

The Household.

Hot Water Remedies.

Hall's *Journal of Health* publishes some interesting facts relative to hot water as a remedial agent. It says:

There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable, as water; and yet nine persons out of ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficiency.

There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the seat of pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water, when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores or new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of three feet.

Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

It is an excellent plan to record facts like these in a note book, which should be always at hand when wanted. In the anxiety caused by accidents or sudden illness in the family, one becomes confused and is not apt to remember quickly what should be done; hence there may be prolonged and unnecessary suffering before proper remedies are applied.

Useful to Know.

Milk will usually remove ink stains.

Linseed oil will remove rust from a stovepipe.

Borax water whitens and softens the hands.

Ammonia water is the best for cleansing brushes.

To freshen velvet hold the wrong side over boiling water.

Wet mildewed fabrics with lemon juice and lay them in the sun.

One use to be made of a colored table-cloth which is too much faded to look well on the table, is to turn it into a crumb-cloth. Starch it as stiff as possible, iron it nicely, keeping the edges straight. Instead of tacking it to the carpet, pin it in place; then it will be little trouble to take it up when it needs washing. It will keep clean a long time.

Family Circle.

SPRING-TIME: A PAINTER'S STORY

"Where did you get that model from?" We were standing, my host and I, before a picture in his drawing-room. It was a fairly large picture, labelled "Spring-time," a scene somewhere in the heart of the Kentish woods. A mossy footpath through the coppice led up to the brow of a slight hill, and there, among the budding hazels and the dappled stems of the silver birch, a young girl of about seventeen stood gazing dreamily forth over the misty valley that spread out at her feet. Her hands were clasped behind her, and held a dainty posy of wood violets and primroses, freshly gathered; while by her side and holding to her apron-string stood a little chubby-faced boy—like her, gazing steadfastly into the scene beyond, but with a nearer and more practical vision.

The maiden's face was lovely with an ideal beauty. Waves of pale but sun-bright, golden hair flowed from her brows like an aureole, her skin was very pale and delicate, but suffused on the cheeks with a faint rose flush like the pink of a new-blown wind-flower; dark lashes dropped over a pair of deep violet eyes of limpid purity, and a smile beamed on her ripe half-parted lips. She reminded one somehow of the early dawn with its golden promise in the eastern sky, or of the spring-time with its dewy freshness, the carolling of its feathered songsters, and the sweet smell of its tender flowers. The primrose had lent some of its yellow to her tresses, the petals of the wood anemone suffused her cheek, and the wondrous blue of her half-hidden eyes seemed to have been distilled from the shade-loving violet. Her very dress, of some white gossamer material trimmed with dusky green, was in harmony with the snowy clouds and bursting leaves of spring.

It was a strange, poetical, fascinating picture. There was a strangeness in the wistful beauty of the girl's face which you could never fathom, gaze as you would; and there was a strangeness, too, in the unseen valley as it lay before her veiled in the mists of morning. The strangeness of the new, remotely-spreading prospect, and the unknown life before her, were blended into one.

"Where did you get that model from?" I asked. My host was an artist of middle age who had made his mark. I was merely a young beginner whom he had taken a fancy to, and made a friend of, partly for my father's sake. We were alone in the room, for my patron was a lone man and we had simply dined together.

After I had put my question he was silent for a few moments. Then he said very gravely—

"Well, I will tell you where I got that model. Let it be a secret between you and me. In my young days I was, you know, not at all a wealthy man. Like so many young artists, I was poor and penniless, living in my painting-room itself, and dining out at a café; but I was hard-working, eager to get on, aspiring to be a great painter. To keep soul and body together, I painted 'pot-boilers' for the dealers, innumerable mossy birds'-nests with blue eggs in them, artistically, but I'm afraid not very naturally, posed beside a sprig of may-blossom or a flowering primrose. Whenever I wanted a new hat or a new pair of boots, I painted a 'bird-nest,' and the dealer always took it at the same price—two pounds ten. But all the while I was bent on painting a picture for the Academy. Not a little, unambitious effort, a head of game lying on a marble slab, a bunch of fruit, or the corner of some old brick house by a canal, to show that I could use the brush, and get, perhaps, a lofty place in some obscure corner. No! I was bent on painting a striking picture which would create a sensation and be the making of me. If a young artist is to break the chains of his drudgery and free himself from the slave's lot, he must paint a picture that shall tell."

I had chosen the subject "Spring-time," perhaps because I was bred in the country, and often, in my lonely "diggings" at night, I looked back on the old times when I was a little rovin and used to roam the woods in early spring with my little sister, to pluck the first primroses that grew beside the waterfall on the old mill-stream. I forget now how the idea arose, but it grew in my mind by degrees, and gradually took form as time went on. Sometimes I got a hint from a book, or another picture, or a walk in the fields; and one day I happened to go into a small newspaper shop in the village of Hornsey, not far from where I lived, to buy a paper, when I saw what I had been unconsciously seeking. I saw my model.

For some time I had formed the intention of putting a young girl of budding womanhood into my picture; but my conception of her was yet vague and shadowy. Now, however, I had found the very being, and my mind was made up. I took an early opportunity of revisiting the shop, and entering into a friendly conversation with the girl. I found out that her father was dead and that the shop belonged to her widowed mother, who lived over it, that she and her elder sister kept it, and that they were not very well off. I ordered my newspaper from the shop and frequently bought odds and ends there; then, after our acquaintance had ripened more, I ventured to bring the subject of the picture. Would she be willing to sit to me for her likeness?

She blushed and smiled in a pleased manner when I asked her, and I saw that the opposition, if any, would not come from her. Her vanity was flattered; she would be painted in a picture, and written about in the newspapers, and everybody would come to see and admire her face. Yet, after the first gratification was over a modest doubt showed

itself in her eyes. She said she would consult her mother and let me know to-morrow.

Next day I called for my answer and saw the old lady herself. Mrs. Maynard was a very respectable elderly woman, with a grave, maternal face, and yellowish-white hair. There was an exceptional refinement about her features and manners, and I saw that she scanned me particularly and with a somewhat anxious air. The scrutiny evidently resulted in my favor, for, after questioning me as to the nature of the sitting, the time, the privacy, and the remuneration, she turned about to her daughter with a relaxing smile and said—

"Well, Lily, if you would like to go, you can." Lily's face beamed up with radiant joy—her moods were instant and swift as lightning. "Oh, yes, mamma, I should," she responded eagerly.

So it was settled, and Lily became my model. She used to come every other afternoon and sit till dusk. By degrees, her sweet, ever-changing expression and naive girlishness bewitched me. Perhaps, too, I invested her with some of the ideal qualities I was striving to put upon my canvas. Day after day as she sat there before me, I discovered new beauties in her glorious face, with its golden aureole and wistful eyes. It seemed to grow into my life and blend itself with the highest part of me, my imagination. Little Lily, the shop-girl, became my romance.

For a long time I did not discover this, even to myself. We seemed to be very good friends. She would stand patiently before me, sometimes lost in a dreamy trance, sometimes turning up her eyes at me with a roguish look which made me laugh and cry out—

"Why, what's the matter with you, Lily?"

"Nothing," she would reply. "Why do you ask?"

"You look at me so comically."

"I look comical!—thank you—you are very complimentary."

"Now give us your dreamy expression again."

"My dreamy expression—have I a dreamy expression?"

"Yes, you know you have—ethereal and dreamy."

"Ethereal and dreamy. Well now—and comical!"

"Yes, and comical—when you like."

"Then I must be a queer creature."

"That you are, you witch," I could not help answering. But my work recalled me to myself.

She came punctually at the hour, and left as punctually. Our intercourse was confined to gossip and good-natured chaff within the studio, until I altered the composition of my picture for a better inspiration that had come to me, and, finding that my time was limited, arranged for her to stay with me after dark. Then I got into the habit of escorting her home through Hornsey Churchyard.

It was then I began to find out that Lily loved me. In the studio she was always cheerful, but never showed any signs of tender feeling excepting (as I remembered afterwards) when I went near her to adjust her dress and put her in the proper pose. Then she blushed with self-consciousness, and smiled with ill-concealed pleasure at my touch. Dear child, I think I see her now! On our walks home, however, I gathered from many slight tokens, obvious to the lover, that she cared for me. Her very bounding spirits, and coy laughter, and quaint repartee were evidence of it.

One evening we had a quarrel. We always spoke to one another without ceremony, and I sometimes took a wicked pleasure in teasing her. That night it had begun to snow, and the flakes fell thick around us, as I sheltered her with my umbrella from the blast as we went along the lanes.

"Now don't you think I deserve something for seeing you through the snow to-night?" I said.

"You are well enough 'paid for it,'" she replied.

"How so?" I asked.

"In seeing me."

"Oh! indeed?" I answered, rather taken aback.

"I'm sure I don't want you," said Lily.

"I think you are very impudent to say so," I remarked after a pause of several minutes, during which we walked on side by side through the falling flakes.

"I don't like to be called impudent, Mr. Morley," she said. "If I am impudent, I don't think people ought to tell me so."

"People should be told there faults," I observed, feeling that a great gulf had opened at my feet, and that the future was charged with some vague and dreadful catastrophe.

"That depends," said she, and no more was said. We walked on in silence until we came to the door of her home, when she bowed stiffly, and, without putting out her hand, said, "Good night, Mr. Morley," in a cold, freezing tone. I lifted my hat and went homeward, ill at heart and revolving many things. The next day she was punctual at my studio, but would not shake hands as usual. The poor child was dying to see me and make the quarrel up, but she had her injured dignity to preserve. Her face wore an offended look and her lips were firmly set, but a few words of apology from me melted all her indignation away in a moment as the hoar-frost is licked up by the rising sun. She fairly beamed with bashful delight when I spoke to her, and was happier than ever.

I was quite convinced then that Lily loved me, and the knowledge made me uneasy, for I had not thought seriously of getting married. I knew that marriage meant bondage for me, perpetual slavery to the dealer and the publisher—unless, indeed, my picture should emancipate me, and that remained to be seen. Indeed, I was uncertain whether I should ever marry, whether I ought not to devote myself exclusively to my art, and live for that. Then again Lily was uneducated. She had received little schooling and no accomplishments. She was not fit to be the wife of a successful artist, and that I meant to be. These thoughts gave me many a gloomy hour and I often wished I had never seen her