants, surely. Among these perchance we shall, if skillful in discerning, bring in with our merely beautiful treasures some healing balm for human woe.

"Believe me," says our poet, "upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heart-ache." And we all have more or less of that aching, with the bitterness of life which must be mingled with the sweet-senses, however we may be favored by natural disposition, by worldly circumstances, or by public appreciation. Whatever be our strife, peace is the fruit of the pure spirit only, and such a spirit is a love of God. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." How often we hear the sacred words cited by human sufferers of various kinds. Yet I have frequently marveled, that, not one has aid ed (aloud) its context, "and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." The final clause is set over against the former, and well would it be if each of us could in our hearts so set joy against sorrow—that is, let in the sunlight of peace, rather than harbor the bitterness which insidiously arises to our deep hurt.

Home-keeping hearts are those which sweep and dust and garnish the many apartments, not for self-use only, but precedent to inviting in good company, such as bright thoughts from outer sources, books, and fresh-minded people personally. Books are safe helpers in the home-keeping, if of right sort, although of course we need the friendly glance, the cordial tone, the strong hand-pressure of our friends withal. Letters from absent dear ones are hardly less required. And still, so are appreciated.

"The pleasant books that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces."

In affliction, home-keeping hearts are happiest, and likewise safest, for the world is a miserable comforter in sorrow, while only our friends can avail in the hour of intense anguish. "Every one has his secret sorrows of which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad." What encouragement in these poetic lines from the same source—

"O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

There are times when every one of us feels the unbearable pressure of some heart-burden. Then it is, that we crave, according to our nature's need of sympathy, the human help that comes from real friendship. Well for us, if the one we seek, be one who not only responds to, but also appreciates, our need. Such a one will secure to us the boon we seek—timely comfort. But better is it far, to lean upon the ever ready Friend whose sympathy never fails, who always appreciates, and sometimes allows human friendship to seem useless, so as to call the lonely, the weary, the sorely depressed, to the only safe confidence—divine love.

"The sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, gives no explanation of itself, no answer to our impatient questionings!"

Patience! Yes, we require this quality, most truly, in our daily living. We must accustom ourselves to the slow operations of nature, else, lose strength, the worth

of time, with sure accomplishments.

"The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion." Yet,

"Labor with what zeal we will
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

Every mother of a family can appreciate the foregoing poetic lines, for her cares, her worries, her deeds, are real, if any one's, although even she should never plead her intermingled duties as right of hers to leave undone the higher things which make for the home eternal—for her dear ones as well as for her own soul.

The invalid pines in spirit for outer scenes, for freedom, release from pain and from constant weariness. But are there not some of the sweetest of home-keeping hearts among these patient children of the Father? In the solitude of their own abodes, have they learned the wisdom which is not of the world. And by their means have not many been won to ways of life that lead beyond the bustling earth? Do not say, you who are out in the world, that invalids are "saved from temptations." There are temptations from within, as well as from without, to these closed in members. They have leisure for thought. But do they all have strength for it? Painful bodies are not more facilitative of sweet, untainted spirits, than are healthful bodies surrounded by worldly pleasures. But sweet, indeed, is the spirit which can rise above its pain, by out-giving, in its possessor's withdrawal from all social enjoyments, and thoughtful of others, rather than given to demanding attention from people. Querulous, exacting invalids are not good heart-keepers. But they not only require self-chastening, but helps from outside folk more favored than themselves, and let us, my readers, not forget to assist them in bearing their burden while we strive to carry our own with faithfulness.

What joys, dear in alids, await your hidden lives. How glorious the scenes awaiting those of you who are faithful. We who may roam from place to place, because of the blessing of health, need obey the lesson of labor, and should know the secret of *ennui* killing—which is work, wholesome, persevering industry for the cause of humanity.

Now, in the spring time of the world, when April says:

"I open wide the portals of the spring
To welcome the procession of the flowers,
With their gay banners, and the birds that sing
Their song of songs from their aerial towers;"

can we not bring in the beauties of the forest, the freshness of the air, the heyday of the world's renewal, to our deprived ones? Like a curtain drawn before a brilliant panoramic scene, is their physical disability, shutting them from the things that we may enjoy at will. All seasons of the year have their own solaces, and we should like to bestow them ungrudgingly.

Those of the country too often envy city folks their winter list of pleasures, and scorn the quieter blessings, the ordinary round, the lesser privileges, while now that spring time has reappeared, many of the envied ones may exclaim:

"I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe, shut up within its gates!
Air—I want air and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far off mountain tops."

Country born, or city bred out in the world, or imprisoned by sickness, infirmity, or age, all hearts may learn to be of the home-keeping kind, and sweetly sing from within

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care,
To stay at home is best."

THE EARLY PILGRIMS OF PLYMOUTH.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

Uncle Jasper was a descendant of the early settlers of Plymouth, Massachusetts, the ancient town of the Mayflower Pilgrims.

It was such a delight to the children to visit Uncle Jasper, that I have since thought possibly he and his good wife were surprised a little too often by merry laughing children in groups of twos and threes, come for a "week's stay," "to spend vacation," or "to stay all summer." I remember one little maiden before she could accurately measure time, said next time she went to Uncle Jasper's she should stay eleven fortnights, and another said she should stay a hundred weeks.

The kind old uncle lived in a large, rambling, old-fashioned house well calculated to please and interest. There were out buildings too, not a whit behind the house for pleasant haunts and joyous sport. Barns, sheds, and carriage houses, these last named had served their day and generation and now stood mementoes of the past, with their moth eaten, time-worn old coach and chaise. These probably gave the children in their way as much pleasure, as the squires and dames in days gone by, when they mounted the old, yellow coach, or leisurely jolted over the country road in the chaise.

Uncle Jasper came of a race quite stately and grand. Even now the coat of arms is plain to be seen over the parlor mantel. The great brass door-knocker is kept bright and shining, and willows and maples sway and bend by the gateway, but Uncle Jasper and Aunt Martha have gone the way of all the earth.

In the cold, bleak winter weather, the Mayflower arrived upon our shores, a new, strange land, a wilderness, almost entirely covered by forests, inhabited by savage Indian tribes, it would almost seem they would soon perish and the event fade from the annals of men. But that little company prospered and now, there is hardly an event in history more important than the arrival of that ship. It is one of the great waymarks by which we measure the track of time.

One of their number was chosen captain of the company—Miles Standish, his name. Many of the company died from want and exposure the first winter of their arrival, among them Rose, the wife of Captain Standish.

There was one Priscilla the gallant captain would feign have wed after, but she preferred John Alden, the one who is said to have been first to set foot on the rock in Plymouth harbor, which as Plymouth Rock, is known throughout the civilized world.

Because these people were wanderers, leaving their country and coming to another, they were called Pilgrims, and as Pilgrims, or Pilgrim Fathers they have since been known.

They early formed themselves into a company called the Plymouth Colony and chose a governor, William Bradford.

In April the following year, the Mayflower went back to England, carried reports from the Plymouth Colony to the people there—at home—it was still to the poor Pilgrims left behind, and yet they were not sorry, for they left all for religious freedom, freedom of thought, for conscience' sake, and they were worshipping God in their own way now. That same spring time more ships arrived with more people and fresh supplies, and other ships came as time went on, and the wilderness was cleared away and English homesteads and villages gradually arose, fondly called by the old English names, for these people were all English people once, were English now as well, loyal subjects to the king across the sea, in all except matters of conscience.

At one time he would tell about the Indians; when they burned cornfields and homesteads, and sometimes even whole settlements when the people would flee to the fort for safety. Again, scenes from the Revolutionary war, or the War of Independence, as it is sometimes called, would be the subject, but the one I propose to give, was a little one about the early settlers of Plymouth, which he told us upon one occasion. His home was not in the good old town itself but near enough to make the scenes real.

"Across the Atlantic ocean, more than three thousand miles away, there was a company of men and women who desired a purer form of worship than that ordered by the king of the land, but to do this they must leave their home, property, country, kindred, all that men prize, and go away to another home, so a little band one hundred and one in number sailed away from Plymouth in England, in a ship call'd the Mayflower, to cross the wide ocean and find in the wilds of America a home for themselves and their children where they could worship God as they believed, and teach their children what they believed was right.

It was more than two hundred and fifty years ago that they arrived, for the harbor they finally made in the new world was at Plymouth, our Plymouth in Massachusetts, in 1620. December 20, 1620 they came, named the place for the last town they left in their native land—England. They sailed about some time before deciding just where to land.

The first Sabbath in the new world they came to anchor under Clark's Island, just above us in Duxbury harbor. This was December tenth, and was the first Christian Sabbath ever observed in New England.

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Here their meeting houses were built and church service established. Here schools were started for the children and in ten years after the Mayflower's arrival, Harvard college at Cambridge was founded. So much you see, children, you owe to your Pilgrim ancestors for the liberal way in which they started schools. Much of the prosperity and advancement of our free school system we owe the early Fathers, who, by their wise laws and

hard work, did so much for the generations to follow.

You will not be allowed to forget these early settlers, for history is replete with their struggles and triumphs, but I want you should know they were a reality, an existing fact, not like a story of fabled Greece or ancient Rome.

The first child born of English parents in this country was on the Mayflower, before the company left the ship, and named Perigrine White. When spring time came, a friendly Indian, Samoset, gave them some kernels of corn for seed, which they planted, and ever since Indian corn has been one of the principal farm products. But the land was new and unbroken and much hard work was needed to till the soil, besides they must watch at night against the Indians or they would steal upon them and burn or rob all. But as the years passed on the Indians were driven farther away, became more peaceable, and the inhabitants suffered much less from them. Wars and quarrels were so prevalent in England that many, many people found homes in the wilderness, so that from the little settlement at Plymouth the new country grew, till a mighty nation is formed.

Some other time we will review our little story, and I will see how much you remember, but now we will have our bed time candles brought. The old clock is pointing the hour, and we must say good night.

Thus ended Uncle Jasper's story and it was true. The early settlers of Plymouth did suffer many hardships and endure many privations. Heroic, indeed, is their history and worthy remembrance. The Pilgrims of the west occupy a famous place in history, and well they deserve it.

Uncle Jasper told us many things we have not forgotten, and the old house so replete with pleasant, sunny memories of childhood, is stored also with graven recollections of historic truths.

FACT GATHERINGS.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

BY U. U.

"Fact gatherings!" I hear some of you exclaim, "what is that, and where shall we go to find them?"

"To the newspapers, mostly," I reply, "and if you are on the lookout for them, you will find them abundantly scattered here and there, in almost any general family paper, while the facts themselves may prove most useful to keep, and to refer to, as occasion may require."

And so let me have a little talk about this, with the thousands of readers of this Journal, especially those who do not consider themselves too old or too wise to gather fragments in this way for future use.

In reading it is easy for any one to train the mental eye to take in at a glance what may be merely for passing entertainment, and what may be facts or statements worth remembering and preserving. Perhaps you have never begun to cut and save such scraps of facts. If you begin now, you will be astonished at the accumulation a single year of fact gathering will give you. Here, for instance, are a handful of scraps taken at random, showing something of the character of my own gatherings in this especial field of useful literature, the facts embracing science, literature, antiquity, and any general discovery or progress in the world's work and wisdom, while gatherings of another class, or of various classes, may be treated by themselves.

Here we have "Facts about the Human Body," "Origin of Our National Flag," "The New Process Flour," "Naphtha," "The First Greenback," "The World's

Largest Cities," "Pigeon English," and "Bonanza."

Now I wonder how many of my young readers can tell the origin of our flag, our stars and stripes, or if they have read about it can now remember the facts concerning it. And what is naphtha? Who use pigeon English, and can you recall the world's largest cities should you be asked what they were?

The truth is, we read so much and see so many statements that the mind fails to treasure up the particulars, and when we wish to substantiate a fact, we are not quite sure of our facts and figures as a general thing, unless we have some tangible statement to refer to. And though we may not be able to save facts upon every thing, nor would it, perhaps, be desirable, yet the gathering of such useful little pieces from the papers as they pass before us, may serve a good purpose to ourselves or others, as the time passes along.

Here, for instance, a high school student was given the subject of "Wheat" to write upon in connection with his school studies, and this item upon "The New Process Flour," which he had happened some little time before to cut from a paper, gave him just one of the facts he wanted to bring the manufacture of the grain to its latest improvement, and make his little essay more complete than it otherwise would have been.

Another time there was a rushing in from school to ask what there was in the house upon the "Electric Light," as its merits were to be discussed in the coming lyceum. And just here there happened to be several late cuttings upon Edison's experiments in the electric light, its discovery, and so forth, which helped to throw considerable light upon the subject for the young student, which might not otherwise have been readily obtained for the occasion.

Questions come up frequently, at home and at school, or among friends in conversation, upon which some definite information is desirable, and yet which may not be always found in books, even supposing one has encyclopedias and other books of reference at hand. For the world moves so fast, events are transpiring so rapidly, and progress is being made faster than it can be noted, that we must catch much from the daily and weekly press, as it comes to hand, to get the facts that are passing from day to day in the world of science and general progress and discovery.

Then old facts and bits of history are constantly being reproduced and scattered through the columns of not a few family journals, and are a mine of intelligence to thousands of families whose access to books is limited, and to young people in quiet country places, where the privileges of public libraries are denied, and books of reference are seldom to be found.

Now the very gathering of useful facts, even if never after used, is a benefit to young people, and to older ones, too, and a real help in the educational process which should go on through one's whole life time. It teaches one to note what may well be worth remembering, and by cutting and saving the brief article the fact will be more likely to be remembered. It also helps form a taste for useful reading, and quickens the perceptions in regard to matters connected with science, arts, discoveries and progress in the world's history.

It is said that the late President Garfield—one of the most scholarly men that ever has sat in the presidential chair—had a large amount of scraps cut from papers on a great variety of topics, and that he valued his scrap books as among the most prized in his large and well selected library. And to this very habit of

saving he owed much of the scholar that was in him, and may it not be that it helped him to the position which he gained among men and the statesmen of his age.

It is related of one public man that he said he had a scrap saved for twenty-five years, on some topic, and then after all those years it was just what he wanted to bring into a speech, and which he could not otherwise have laid his hands on.

Cuttings saved by one member of a family may be highly useful to another. Facts gathered by one generation may be of double value to some one in the next generation, and others besides one's own family circle, may often share in these benefits.

When reading the papers, one can note items of value to save, and it is well to just mark them; then after the paper is read the scraps may be cut before it is put away for waste paper. These cuttings may be put in a handy box, as it happens, then at leisure placed in more permanent form.

Almost any old ledger of good shape can be used for a scrap book, by removing some of the leaves, and if one does not wish to spend the time to paste and iron the scraps nicely, a less laborious method may be adopted. What is wanted are the facts, not so much a handsome book, though it may be neat and tasteful. There is so much to do in this world for many of us, that we must make such work as easy, and to take as little time as possible, while those who have the time and more to spare, can devote it to more painstaking methods of preserving their scraps.

I have found that by smoothing my cuttings, and then touching the top and bottom, and perhaps the middle, with a bit of mucilage or paste, and just pressing it on to my scrap book that I have it there secure enough for any purpose of reference, and at so little work as to make it possible to do it, as it might not be, in many cases, to make a painstaking scrap book.

These plain, matter-of-fact scraps I prefer to have in a book by themselves for more easy reference, while my various other scrap books I may, perhaps, talk about at another time. Meanwhile, let my young friends be gathering their facts, as such things are passing and lost every day.

SOME NOTIONS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

In the correspondence column of a recent Demorest's magazine, an anxious inquirer is told, when she desires to find out how she may, as she had read of women doing, earn \$2 per hour, "You have made the mistake of supposing that the results obtained under special circumstances, would be the same without them." That covers the ground. When we read of the successful workers at any business, we lose sight of the unsuccessful ones who are barely keeping soul and body together, even among men, and the same is true of women.

The secret of the whole subject lies in the exhortation that will bring success, if faithfully pondered over, and when sure of one's self, acted on. "First find out the one thing you can do best, and then find some one who wants it done for them." Find out the "special circumstances" of your case, and out of these you can secure results, but avoid the mistake of supposing because one woman in a hundred, or in five hundred, can write a novel, you can do so too, because one can succeed in any short cut to fame and fortune, you can follow her. She has probably gathered all the spoils there.

Each one who scorns the beaten track, must surmount the obstacles, and beat down for herself the path of fortune.

One of the lions in the way for many women is the having people know they wish to earn money. No man cares who knows he expects to be paid for his work, why should not a woman speak of her desire for a business, and why is it not as respectable for a woman as for a man to earn money? Women help to degrade women's labor. The teacher scorns her relative who is a laundress; the dress maker condescends to the saleswoman; the journalist patronizes the teacher; the woman of business considers that her talents elevate her to a position superior to the mass of struggling women, and place her on the much-to-be-desired equal footing with the opposite sex.

Every working woman should strive to elevate her occupation, and to elevate every woman with whom she comes in contact, to inspire the humblest, most ignorant, with a desire to do the best work of the kind they do, not to be dissatisfied with their work, but to do it so well that it shall be a pleasure as well as profit.

A working-women's union that shall recognize all workers as equal, and encourage those whose culture is deficient, to study and improve their one talent, is a much needed institution in all cities. Such a union, if it had a home, could aid women to find occupations, and at least give shelter when needed, to many who for want of it wander into sin and sorrow.

The parable of the talents wants to be taught! Young people want to find out what they can do, and then stick to it, despite the little vexations and annoyances that may come in their way. If they aspire to something they cannot yet do, do what they can, and learn the details of the new business patiently, waiting for the advance of wages till it is earned.

There are many suggestions given by writers of our day, as to various lines of home work outside of home duties, poultry and bees, fish and flowers, poultry and vegetables and small fruits, preserving, pickling, baking, and catering of all sorts to the stomachs of the people, who will always pay well for something they wish to eat. Then there are the many varieties of fancy and plain knitting, and of sewing of all sorts, the artistic needle-work now taught in all cities, and the many uses to which a ready pen or pencil may be put.

The ability to teach to others any one branch of knowledge, is better than a general smattering of all the sciences and logics, as many have realized to their sorrow, and a faculty for twisting and turning and combining, of making much of little with amiability and small expenditure of time, will insure the success of the dressmaker in any neighborhood.

Women have long ago begun to be doctors and dentists, but there is a great need, especially in country places, of more good nurses. Women who know enough to obey orders, and who have tact and judgment and good health, may well turn their attention to this branch of business. Doctors readily accord half the credit of many cases they are said to "bring through," to the "good nursing" their patient received. Why then should not the nurse occupy a social standing equal to that of the doctor? When such is the case our best women will be found at the bedside of our families, ministering to their wants, and relieving the anxious, weary watchers who are so often incapable from over-exertion and sadness, of carrying out the directions of the doctors.

All men cannot be famous nor attain to the high places and wealth of the few, why then should women despair of the measure of success they may earn, be-

cause they cannot be eminent financiers, or writers or artists. A genius in any line will rise to a place in her own circle, and will succeed finally in making money by it, but first must come the time of practice and study and trial, and wherever one is willing to put her time and talent to some one branch of business, she can and does make the special circumstances, and obtains the results desired.

No one realizes more surely than I, what a vexed question this, "How can I earn money, yet be housekeeper, wife and mother, seamstress, nurse and teacher to my own family?" is. Realizing the stern necessity, and coming down to the reality of every-day life, a way has been shown, and a measure of success been acquired, and out of the depths of such an experience, a word of encouragement is held out to every sister woman, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, despise not the humblest duty, it may be the very way for you to accomplish your greatest desire. Ask for help and strength from Our Father, and it will come.

AMERICAN FINANCES IN 1786.

BY JOHN FISKE.

Until 1785 no national coinage was established, and none was issued until 1793. English, French, Spanish, and German coins, of various and uncertain value, passed from hand to hand. Beside the ninepences and fourpence-half-pennies, there were bits and half-bits, pistareens, picayunes, and fips. Of gold pieces there were the johannes, or joe, the doubloon, the moidore, and pistole, with English and French guineas, carolins, ducats, and chequins. Of coppers there were English pence and half-pence, and French sous; and pennies were issued at local mints in Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The English shilling had everywhere degenerated in value, but differently in different localities; and among silver pieces the Spanish dollar, from Louisiana and Cuba, had begun to supersede it as a measure of value. In New England the shilling had sunk from nearly one-fourth to one-sixth of a dollar; in New York to one-eighth; in North Carolina to one-tenth. It was partly for this reason that in desiring a national coinage the more uniform dollar was adopted as the unit.

At the same time the decimal system of division was adopted instead of the cumbersome English system, and the result was our present admirably simple currency, which we owe to Gouverneur Morris, aided as to some points by Thomas Jefferson. During the period of the confederation, the chaotic state of the currency was a serious obstacle to trade, and it afforded endless opportunities for fraud and extortion. Clipping and counterfeiting were carried to such lengths that every moderately cautious person, in taking payment in hard cash felt it necessary to keep a small pair of scales beside him and carefully weigh each coin, after narrowly scrutinizing its stamp and deciphering its legend.

In view of all these complicated impediments to business on the morrow of a long and costly war, it was not strange that the whole country was in some measure pauperized. It is questionable if the war debt could have been paid even under a more efficient system of government. The cost of the war, estimated in cash, had been about \$170,000,000; and probably not more than \$30,000,000 of this ever got paid in any shape. The repudiation was wholesale because there was really no money to be had. The people were somewhat in the condition of Mr. Harold Skimpole. In many parts of the country, by the year 1786, the payment

of taxes had come to be regarded as an amiable eccentricity. At one moment, early in 1782, there was not a single dollar in the treasury.

That the government had in any way been able to finish the war, after the downfall of its paper money, was due to the gigantic efforts of one great man—Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania. This statesman was born in England, but he had come to Philadelphia in his boyhood, and had amassed an enormous fortune, which he devoted without stint to the service of his adopted country. Though opposed to the Declaration of Independence as rash and premature, he had, nevertheless, signed his name to that document, and scarcely any one had contributed more to the success of the war. It was he who supplied the money which enabled Washington to complete the great campaign of Trenton and Princeton. In 1781 he was made superintendent of finance, and by dint of every imaginable device of hard-pressed ingenuity he contrived to support the brilliant work which began at Cowpens and ended at Yorktown. He established the bank of North America as an instrument by which government loans might be negotiated.

In every dire emergency he was Washington's chief reliance, and in his devotion to the common weal he drew upon his private resources until he became poor; and in later years—for shame be it said—an ungrateful nation allowed one of its noblest and most disinterested champions to languish in a debtor's prison. It was of ill omen for the fortunes of the weak and disorderly confederation that in 1784, after three years of herculean struggle with impossibilities, this stout heart and sagacious head could no longer weather the storm. The task of creating wealth out of nothing had become too arduous and too thankless to be endured. Robert Morris resigned his place, and it was taken by a congressional committee of finance, under whose management the disorders only hurried to a crisis.

By 1786, under the universal depression and want of confidence, all trade had well nigh stopped, and political quackery, with its cheap and dirty remedies, had full control of the field. In the very face of miseries so plainly traceable to the deadly paper currency, it may seem strange that people should now have begun to clamor for a renewal of the experiment that had worked so much evil. Yet so it was. As starving men are said to dream of dainty banquets, so now a craze for fictitious wealth in the shape of paper money ran like an epidemic through the country. There was a Barmecide feast of economic vagaries; only now it was the several states that sought to apply the remedy, each in its own way. And when we have threaded the maze of this rash legislation, we shall the better understand that clause in our federal constitution which forbids the making of laws impairing the obligation of contracts. The events of 1786 impressed upon men's minds more forcibly than ever the wretched and disorderly condition of the country, and went far toward calling into existence the needful popular sentiment in favor of an overruling central government.—*Atlantic*.

THE ABSURD AND INCONGRUOUS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

It is related of Philip III., of Spain, that one day he observed from a balcony of his palace at Madrid, a student on the opposite bank of the Mongonares, convulsed with laughter over a book. "He must either be crazy," said the king, "or he must be reading Don Quixote." It was not so bad as the first; the young man was reading that imperishable work,

the absurdities of which have caused many generations since to laugh. Cervantes hit the vulnerable point of his age when he drew his ridiculous picture of the Knight of La Mancha. The common sense of the world had long rebelled against the mummeries of knight errantry, and the foolish books that still spoke of chivalry of which not a vestige remained. The utter absurdity of his book and the ludicrous and incongruous adventures that befell his hero, accomplished all that the author could have desired.

The pictures of old Dutch life at New Amsterdam, in the Knickerbocker history have made the very name of Dutchman seem funny ever since. Who will ever forget that portrait of the redoubtable Van Twiller, who was five feet and six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference, and who when erect looked, as the historian expresses it, "like a robustious beer barrel standing on skids." And all those other fat little Dutchmen depicted in those pages, though seeming like over drawn caricatures, are evidently drawn true to life. Still they amuse us none the less. What figures they must have been, those lusty, buxom frons, stuffed out with their short petticoats worn one over another, twelve being frequently worn at one time, with their quilted calico caps, their magnificently clocked stockings, and their huge, capacious pockets hanging outside their dresses! The very comicality of the description gives an air of ridiculousness to the whole of Knickerbocker life.

The Dutch tiles still seen in many a colonial mansion provoke to mirth often times, no less by the quaintness of their figures than by the incongruous disagreement between the statement and the historic fact.

There must have been a marvellous straining after effect, or is it to be credited to the mere exuberance of the designer's fancy that, in the portrayal of Scripture scenes, Adam and Eve are represented being driven out of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces, and where the Roman soldiers are guarding the tomb of Christ the whole quaternion are armed with modern muskets and bayonets, or in the picture of the wise men worshipping the infant Saviour, the travelers are drawn in large white surplices and cavalier's boots and spurs, while the oldest of them is in the act of presenting to Christ a model of a full rigged Dutch man-of-war.

To match these absurdities there is the story of an English family with great pride of ancestry, whose artistic display of heraldry included a representation of one of their ancestors going into the ark with the family record under his arm,

while in the background was a man shooting a snipe with a fowling piece.

The personal habits and manners of prominent people often have much of the odd and the absurd about them. Every one remembers poor Oliver Goldsmith's weakness for fine clothes and bright colors, and how he practiced physic in black velvet, and went to be ordained in scarlet breeches, while in his latter and more prosperous days he flourished in a suit of plum color and blue silk. The figures that he would present either in scarlet or blue silk could not be else than ridiculous.

Samuel Johnson, with his leviathan figure, lumbering gait, scarred features, bleared eyes, awkward manners, and the asthmatic gaspings and puffings with which his conversations usually ended, must have been one of the most uncouth and eccentric figures in literary history. It is said that his grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified the people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would

amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's prayer. Sometimes in his walks he would set his heart on touching every post in the street through which he passed; if by any chance he missed a post he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission.

Jeremy Bentham, the English judicial philosopher, was considered by his contemporaries "the queerest old man alive." Some of his conceits are certainly amusing enough. "In the warmest weather he wore thick leather gloves, and in the coldest a straw hat bound with the brightest of green ribbons. He used to sleep in a bag, and sometimes with most of his clothes on. 'It took less of sheeting,' he said." He was accustomed to throw off his lucubrations on bits of small papers written in the queerest hieroglyphics which no one could decipher without a long apprenticeship. These leaves, which he scattered right and left while upon his walks, were picked up by relays of young men who used to follow him all day for the purpose of gathering and preserving these Sibylline oracles.

THE BABY'S NAME.

In some countries there are very curious methods resorted to, in order to select a name for the baby. When a baby makes its appearance in a Copt family, and the parents wish to bestow a name on the little stranger, they light three candles, to each of which they give a name, the name of a saint being the last of the three. The light that burns the longest is the name given to the baby.

Among the Mohammedans the names are sometimes written on five slips of paper, which are placed in a book called the Koran; the first slip drawn out contains the name that is bestowed on the child. The Hindoo parents place two lamps over two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one selected.

In some countries the names of infants are changed after they have been given to them. Among the Germans this was sometimes the case if the baby was ill. The Japanese are said to change their names four times, according to the different periods of life. The Chinese give the baby a name when it is one month old; and then, when the baby grows up and gets married, his father gives him a new name. At one period, the Greek girl baby, when she grew to a woman and married, was obliged to resign her first name and take another.

In the early days of Rome the girl babies were not treated very politely. Instead of calling them by names, they designated them by letters. Little Valeria was called V., Marcia was M., and Cornelia was C. This was not very respectful to these Roman girl babies. But the Chinese were still more impolite to their little girls, for they were known in the family as 1, 2, 3, 4, according to their birth.

There are a good many superstitious ideas about giving names to babies. Among the ancient Greeks the baby was named when it was seven days old. There was a great feast held and sacrifices made to the gods. Names were attached to tapers, and it was considered an omen of long life to select the name attached to the taper which burnt the longest. At one time it was considered unlucky in Ireland to give a boy baby the name of his father, supposing it might shorten the parent's life; and some people thought that if they called the little girl baby Agnes she would certainly become crazy. An old philosopher, who ought to have known better, as it was Pythagoras himself, thought that it was

contained an uneven number of vowels. In Scotland it was supposed that if the baby died before it had been baptized and received its name, it would not rest quietly in its grave, but would wander about the dreary solitudes lamenting its fate.

In olden times people thought much more of names than they do now. There are not many gentlemen who would refuse to marry a lady because her name is not pleasing to them. Yet this was done by a king. Louis VIII. of France sent to the court at Madrid for a wife. The elder daughter was selected by her parents to marry the king, but when he heard that her name was Uricca, which means magpie, he refused to marry her, and chose her less pretty sister Blanche, known as Blanche of Castile. When the parents of Uricca gave the baby this name they little thought that it would lose her a throne.

THE USE OF UNPOPULAR WORDS AND PHRASES.

BY A. P. REED.

Some people have a habit of selecting the most unpopular words in the language to convey their ideas, not only in conversation, but particularly in public address. And not only this, but also a habit of giving their words the rarest pronunciation. The evil of this is twofold. In the first place one is not so easily understood, and, secondly, attention is called so much to the speaker's choice of words that a proper reception of his ideas is impossible. Thus much of the power of such a speaker is lost on the air. He breathes and exercises his vocal organs to comparatively no purpose, unless, perchance, his chief object is to exhibit linguistic ability, and even then it is a questionable method, for does not he who knows best the use of the simpler and commoner words and phrases of our language give evidence of the truest ability?

Mere words, though skillfully linked together, do not necessarily imply greatness or learning, as it may be the power of a simpleton in whom it is only a gift. Neither does the power to clothe ideas in the oddest words and phrases, signify true ability, for it may be the acquirement of an unreasoning individual, and in whomsoever found indicates at least that the man lacks one element for complete success. Let no man search his dictionary, thus to express himself, for it is not only wasting his own time, but that of by far the larger part of his hearers as well. In the origination of ideas, dig deep for the gold, and in clothing them in words, remember that in this as in other things, the simplest are the best—that mental superiority is shown more in the depth of the idea than in its dress.

I do not oppose the use of an uncommon word, if perchance the popular one is in bad taste. There is a little liberty to be allowed here, for sometimes the popular thing is the wrong thing—quite often perhaps—but with the exception of such instances, I would advise the use of the simpler and the commoner words, as giving the man the means to be quickest understood, and insuring the greatest economy of time.

At best the English language is full of awkward orthography, its simplest words being filled with silent letters, and a superfluity of letters any way, and the best policy a writer or speaker can adopt, is to use the simple words spelled in the simplest way allowable.

Referring to this matter of spelling, I would say that it might be remodelled somewhat, and comparatively easy, if our newspapers would take the matter in hand, and helping one another along in the matter, always print their words spelled in the easiest way.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

We often hear of the "good old days of yore." Why deprive our children of the enjoyment of those old days? Why not pass a law forbidding steamboats from plowing the waters; railroads from running on land, telegraphs from sending messages, telephones from being used; all furnaces, steam heaters, etc., to be taken out of houses and other buildings, all grates for burning coal to be taken out, all stoves to be melted for old iron, all water-works in cities to be left empty; the use of all gas and other illuminations, except dipped tallow candles, to be disused, and really go back to the "good old times," say for five years.

Then, if at midnight on a cold, stormy night, a doctor is wanted, he must be sent for instead of telephoning for him. If one wished to send a message to a distance, instead of telegraphing, he must write a letter and send it by stages to its distant place, and wait patiently for days or weeks for the answer. When one goes home on a freezing night he can sit by a wood fire, roasting on one side while freezing the other, and reading by the dim light of a tallow dip, instead of the blaze of a gaslight or the more agreeable light of kerosene. If he undertakes a journey, instead of getting into the cars and going where he wishes, the best he can do is to take a stage at four times the cost and ten times the discomfort of the cars. Let these and other modern improvements be forbidden and "good old days" be brought back, how long would it be before an extra session of the legislature would be demanded to knock "the good old days" into splinters, and to restore the much better modern days which we now enjoy and for which we ought to be most devoutly thankful?—*Bridgeport Sentinel*.

VARIOUS USES OF CELLULOID.

The extent to which celluloid is now utilized as a substitute in the arts and industries is something remarkable. The material is produced in rods, tubing, sheets and rolls, and among its various manufactured forms are brushes, combs, mirrors, and toilet articles in imitation of ivory, coral and amber; collars and cuffs, jewelry, cork screws, card cases, powder boxes, paper knives, thimbles, restaurant checks, shoe hooks and horns, napkin rings, mouth-pieces for pipes, parasol, umbrella and cane handles, etc., in imitation of coral, ivory, malachite, tortoise shell, amber, lapis lazuli, agate, carnelian, etc.; piano keys and organ stop knobs, in imitation of ivory; white and colored letters for signs, monograms, and trade marks; stereotype plates and type and wood cuts, moldings and veneers for picture frames, show cases, cornices, panels, etc., in white and colors; mountings for spectacles, eyeglasses, opera-glasses, etc., substituting and imitating hard rubber, horn, tortoise shell, etc., handles for table cutlery, plates for artificial teeth, trimmings, whip handles, and pencil cases, statuettes, rollers for skates, spoons and forks, etc.

This list might be indefinitely extended in the line of things alike useful and ornamental, the claim being also made that the substitute is better adapted for these purposes than is the original.—*New York Sun*.

—The within makes the without. This applies with force to the home. It is true the same house may hold an exacting husband and a forgiving wife; a kind brother and a selfish sister; an indifferent child and a watchful parent; yet from this home soil is developed a family life as distinct as any physical type which can be easily traced from child to parent.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use as gifts among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgement on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap and no other for laundry purposes ever since I commenced house-keeping a dozen years ago, and by my refusal to take a substitute have induced three dealers at least to keep it who had not previously, and have continually recommended it during that period. Of course this was done in the interest of myself and friends, without expectation of other benefit than that derived from the soap itself, for I consider that in giving to the public an article of such assured and unvaried excellence Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co. have done it the greatest possible service. I have lately, however, been saving the wrappers with a view of sending for some music, but the offer of the dictionary attracted my notice and I prefer that. I have written to Cragin & Co. asking them to kindly inform me if the wrappers must be whole to secure it. In conclusion I wish to say that I never use a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap without feeling that the manufacturers have done me a personal favor, for it has given me so many hours to devote to more congenial occupations and so lightened a labor which before was most distasteful. I suppose your corresponding clerk alone will get the benefit of this eulogy, but a woman will have her say even though she knows the waste paper basket will be her only auditor. Truly,

MRS. G. B. PERHAM.

Ravenswood, Cook Co., Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I like Dobbins' Electric Soap very much; it makes nice suds, and for bleaching clothes I never saw its equal. It is splendid.

MRS. JAS. WEEKS.

Noank, Ct., April 19th, 1886.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their *full name and address*, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want the present address of Miss Annie M. Van Doren, who was at Peaks of Otter, Va., with Liberty, Va., as post office address. Will she or some sister please send it to me?

MRS. J. C. LEDBETTER.

Salisbury, N. C.

If A. C. B., in January number, will write to me I will make or give directions for a gentle- man's scarf.

ROSE GOULD.

Heath, Mass.

Mrs. O. F. Buffe, Franklin, Morgan Co., Ill., would like to correspond with any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band living in or near St. Andrew's Bay, Fla.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the lady who wrote a letter from Dakota signed Louise, in the September number, 1884, please send her address to me?

ANNA M. WILLIAMS.

Gurleyville, Tolland Co., Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the sisters of the Band please send me their postal autographs?

MISS JENNIE JONES.

Will Loraine kindly send her address to me? Winthrop, Mass. MRS. WM. H. HOWLAND.

'TIS NOTHING BUT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

WHO CARES TO READ IT.

The public are under the impression, that it is the common practice of many proprietors of Patent Medicines to manufacture their testimonials and interviews as well as goods, and often one is about as reliable and as near the truth of their representations as the other.

As an instance *apropos* of this, it was related, that in a large city, recently, an Advertising Agent was visited by one of the proprietors of a new bottled remedy, with a peculiar trade-mark, and offered a large advertisement, to insert in a selected number of papers over the country. The advertisement contained many astonishing testimonials, signed with names having long, high sounding titles appended to them.

The Advertising Agents asked if these testimonials were *bona fide*, and would the persons named answer a letter written to them?

"Oh, no," was the reply; "they are fictitious, like all such testimonials are. But that makes no difference; we are responsible for that, and are willing to pay your price for your work according to contract."

"No, sir; we do not do that kind of business."

"Why, sirs, you advertise for a popular firm in this city, who protect their goods by their trade-mark!"

"That is very true; but we know that every testimonial they offer and we publish is genuine, and the writers can be reached and their statements can all be verified."

So it is true of Drs. Starkey & Palen. There is not a testimonial published by that firm or caused to be printed by them, but what was written by the patient, or for them by their relative or friend as represented by the testimonial; and this truth is easily substantiated by writing to the firm of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and requesting the name and post office address of any one of a particular testimonial. The following were written by the well-known Editor of the "New South," published at Birmingham, Alabama, who can vouch for their correctness:

(2 W., 304.) "BIRMINGHAM ALA., } Nov. 1, 1886. }

Dear Sirs:—People who are afflicted with disease and are disposed to resort to your great remedy, naturally desire to know if its cures are lasting.

In my own case, my experience is very satisfactory. I had *dyspepsia* for over ten years, which for six years degenerated into a most painful and distressing form. I could get no relief from the usual remedies, but was *permanently restored to health* by one month's use of the Oxygen.

Mr. C. A. Gibson, of Aberdeen, Miss., was induced by me some two years ago to use Compound Oxygen. He had for several years suffered from *catarrh, headache*, etc., and was greatly reduced in health and strength. He found speedy relief and permanent cure. I am told that he is to-day the very picture of good health.

My brother had, some years ago, a severe attack of *Asthma*. It returned every fall, and for two months or more he suffered severely. In September last he was again attacked, but resorted to the Oxygen Treatment, and in two weeks was completely relieved.

Another instance of the wonderful remedial power of Compound Oxygen will, I hope, go far towards satisfying public confidence in it. Mr. E. B. Ward, one of the oldest citizens of Columbus, Miss., has for more than thirty years been a sufferer from *rheumatic gout* in its most painful form. He was subject to attacks which confined him to his bed for months, and for weeks at a time suffered the most excruciating pain. During one of these attacks, in July last, when he had given up all hope, and frequently said that death was preferable to such a life of pain and suffering, I induced him to use Compound Oxygen, and with very fine effect.

Any one desiring to know more of this remarkable remedy, can send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for their new Brochure, called "Compound Oxygen, its Mode of Action and Results," which will be sent free by return mail.

WHAT "ROSAMOND E." SAYS ABOUT THE PILLOW-INHALER.

"As the Pillow-Inhaler has been continuously advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD, I think it may be of interest to the Band to know that while in Philadelphia, I visited the office of the Company and realized how large a number of Pillows they are handling.

I have used the Pillow-Inhaler and know from experience that it is a *bona-fide* cure for *catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, colds, etc.*

My daughter has been completely cured by its use and I can freely advise any one suffering from such ailments to send for a pamphlet and read the detailed particulars for themselves. The address is The Pillow-Inhaler Co., 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. "ROSAMOND E."

A Lady Agent.—One in a town can obtain a constant income with an article for which, when once introduced, customers will come to her. An easy, pleasant, profitable, and best of all, a permanent business. Address with stamp, H. G. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich. Mention this paper.

The W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe is too well known all over the country to require any comments from us; but we would like to call attention to the \$2.50 Shoe for gentlemen, and the \$2 for boys. Each line of these goods will be kept to the full standard of excellence which makes his Shoes so popular, and the improvements recently made in his \$3 Shoe give it the lead over all others.

When the blood is impure or impoverished, boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and various other diseases are developed. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, invigorates, and vitalizes the blood, and restores vigorous health.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

"Hotels and Private Families marking their Linen with Payson's Indelible Ink are using the best."—Tribune. All druggists keep it.

Good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Best cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Get the genuine; Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston, Prop's.

— "What college do you intend sending your son to?" asked one gentleman of another. "I thought of sending him to Harvard, but now I am thinking more favorably of Columbia." "Indeed! Why have you changed your opinion?" "Well, Columbia outwore Harvard at the recent trial. You see, I want my son to have the best education the country affords."

You Can Learn How to Get Rich

by sending your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you full information about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are located. Work adapted to all ages and both sexes. \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards easily earned. Some have earned over \$50 a day. All succeed grandly. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Delay not. All of the above will be proved to you, and you will find yourself on the road to a handsome fortune, with a large and absolutely sure income from the very start.

In consequence of winter diet and lack of open air exercise, the whole physical mechanism becomes impaired. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy, in the spring of the year, to strengthen the appetite, invigorate the system, and expel all impurities from the blood.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

— "What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why, you see my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion; it is as palatable as milk and easily digested. Delicate people improve rapidly with its use. For Consumption, Throat affections and Bronchitis it is unequalled. Dr. THOS. PRIM, Ala., says: "I used Scott's Emulsion on a child eight months old; he gained four pounds in a month."

— It is very strange that a boy's hands blister so much sooner when he is wielding a hoe, than they do when he swings a baseball bat.—Texas Siftings.

Keep sweet your breath—if maid or wife, Or old or young, or large or small,

If you have any hope in life,—

If you have any friends at all,

Keep sweet your breath—and heed the warning,

Use SOZODONT each night and morning!

Like the Perfume Wafted

from beds of flowers is the breath that has been rendered agreeably odorous with SOZODONT, which communicates to the teeth a marble whiteness, and to the gums a roseate tint. Use it, and beautify your mouth.

Increase the appetite by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They cause the stomach, liver, and bowels to perform their functions properly, do not debilitate, by excessive stimulation, and are not irritating in their action. As an after-dinner Pill they are unequalled.

Settled Consumption Cured.

Several years ago a severe cold settled on my lungs. The most popular physician that ever practiced here attended me for a long time, but to no avail. After a consultation he said I had settled consumption and gave me up. I was advised so try Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, and to my own and friend's astonishment, it cured me, and I am now a well, hearty man.—Thomas D. Palme, Jeweler, Woonsocket, R. I. For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

Mother's, teething and fretful children need Dr. Arnold's Soothing and Quieting Cordial. Drug-gists, 25c.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

One might as well try to stem the rapids of Niagara, as to expect perfect health while a Scrofulous taint exists in the blood. Through its alterative and purifying properties, Ayer's Sarsaparilla removes every vestige of Scrofulous poison from the blood.

KENSINGTON Lustra and Hand PAINTING! A NEW BOOK!

Finely Illustrated. Contains full directions for this beautiful and popular work.

KENSINGTON PAINTING is done with pens instead of brushes. This book tells what Pens and Paints to use; gives a Description of the Terms and Materials used; tells how to mix paints in the Preparation of Tints and Shades; also has an *Illustrated description of color to use in painting Roses, Pond Lilies, Golden Rod, Pansies, Cat-Tails, Clematis, Azalias, Fuchsias, Suniac, Wheat, Japan Lily, Forget-me-nots, Thistles, Leaves, Birds, Owls, Storks, etc.* The Instructions for LUSTRA PAINTING are written by the well-known artist, LIDA CLARKSON, and it is needless for us to add that the directions given are full and complete, and so plain that it will be easily understood how to do this fascinating work. The Instructions for HAND PAINTING give Directions for Painting on Silk, Satin, Plush, Velvet, Felt, Bolting, etc. This book is FULLY ILLUSTRATED with artistic designs.

Price only 25 Cts. 5 for \$1.00. Circulars free. Kensington Painting Outfit, \$1.50. Lustra Painting Outfit, \$8.00. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.



Infantile Loveliness

No mother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity, and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood,—should fail to make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a speedy, wholesome, and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimplies to scrofula.

Have just used your CUTICURA REMEDIES on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

CHARLES MCKAY, Peabody, Mass.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Music Given Away

To introduce WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY (1.00 per year) and our new Catalogue of Sheet Music in every family having a piano or organ, we will on receipt of 20c. for postage, send free samples with ten complete pieces of our very latest popular Vocal and Instrumental music, full size, (11 1/2 x 13 inches) printed one legant heavy music paper and would cost \$4.00 at music stores. We also publish the latest success.

THE NIGHT BIRDS COOING, A very popular and beautiful waltz song mailed for 60c. WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., 842 & 844 Broadway, New York.

Flower Seeds. Free Blooming. Boston Collection. 25 Pkgs. Flower Seeds, With Colored Plate of Same, Mailed to any Address for \$1.00. 224 Page Catalogue, Seeds and Tools beautifully Illustrated with Colored Plates and a 10 ct. package of WILD FLOWER Garden Seeds sent to any address for 10c.

OLD RELIABLE SEED STORE. PARKER & WOOD, 49 No. Market St., Boston. Mention this paper.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 436 Album verses. All for a 20c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 12 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 12 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send until further notice, garment cut from cloth ready to make, Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultney, Vt.

CHEAPEST LIST—Of Plants, Seeds, and Cuttings, in America. List Free. CHAS. W. BUTTERFIELD, Florist & Seedsman, Bellows Falls, Vt.

BABY'S WARDROBE Complete. The most stylish, perfect fitting garments to be had. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50 cts. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50 cts., with directions. One garment free with each set. NEW ENGLAND PATTERN CO., 2, Rutland, Vt.

SEND NOW!

All in want of GARDEN SEEDS for spring, will find it to their advantage to send 20c. in stamps at once for a trial lot of my seed raised in Maine. Supply limited but choice. Address, A. P. REED, So. Bridgton, Maine.

"GET THE BEST."

After having used the "Welcome Soap" for years, let me say to the sisters of the "Band" that I am perfectly satisfied with it. I never saw any ill effects upon the clothes or my hands. A trial will insure its continued use according to my experience.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

LADIES, send 10c. for our package of CRAZY PATCH WORKSILK. THE CALL, Dorchester, Mass.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES. 5 NEEDLES for 10 cts. stamps. Name kind and sizes. WILLIAMS NEEDLE CO., CHELSEA, MASS.

PAPER FLOWERS. An illustrated book teaching the art of making paper flowers, samples made up and material for making one dozen flowers sent post-paid for 25 cents.

CAPITOL ART CO., Hartford, Conn.

Painless Parturition Possible. Tokology, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., is a noble book for a noble purpose. Sample pages FREE. 60,000 sold. Mor. \$2.75. SANITARY PUB. CO., Chicago.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. A. L. Woods, Harwich, Mass., will exchange actinolite, white feldspar, iron pyrites, Quincy granite, etc., for agate, jasper, augite, and other specimens. Write first.

Mrs. M. L. Worthen, W. Charleston, Vt., offers whole vols. of Youth's Instructor, and Good Health, for The Illustrated Christian Weekly, or useful books for children.

Mrs. W. E. Walden, Watervliet, Mich., will exchange sheet music (new), "The Last Hymn," for "Drifting Away," or some other song. Write first.

Mrs. H. Wales, 188 John St., Bridgeport, Conn. will exchange paintings on satin, or other material, for foliage of the fir balsam for making pillows, or for mittens.

Mrs. M. DeHart, Noblesville, Hamilton Co., Ind., has a variety of gladioli to exchange for hardy bulbs, also hydrangea for honeysuckle or clematis. Write first.

Mrs. C. J. White, Robinson, Brown Co., Kans., will exchange large stamping patterns and stamped burlap rugs, for articles for girls' clothing, ages two to seven.

Mrs. M. A. Holcombe, 31 Catharine St., Elizabeth, N. J., would like arrasene, chenille, or embroidery silk, in exchange for stamping, if material is sent.

Mrs. E. Butler, Greenville, Ill., will exchange advertising and visiting cards, with or without name, and stereoscopic views for tidies, rugs and other useful and fancy articles.

Miss Lou Seymour, Santa Paula, Ventura Co., Calif., will exchange sea moss, kelp, agates, ferns, pepper berries, for cabinet specimens, old magazines, or hand made lace.

Mrs. Emma Graves, Lilac, Milam Co., Texas, will exchange Sunday Magazine, for 1880, for four balls old gold macrame cord or four hanks Germantown, brown and red, or brown.

Mattie F. Underwood, Flat Shoals, Ga., will exchange rare minerals, for sea shells, aloes, coral, sea mosses or specimens of any kind.

Tabitha D. Hall, Harrisville, Harrison Co., Ohio, will exchange patterns of pony, dog, pig, sheep, cat, and duck, for one skein of white Saxony yarn for hood.

Mrs. A. C. Duff, box 164, Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Pa., will exchange cabinet specimens for tuberous rooted wistaria, or cinnamon vine bush.

Mrs. Ella M. Packard, Galena, Dak., will exchange Black Hills specimens for an assortment of sea shells.

Miss Eugenia T. Folsom, Colona, Woodruff Co., Ark., will exchange root of grass something like erythranthus for tubers of the cinnamon vine.

A. M. Smith, box 108, Jewell City, Jewell Co., Kans., will exchange patterns of kitchen and sewing aprons for sea mosses, shells, Kensington painting, crazy work material, etc.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

Some things have to grow up with the country.

It is a national characteristic to call every new thing a humbug until it becomes an habitual fact. The telegraph took a whole generation to get there. No one believed a nine-inch iron-walled ship would float until Erickson made it. So was the world flat. There is but one exception to this. The Moxie Nerve Food, for tired-out, nervous, overworked women, took at once. Then the men took it on the faith of the women, and the churches and moral associations endorsed it when it began to save the drunkards, made no morbid appetites, produced no harm and gave a lasting and much better result than stimulants. The company who make it receive bushels of commendations every month, but think it best not to publish them while the Moxie speaks so well for itself. It is certainly the most remarkable of all the new remedies, covering a useful field none of the others do, and everybody that feels tired takes it, and don't stop.

Ladies, send to the old Combination Pat. Co., and get Pat. that are always reliable. Ad. elsewhere.

The gloomy fears and the weariness of soul, of which so many complain would disappear if the blood were made more healthy before it reaches the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood, and thus conduces to health of body and mind.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Halford Sance the most delicious relish.

For Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia. Sciatica, bathe the parts affected freely with Perry Davis'

PAIN KILLER taking also a teaspooon. Full in sugar and water 3 times a day, and you'll get relief at once and a

Cure after faithful use of this remedy.

Pain Killer

Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Frost Bite.

DRESS REFORM

ALPHA UNDERGARMENTS OF JERSEY-FITTING MATERIAL MADE TO ORDER.

EQUIPOISE. Vest and Drawers separate or in one. Scarlet and white all wool. Heavy & light merino. Samples of material sent on application. READY-MADE UNION UNDERGARMENTS—Vest and Drawers in one. EQUIPOISE. Emanicipation, Dress Reform & Comfort Waists. Corded Waists a Specialty. Shoulder Brace and Corset combined. Obstetric Bandages, etc. New Illustrated Catalogue Free.

Mrs. A. Fletcher, 6 East 14th St., N. Y.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS.

Any person writing to the American Express Co., in Boston, inquiring about us, will receive a reply concerning our reliability, and particularly referring to our readiness to refund money at buyer's request for any cause, even when it is clearly the buyer's fault in measuring. We are so seldom called upon to thus buy back our goods that we can well afford to make this offer, for that privilege and the general excellence of these famous pants have won us the confidence of mail buyers from Maine to California. We also refer to 30 of the leading weekly papers of the land.

Send us 6 cts. for package of samples and rules for self-measurement. Will include

good linen tape-measure if you will mention this paper. Or if you cannot wait to see samples, tell us about what color you prefer and send your inside leg and waist measurements, together with \$3.00, and 35 cents postage and packing, and we will take entire risk of pleasing you, sending them by mail or prepaid express.

At our office may be seen thousands of testimonials, like the following from Dist. Attorney Neal, of Clifton, Dakota, who writes:—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the two pairs of pants reaching me to-day; they are an excellent fit, I may say perfect in every particular—substantial and well-made, with good, deep pockets of heavy material, and are much better than I expected. The same pants, poorly made, would cost here \$6.00 to \$7.00. Many of my friends have examined them, and you will get numerous orders here.

You may put me down as a regular customer.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 81 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER.

Sells rapidly. PAYS BIG. 350,000 sold. Agents wanted. Local or traveling. Sample free. R. W. MONTRROSS, Galien, Mich., Sole Mfr.

63 LARGE Scrap Pictures, Easter Doves and Crows, Pan-

cles & 15 Fancy Name Cards (name on) 10c & 21 Sam-

ples of Cards & Scraps, 5c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

FRUIT FROM THE TROPICS.

The banana, orange, lemon and pineapple might almost be termed naturalized so common have they become. But there are other fruits which are so very foreign that we have no English names for them. There is the zapote, for example, which grows in Mexico, South America and the West Indies. The flavor of this fruit is sweet and pleasant. No care is required to bring it to maturity. It is as wild as the acorn, though more toothsome. Another foreign fruit is the caiimitos, which grows on a tree as large as our apple tree. This is served for dessert and has a mildly tart flavor. From Peru comes the chirimoyas. Larger than the apple is the mamayes. This has a rough skin and pink interior, and is coarse in flavor. In shape it resembles somewhat the pumpkin. Widely known is guava jelly, which is made from the guava fruit, which grows wild, and is much like the apple in firmness, although resembling in appearance the apricot. With most Northerners it is an acquired taste, being considered at first rather too sweet. Of the grape-fruit class is the fruta bomba. The outer covering of this is quite bitter and must be removed from the pulp, which is most delicious.

By the various names of aguacates, avagodo pear and alligator pear is known a peculiar fruit, shaped like a large pear and weighing sometimes as much as three pounds. The shell is smooth and tough. In the center is a large pit about as hard as a horse chestnut. A curious thing about the pit is the fact that it will make a brownish mark which is indelible. This avagodo pear is also called subaltern's butter, for which it makes an excellent substitute. It is made into a salad in the West Indies and is a popular dish, being much affected by the soldiers. The mango, or West India peach, stands very high among tropical fruits. It has a smooth skin and is of brilliant hues, green, gold and crimson. There is at first a slight suggestion of turpentine in its flavor, but to this one soon becomes accustomed, and all find it a most delightful fruit.

Of course the orange and banana come to us in the greatest perfection. They can be plucked green and will ripen on the voyage, which cannot be done with the pineapple. Larger than the banana is the plantain, which it resembles. In southern countries it is much used for cooking purposes, being baked or fried like our apples, and is a staple article of food. The cassava, or bread fruit, is not often imported. From this is made cassava bread, the chief food of the poorer classes. The yucca and the yam are roots of the potato variety, much esteemed by the negroes. In their season many of these fruits may be purchased in New York, and the demand for them is increasing.

"Ah," said the summer tourist, leaning over the fence and addressing the farmer, "may I make bold to inquire what that great quantity of green vegetation over there is?" "Cert'nly, mister, that's corn." "Ah, thanks. And those large animals over the fence, they are, er—" "Cows, my friend, every one of 'em cows. Say, you don't seem to be very well posted on these 'ere things." "Perhaps not. The fact is, my business has kept me so closely confined that this is the first chance I've had to go out in the country" "Running a bank, or something like that?" "No, sir; I am editor on an agricultural paper. I have held that position for thirty years."

—A philosopher who had married an ignorant girl used to call her "brown sugar," because he said she was sweet but unrefined.

IS THERE ANY HOPE?

NEW AND IMPORTANT OPINIONS OF PULMONARY EXPERTS! CAN THE UNIVERSAL CONSUMPTION BE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED?

Dr. Borgeon, a leading French doctor, has a new treatment for consumption!

He gives an enema of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen gases, the latter gas carrying the former into every part of the throat and lungs.

This treatment, too, is directed at effects—the cause remains undisturbed.

What this cause is has been stated by perhaps the highest pulmonary authority in the world, *i. e.*, the Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, in London, Eng.

This malady every year carries off from one-seventh to one-fifth of the entire population of England!

Dr. Payne, M. D., M. R. C. P., London, is authority for this statement.

The same or a greater proportion of deaths obtains in America.

Dr. Payne also says that one-half the total number of deaths from all other causes have seeds of this disease in the system which only require some irritant to develop!

Dr. Hermann Brehmer, an eminent German authority, says that consumption is caused by deficient nutrition of the lungs, by poor blood.

These authorities cannot be disputed. The medical world recognizes them. The uric acid is the irritant in the blood that causes the development of the seeds which Dr. Brehmer says lie dormant in the blood.

Every particle of blood which passes through the lungs and heart, also goes through the kidneys, and if they are in the least deranged they cannot rid the blood of its killing poison. The thousand little hair-like sewer tubes of the kidneys very easily get blocked up and diseased; and when they do, they corrupt instead of purifying the blood. Kidney disease may exist, and yet no pain occur in that organ, because it is deficient in nerves of sensation.

Dip your finger in acid every day and it soon festers and is destroyed. Send acid poisoned blood through the lungs every second, and they soon give way.

The Brompton Hospital investigation showed that 52 per cent. of the victims of consumption were afflicted with deranged kidneys, which permitted the uric acid poison to remain in the blood and irritate the lungs. This uric acid is always fighting every vital organ, and if there be any inherent weakness in the lungs it inevitably causes pneumonia, cough and consumption.

The real cause of pulmonary troubles being so authoritatively shown to be faulty even though unsuspected action of the kidneys, explains why, in order to master the dreaded consumption, one must rid the blood of the uric acid irritant which inflames and burns up the lung substance. For this purpose there is nothing equal to that great specific, Warner's safe cure. This remedy has now the favor of medical men all over the world purely on its merits. We have no doubt that if the kidneys are kept in natural action, consumption and a great many other diseases, caused by uric acid, will not only be cured but will be prevented.

When the kidney is healthy, no albumen appears in the water, but albumen is found in the water of more than half of those who die of consumption!

This, then, is the condition of things that always precedes consumption: First, weakened kidneys; second, retained uric acid, poisoning the blood; third, the development of disease in the lungs by the irritant acids passing through them. Then there is a little cough in the morning; soon thick, yellow matter is spit up, followed by loss of flesh and strength,

with dreadful night sweats; and when the patient goes to his school physician for help, he is put on cod liver oil which his stomach, weakened also by uric acid in the blood, cannot digest. Because there is no pain present in the kidneys, the patient does not think they are affected, but the kidney acid is doing its work every minute, every hour, day and night, and by-and-by the disease of the lungs has advanced until pus is developed, then come hemorrhages, and at last the glassy stare which denotes that the end is near!

A post-mortem examination of such cases shows that the terrible uric acid has completely destroyed the substance of the lung.

It is impossible to cure lung disease when the blood is poisoned with uric acid.



Restores original luster and finish to the shoe. Only Dressing that will produce a Polish without shrinking, cracking, or hardening the leather. Each Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. Gold Medal received at New Orleans for superiority over all others. Your Shoe Dealer has it. Manufactured by GEO. H. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as PREMIUMS to those who GET UP CLUBS or purchase TEA and COFFEE in large quantities, DINNERS and TEA SETS, GOLD-BAND SETS, SILVER-WARE, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 cents to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day, SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums, with \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$11 orders. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 44 pieces, or DINNERS SETS of 18 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a HOST of other Premiums. We carry the largest stock, and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in the world. Send postal (and mention this paper) for our large illustrated price and premium list, of 96 pages, containing also CASH PRICES for our premiums, at LESS than Wholesale Prices. As to our reliability, we are pleased to refer to the publishers of this paper.

C. L. DOUGLAS & CO.,
801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Fancy Work Materials.

25 SKEINS Imported Embroidery Silk, *assorted colors*, for 15 cts. 25 Skeins Imported Floss, *assorted colors*, for 17 cts. 25 skeins Shaded Embroidery Silk, *assorted colors*, for 20 cts. A package of Florence Waste Embroidery Silk, *assorted colors*, for 25 cts. Silk Shade Cards, showing 300 shades to select colors from, price 15 cts. A package of Plush and Velvet Pieces for *Crazy Patchwork* for 30 cts. A package of Ribbon Remnants for 20 cts.

STAMPED GOODS!

FELT TIDIES, size 14 x 18 in., 15c. FRINGED LINEN TIMES, 14c. FRINGED LINEN SPLASHERS, 25c. Prices of FANCY WORK BOOKS greatly reduced!

Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

SMALL'S CALF FEEDER

This NEW article is appreciated and approved by all progressive Farmers and Stock Raisers. The calf *sucks its food slowly*, in a perfectly natural way, thriving as well as when fed on its own mother. Circulars free.

SMALL & MATTHEWS
21 South Market Street, BOSTON, MASS.



Atlas of the World, 25c.

192 pages; 94 maps, 60 colored diagrams. Complete railroad map of every State, territory and country in the world, with statistical tables, etc., etc. Size, 334 x 6 inches. Sells rapidly: 150 have been sold in a single school. Agents wanted. Remit for sample. Usual discount. RAND, McNALLY & CO., 148 Monroe St., Chicago, or 323 Broadway, N. Y.



EGGS FOR HATCHING
25 Varieties of Land and Water Fowls. Illustrated catalogue FREE. Address, J. L. MOCK, South High Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO.



S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the Twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts, representing the Leading Styles in Ladies' Toilets, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months: besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

Single Copy, 6c. Yearly Subscription, 50c.

S. T. TAYLOR, Publisher,
930 Broadway, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1801.



This excellent article is admitted to be the standard preparations for all purposes connected with the hair. It prevents its falling off, eradicates scur, dandruff, &c., and keeps it in the most beautiful condition. Its use renders the use of oil, pomatum or any other preparation quite superfluous. It is richly perfumed with the most delicious floral fragrance, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE.

Stylish, Durable, Easy Fitting. The best \$3 Shoe in the World.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE

equal to the \$3 Shoe advertised by other firms.

Our \$2



SHOE FOR BOYS gives great satisfaction. The above are made in Button, Congress and Lace, all styles of toe. Every pair warranted; name and price stamped on bottom of each shoe. No others genuine. Sold by 2,000 dealers throughout the U. S. If your dealer does not keep them, send name on postal to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass., for free information. Shoes mailed, postage free.

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DIGESTYLIN

—FOR—

Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR

Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 physicians have sent to us the most flattering opinions upon Digestylin as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for PHYSICIANS' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and PHYSICIANS generally. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or

W. M. KIDDER & CO.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,

83 John St., N. Y.

ALL FOR 24 CENTS

We must reduce our stock in the next three months, and for 60 DAYS offer the following for only 24 Cents: 100 Pictures and Popular Music, full size, finely printed, 200 Elegant Designs in Outlines for Stamping and Embroidery, and 200 Songs, including all the themes from the MIKADO, as well as "DREAM FACES," "LOVE, LOVE LOVE," "AILING," etc., etc., a large collection of New Hobbies and Conundrums, over 250, just the thing for picnic and social parties. 250 Motto Verses, just slides; 27 Tricks in Magic, 100 Puzzles, all kinds, 25 Popular Games, a Secret Alphabet, 200 Amusing, Interesting and Mysterious Pictures, the Great Game of Fortunes Told, etc., etc. We will send all of the above in one package to any address, prepaid for 24 cts. in postage stamp; 2 packages 50 cts; 7 for \$1.00. WORLD MFG. CO., t Address all orders to 122 Nassau St., New York.

IDEAL BRUSHES

THE FLORENCE DENTAL PLATE BRUSH, absolutely indispensable if you wear Artificial Teeth. The Prophylactic Tooth Brush, for men and children's sizes, recommended by all the leading dentists. For sale by all dealers. Circulars on application to Florence Mfg Co., Florence, Mass.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1887.

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

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

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

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

A TRIAL TRIP—in order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it *on trial* THREE MONTHS—*postage paid*—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and

who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1887. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within *one year* from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or *other witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *anybody*—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe

1887-BABIES-1887

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using *Lactated Food* as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.

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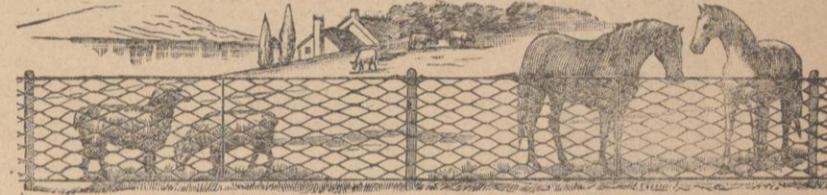
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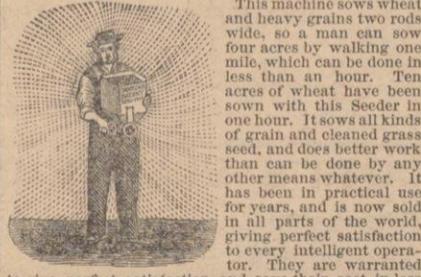
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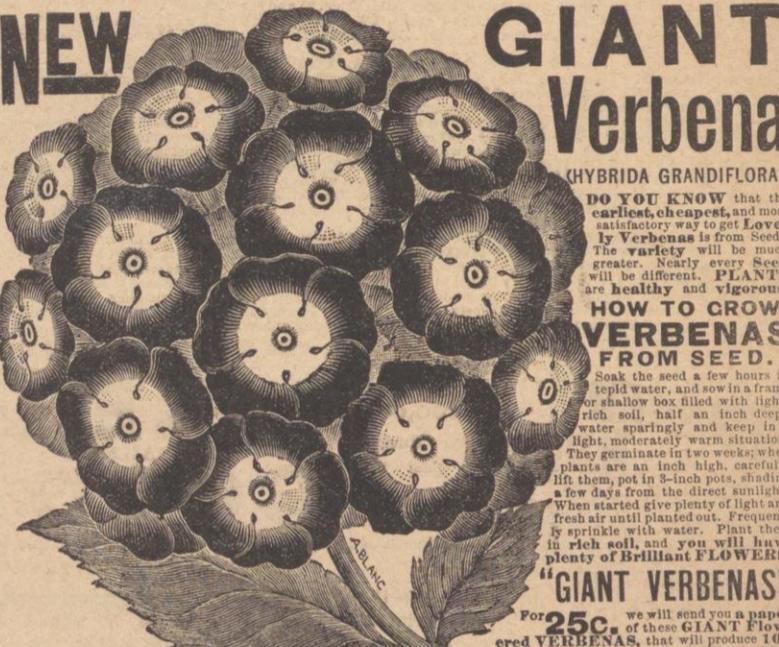
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Aster, Truffaut's, mixed,	10c
Ageratum, blue,	5c
Alyssum, sweet,	5c
Balsam, double, mixed,	10c
Candytuft, white,	5c
Cypress Vine, white,	5c
Daisy, double, mixed,	15c
Forget-me-not, true,	5c
Gypsophila, paniculata,	5c
Mignonette, sweet,	5c
Nasturtium, Empress of India,	10c
Pansy, large English, mixed,	10c
Pansy, Odior,	20c
Phlox Drummondii, mixed,	10c
Pink, Chinensis, double, mixed,	5c
Primula Japonica,	10c
Sweet Peas, Painted Lady,	5c
Sweet Violets,	10c

Amounting to \$1.50, mailed for \$1.00.

CHENEY'S COLLECTION B.

FOR FINE BOUQUETS.

Asters, Victoria, mixed,	15c
Asters, chrysanthemum f'd, mix.,	10c
Ageratum, mixed,	5c
Balsams, camellia f'd, white,	10c
Chrysanthemum Japonicum,	15c
Chrysanthemum, double, yellow,	5c
Candytuft, mixed,	5c
Cypress Vine, white,	5c
Daisy, double, white,	15c
Forget-me-not, true,	5c
Gypsophila, paniculata,	5c
Lobelia Paxtonia,	10c
Lupinus, Hartwegii,	5c
Mignonette, dwarf,	10c
Pansy, largest flowering,	15c
Phlox Drummondii, grandiflora, mixed,	10c
Pink, Hedgewigii,	10c
Salvia, splendens,	10c
Sweet Peas, assorted,	5c
Sweet-williams,	5c
Zinnia, double, mixed,	5c

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CHENEY'S COLLECTION C.

WHITE AND PALE TINTS.

Ageratum, wh., 5c	Allysum, sw., 5c
Asters, chrysanthemum f'd, white,	10c
Asters, chrysanthemum f'd, pale tints,	10c
Balsams, camellia f'd, white,	10c
Balsams, double, pale tints,	10c
Candytuft, white, fragrant,	5c
Chrysanthemum, inod., white,	10c
Cypress Vine, white,	5c
Daisy, double, white,	15c
Forget-me-not, true,	5c
Gypsophila, paniculata,	5c
Mignonette, sweet, 5c, do. white,	5c
Nasturtium, pearl,	5c
Nemophila Insignis, blac,	5c
Pansy, white,	10c
Phlox Drummondii, white,	10c
Primula, white,	5c
Sweet-williams,	5c
Zinnia, double, mixed,	10c

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CHENEY'S COLLECTION D.

FINE ANNUALS.

Aster, peony flowered,	10c
Balsams, camellia f'd, mixed,	10c
Calliopsis, (coreopsis),	5c
Candytuft, mixed,	5c
Chrysanthemum, pompon,	15c
Convolvulus major,	5c
Eschscholtzia Californiae,	5c
Gilia Tricolor,	5c
Helichrysum monstrum,	5c
Larkspur, hyacinth flowered,	5c
Lupinus Subcarnosus,	5c
Mignonette, new dwarf,	5c
Nasturtium, fine assorted dwarf,	5c
Nemophila Insignis,	5c
Perilla, (ornamental leaved plant)	5c
Portulaca, splendid,	5c
Petunia, fringed,	15c
Phlox Drummondii, fine varieties,	10c
Stock, fine twines,	10c
Sweet Peas, finest colors, 1 oz.	10c
Zinnia, double, mixed,	5c

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CHENEY'S COLLECTION E.

FOR LARGE BOUQUETS, ETC.

Asters, chrys. flowered, mixed,	10c
Augelia, (columbine.)	5c
Balloon Vine,	5c
Beans, imp'd early Lima,	5c
Candytuft, white,	5c
Calliopsis, or Coreopsis,	5c
Calendula, Meteor,	5c
Canterbury Bells, assorted,	5c
Gilia Tricolor,	5c
Chrysanthemum, inod., mixed,	10c
Dahlia, double and single,	10c
Dianthus, (China pink, double),	5c
Foxglove, gioxinia f'd, rose & wh.	5c
Gilia Tricolor, splendens,	5c
Hollyhocks, double, assorted,	10c
Larkspur, Double Rocket,	5c
Portulaca,	10c
Petunia, largest flowering,	10c
Phlox Drummondii, grandiflora,	10c
Poppy, carnation, double varieties,	5c
Stock, Ten weeks,	10c
Pyrethrum, (golden feather),	10c
Sweet-williams, mixed,	5c

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EARLY VEGETS. AND FAVORITE FLOWERS.

Beans, gold'n wax, (snap),	10c
Beans, dwarf Hortic'l, (shell),	5c
Beans, imp'd early Lima,	5c
Corn, Cory,	5c
Beet, Eclipse,	5c
Cabbage, early summer,	5c
Cucumber, imp. early White Spine,	5c
Lettuce, early curled Simpson,	5c
Peas, extra early,	10c
Peas, American Wonder,	10c
Radish, scarlet, 5c,	5c
Turnip, early, 5c	5c
Asters, globe flowering,	10c
Balsams, mixed, double, spotted,	10c
Bachelor's Buttons,	5c
Convolvulus Major,	5c
Larkspur, 5c,	5c
Petunia, fine, 10c	10c
Portulaca, 5c, Phlox Drummondii, 10c	10c
Poppy, carnation, double varieties,	5c
Stock, Ten weeks,	10c
Pyrethrum, (golden feather),	10c
Sweet-williams,	5c

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Embraces the Tried and True Sorts of recent introduction with Improved Strains of Standard Varieties.

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Asparagus, Giant,	5c
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Early Horticultural, bush, shell,	10c
Early Valentine, bush, shell,	10c
Wax pole, snap or shell,	10c
Improved Early Lima,	10c
Beet, Eclipse, (first early,)	10c
Bastian's Early,	5c
Blood Turnip,	5c
Cabbage, Jersey Wakefield,	5c
Fottier's Improved, (winter,)	5c
Early Winningstont,	5c
Red Pickling,	5c
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Stone Mason,	5c
Carrot, Gherarde,	5c
Celery, Boston,	10c

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Circulars free. We refer to editor of this paper. Address ERIE WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0.50	2
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3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
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8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,		

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Two "	15.50	30.00	48.00	66.00	150.00
Three "	23.00	43.00	62.50	80.00	120.00
Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00
Five "	43.00	80.00	120.00	150.00	225.00
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A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

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BAKING POWDER,

DOES NOT

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Or Any Adulteration Whatever.

IT IS A STRICTLY PURE
GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR
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DO YOUR own stamping with the "Excelsior Outfit No. 2." See the many valuable patterns it contains which are all new and original: 1 upright border of pond lilies, nasturtiums, and bluebells, 18x7 1/2 in., 1 upright border of daisies, 17x4 in., 1 running vine of cherries, 9x4 in., 1 running vine of poppies, 18x4 in., 1 spray of daisies, 11x9 in., 1 spray of fuchsias, 10x8 in., 1 spray geranium leaves and buds, 10x9 in., 1 spray wild roses and buds, 11x8 in., 1 snowball, 13x10 in., 1 spray autumn leaves, 12x9 in., 1 spray golden-red and wheat, 11x8 in., 1 carving knife and fork on standards, 15x5 in., 1 spray of apple blossoms, 4x4 in., 1 spray of acorns, 4x5 in., 1 spray of pansies, 4x6 in., 1 full-sized splash pattern, 25x16 in., 1 full set of initials, 2 1/4 in. high, in a box of best blue stamping powder and pad with full instructions for stamping by both processes. No small designs in this outfit, as you can make them from the large ones it contains. The above sent to any address, postage paid, for \$1.00. The initials alone are worth the money. If any lady buys and is not perfectly satisfied, her money shall be cheerfully returned. The "No. 1 Outfit" along with the above for \$1.75. See Nov. No. 1. Address all orders to JOHN FERGUSON,
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All stock scored by E. S. Comings. Send for Catalogue.
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Absolutely Pure.

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FIRST-CLASS REAL ESTATE,
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Increase in value of similar lands over
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Good investment for Trust-funds. Some of our most prominent men Stockholders. Management first-class. Send for circulars and particulars to the agent of the company,

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for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars.
ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

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Illustrated Catalogue!

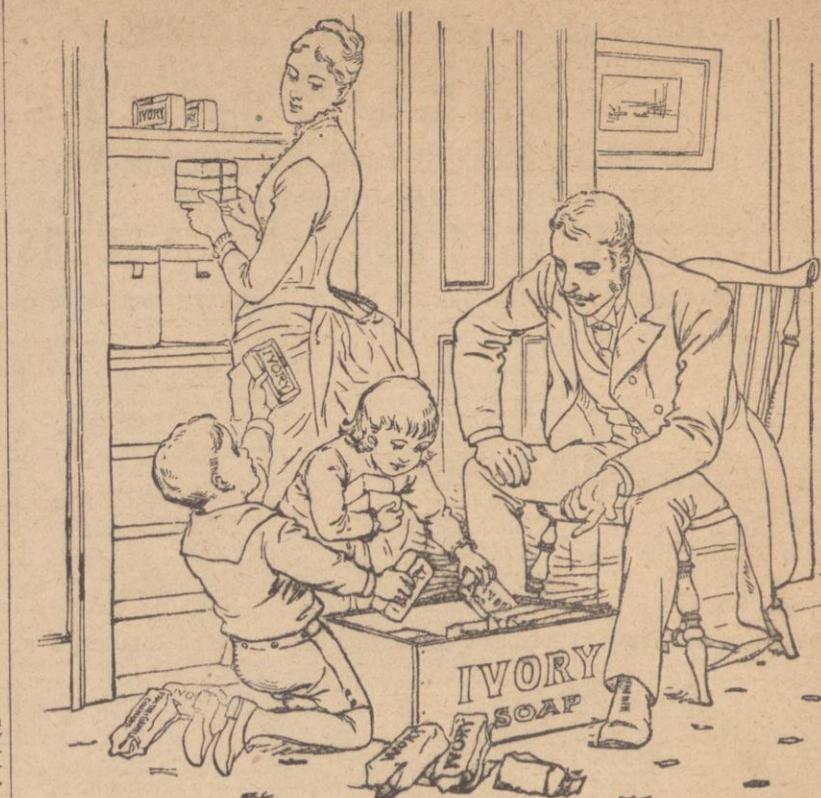
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25 cts. each; 3 for 50 cts.; \$1.50 per doz.
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12 Verbenas, or 12 Pansies,
or 3 Verbenas, 3 Pansies,
1 Rose, 1 Feverfew, 1 Ox-
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It has become a household necessity with us.

If there is an unusually obstinate spot on the clothing, on the wood-work, an ink daub on my desk cover; a polish required for the door-plate or surgical instruments, a cleansing and harmless preparation for the teeth, and a very superior toilet soap needed, we resort to 'IVORY.'

We buy it by the box, remove the wrappers, and allow the soap to thoroughly ripen.

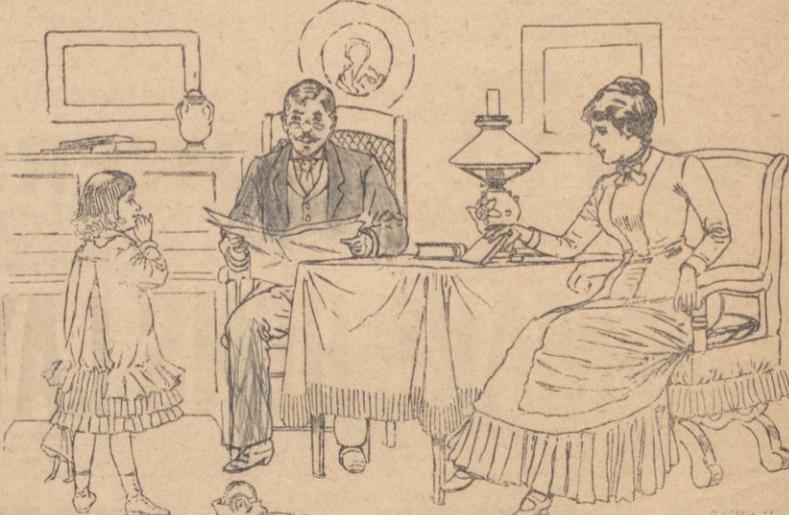
Now, if I had saved fifteen wrappers I would ask you to send my little girl a drawing book in accordance with your offer in the *Youth's Companion*; but as it is, we all feel under obligation to you for manufacturing 'IVORY SOAP' for us.

We do not hesitate to recommend it unqualifiedly to all our friends. It is one of the few articles that will do what it is advertised to do."

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There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Laura—Yes, mamma, I was, but he would not get me a cake of Sapolio, and I had my house cleaning to do, and I won't play with him. He is not nice like papa is to you.

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E. S. FROST & CO.
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Agents wanted in every town. Sells itself. Good profits.
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