

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NO TIME TO READ.

How often do we see the young wife, fond of books before marriage, give up almost all reading as soon as, if not before, the advent of the first baby.

An occasional look at the daily paper, a little later on some anxious study of "the fashions" to see how Miss Baby's new dress should be made—that, with once in a while a new recipe, make up the sum total of her literary research.

She does know who is President, and Governor of her own State. The news of a great war, accident, murder or a general public calamity, comes to her ears sooner or later; but anything like the real literary news of the day is a sealed book.

If a young housekeeper "does her own work," or even if she has a maid to assist her after the babies come, her hands and time seem full. But I know one housekeeper, the mother of five children, who often did her own work, and never had more than one servant in the kitchen, who looked well to the ways of her household, gave her children most excellent care, and brought them safely through the trials and tribulations incident to childhood, and who always found or made time to read. She improved the minutes; therein lay the secret of her success. When she sat down to nurse the baby some reading was always near at hand, at least the daily or weekly paper. She would sit close to a table, have the paper spread out and elevated a little; if it were evening, the light arranged to shine on the paper but not in the baby's eyes. When there was bread to mix, a book of "solid" reading was carefully propped up behind the mixing pan, so she could easily "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the two pages before her. When the stocking mending came, a book of lighter reading lay in her lap, held open by the scissors or a little sand-roll. As she pulled out the long thread she would read a bit, also at the beginning and end of each darn, the pleasant story serving to lighten the disagreeable task.

Her husband's business employed him evenings, and the children being in bed, she had leisure to indulge herself in the society of her beloved books. Fortunately she could do this with ease, whilst knitting rapidly, because there was often much necessary knitting to be done in the long winter evenings. There was no public library or reading-room in town, not even a circulating library, but she formed a club of a few friends, who each subscribed for one of the best periodicals of the day, each member reading the magazine or paper in turn. Although she could not read many of the new books, she read, at least, many of the book notices and reviews, and learned what books were really worth reading, and bought a notable new book, now and then, with carefully saved pennies. Her children grew up, as one might suppose, fond of reading, and read at an unusually early age. Now she is an old lady, but well up with the times in regard to literary matters. Her children read to her, evenings, to save her dear old eyes, but she spends many happy hours in her favorite pursuits, and her intellect is keen and bright.—*Household.*

ECONOMY IN HOUSE WORK.

When on one pair of hands, one pair of feet and one brain depends the smooth running of the household machinery, it is not surprising that the motor power is soon consumed and consigned to retirement in the cemetery; or partly consumed, a physical wreck the consequence. Believing that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is not what is wearing out our women, but the effort to realize that proverb is what is doing all the mischief.

One hundred years from now it will make no difference to your present neighbor whether you did your work by a cast-iron system or whether you kept everything in apple-pie order. But, dear mother, it will make a difference to the future generations descending from you.

It is a mother's first duty to take the best care of which she is capable of her health. If she cannot do this and do her work according to her standard, she should care for herself first and let the work be of secondary importance. Her life is given

her, not to crush out by overwork, but for usefulness and the training of her children.

For the farmer's wife there is always an excess of work, but by careful management and by the employment of labor-saving inventions, the additional cost of which will be but a few dollars, many a restful hour will be found that would otherwise be an impossibility. If, however, the dollars are not forthcoming with which to purchase the luxurious utensils, it naturally follows that you must do the next best thing—bring constant thought to bear on your work and you will soon find many ways to alleviate the toil attending house-keeping and kitchen work. For example, in the every-day work of preparing vegetables for dinner, it is far less fatiguing to sit than to stand. Have for the purpose a rather high stool.

When preparing a meal it will facilitate dishwashing if water is poured into the cooking utensils immediately after the contents have been removed. If the vessels are very greasy, add a little concentrated lye, pearline or soda. A home-made dish-drainer is very useful, and one is very easily made from a leaky tin pan of convenient size, by puncturing a number of small holes in the bottom with an awl. If there is no sewer leading from the kitchen sink, it will save the housewife many steps if the swill-pails are brought inside. They should be nicely painted, and a piece of oil-cloth provided to set them on. The kitchen and pantry floors, if uncarpeted, should be painted some pretty, light color; yellow or pink are colors that will show soiling least. The dark shades are not advisable. If you cannot conveniently get the paint, two coats of linseed-oil will more than repay you for the small outlay; besides, it will preserve your floors. It seems wrong to wear yourself out scrubbing when oil and paint are so cheap. An article worth many times its cost to the overworked housewife, yet often condemned under the false impression that it is injurious to carpets, is the carpet-sweeper. Many housewives sweep daily with the broom when the use of a carpet-sweeper would render a thorough sweeping necessary but once a week.

A slip of cheese-cloth or muslin over the feather-bed or mattress would save much work, as it is easily removed when soiled.

The watchful, intelligent mother will find many ways to lighten her burden, and where an article seems really necessary to her preservation, it seems little short of cruelty to deprive her of it. Her city sisters, though they may not possess one tenth as much of this world's goods as she does, are not slow to procure the things that will make life more pleasurable and easy. I know from observation that the dread of parting with a few dollars is the cause of many farmers' wives leading lives that are very closely allied to slavery. Dear mothers, this is all wrong. If you can afford it, get what will make life less wearying. Save your health and disposition for something higher. Don't get into the way of letting your work master you and so deprive yourself of life's best blessing—health.—*Eliza Renan, in Farm and Fireside.*

THE SCIENCE OF DUSTING.

It is a science, since the doctors have discovered for us that the furnishings of our houses, are the camping ground of lively unknowables called bacteria. The removal of it is, therefore, not only a performance of esthetic necessity, but of the greatest sanitary importance as well. It is not going too far to say that there is just as much need of classes in the hygienes of cleaning and dusting as there is of cooking classes.

The simple displacement of dust isn't dusting, and the whisking of the feather is no more evidence of cleanliness than the possession of many books nowadays is an evidence of learning. A room is dusted only when the dust is taken out of the room. This is done by using a soft, slightly dampened cloth to dust with and by wiping the surface of each article slowly and with care not to throw the particles of dust up in the air, whence they will settle again instantly somewhere else.

The utility of the feather-duster except for walls is to be doubted, and even for walls a soft cloth is better. A thin silk cloth or a piece of cheese-cloth makes a

good duster. So does a soft, firm woollen cloth, but linen and cotton-flannel leave lint behind them. One woman uses all of her worn-out silk stockings for dusting and still another makes loose mittens out of old woollen which she puts on as dusters. A turkey's wing is admirable to get the dust out of chinks and between rails, and chamois gives a last polish better than anything else. The best polish in all the world to keep furniture from looking dingy is the following: Two tablespoonfuls cotton-seed oil, one tablespoonful turpentine. Instead of cotton-seed oil grout oil and good vegetable oil may be used. This should be well rubbed into the wood and then a last polishing given with chamois. This is the recipe of a famous furniture dealer in New York.—*Helen Watterson.*

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

[From an article in the *Forum* thus entitled, by Timothy Dwight.]

My simple story is told. If there is any suggestion which it offers, it is, I think, that of the importance of the family life in giving the impulse to intellectual growth. Education is like religion in many respects. It is so in this. The children of a household grow most easily and naturally in the religious life, not when the parents are always talking about it, and forcing it upon them, but when the atmosphere of the house is so full of religion that they do not think of any other life. And, in the same way, where parents make their children sharers in a true intellectual life possessed by themselves, and make the house full of the sense of the blessedness of knowing, the minds of the children will surely be awake to knowledge, and will be educated as the years go on. My own mind was awakened in this way. The years of manhood have not done for me all that I could have wished, or all that they may have done for many others; but the impulse given me in my early home made me rejoice in the waking of my own mental powers, and whatever I may accomplish, or fail to accomplish, to the view of others, I have found so much delight in this working, and in observing it, that I shall never intellectually go to sleep. And so my answer to the question, "How I was educated," ends where it began. I had the right mother.

EARNING MONEY AT HOME.

A correspondent of the *Voice* says:—Almost invariably the women who fail are those who make a fatal mistake at the very beginning of their efforts, that of selecting work they fancy will pay, without any regard to their adaptability for it. We nearly all have some gift, something we can do and like to do. Stick to that and perfect yourself in it. Do not be easily discouraged. Mediocrity is at a discount; the "gilt-edged" article sells every time.

I know one lady who confines her entire attention to lemon pies, making a certain number every morning for a store, and she finds ready sale for them. These pies are simply perfect, pastry, filling and baking, week after week, they never vary. The demand is steady the year around. Another lady knits and crochets baby sacques, nothing else. A large fancy store takes all she can produce, provides the material, paying her so much a slip for her work. These sacques are the daintiest things imaginable, and of infinite variety of stitch and coloring.

Another friend earns pin-money in winter by making mince pies and fruit cake, the latter being made any size desired, selling at so much a pound. Another makes good yeast and sells it. Another is celebrated for her tomato catsup. Another decorates houses of the wealthy for teas, dinners, balls, weddings, etc. Originality, deft fingers, a fine eye for color,—these are her helpers. All of these women have made a success of their work.

Do we not all know of others who try first one thing then another, succeeding at none? The trouble generally is that their work is poor, not above the average, so that there is no demand for their productions. Can you wash, or bake, or sew, or knit, or write, or whatsoever you can do, do it well. You will find if yours is better than others in the same line, you will soon reap the benefit.

LIBRARIES FOR FARMING COMMUNITIES.

I do not know who secured the law to establish township libraries in Indiana, but may every blessing rest on him? For he did a wonderful work, and the man or committee who selected the books had a genius for the task which rose to an inspiration. How many rainy days, how many long winter evenings, how many noon hours did I spend in poring over the Abbot histories, the narratives of travel and those books in which scientific principles were popularly explained! The recollections of the vast benefit and pleasure I derived in that little library—a mere handful of books—to which I trudged a long distance through rain and snow to get an occasional coveted volume, leaves the firm conviction in my mind that the benevolence and wisdom of man cannot devise a more beneficent instrumentality than some general scheme whereby instructive and entertaining books may be made readily accessible to the youth of the rural portions of our country.—*The Forum.*

FOR THE TRAVELLING BAG.

A convenient little case in which to carry the necessary medicines when travelling is of gray or brown linen. To make this, lay together two pieces of linen, each sixteen inches long by twenty inches wide, and cut out of each corner a piece five inches deep and six inches wide, which will leave a cross-shaped pattern. Make the side flaps of this oval, and bind the whole neatly with brown silk braid. Get five small square bottles about four inches long, with rubber corks, and fill them with ammonia, camphor, glycerine, and so forth and paste plainly marked labels on each. Then take a piece of fancy silk elastic one and a half inches wide, and fasten either end of it across the centre of the case; tack it at equal intervals in four places between, and slip in the bottles. Sew a piece of braid on the top flap, and fold in the case like an envelope, and tie together.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHOLE FRIED POTATOES.—In no other way except baking, is the whole flavor so retained. Boil whole potatoes—first removing a single strip of skin all round—about twenty minutes. Drain, pour a cupful of cold water over them, drain again and wipe off the skins in a clean cloth. Then drop into a kettle of hot fat and brown nicely. Serve immediately. These make a delicious breakfast-dish to serve with chops or cutlets.

PUZZLES NO. 7.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

1. An ancient riddle maker.
 2. A noted oppressor of God's chosen people.
 3. One of the patriarchs.
 4. A city near Jerusalem where Samuel lived.
 5. An ancient prophet.
 6. The birthplace of Paul.
- The initials spell the name of an immaterial, immortal, but thinking being.

ANNIE M. PROUDFOOT.

WHO IS HE?

Decay and change his pathway mark,
In seasons all and places;
His touch by day or in the dark,
The works of man defaces.

He heals the wounds that sorrow makes,
Cools anger's fiercest burning;
Brings many gifts; our record takes,
And knoweth no returning.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

DROP-VOWEL VERSE.

L-t-s th-n b-p-and d-ng.
W-th-h-r-t f-r-ny f-te.
St-ll-ch-v-ng, st-ll p-rs-ng.
L-rn t-l-b-r-and t-w-t.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. Part of the verb "to be."
3. A man's name.
4. Termination.
5. A letter.

ENIGMA.

My first is in tail but not in end,
My second is in borrow but not in lend;
My third is in mutton but not in sheep;
My fourth is in napping but not in sleep;
My fifth is in tremble but not in shake;
My sixth is in boiling but not in bake;
My seventh is in street but not in road;
My eighth is in house but not in abode;
My whole names fruits of affection.

"I. G. P."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 6.

BIBLE PUZZLE.—Job 2: 11, 12, 13.

HIDDEN TREES.—1. Pine. 2. Ash. 3. Maple. 4. Willow. 5. Elm. 6. Cedar. 7. Apples. 8. Pear.

REBUS.—Burns.

SQUARE WORD.—C R O W

R I P E

O P E N

W E N T

REBUS.—Milton.

ENIGMA.—*Northern Messenger.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie May Proudfoot.