

## The Household.

## Take Care.

1. Take care of your health. A sound mind depends largely on a sound and healthy body; and without good health you are not likely to have vigor or cheerfulness, or courage for duty, or success in life. Do all in your power, then, to have and keep good health.
2. Take care of your time. It is one of the most precious of God's gifts. Misimproved, it is loss, injury, ruin; rightly used it is success, character, influence, life to the intellect, life to the soul. Know, then, and constantly remember the value of time. Seize and improve every moment as it passes. No idleness, no waste, no procrastination. Never put off to the future what may be done now. Count as lost the day in which you have made no improvement or done no good.
3. Take care as to your associates. Not only will you be known by the company you keep, but you will soon become like it. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companions of fools shall be destroyed." Not only, then, shun the society of the idle, the profligate, the abandoned, the vicious, the Sabbath-breaker, the profane, the sneerer at sacred things, but seek the society of the wise and good.

## Several Things Worth Remembering

It is said that salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion. That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter. That rusty flat-irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard. That it roasts you in sewing to change your position frequently. That a hot strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold. That tough beef is made tender by lying in vinegar water. That a little soda will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion. That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath. That a cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia. That well ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude. That one in a faint should be laid on the flat of his back, then loosen his clothes and let him alone. That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water. That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water. That to beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt; salt cools and cold eggs froth rapidly. That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea. That you can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing. The white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate over them.

The growth of the personal character is largely moulded by the gradual recognition of moral laws, by the sense of the mystery evolved in the inevitable struggle between duty and pleasure.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvements; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher atmosphere.

## Family Circle.

## COURT BEAUCOURT'S TREASURE.

## A Story in two Chapters.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONE SPRIG OF EDELWEISS."

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

To begin with, Charlie and I married for love. I was the youngest of six sisters, and though papa had a comfortable income, it required the whole of it to feed, clothe, and educate six girls; and though we lived handsomely, we certainly lived up to the last half penny of our *rentes*, as the French say. Consequently there was not much left for marriage portions, particularly as I, though the youngest, was the first to marry; and every spare penny was required for the demands of five girls all of whom were out in society, and rather verging upon the "sere and yellow."

So I came to Charlie without a possession in the world, beyond my trousseau, with which to bless myself; while he, dear fellow, the last of all the Beaucourts, was, as he expressed it, "rather better than a beggar," the worldly goods with which he had endowed me consisting of the utterly neglected estate and mouldering old house of Court Beaucourt, and an income of rather more than two hundred a year.

For the first eighteen months we lived in a sort of paradise, "taking no thought," like the birds, finding quite sufficient occupation in roaming all day in the wild park, or exploring the gloomy old rooms of the Court, perfectly happy and engrossed in each other.

But at last there came a day when I awoke to the fact that people could not live on nothing, and that that was about the state of our finances; also that the butcher and baker at Holme Beaucourt did not seem particularly anxious to supply us with bread and meat without remuneration, and were even so inconsiderate as to hint about the payment of past debts. I think I had an idea that pretty dresses and rich food, and all that sort of thing, came spontaneously; at all events I had no experience of the want of money, nor much knowledge of the world, for I was only eighteen (Charlie, looking over my shoulder, remarks that I need hardly write that so contemptuously, since it all happened "only" two years ago; but I dare say I was innocent even beyond my years); and Charlie was not much better; so the awakening was a great shock, and for two or three weeks we were plunged into the deepest despair, mourned over the supine behaviour of Charlie's guardians in never having had him taught the means whereby to earn his bread, and made ourselves altogether wretched; after which, feeling that a few weeks more such misery would shorten our lives and consign us to an early grave—or two early graves, as Charlie more correctly expressed it—we began to grow more resigned to the inevitable, and to keep up our spirits in spite of everything—a much more easy and agreeable proceeding than yielding to despair when one is eighteen, and one's husband twenty-three.

And here I must just pause to say that the poor dear fellow added a good deal to the unhappiness of those miserable weeks by his own self-reproaches. He had suddenly become aware of the rather crushing fact that he had married a wife without the means of keeping her, and was divided between denunciations of his own beastly selfishness (as he was pleased to call it) and wonder that papa could ever have been so blind as to trust me and my happiness to the keeping of a genteel pauper. To tell the truth, I have privately thought that my respected father was only too glad to get one of his six daughters married off at any price, and perhaps thought my lot as Charlie's wife could hardly be more precarious than it already was as sixth daughter of a half-pay major-general with no private income whatever. However, be this as it may, I was only thankful he had never thrown any obstacle in the way of our happiness; and I at last succeeded in convincing Master Charlie that I would far, far rather starve with him than live in luxury without him, and after that money troubles seemed comparatively easy to bear.

Attached to the Court there were two old servants whose ages were commonly reported to be something fabulous, and whose presence about the place dated far back beyond the memory of man—"man" being Charlie. For beings so ancient they were remarkably hale and vigorous; they had served Charlie's great-grandfather, and were simple enough to fancy that the honour of serving a Beaucourt far outweighed any such paltry considerations as wages—which indeed they could not have enjoyed for the last twenty years—and so had clung to the Court through all its reverses, and now ruled it and us. Steven, the old man, acted as butler, gardener, and general factotum; while Mrs. Susan—who I suppose never had a surname, as I never had the pleasure of hearing it—was housekeeper, cook, housemaid, and general domestic; for to have allowed a Beaucourt to do the lightest piece of work would, in her eyes, have been the crowning stroke of humiliation. She never wearied of telling me long tales of the splendours of departed Beaucourts—though I very often wearied of hearing them—and seemed so *au fait* with all their doings and sayings that I sometimes inclined to believe in the popular report of her age, and think she must have served the first Dame Beaucourt of them all.

This same Mrs. Susan came upon me one gloomy afternoon in November, as I stood in the picture-gallery wondering whether any of those great grand-mamas of Charlie's were ever so worried about their daily bread as was. I had just informed them wrathfully that they were a set of simpering idiots

to stare down at me in that smirking, imbecile way, when I heard a step, and turning, rather startled lest my impolite remarks had brought one of them down out of her frame to avenge the insult, I saw Mrs. Susan.

"Ah, Mrs. Charles, they're a grand family, the Beaucourts," said she, nodding her grim old head at the rows of pictures, and causing thereby the border of her mob-cap to flutter in a ghostly manner.

"Were they, Mrs. Susan?" I answered calmly, not particularly affected by a fact which I had heard some fifteen times a day since I made her acquaintance.

"They are, as you were pleased to remark," she retorted, with additional grimness.

I was rather provoked, as I had not remarked anything of the sort, and could not very well see in what the grandeur of the present Beaucourts consisted; so I said, rather mockingly—

"To be sure, Mrs. Susan! we Beaucourts of to-day are overpoweringly grand, I admit. The only pity is, our grandeur does not appear to strike the vulgar public."

"I was speaking of the Beaucourts, Mrs. Charles," said she, with dignity; "not of those persons who are only Beaucourts by alliance."

And as this unexpected home-thrust quite rendered me dumb, she continued severely—

"And if they are under a cloud just now—and I must say you should be the last person to taunt them with that, Mrs. Charles—they are a grand family still, and will hold up their heads with the proudest in the land when once the Treasure is found."

"What treasure?" I cried, forgetting in my excitement that this odious old woman had dared to say I was not a Beaucourt. But she was gone before I could stop her; and going down-stairs in high dudgeon, I found dinner ready and Charlie waiting.

Out of the dozen public rooms at the Court, we had chosen this little faded boudoir for a dining-room and drawing-room combined, partly because it was in better repair and less ghostly than the others, and partly because—oh, poverty-stricken Beaucourts!—it was smaller and required less fuel to warm it.

The fire-light and candle-light danced together over the damask hangings that had once been blue, and flashed on the carved furniture that was black and shining with age; it lit up Charlie's brown moustache as he sat by the fire, and rested with a cheerful glow on the dinner-table, with its fine old damask cloth, its old-fashioned silver, and delicate old china—a bit of which would have rejoiced the heart of a modern aesthete—which we used every day, because we were too poor to buy another set.

The table certainly needed all its china and silver, for it held very little else indeed. I looked longingly at the two small mutton chops on the great dish, from which Steven took the cover with as grand a flourish as if it had contained a boar's head at the very least.

"The smallest chop for me, dearest," I said quickly. "I am not hungry to-night, and—I don't think mutton agrees with me."

Charlie looked at me with a vain attempt at sternness. "You wicked child!" said he in a voice which tried to be severe and failed utterly. "Where do you expect to go to if you tell such fibs? Don't you suppose I can see through you?" and immediately put the largest chop on my plate.

"Do you know," I said, "I am beginning to think that perhaps excursions through wet grass, and over sharp rocks, and all that sort of thing are not conducive to the preservation of one's wardrobe. I haven't a decent dress left of my trousseau; they're all gone to rags but this one, and it's doing the best it can to follow their example; while that coat and it's your last, as I very well know—is more comfortable than it was, but less elegant. However, I've one comfort: when these things go we have a last resource. Do you know there are wardrobes, and cupboards, and chests upstairs filled with the faded vanities of your male and female ancestors? And upon those we can fall when our present garments are no more. I assure you I am most anxious to begin. You never saw anything like the velvets and brocades!—and such lace! yellow as saffron!"

"Perhaps you might wash it clean again," suggested Monsieur Charles.

"Perhaps I might! Did anyone ever hear the like of that? How like a man! No, my dear sir, I shall not wash it clean again, since its dirtiness is its especial charm. Have you finished your chop? That's right, for I've something to impart which I would not tell you before lest it should spoil your appetite. Did you enjoy that chop, dear? I hope so, for I fear much it's the last you will ever eat."

Charlie laid down his knife and fork, and regarded me attentively.

"Because," I continued, "Mrs. Susan came to me this morning with those very chops off which we have just dined, and said, with her usual severity, 'If you please, Mrs. Charles, Mr. Jones has brought these, and says they're the last you'll have from him till his bill's paid, and that pretty quick.'"

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'That is very rude of Mr. Jones, Mrs. Susan, and you may tell him so for me; and also that until he much improves his present style of address, I must deny myself the pleasure of receiving his messages.'"

"No! did you really?—How jolly of you! What did Mrs. Susan say to that?"

"She said nothing at all, but she walked off with such a delighted face. Horrid Mr. Jones!"

"Brute! What a pity it isn't a few hundred years ago, and I could have called my faithful band together and ridden down to my village of Holme Beaucourt to chastise him for his impudence. Ah! those were jolly times!"

"Holme Beaucourt used to belong to the Beaucourts, didn't it, Charlie?"

"Yes and all the country round, as far as you can see; but an ancestor of mine—that beggar with the