

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MUDLESS GOWN.

BEFORE.

She waded across the muddy street,
Her upheld dress exposed her feet,
And dragged skirts that were not neat.

She clutched her gown and tried in vain
Its right position to maintain,
And still protect it from the rain.

With bundles and umbrella too,
'Twas always more than she could do
To keep the mud from skirt and shoe.

At home she brushed off mud and dirt,
And vowed her rights she would assert,
And comfort gain from shortened skirt.

AFTER.

She steps across the muddy street
With shortened skirt and gaiters neat,
No mud disfigures dress or feet.

Down the steep hill she goes with ease,
There is no weight to tire the knees,
No trailing skirts with care to seize.

But best of all, her clothes are clean,
And this strange thing has not been seen
Since gowns began to trail, I ween.

—Fay Fuller, in *Woman's Tribune*.

HEALTH IN OUR HOMES.

Those who are responsible for homes cannot be too careful of the health of the inmates. Some homes that I know of are positively dangerous. Built on low, swampy land, shut in by trees and hedges, everything is damp and chill about them.

Fungus growths flourish on the roof and sides of the house, and in the cellar likewise. In one house that I have in mind six children died in one winter of diphtheria; every year one of the family has a fever of typhoid nature, and common colds are as prevalent as storms.

In some houses drain pipes are allowed to leak in the basement. Stagnant water from the sewers, and the dampness coming in slowly through the walls, act in concert to destroy the lives of our loved ones. Often does the enemy approach so insidiously that you do not suspect the danger until it is too late. Frequent examinations of vaults and cisterns and cellars will usually defy these lurking dangers.

Sometimes the walls of rooms are themselves disease breeders. Even when the paper itself is free from poison, the paste with which it is put on affords an excellent home for the minute organisms which produce certain diseases. Often the danger is multiplied by paper being repeatedly laid on over the old layers of paste and paper. This should never be done. When new paper is put on the old should be torn off and the walls neatly cleansed with soap or ammonia, and water. But the best wall is the old plaster wall kalsomined, or wainscoted. The dados of our forefathers' time, washed and scoured as they were by the careful housewife, could happily be revived.

Why is the sunshine so utterly excluded from so many homes? Look at the fashionable window of to-day. First, the shade, close to the glass, then the long, rich hangings of lace; again, the still richer ones of plush or satin, while, as if to make sure that no ray of life shall penetrate, the silken half shades strung on wires across the lower panes are added, making the window as useless and inaccessible as possible. To all this barring out of light fashion adds the edict that it is bad form to stand or sit close to a window.

We might as well go back to the high, narrow portholes of our ancestors at once. They would be less ornamental, perhaps, but quite as useful. Even in distant farm-houses, among the hills, the windows of the sitting-room and parlor are swathed and smothered in drapery, making beautiful, well furnished dungeons, it may be, but not healthy, cheerful rooms to live in.

It is necessary, I suppose, to be elegant in the drawing-room, or else (terrible alternative) be unfashionable; but in living room, and chamber, and nursery, one can dare to be bright, pleasant and healthful, even at the risk of offending Mrs. Grundy. Banish everything but the linen shades, or if the æsthetic eye demands drapery, let it be of the lightest in color and fabric, cotton, linen, lace or scrim, something that may easily be washed or renewed.

Children need the sunshine as well as plants, and its subtle tonic has a wonderful curative influence upon both our physical and mental ailments. It pierces into the secret corners, deodorizes the foul places, kills disease germs, and brings life, health and joy on its beams. Our broad low windows should not be designed merely for the display of the upholsterer's art, but for the free advent of the lovely, dancing sunlight as well.—*N. Y. Observer*.

"AN INSTANCE OF ANSWERED PRAYER."

Within a short time I have had brought to my knowledge what seems to me a very touching, beautiful and inspiring answer to prayer. I sat with others in a plain, little country church one day last autumn, and listened with profound interest to the religious experience of a young man who was just on the eve of his departure for India. And as he described the steps that led him in the first instance to give himself in entire consecration to the Lord Jesus, and the influence that kept him close to the Master during his school and college life, (filled, as they always are, with numberless and varied temptations,) he made it very evident that the strongest, most controlling influence was his mother's prayers.

Early left a widow, with a little family of sons and daughters about her, she kept up the custom of family prayers. "Such a blessing to one of her boys," was the simple testimony of this son. And he added, "My pure home training," with this prayerful mother, "and my mother's face always came between me and evil conversation."

Who of us mothers would not covet such a tribute to our motherhood! Will our boys as they go out into the world and meet its temptations and allurements carry with them such blessed memories of praying mothers? As they watch our daily life—these little home critics—will they see plainly that "mother derives help and strength and peace from prayer?" Like the dew of the morning, like the rain from heaven upon the thirsty earth, so upon the young life of her growing child comes the blessed influence of a mother's prayers.

Whatever be our deficiencies, here is one thing in which we need never fail, and yet is, perhaps, where we fail oftenest. I often say over those simple but impressive lines of the saintly Dr. Mulenberg, who wrought so successfully for the Master,

"O, take thee heed, and never say,
'I have too much to do to pray,
Lest half thy work be thrown away,
And then at last lose all thy pay."

Abby C. Labaree, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

SACHETS.

A pretty sachet for long gloves is made of two pieces of cardboard measuring sixteen inches in length and six inches in breadth, covered on the outside with olive green brocade (cut in one piece) and lined with pale pink quilted silk. Edge it all round with a quilling of olive green ribbon, and finish with bows of olive and pink.

To make a very handsome handkerchief sachet, cut a piece of terra-cotta plush fourteen inches wide and ten inches long; embroider a spray of daisies on it in the natural colors; line it with very pale blue satin, and make the two pockets of quilted satin, sprinkling the wadding with delicate sachet powder. Finish the edges with pale blue silk cord. Fold the sachet over, pass a ribbon through the folded part and tie in a bow on the outside, putting in an invisible stitch or two to keep it in place. Fasten two little silk balls of different sizes to each corner.

Another pretty handkerchief sachet is composed of two pieces of cardboard ten inches square covered with rose-colored silk, and lined with quilted silk of the same color. Put a six-inch square of ivory-white satin embroidered in rose color and gold on the top of the sachet and edge all round the sachet with a quilling of rose-colored ribbon. Finish with bows of the same color.

To make a pretty and convenient work case, cut a piece of ruby plush twenty-two inches long and eight inches wide and line it with gold-colored satin. Round the ends slightly and turn one end up on the gold side to form a pocket, for the work; fasten, with a bow a ribbon, on the centre of the pocket a little diamond-shaped pin-cushion

of ruby plush, trimmed round with gold cord. In the centre of the work-case stitch a piece of the ruby plush to hold skeins of thread and silk. Put three rows of herring-bone down this, leaving room between each for a skein of silk or thread. Be careful not to let the stitches go through to the outside. Fasten two little pockets of the plush on each side of this to hold buttons, hooks, etc., and on the end above place a dainty needlebook made of ruby and gold. Trim all the pockets round with gold cord, and ornament the outside with embroidery or gold-colored gimp. Fasten a ribbon to the rounded end, long enough when the pocket is rolled up to go round it and tie in a graceful bow.

Pockets of this kind filled with buttons, silk, cotton, etc., suited to a gentleman's requirements, make very acceptable presents to bachelor friends for travelling.—*Mrs. S. H. Snider*.

THE SPARE BED.

The strictures which follow do not apply to small houses, nor to houses heated with hot air, but to large houses, especially brick and stone. There is generally a parlor, which only occasionally has a fire, and off it the spare bed-room. A visitor is to stay over night. He timidly suggests that he would like to have the bed aired. The hostess says, "O yes, I always do that!" So she makes a good fire in the parlor and turns down the covers of the bed. The moisture melts on the blankets, and sometimes the ice melts on the wall and runs down on the side of the bed. Let me tell you, dear sister, how to air the bed. Take all the clothes off the bed and the feather tick, and spread them near the stove. Watch them, and turn them for two or three hours.

There are many people to-day quietly sleeping in the churchyard who would be alive and doing useful work had it not been for the spare bed. I write this in the interest of suffering humanity, and pray that it may be the means of saving life.—*Cor. Christian Guardian*.

HOLDERS.

An abundance of holders is a great assistance to a housekeeper, yet many neglect to supply themselves with this great convenience, using, instead, the dish-cloth, dish-towel or anything that comes handy.

The improved handles of frying-pans, kettles and sad-irons do away, somewhat, with the necessity of handling them with a holder, yet there are scores of times when a holder of some kind cannot be dispensed with.

The holders that our grandmothers used to make were filled with cotton batting and quilted, rendering them unwashable. More modern holders are often made of three thicknesses of good towelling, about eight inches square, stitched together around the edges. These are easily washed, and it is not really necessary to iron them.—*Household*.

WHEN A WOMAN IS HAPPIEST.

Says Thomas De Quincey, in a work published posthumously:

"Nineteen times out of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life, in ranks not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience in which a mother is left alone through the day, with servant perhaps in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked) chiefly where there are no servants at all, she is attended by one sole companion, her little first-born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts, clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes, as the shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret pleasure as often as the little fingers fasten on her own. Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three still wearing the graces of infancy; buds of various stages upon the self-same tree, a woman, if she has the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving—too often not aware that she is moving—through the divinest section of her life. As evening sets in, the husband

through all walks of life, from the highest professional down to the common laborer, returns home to vary her order of conversation by such thoughts and interests as are consonant with his more extensive capacities of intellect. But by that time her child or children lie reposing on the little couch."

TOMATO AND MACARONI SOUP.—The steak bone and little bits of tough flank were put in a small saucepan, with one quart of cold water, and cooked for three hours. When strained there was a pint of stock, which could be used for the tomato and macaroni soup. One quart of stewed tomato was put with this and the saucepan placed on the fire. When this boiled there were stirred into it one teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch mixed with half a cupful of cold water. This simmered for twenty-five minutes. As soon as the thickening and seasoning were added to the soup, a generous half-cupful of broken macaroni was put in a stewpan, with a quart of boiling water, and cooked for twenty-five minutes. It was then drained and added to the soup, and all were simmered together for ten minutes. The vegetables were prepared and put away in cold water until the time to cook them.—*Maria Parola*.

INDIAN BREAD WITH YEAST.—Scald a pint of Indian meal with about a quart of boiling water. When cool stir in one cupful of molasses, add half a cupful of good yeast, then stir in white flour until it is stiff enough to mix smoothly; cover until morning. Then put into bread tins, and let rise for a little while; smooth the top with a wet cloth, and bake in a slow oven two and a half hours.

PUZZLES NO. 13.

BIBLE PUZZLE.

Once righteous people,
With kind intent—
'Twas in the early morn they went,
Some turned back in deep dismay;
The one who stayed, was well repaid.
Who were the people?
What was the day?
What was their mission?
And where went they?

KATE McALLISTER.

ENIGMA.

My first is in always, but not in aye.
My second is in pitchfork, but not in hay.
My third is in Katharine and also in Fred.
My fourth is in hungry, but not in fed.
My fifth is in cross-tie and also in track.
My sixth is in purple, but not in black.
My seventh is in verse, and also in rhyme.
My whole is a man of Queen Bess's time.

WORD SQUARE.

1. To be bold. 2. Without moisture. 3. To travel. 4. A famous garden.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

(A lake in Switzerland) wished to give (island in Polynesia) party. All the (bay in the east of Newfoundland) (first half of a town in England) came in fancy dress. Two little boys as (straits in New Zealand), with (country in Europe) aprons and (town in the south of New Zealand) on their heads. Another came as (cape on the west of Africa). A little girl called (one of the Eastern States) came as (city in Germany) (country in Asia); another as a (river in the north of Ireland), with a (city in Kansas) (town in Fifeshire) on her (mountain in British Columbia); and many more in curious costumes. The entertainment ended in a very dainty supper, at which they had a (country in Europe), (island in Lake Ontario), a (lake in the north of California), and (town in the west of Switzerland). One little boy ate too much (town in Ceylon), and then said it wasn't (town in the south of France).

UNITED DIAMONDS.

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Left hand: 1. A consonant; 2. Coy; 3. To exhilarate; 4. Affirmative; 5. A consonant.
Right hand: 1. A consonant; 2. An act of law; 3. Entirely; 4. A measure; 5. A vowel.
The two words united—in a nirthful manner.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 12.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

M ontcalm.
E lison.
N iagara Falls.
D aniel Webster.
E spago.
L ucy C. Lillie.
S aratoga.
S hakespeare.
O porto.
H awthorne.
N apoleon.

BETTERINGS.—1. Wheat, heat, cat, at. 2. Slow, low. 3. She, he. 4. Spill, pill, ill. 5. Bat, at. 6. Ton, on. 7. Gold, old. 8. Glass, lass. 9. Brook, rook.

HIDDEN BOUQUET.—1. Sorrel. 2. Lady-slipper. 3. Dublin. 4. Lily. 5. Mint. 6. Daisy. 7. Rose.

BIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1. Redeemer.—Job 19, 25.
2. Death.—Ps. 89, 48.
2. Talent.—Matt. 25, 25.
4. Immortality.—1 Cor. 15, 53.
5. Forever.—Heb. 13, 8.
6. Abraham.—Gen. 17, 4.
7. Bethany.—John 11, 1.
8. Children.—Matt. 19, 14.
9. Feed.—Isa. 40, 11.
10. Thou.

Ans.—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.—Isa. 43, 1."

CHARADE.—Girl-hood.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from L. H. Cullen, L. E. M. Garrett, Caleb Lane, Mary A. Graham, M. A. McPherson and Mills McGuire.