

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A WEAK MOTHER.

One evening I went out to tea; and shortly after my arrival at the house of my hostess, her two little boys, Frank and Cecil, came into the parlor. They were handsome, sturdy little fellows, and won my admiration at once. We were scarcely seated at table before Cecil, who was two and a half years of age, began to beg for some strawberries from a large glass dish near him.

"You must eat something else first, darling," said his mother. "Papa will give you a piece of nice fried chicken."

"I don't want chicken. I won't have chicken. I want some berries," screamed the child.

"But the chicken—" began Mrs. B. She was interrupted by a crash of china. The child had seized a teacup from the waiter before his mother and thrown it violently to the floor, where it lay shivered into twenty pieces.

"Cecil, why! I am ashamed of you," said Mrs. B—"and before company, too. If you can't behave better than this you will have to eat in the kitchen with Nora. There, don't cry now. Here are the berries, though such a naughty boy don't deserve anything half so good."

In the parlor, an hour later, when Frank teased for a handsome photographic album on the centre-table, it was given to him without remonstrance and he employed himself in rubbing his hands over each photograph in turn.

"I suppose some people would say I was weak in the government of my children," said Mrs. B—"but I can't bear to hear them cry, and I don't want them to fly into tempers. I try to avoid that at all hazards."

"Don't you think it possible to teach them self-government from infancy?" I asked. "You know the old adage of 'line upon line, precept upon precept.' The position of a mother is one of grave responsibility, she moulds—"

Mrs. B—interrupted me with a merry laugh.

"You talk as if you had brought up a regiment of children," she said. "Wait until you can speak from experience. The views of a looker-on are not worth anything, my dear."

Well, it is just possible she may have been right, and as there are doubtless many who will agree with her, I won't run the risk of being snubbed. I will keep my views to myself.—Standard.

THE EASIEST WAY.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Several summers ago I spent the month of June at the house of a friend of my early youth. She was happily married, and lived in a handsome house in a pleasant country town where she knew everybody, and everybody knew her. She was thought, when we went to school together, to be almost too amiable for her own good, and I found her little changed after a lapse of ten years. "The easiest way" was always the way down which Charlotte's steps turned. She avoided the stones and thorns in her path whenever such avoidance was possible, utterly heedless that in so doing she was perhaps laying up sorrow and disappointment for her later years. Like many others she found it easier to yield than to insist.

She had three children, and I soon found food for thought in the manner in which she governed them—though the government was simply a name. It had no substance or reality. At all hours of the day these children were teasing for sweets, and they never teased in vain, though at first Charlotte invariably refused any such request.

"I don't like to have you children stuffing between meals," she would say. "It isn't good for you. If you don't believe me, ask the doctor about it."

"Oh, mamma, please just one cookie," from Tom.

"Only one, mamma," from Harry, who always looked just ready to burst into a prolonged howl.

"We're so hungry, mamma," little Ruth would chime in. "Please just one cookie."

"Well, get one apiece, and don't ask me for another thing to-day," Charlotte would say, and then turning to me would add, "It is easier to let them have the cookies than to argue the matter any longer. Children are born teazers."

This scene was of almost hourly occur-

rence. If it wasn't a cookie, it was loaf sugar, or bread and jelly, or sugar and crackers. I used to wonder how many pounds of sugar Charlotte was obliged to order every week. At table the children ate what they pleased, with seldom even a suggestion from their mother.

One evening at supper, Tom, the eldest of the three, reached for a piece of fruit-cake.

"That is very rich, Tom, you had better confine yourself to sponge cake to-night, my boy! you know you have been under the weather all day," said his father.

Tom began to pout at once.

"I don't like sponge cake," he said in a surly tone, "and I don't feel much sick, now. Mamma, can't I have some fruit-cake?"

"I don't believe a little piece would hurt him, Phil," said Charlotte, looking toward her husband, "and I would rather run the risk than have a fuss about it."

So master Tom ate his piece of fruit cake, and a few hours later Phil went tearing down the street for the doctor, and Charlotte sat up all night watching over a very sick child.

Another time, Harry, who was a year younger than Tom, wanted to continue a game of ball in the yard in spite of the fact that it had begun to rain. Charlotte called him in, and he threw himself on the floor of the sitting room, fretted, kicked, cried, and howled until his mother's will gave way.

"Well, go out, then," she said, "but if you catch cold it is your own fault; remember that."

"He will catch cold as a matter of course," I said, as the child left the room. "You ought to have been firm, Charlotte. He will probably have the croup to-night."

"Of course I ought to have been firm," was the reply, "but I couldn't stand his howling any longer. Children are a dreadful trial. You ought to be thankful you have none."

My prophecy was fulfilled. Harry was seized with the croup just before midnight, and for hours his life hung in the balance.

These are only a few of the incidents that served to set my thoughts toward the subject of the proper management of children; but I discovered that Charlotte was not the only woman in that town who chose the "easiest way."—Standard.

IN BEHALF OF LITTLE GIRLS.

"Mamma, can't I do this?"

"Oh! no, dear," in horrified accents.

"But, mamma, Tom does, and I want to."

"Why can't I, mamma?"

"Why, my dear, Tom is a boy. Little boys can do lots of things that it isn't nice for little girls to do, you know."

And this system, often begun in very infancy, is followed out till the girl grows up into womanhood, either accepting her trammels as a matter of course, or chafing vainly all the way along, envying her brothers, cherishing a deep-seated grudge against old Dame Nature, and having the thought which one girl at least expressed when she said: "I fairly hate myself for having been born a girl!" Girls in heathen lands may well feel this, but when girls in enlightened Christian countries feel so, some thing in their training is awry.

Now, while it is true that a large girl in many respects cannot do as a large boy does, and usually has no desire to, it is also equally true (with the exceptions admitted to all rules) that a little girl can do almost exactly what a little boy can, and she usually wants to; and, further, if allowed to, she generally will do it. If mothers will guide instead of thwart this tendency, it will be vastly to the benefit of their girls, and not at all to the injury of their boys. There would seem to be no good reason why the training and education of girls and of boys should not be essentially identical up to a certain age. Be not in too great a hurry to impose upon your little girl the burden of her sex. She comes into the world a little, happy, free human being, caring not at all whether she is a boy or a girl, so long as her divine and inalienable rights of food, love, and a good time generally are not denied to her. God gives her life; do not you, because she is a girl, curtail her liberty or forbid her the pursuit of happiness in her own and nature's way. Things that are "nice" for a boy are "nice" for his sister while both are little children. Things that are "proper" for a healthy, active girl are usually just as "proper" for a healthy, active boy. It is a mistaken notion that certain roughnesses, a certain disregard of the proprieties, a certain boisterous liberty, may be allowed to our

boys, because they are boys, when they are not permissible to our girls.

Would we have our girls rough and boisterous, then? By no means. And just as little should we have our boys so. But we would have our boys strong, athletic, fond of exercise; we would let them run and climb, and even shout, if the exuberance of their spirits demanded it—all in the proper time and place. We should not deny the same privileges to our girls, so far as their strength allows them to take them. Some forms of exercise, to be sure, such as jumping rope, running up and down stairs, and the like, are to be deprecated for girls. Many mothers and physicians think them not desirable for boys. But if a girl goes fishing with her brother; if she can walk as unwearily; if she can climb a tree with as monkey-like facility; if she can drive a nail straight without detriment to her fingers, and has a Yankee dexterity with a jack-knife, if in shooting she does not have to aim behind her to hit something in front of her—then she is both a useful and a happy girl. She is laying up strength against the evil days to come when so many women helplessly capitulate to their "nerves." She is keeping her brother in a purer and more refining companionship than any afforded by the rough village boys.—Lucy White Palmer, in *Babyhood*.

RENOVATING OLD FURNITURE.

Furniture that has become defaced with white spots and slight scratches, can, with little labor, be made to appear almost as good as when new.

An old and handsome mahogany dressing bureau, which had become badly defaced with white spots and slight scratches, was restored to its pristine beauty by the following means: I got a basin of clean, hot suds, and one of clean, clear hot water, and some clean cloths. I washed a portion of the bureau with the hot suds, and rinsed it with the clear water, and with a dry cloth rubbed it until dry. The whole surface of the bureau was gone over thus, a portion at a time, and when it had become quite dry I poured a little alcohol over a few of the spots and rubbed with a clean cloth until dry; indeed, I used the alcohol over the whole surface of the bureau, going over a small space at a time, and rubbing it rapidly. Places that were very bad received a second application of alcohol. The next day a coat of copal varnish was applied, and the bureau appeared as handsome as ever.

Almost any kind of old furniture can be treated this way, and if one has not the varnish, a little flaxseed oil can be rubbed over it. If after the washing your piece of furniture appears greyish or whitish, do not think you have ruined it and become discouraged, for the alcohol and varnish will restore it completely.

Perhaps it would be well enough to try the experiment on some old or disused article, if one is apprehensive as to the results, but I have gone over several articles of furniture as above, and always with the most satisfactory results.—Household.

RECIPES.

GOOD SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one teacup of brown sugar, one half-cup of molasses, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, one half-teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour till stiff enough. Bake in a moderate oven.

A TEASPOONFUL of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them wonderfully. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away two or three years.

RICE OR HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups of cold boiled rice or hominy, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one half-teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg and a little more than one half-pint of milk. Dilute the rice with the beaten egg and milk, add the flour, sugar, salt and powder, mix into a smooth batter, and bake on a well heated griddle. Serve with syrup.

LEMON PIE.—For one pie take one lemon, one cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of butter, and one-half cup of water. Take part of the water and put on to heat. When boiling stir in the above mixture, and use the rest of the water to rinse out the dish. The icing is made of the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown it nicely in the oven, and don't bake the crust before putting the custard in.

DOUGHNUTS.—Four eggs, nine ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. For this quantity I use one-half a nutmeg grated, or a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, whichever is liked best. Put the ingredients in a pan, beat until light, have

flour in a tray ready, then pour the mixture in, and work into a dough stiff enough to work with, without its sticking much to the fingers. I roll it from the main piece perfectly round, half size of a finger, then loop into rings, twists, etc.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Prepare the stalks as for pies, cover the bottom of a buttered pudding dish with slices of bread and butter, cover with the rhubarb cut into short pieces, sprinkle abundantly with sugar, then put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until your dish is full. Cover and steam while baking for half an hour. Remove the lid and bake ten minutes or until browned. Serve hot. I sometimes use sliced apple instead of rhubarb and add a little water.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—We make a sort of sally-lump, or breakfast cake, which is very nice. We call it a "breakfast" cake, although it makes a frequent appearance at our tea table, and often does duty as dessert, with canned or fresh fruits. Three cupfuls of flour, one scant tablespoonful of butter, warmed enough to soften it, one egg well beaten, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, as one likes best, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, which should be mixed thoroughly with the flour. Mix the beaten egg, milk, butter and salt together, and stir the flour in rapidly. When the batter is smooth, pour into a long biscuit tin, well buttered, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. When done, mark the crust with a warmed knife, and break the cake in pieces. It should never be cut, neither should any warm cake.—Household.

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

You'll find me in the harbor
You'll find me at an inn;
I'm made of such materials
As iron, brass, or tin.
You'll find me in a prison,
And in a court-room, too,
Where prisoners are catechised
To find out what is true.

Now look amongst your music;
You're sure to find me there;
And yet men put me in a cage,
Which I think most unfair.
Though in so many places,
I'm quite a little word,
Which all of you, I am full sure,
Have very often heard.

INITIALS.

The initials of the names required spell the name of a bird whose time of appearing is said to be the tenth of May.

A bird whose name includes another bird.
The "razor-billed" bird.
Bird whose name includes a small animal.
Bird whose name includes a large animal.
Bird that once received divine honors.
Bird of the nightingale family whose name comprises a color and a beginning.
Bird so named for its military head-dress.

CHARADE.

My first is craved by all the earth;
Men hail my second with delight;
Long years ago my whole had birth,
Yet lives to-day, a solemn rite.

CURTAINMENTS.

Curtail the port to which Paul sailed from Ephesus, and leave to murmur as a dove.

Curtail a resinous substance produced on the banyan tree, and leave the musical tone called A.

The town where James I. was assassinated, and leave impertinent.

A famous Danish adventurer of the ninth century, and leave a scroll.

A precious stone carved in relief, and leave a leaden rod used by glaziers.

A lengthened utterance of the voice, and leave to haul.

Apparent, and leave above.

An open passage in a forest, and leave well contented.

An animal once eaten in England on festive occasions, and leave a snake.

A magic spell, and leave work done by the day.

Place the curtailed letters in order, and find what children are glad to take leave of in June.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE.—Dance (y) Hon.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Dash. 2. Aloc. 3. Sour. 4. Herd.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P r o P

E l l

T r i P

E r l E

R o n R

RIDDLE.

Plainness that hath beauty's grace,
Is an aged mother's face;
Strength, that is of weakness part,
Is a true wife's tender heart;
Labor, not for duty done,
Is the work for love alone;
The sweetest song, it hath not half
The music of a baby's laugh;
Loss, that is but gaining more,
Is the giving to the poor;
Wrong, which not of wrong partakes,
Is the error mercy makes;
And the land (of number seven)
Not of earth, must be of Heaven.
The age, more ancient than the sun,
Yet ever new, has scarce begun,
Is not of time, as all can see,
But is of all eternity.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greene, Bertie E. Terry and Walker Wilcox.