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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE CHILDREN.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, oh, ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere,

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdoms of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems
And all the rest are dead.

SUNDAY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Perhaps in no particular is the difference between country and city life so plainly manifest as in the observance of the first day of the week, "the day of rest." In most country homes the day is literally one of rest. Even the cattle seem to know it; I am inclined to believe that the busy bees, "the musical hounds of the fairy queen," are less industrious; the very air breathes of peace and tranquility. The farmer who has hurried from sun-up to sundown during the orthodox six days, indulges in an extra nap on the seventh, and knows the luxury of a bath and clean linen. He leisurely reads his paper, laid aside during the week for want of time; he saunters down to the "south meadow" to inspect the sheep and give the hebdomadal salt, and takes a turn through the wood-lot and round the field to see how the growing crops are progressing. The hired men, clean shaven and clean shirted, lounge in the shade or upon the hay in the barn, telling stories or discussing neighborhood news. Dinner is the event of the day; but the woman who cooks it is apt to wish the human body had been so constituted as to require it to fast one day in seven, so that she might know the luxury of a "day off" from duty over the cook stove. As evening approaches, the young misses don their best dresses and settle themselves in the parlor with expectant faces, earnestly hoping the *enfant terrible* of the household will not discover the dainties hidden away for a lunch for "the not impossible 'he'" should a neighbor's son chance to drop in to spend the evening. The highway is deserted, save for the passing of an occasional carriage, some belated church goer, or chance visitor. We learn the meaning of a "Sabbath stillness;" even the crickets seem to have subdued somewhat their wonted shrillness, only the birds chant as cheerily as ever. The children play quietly together, and the parents, as they watch them, feel that it is indeed good that one day has been set apart and kept sacred from unnecessary labor, in which they may forget the weariness of work.

In town, no morning nap is possible. The ubiquitous newsboy attends to that. He takes an early promenade, and his song is of the "Fe-ree Per-ess" and "Trib-by-une." He carols this melodious lay impartially before every dwelling, upon aristocratic avenues as well as plebeian streets, long before its inmates are ready to fish up the reluctant nickel to pay for his wares. He meets "two of his kind" on a corner, and they indulge in a three-cornered fight to see who shall have that street, or match pennies till they quarrel. At intervals they remember to shout, in a preocupied way, "Fee-Trib-Pe-ress n' Sund' Noos," and a possible purchaser causes an immediate and welcome stampede. When finally the city is fully awake and is done yawning and stretching itself and has been to breakfast, the bells are clanging out "Come to—church, come to—church," and soon the religiously and devoutly disposed are fittingly arrayed, and en-route; many of them criticising, as a preparation for divine worship, the dress and appearance of those similarly bound. Carriages roll by, and elegantly dressed ladies step from them into the dim religious light of our great churches, and confess themselves miserable sinners upon velvet cushions, while the great organ-throbs die away along the vaulted ceiling, and the clear tones of soprano and alto, at so much per Sunday, save them the trouble of voicing their praise.

So much for those whose Sunday programme includes church-going. But it is easy to see that the great bulk of the population are not to be found in church on Sunday mornings. Those who have worked ten or twelve hours continuously through the week, are apt to prefer slippered *dishabille* and the morning papers to pulpit ministrations, and to dawdle away the time before dinner in indolent ease. After dinner, they revive, and arrayed in their Sunday finery, are ready for amusement or instruction—generally the former. I have often thought that the problem our city clergy discussed so interestedly last winter, "Why does not the average workingman attend church, and how can we get him to come?" might perhaps in the latter case be solved by afternoon services, which, coming after his coveted nap and contented perusal of the papers, might draw him whither the clergy would have him come.

Our avenues, on a pleasant afternoon, are nearly as crowded with promenaders on Sunday as with those on business bent on week days. In summer the river is the great resort; especially on those hot days that make one wonder what Dante meant by putting his inmost hell in the middle of a cake of ice; many take the morning boats for an all day trip, but the majority are content with Belle Isle or Brighton Beach. The boats for these places are crowded with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and with few exceptions, those to whom Sunday, in their struggle for sustenance, is the one and only day for rest or change or recreation. Cooped in stores, factories, shops and offices, from morning to night, during the week, the pure air, the bright river with its fleet of boats, the level sward of Belle Isle, and even the blare of the Brighton brass band, must be a welcome change from the monotony of their lives Tired mothers with cross babies, the fond father with his first, the man whose political disappointments have enlarged the bald spot on top of his head from ten cents' worth to a quarter, and then to a trade dollar; the youth with his best girl whom he wants very much as Achilles wanted Brieseus, quite to himself, and finds it difficult on account of the crowd; the hobbledehoys who are like overgrown puppies for awkwardness and always being in the wrong place, and the great contingent of men whose best clothes are so very evidently uncomfortable that you cannot help feeling sorry for them—all these pay their ten cents for their cheap pleasure, and let us hope find it blessed to them. The crowds are quiet and orderly, yet the foot of Woodward Avenue, where they embark, is more suggestive of Fourth of July than of Sabbath quiet. Peanut and fruit stands are in full blast, and are liberally patronized; there are all the usual week day accompaniments. But let one of those sudden summer showers drift down from the lake upon those brave pleasure seekers, and how quickly the holiday appearance vanishes. Limp, bedraggled, soaked, it would make a potato open its eyes to see the "wrecked" individuals, who scurry shamefacedly through the streets, with their white dresses shorn of their freshness, and hats a ragpicker would scorn. And always one wonders why girls will get themselves up in such unsuitable attire for ex-

cursions, fairs, boat rides, and the like, when they must know that a shower, a slight accident, even the dust and soil of the trip, must make them look like "crumpled lilies" in a short time.

No doubt many will deplore this amusement seeking on Sunday, and condemn it as wrong and demoralizing. But I can find it in my heart to be glad that so innocent and healthful a recreation is within reach of the laboring classes, and those who will not go to church and yet must go somewhere. It is the one break in the dullness of their lives, and the monotonous round which claims the day and leaves them tired out at night; and their necessities are usually so pressing that to take a work day for pleasure means a serious reduction of revenue. Poverty is a hard master. The man who is away from home at labor all day, needs one day to become acquainted with his family; if he takes his pleasures innocently and harmlessly, who can blame him?

BEATRIX.

THE NORTHEASTERN FAIR.

Fifteen thousand people ought to be quite a little crowd, and that is the number reported on the fair ground the day that I was there, still there was lots of room for everybody to see everything. Floral Hall was full of beautiful things—ornamental and useful, and some of the most useful were also highly artistic, and ornamental to a demonstration, as for instance—stoves. Who would have thought that an article of such plebeian and labor begrimed origin and destiny as a stove would ever be gotten up in such a purely "too lovely for anything" shape as they are to-day. Cooking stoves, ranges, gasoline, parlor coal stoves, all are seemingly as beautiful as they can be made. And all the appliances for dairy work! The woman who can have the necessary quota of these handsome, handy, labor-saving things, and a good herd of butter-makers to draw on for the indispensable lactean supplies, and then calls the making of "heavenly butter" anything less than delightful, ought to be banished to Alaska.

Sewing machines and musical instruments seemed to vie with each other in their attractions; the former doing all sorts of curious and elegant work to delight the eye, while the machines themselves were enough to make any ordinary woman commit the crime of coveteousness. And the "instruments of music"—well—they "kept all the time playing," and if the "savage breast" was there, sometimes 'twas charmed and at others I hardly think it could have been. There was the customary wilderness of crazy work, common patch work, and almost every sort of knitted, crocheted and needle work that feminines delight in doing, a great majority of which articles, as well as of pictures and paintings, have been on exhibition here before. There was a large cabinet of old coins, which attracted much attention. They represent a great deal of value. The owner has been many years collecting them, and some of them are dated B. C.

Before we leave Floral Hall let us say there were some exceedingly handsome rag carpets there, all striped in both warp and filling; some had three or four colors or shades of color in the warp.

When we got outside the Hall again the first noticeable thing was an old tatterdemalion up on the gable peak of a dining hall, warning sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," and the next was girls and boys—*country girls, too*—raffling for canes, cigars, etc., etc. It did look rather sub propriety, but really, come to think it all over, as I did there and then, I don't know that it is one whit worse than raffling for a bedquilt or a box of bonbons at a church social, for after all "what's in a name?" In this case it is a difference without a distinction. The next was the bowery with its dancers, its strong odors of beer and cigars, and "we won't go home till morning;" the merry go rounds all in full fly; the side shows with great things and marvelous to which we did not give a comprehensive glance; the ever crying vendors of hot candy, peanuts, cider and beer. And we pass on into Vegetable Hall, but see nothing worth mentioning, as the display was very meagre, and so on to see the races, the soldiers, the farm machinery, the great good-natured crowd—good-natured except where intoxicating drink made them less than human—to hear the bands play; and last but not least, to look at the beautiful cattle and horses. The time to see these is when they are brought out to be viewed by the awarding committees, we saw a number of herds and droves thus that day. It seems as though the point of perfection in these animals is often reached. And now as we are quite tired and have seen enough for one day we go home. In the morning it rains and we stay there.

FLINT. E. L. NYE.

TREATMENT OF GUESTS.

First and foremost, do not bore your guests with too much entertaining. A constant round of pleasures, no matter how amusing, is at best too fatiguing to be enjoyable. Give your visitors time to rest and a few quiet moments in the library or other convenient corners for letter-writing or reading. Do not be so anxious to have your visitor enjoy the good things at your board, that you allow yourself to forget that he has other organs beside his palate; and if the cook makes a blunder or your butcher serves you badly, and such accidents will happen "in the best regulated families," pass it over with some slight apology, but do not make it for a moment a topic of conversation; bring up some subject in which all may be interested, and something wise or witty will surely be said, and the mistake soon forgotten. A few lines in one of Gustafson's stray poems come to my mind which describes quite an ideal dinner, but one which need not be altogether ideal after all:

"The table spread with tempting fare,
Its tints and curves of dainty ware,
The living faces circled there,
The host and hostess subtly wise
In gracious care for child and guest,
Supplying needs ere they arise,
Yet never losing thought nor jest,
Each answering with the fit replies;
And hospitably kindling eyes
That stir sweet pulses in the breast."

If you are a guest remember above all things the old adage, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," and not only do as they do, but be interested as much as possible in doing it. Be careful of not tiring your friend or of giving her too much of your society. "Retire to your room for at least an hour a day. The hostess must of necessity have some little household or family matters which she would prefer to attend to when not in the presence of guests."

I must say that I admire the HOUSEHOLD very much; and that the man who would not let his wife have it to read is not fit to have a wife, in my estimation.

DEXTER. E. L. B.

INFORMATION FOR FLOWER GROWERS.

The wax plant, *Hoya carnosa*, is apt to prove very obstinate in the matter of blooming, and there is no special treatment recommended for it by florists, beyond giving commonly rich, loose soil, and water freely when in bud and bloom. When the *Hoya* does bloom it is profuse and persistent, of no particular season, and will, if no accident befall, blossom frequently ever after, as the plant is tenacious of life and will bear abuse and the varying treatments to which it is subjected. Stir a little rich soil into the pot with your *Hoya*, give it water that has a piece of rusty iron in it twice a week, and see what it will do.

The Lantana makes a fine plant for the house in winter, and for the garden in the warm months, and is a constant bloomer. If properly pruned it will make a beautiful shrub, and only lacks fragrance to make it one of the best. *Harkett's Perfection* has fine variegated foliage, and pink and buff flowers, making it a beautiful plant indeed.

Plants that are to be taken from beds and potted for winter should be lifted immediately, that they may become established in their new positions and well recovered from the removal before colder weather. The large geraniums are better stored in a good dry cellar; we can allow smaller ones to take their places and save room for other kinds.

While there are so many good bedding plants, with soft, rich hues of geraniums and the graceful drooping fuchsia, and so many charming things to please the eyes and rest and refresh the spirits, I can see no reason for becoming addicted to dazzling scarlet geraniums, which seem so fiery in summer's heat, and have little beauty about them, without a complete surrounding of soft colors. Now, when the air is cool and moist, and nature will soon be arrayed in gorgeous coloring in garden and woodlands, it is a charming sight to see the change, and gay beds of nasturtiums and asters and gaudy dahlia blossoms, supplemented by chrysanthenums, all vieing with wildlings in brilliancy and still so delightful to us all. We drink deep draughts of enjoyment of this beauty, and force back a sigh that it must so soon vanish like a radiant dream.

I am asked to advise as to the best varieties of lilies to plant in autumn, so will briefly answer that there is no risk in planting and certainly great amount of enjoyment in growing the lily. *L. Candidum* is pure white, fragrant and hardy. The golden lily is extremely hardy, fragrant and a pro-

fuse bloomer; this, with *L. Candidum*, is fine for forcing in winter. The Tiger lily, doubled-flowered, fine and unique, Japan lancifoliums, second only to Auratum in beauty, are all reliable, beautiful, fragrant and satisfactory in every way. The weather is cooler and soil moist; lilies may now be planted at any time. I can furnish any one of those named by mail for 25c, but will send the five or substitute either with day lily or Chinese peonies for one dollar. Auratums 25c each, or with the set for 20c.

FENTON. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

"CORDELIA."

In Eastern Tennessee, between the Cumberland and Alleghany mountains, are some very fertile valleys, also some very barren hills, made so by the manner in which they are cultivated. Tobacco and corn are planted year after year with no fertilizers to replace the qualities in the earth which are taken from it by the crops, until the ground is completely worn out. In passing through this part of the South, one is impressed by the "poverty-stricken" appearance of the farms; it is not the land but the tiller. The curse of slavery has not yet disappeared. It will take many a year before the South will have the thrifty, go-ahead look of the North. The "poor white trash" are found in that part of the South in perfection; they have been born and lived there from generation to generation, too indolent to better their condition. Their parents had no education nor have they, nor a desire for any.

Once in a while a northern farmer seeking for a milder climate to settle in, and to get away from the long, cold winters of the North finds his way to that part of the South, sees the capabilities of the neglected and abused soil, buys land and moves his family to the "sunny South," thinking if an example be set a neighborhood, some will try to better their condition. In this he meets with disappointment, the old sluggish "from hand to mouth" way of living cannot be broken up by the advent of one live man; they laugh at his manners and conversation, scarcely understanding him when he talks plain English; they will call him a "plumb fool" for working so hard. In a short time he gains their respect, by always having money to buy a pig or cow if they chance to have such to sell, which is sometimes the case, providing an animal has a constitution which can weather the storms and poor feed during the short time it takes it to get its growth.

I am not writing a history of the farms and farmers of the South, but wish to tell a simple little story of a few people who were brought together in that part of the world, and the influence which was brought to bear by the contact.

In the part of eastern Tennessee before mentioned, along the banks of the Mollichucky river, lies one of the finest valley farms one could wish to see; beautiful sloping meadows whereon crop well-fed cattle and horses, wheat fields rich with golden grain, waiting the keen blade of the harvester, large fields of corn waving and rustling in the mild southern breeze, with here a millet field and there a potato patch all looking thrifty, growing rankly, showing well-worked and well-kept ground. All this wealth of land and grain belongs to a Mr. Bennett, a Northern farmer who has been there for 15 years and has grown rich and gray in that lovely fertile valley, being well along in years when he first settled there. There in that lovely southern home his children meet quite frequently, some of them being married and settled in the North, a son and his wife living on the farm with the old folks.

On the farm are a number of springs which abound in that portion of Tennessee, some mineral, some sulphur, and others of the coolest, clearest, sweetest water to be found anywhere, gushing out at the foot of the hills. In a nook, a mile from the big old house, where three hills come together, forming a most fairy-like glen, is one of these springs; it is shaded by the hills and the wide-spreading branches of the great trees until I doubt if a least little bit of a sun-ray ever gets a peep at the spring, which runs off in a rippling stream over the rocks in the glen to the river. This spring is a rendezvous for the visitors at the farm on account of the picturesque and romantic scenery and dense shade, where one can rest and dream away hours in perfect peace and contentment, undisturbed except by persons coming for water, which they "pack" up over the hills, perhaps half a mile, thinking it less work to carry the water that distance than to build a cistern or dig a well. The water is carried by women, so much exertion being against the principles of the men, who prefer to lie in the shade and chew tobacco in the summer and sit by the fire in the winter.

One summer day, while some ladies were spending an hour at the "glen spring," a young girl came with two pails for water. She stared at the happy, indolent group who were sitting and lying around in their neat, cool summer dresses, and a pretty picture they made, among the leaves and trunks of the trees, their fluttering muslins reminding one of birds, as well as their chattering and laughing. The girl was medium-sized and well built, seemingly about sixteen years old, with well-rounded shoulders and arms which tapered to small brown hands; a low square forehead above deep-set hazel eyes, cheeks which showed the red tint of health through the brown coating made by the sun, a sweet, childish little mouth and a well-rounded chin. Taken all in all she might well be imagined a guardian spirit of the glen, her mission to keep evil influences away from the thirsty traveler who stopped to drink at the spring.

She filled her pails and placed them on the ground; putting her hands on her hips she seemed to be spellbound with wonder and admiration of the ladies. There she stood firmly on her well-formed limbs, the outline of which was dimly shown by the scanty, faded-out calico gown, so short that it showed two hardened little dusty bare feet and ankles. After she had satisfied her eyes she broke the spell by saying:

"I reckon you folks belong over to Bennett's?"

"Yes;" answered Mrs. Ware, the oldest of the party, "where do you belong?"

"Up over the hill to Anderson's. My name is Cordely Anderson. I know old Mis' Bennett; I took her some blackberries and she done bought them."

"Cordelia? How did you get the name of Cordelia?" asked Mrs. Ware.

"Well, my mammy, my own mammy, not my step-mammy that I have now, she was always reading, so pappy says, an' she read about an old man who had three gals; two of them gals was so mean they took all their old pappy had, then wouldn't give him house room. Cordely loved him all the time and didn't get anything, so mammy told me I must try all my life to be good like Cordely; but I don't see no use in it, for pappy is that sour and mean to me that I would run away if I had any place to go to."

She said this in such a childish, ignorant way, and with such a gloomy, dissatisfied look that one could but pity her.

"Can you read, Cordelia?" asked Mrs. Ware.

"No'um," was the answer.

"Would you not like to go to school and learn to read so you could read about Cordelia?" continued Mrs. Ware.

"Oh! I would like to go to school; but I don't keer to read about Cordely; I know all I want to about her; she didn't have no better times n' me, I don't reckon. My step-mammy won't let me go, there is so much work to do. I have to pack all the water and do the washing and cooking and grabble out the potatoes. I went to school once and learned to read in the spellin' book, now I don't know all the letters, so what is the use of me a-thinkin of goin' to school?"

(*Concluded next week.*)

AUTUMNAL FASHIONS.

The golden rod, the wild aster and the sunflower in all their autumn brilliancy, are beautifying the waste places in the country; the fringed gentian's purple chalice is upheld to the wandering bumble-bee who comes calling in his bronze-brown armor belted with gold; the yellow drupes of the bitter-sweet are impatient of the blood-red heart within, and the "singing wings" of cricket and grasshopper are sibilant above the whistle of the quail. I know it, though I cannot see it, and though the outward signs of the season in the city are the withered leaves that strew the walks, the heaped-up grapes and peaches at the fruiterers' stands, and the new dry-goods in the shop windows.

And therefore, and because of these signs and tokens, I take up my pen to write quickly that for early autumn dresses there are, happily, no distinctively new styles. What a blessing to be able to get into last spring's gowns with no preliminary ripping up and making over! Navy blue and brown it is prophesied are to be the leading shades, though some dark red dresses and coats are observable. The dark shades of heliotrope and prune are popular, and the old "myrtle green" is revived under a new name. Wool goods are as fashionable as ever for street wear; silk, satin and velvet being reserved for more dressy occasions. More cloth dresses are seen in our fashionable churches than of any other material. The new wool goods are smooth-faced, the returning swing of the pendulum from the rough effects of last

winter; boucle cloth, "nigger head," etc., being voted "out." A pretty and inexpensive goods of which one of our leading houses reports large sales, is Scotch tweed; an all wool goods 40 inches wide at 60 cents per yard. It is a fine mixture of colors, somewhat similar to what is known by the same name in men's suitings.

Wool goods are made up in the tailor style, which, by the way, is much modified from the original severe plainness. Few figures are so perfect as to bear the rigid simplicity and unbroken lines of the real tailor models. More drapery, more trimming, and the inevitable vest or revers, are seen on the later styles. Braiding is a very popular decoration for such dresses, the braid being about one-third of an inch wide and sewed down on both edges. This decoration can be purchased in patterns ready to be applied to the basque and panels, at $1 75 for the wide, for panels, and $1 for narrower for the waist.

Nearly every dress seen on our streets has the long, full back drapery, very bouffant high on the skirt. But dressmakers prophesy that drapery without looping is to be the "new departure." The back widths are to be pleated into a narrow space and confined by tapes so that they do not spread at the foot. Long pointed "wings" are to be set down the sides of these widths, and are to be handsomely trimmed; in combination costumes these will be made of the plaid or figured goods used. All back draperies are pleated into a narrow space at the back to give a slender effect.

Panels are as popular as ever, and are now set on the right side quite as frequently as on the left. The panel is often in the front, making it seem a continuation of the vest. With a front panel, the sides are pleated quite far back, to the back drapery. Apron draperies, short or long, "hold the fort;" if long, the apron falls to the foot, and is draped very high on one side. A velvet revers is sometimes added on the long side of the apron; if short, it is very full, and the lower part of the front of the skirt laid in double box pleats, and if braiding is used in the dress, the space between the pleats is thus decorated.

Basques are pointed in front, short on the sides and with short postilion pleats in the back, a narrow square effect being preferred. Sleeves are tight, though an effort is being made to revive the old "mutton-leg" in a modernized mode, and eastern fashion plates show "caps" on some of the new models. Collars—well, the woman whose dressmaker permits her to see over the top of her collar should count herself fortunate. Vests are smooth and plain if velvet or heavy goods, full if of surah or soft silk, and framed in revers. The ways of arranging them are as varied as the dresses, but, if you have a vest, you cannot be far wrong.

Early fall wraps are jackets, short, close, double-breasted. For these boucle cloths are popular, the trimming a single row of wool braid. Jackets of smooth cloth may have velvet cuffs and collar, and the edges bound with braid or stitched. The short mantles are popular for more dressy wear; they are very pretty, require but little material, but are apt to bankrupt one in the matter of trimming. From four to seven yards, according to person and pattern, are necessary; it is the trimming that "makes" the wrap, and it is expensive. I have seen nothing new for the purpose as yet.

Velvet, plain by preference, is to be used in combinations with wool. A plain velvet skirt—which may be a "sham"—may be draped with wool goods, and the basque finished with cuffs and revers, making a stylish, dressy costume for any ordinary occasion. The basque may have a sloping jacket front, with a velvet waistcoat, and the fronts edged with the *grelot* trimming now so much worn, which varies in value from 25 to 75 cents per yard. Buttons for basques are quite small; velvet ones are coming in again. Very large ones are used on jackets, cloaks and skirts of dresses, though many ladies cover button moulds with velvet for such uses.

We are promised a return of the felt bonnets introduced last winter; it is too early for shapes to be decided upon, but the chances are that the liliputs will be replaced by models having longer and wider crowns and higher, open fronts. These will be trimmed with picot-edged velvet ribbons and short fluffy ostrich tips, or fancy wings; pompons are also worn on them. Hats are large, with high crowns and brims narrow at the back, wide in front and rolling on one side; many variations in this style are seen. Long or medium long plumes are used on these large hats, for there is no other adornment so graceful and so suited to them. Brims are velvet faced, often edged with beads, and velvet bows form a favorite adjunct to the ostrich plumes.

BEATRIX.

WHISTLING GIRLS.

After reading A. L. L.'s letter in last week's issue, I have a few words to say upon that subject. As for whistling when at home, or when not in company, I can see no particular harm, and let us hope that ere long, young ladies will learn the impropriety of whistling and humming when in the street and other public places.

Regarding ball-playing by girls, I certainly think if school girls would take more of such exercise instead of being cooped up in the house from morning until night, we would have healthier women; but of course girls need not, if they take such exercise, be as boisterous and rough as boys.

Does A. L. L. call these "woman's rights women," the womanly women?

If the dude continues to decrease in size according to his lower limbs, Barnum will have a fragile specimen of a "What is It."

Are any of the writers for the HOUSEHOLD school-teachers? If so cannot we have some of their experiences?

ST. JOHNS. ORIANA.

A BEAVER BONNET.

Noticing Beatrix's reply to Mrs. W. J. G. in the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 21st, I hasten to tell her my way of disposing of such articles before she takes Beatrix's advice.

If your old plug hats are not too much worn off and faded, remove the beaver, which is only pasted on the frame, take a hot flat iron (or stove lid) if an iron turn face upward, wet a cloth in cold water, place on the iron, then put your beaver cloth on and steam, taking a soft clothes-brush or broom and brush it until it is dry. You can also clean velvet, plush, etc., in the same manner, making it look like new. Two years ago I took the silk beaver from an old plug hat, which had been discarded as useless, steamed as above, then covered a bonnet frame, and trimmed it with the beaver and plumes, and it looked as nice as if I had just got it from the milliner's. I used the same beaver to cover and trim two bonnets, and now the pieces when resteamed will look very nice in my crazy-quilt.

YORK. ELENOR.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To blacken a coal-scuttle, or any article of that kind, says "Aunt Addie," take ten cents' worth of asphultum, mix with it a quantity of benzine and turpentine to the consistency of paint and apply with a brush.

A CORRESPONDENT of the domestic department of an exchange who has evidently had some unpleasant experiences in her search after culinary knowledge, says she can keep anything but canned corn and a secret—one spoils and the other won't keep.

THERE are few women now-days who do not know better than to make pickles in brass kettles for the sake of obtaining the green color which is considered a mark of excellence. Pickles thus made are dangerous. To make pickles green, after they have been salted and freshened, wipe dry and put into a preserving kettle with layers of grape leaves. Put in cold water enough to cover them, lay a cloth under the cover of the kettle and heat them till they steam freely. If they are not green enough, put in more leaves and continue the steaming, being careful not to allow the pickles to boil, which would soften them.

Contributed Recipes.

TOMATOES FOR THE TABLE.—To cook ripe tomatoes, peel and slice without scalding into a hot spider with a lump of butter; stew gently fifteen minutes, then season with salt and pepper, and a fresh egg; stir briskly and serve. M. A. F.

FENTON.

GREEN GRAPE CATSUP.—Wash and stem the grapes. To five pounds add sufficient water to keep them from burning. Stew till they can be rubbed through a sieve with a potato masher to extract the seeds. Return the pulp to the preserving kettle; add one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, allspice, pepper and salt, and boil till as thick as catsups are generally made. Bottle and seal. B.