

THE HOUSEHOLD.

RALPH VINCENT'S FIRST PATIENT.

Ralph Vincent had just returned home after an absence of three years, during which time he had completed his "college course," as the phrase goes, though not as the majority of college boys finish their course, but as a few do, who dig and delve deep in the mines of science and literature, and store away precious jewels that shall sparkle and shine with grand light and beauty throughout their after lives. Bravely he had met, grappled with, and conquered every obstacle that had risen in his pathway, and he had come home with more exalted ideas of his duty to mankind, and a great longing in his heart to do something to benefit society; and he sighed as he thought how really limited his knowledge was, as compared with what remained for him to learn. As he stood by the window musing thus, the door of his room opened softly, and he sprang with joy to meet and fold in his arms the darling sister from whom he had been separated so long; but he looked with surprise upon the pale, delicate girl who stood before him.

"Why, Nellie, what is the matter?" he said. "Have you been ill, and did not let me know of it?"

"No, Ralph, I have not been ill, yet I have not been really well for some time," she said, as she laid her head languidly upon his shoulder.

"Now, my dear sister, there is surely some cause for this, and as the wise men have seen fit to bestow upon your humble brother the title of M.D., you shall be the first patient, and give a strict account of yourself."

Then followed a kind catechism in regard to her life since he left her; and as he heard the story of fashionable dissipation, of balls, full-dress parties, &c., in which his young sister had mingled, the look of surprise left his face, and one of pain and annoyance took its place, and he said:

"Nellie, I am disappointed in you. The other girls have grown up in the round of fashion and gayety, and have married fashionable men, and are even now, though yet young, faded women; but you always seemed to care so little for such things, and when I left home no rosier, prettier maiden could be found than my little 'Rosebud,' as I called her. And I tell you, Nellie, that vision has done much to help me in my hard work, it was so bright and restful. But what do I find on my return home? A tall, slender girl of eighteen, with eyes that show only too plainly the dark circles, with cheeks upon which only artificial roses bloom, lips pale and spiritless, and a brow already lined just a little with *annui*."

"Oh, do not say anything more, Ralph. A despicable picture you make of me surely. Am I to blame that I cannot retain the freshness and health of my young girlhood? Surely I regret their loss as much as you can; but I cannot help it."

Passing his arm tenderly around the wasp-like waist he said:

"Nellie, supposing when those beautiful ever-green trees were young and tender, we had encircled and covered them with a network of iron, where would now be their beautiful branches and well proportioned limbs?"

"I guess they would be either dead, or present a very curious appearance," said Nellie, laughing.

"Or supposing you should gather one of the hardiest of those lovely blossoms, and hold it tightly in your hand for one day, do you think that at night it would lift its head as proudly and as brilliantly as now?"

"Why, Ralph, what an absurd question. You know that I could not press it in my hand for one hour, without its withering and dying from the heat and pressure of my palm."

"Equally absurd, no doubt, would you think me, if I should walk to yonder clock, and grasp its pendulum firmly in my hand, and hold it still, then wonder why the clock did not tick forth the minutes as when left to its own devices. Yet, Nellie, you do think it strange that a bright, healthy, blooming young girl should be shut up in a hot-bed of luxury, should be constantly deprived of her natural rest, should eat late suppers, should dance in heated ball-rooms, or read light, trashy novels until the small hours of early morn, and should confine

herself in darkened rooms for fear of getting sun-browned and coarse, and yet should not be just as bright and gay as when out in the bright sunlight, free as the air she breathed. You think it strange that the wonderful life-clock that ticks forth our minutes and seconds, should not beat just as regularly and truly with the cruel hand of dissipation laid heavily upon it as when nothing hindered its strokes to and fro. You think it strange that the soft, dimpled limbs and rounded form of early girlhood should not retain their fair proportions, even when encased in a net-work of steel braces, whalebones, and laces; and when the latter are drawn so tightly that all the delicate and wonderful mechanism of the tender, youthful form is pushed and crowded out of order, until the chest, lungs and heart are overburdened, and the digestive organs cannot accomplish their mission, which is to help the others in their work; and yet you deem it a strange thing that the young life gets to be a burden to itself and others. A sin is committed, which may show its effects through many years to come; for many of these fashion-manacled maidens become wives and mothers, and transmit to their offsprings their weak and disordered natures."

"Why, Ralph, I never thought of it in this light before. I really do not enjoy this round of gayety, and if you can help me back to the freedom and joyousness of the dear old days, I will gladly avail myself of any prescription you may offer."

"That is spoken like my brave little Nell, and now for the prescription. First, you must discard entirely the use of a corset. If stays must be used, purchase some firm drilling, and make a neat fitting waist, with small light whalebones, if necessary, but be very careful to have it quite loose. Then get your riding-habit ready, and we will away with the morning breeze for a gallop over the hills. We will ride and walk, boat and skate; we will bathe in the waters of the sea; we will, in fact, drink in all the fresh air and sunlight we can, bidding defiance to Dame Fashion, save when her decrees coincide with our health and comfort. And we will see if, when the rose-buds come again, my own dear sister will not be the fairest and sweetest among them."

We will not follow Ralph and Nellie in their gay rambles; still we have a curiosity to know the results of his first prescription, so we will visit them after the lapse of three years. Ralph is an established physician in his own town; he has married a gifted and noble lady, who is too proud to bend her neck to the cruel yoke of fashion, and too humble and loving to turn a deaf ear to any cry for help from the poorest of her husband's patients. And Nellie, what of her? If we open the parsonage door (situated very near her brother's house), we shall see her fitting to and fro; and although but a few short months have passed since the orange blossoms sparkled upon her brow, still her husband (one of Ralph's college friends, and an earnest working minister of the Gospel), declares her to be a helpmeet indeed in his pastoral work. Under the dispensation of plenty of fresh air, sunlight, and healthful exercise, she has blossomed into what her early girlhood gave promise of, a grand and beautiful womanhood. She often says that she does not "wonder at Ralph's rapidly increasing practice and popularity, if all his patients improve as rapidly under his treatment as did the first one three years ago."—Mrs. Ettie H. Davis, in *Phrenological Journal*.

SMART HELP.

We often hear people speak of the great influence exerted upon the young by those who are employed in the home. But the power of such persons on older members of the family is often strongly felt.

Three years ago last summer, a farmer was anxious to have some one help him during the haying season. Only a short distance from his home lived a young man who was temperate and honest. His was a noble, unselfish heart. Though he might have earned more away from home, he chose to remain on the old farm that his aged father and sick stepmother might be cheered by his presence and help. The young man would gladly have aided the farmer many days, but he turned aside from him because one had recommended a stranger as one who could "do the most work in a day of any man he had ever seen." How often that sentence has been enough to quickly and firmly close a bargain!

The young man who was so active was hired at once. The price paid him was much larger than the neighbor's son would have asked; but the farmer said, "I shall gain by the bargain. John is slow. This fellow is quick and smart."

I can see the two going to the mowing lot together—the man who was past fifty years of age, the man who had long been a member of the church, the man who was so proud of the other, his new hired man.

The summer went by. The barn was crowded with the hay which had been got in so rapidly and in such good order. But I noticed that the farmer sometimes looked sadly at his heaped up treasures. Why? Once in that past summer, on a day of hurry, a thunderstorm rattling across the hills, this man, made so familiar with the oaths of the other, had himself spoken coarse and brutal words. There was also a noon-time when the young man who could do so much proffered his employer the flask from which he had often drunk, and he took it. Sheltered by some shrubs, he thought that no one saw him. When I next spoke to him of Christ he said, "I am as good as some church members now!" A young soul hindered, a wife saddened, a father grieved—these are a few of the results from a "smart" hired man's work.—*Zion's Herald*.

SWEEPING.—In sweeping do not scrub your broom into your carpet as if you were sawing a pine board, but sweep lightly and gently, any you will get the dust together just as well, save making half the dust, besides saving a great deal in the wear of the carpets. Many housekeepers wonder why their carpets do not last as well as their neighbor's, which were put down at about the same time, or why this carpet does not wear as well as a previous one of the same kind, and the weaver gets the blame, when, nine times out of ten, it is the sweeper who is to blame. We don't care how smart our help is in other ways, if she digs her broom into the carpet in that pitching, scrubbing way which so many do, we begin to feel nervous, and wish the "help" was somewhere else, for we know how soon the carpet will begin to show it. Nothing in the world sooner spoils good pictures &c., than dust. It gets into the cracks and corners, where it cannot be got out, so that we think it best to always dampen the broom before sweeping. Some people wear out the broom all on one side. Nothing is more suggestive of carelessness than this. When sweeping, hold the broom nearly straight up and down, and brush rather than sweep, being careful to keep the longest side next the carpet. A broom kept straight will last three times as long as one allowed to wear out all on one side.

CHOCOLATE PRES.—Make plain cup cake and bake in Washington pie plates, having the cake thick enough to split. After splitting, spread one half with a filling made as below, place the top piece on and sprinkle with powdered sugar. The cake should always be fresh. Filling: One square of Baker's chocolate, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, one-third of a cupful of boiling milk. Mix scraped chocolate and sugar together; then add, very slowly, the boiling milk and then the eggs, and simmer ten minutes, being careful that it does not burn. Flavor with vanilla. Have fully cold before using.

ESCALLOPED apple is made with alternate layers of soft bread and sliced apple in a buttered pudding-dish, with a sprinkling of sugar, nutmeg or cinnamon and bits of butter. For a three-pint dish half a cup of sugar will be sufficient, unless the apples are very sour. A little grated rind or juice of lemon, is an improvement. Have a thick layer of bread crumbs moistened in melted butter on top. Cover at first, to avoid scorching, and bake about one hour.

TRY this method for cooking eggs. Heat a meat platter and lay on it as many pieces of toast as you wish, slightly buttered. Beat eggs, with a little salt. Heat in a saucepan a little sweet butter, turn the eggs into it and stir quickly with a wooden spoon till the mass has assumed the consistency of thick cream, pour this over the toast and take it to the breakfast table.

THIN SLICES of bread dipped in tomato sauce and then fried in butter until they are brown, take the place of an omelet. This is a good way to utilize stale bread.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is a title to young ladies given
When they make their debut on life's stage;

'Tis also a mistake, though hard you have striven
To erase it from memory's page.

My second a part of a verb you will find;
And in places not always most rural
I'm abused by many with treatment unkind;
By using me oft as a plural.

The bee when extracting the sweets from each flower
To hoard for chill winter's use,
Is said of my third to use magical power
To absorb the sweet saccharine juice.

My fourth is a mess that printers all hate,
And has caused much wrath I do fear;
But a small vowel add, lo! the change is so great
They'll eat it each day of the year.

If my whole you would find, then your atlas bring out
And search with the utmost of care
On the map of America, and without doubt
You soon will discover it there.

PARALLELOGRAM.

Across: 1. Sober. 2. A petition. 3. To claim.

Down: 1 turf. 2. Before. 3. Obscure. 4. A name. 5. A weight. 6. To stop.

ANAGRAMS.

The following are a scientist, two poets, and a historian:

"H. M. S."—Youth axle.

"It was a cast."

"Oh! I burn a rat so."

"B. do begin, draw!"

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a bell, leave a tree.
2. Behead a fillet, leave an animal.
3. Behead one, leave an insect egg.
4. Behead custom, leave a wise man.
5. Behead to sell, leave to finish.
6. Behead a plant, leave to engrave.

ENIGMA.

In wine, not in beer.

In time, not in year.

In love, not in marriage.

In girl, not in carriage.

In ink, not in pen,

In hawk, not in hen.

In man, not in wren.

My whole, once royal,

Ruled England loyal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

POETICAL EXERCISE.

1. Stood little Molly by the gate;
Her cousin Arthur cried, "Please wait.
There's coasting by the river-bank;
Let's go for Bessie, Jean, and Hank."
Said Molly, "If the ice is thin,
There's danger lest we tumble in.
It really makes me creep and shake.
The thought of colds we all would take."
"Oh, little coz," said Arthur, "why
To find objections do you try?
The snow is firm, the air is nice,
And glitters brilliantly the ice,
And on my word you may depend,
That soon our winter sports will end;
So hush the fears that stir your breast,
And hurry, dear; here come the rest."

2. Then skipping by, came Lou and Hal,
And Kattie, Minnie, Jack, and all;
And "do!" they cried, and pleaded oh!
With cheeks and lips like stars aglow.
Then Molly, laughing, answered, "Look,
There's Uncle Jim with bell and book,
And by his frown I fear we may
Expect to coast some other day.
Since some of us with little ease
Must coast through fractions, if you please."
At this they bade her go to school,
But said they could not be so dull.
1. Whittier. 2. Holmes.

DIAGONALS—Emerson. **CROSS-WORDS**—1. Ever. 2. Amen. 3. Tree. 4. Near. 5. Rest. 6. Foot. 7. Nest.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—
"Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt."

KIDDLE—Parchment, pens and wax.
HIDDEN MONARCHS—Victoria. Egbert. Francis. Edward.

DIAMOND PUZZLE—V

S A D

V A L I D

D I N

D

CHARADE—Carpet.

TO CURE A COUGH—Roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar, finely powdered. Take a teaspoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is as good as it is agreeable to the taste.