

The Household.

Training Young Housekeepers.

Among the habits our girls should acquire at an early age is the habit of housekeeping. The baby who sits up in her high chair at the table and works at a bit of dough, while her mother makes bread, is taking her first lesson in the culinary art, and if these lessons are continued day by day, increasing in difficulty as she becomes more and more capable, she will learn the mysteries of cooking and of housekeeping, little by little, unconsciously, and without any difficulty.

The amount of time spent by children in poring over their books at school is very disproportionate to the results they have to show for it. The fact is, until a child reaches a certain stage of mental growth, he cannot understand grammar and the higher branches, and going over them in parrot-like rote does him no good. Neither does it do him any good to go over and over what he already knows, as many children are continually doing in our schools. A little girl or boy had better be learning how to hem and run and darn, how to make bread and wash dishes and tidy the room, than be going stupidly over what they already know, or over what they are not yet old enough to understand. When Henry Ward Beecher was eight years old his mother kept him from school and taught him to hem towels and perform the minor household tasks, greatly, as he says, to his advantage. The little girl who is required to perform daily such domestic labor as is suited to her ability is receiving in this as essential and veritable a part of her education as she is when studying and reciting her lessons. Both kinds of educational development should proceed together, as they may easily do.

The transitional period from girlhood to womanhood is an excellent time for domestic training. Confinement to books is then injurious; the mind needs a variety of occupation, and the body requires constant change of exercise. This is abundantly furnished by the different classes of work required in the household. A year or two at this period devoted to practical mastery of the various domestic accomplishments is of inestimable value, and gives the right direction to the budding woman, who, so far as she is "true womanly," begins to look forward to a home of her own and prepare herself to preside over it worthily. At this time the habit of housekeeping may be formed, and when once formed it will not easily be thrown aside. The girl who has learned to look after the various interests of the household will unconsciously exercise a wise supervision over her wardrobe, her room and herself when she is away from home at school, and when she is established in a home of her own she will easily wear its honors and its cares.

The arts of which the kitchen is the centre have of late years come to be considered by some ignorant people as menial, as though any art or labor necessary to the happiness and comfort of the family could be menial. No office performed by the loving hands of a mother is a menial office, though the very same in unloving and unwilling hands may seem a

degradation. It takes brains to learn to cook well, to wash and iron well, to get meals regularly and on time, and to have the various weekly tasks so arranged and adjusted to each other that they shall be each done in season without haste and without worry. The woman who can do this could with the requisite training take honors in any school or college. She does have honor at home, and well does she deserve it. A kitchen presided over by an intelligent, quiet, skilful housekeeper, is second to no room in the house in point of attractiveness. How different is it from that of the average ignorant, careless, wasteful, foreign "domestic."

There is more need now than ever that our girls should learn the arts of housekeeping. The tide of immigration is continually bringing to our shores those who come to work in our kitchens, and who must be taught how to work and hold up to right standards. The woman who is merely at the mercy of servants is in a pitiful case, and unless she knows as much as they do she is at their mercy, and they are not slow in finding it out or in taking advantage of their knowledge.

Homely duties are ever recurring in every sphere of life, and they who have been so taught and so trained that the right doing of these duties has become second nature, have a great advantage. She who can "turn her hand" to whatever domestic task is demanded by the exigencies of her life, is armed against a thousand wants and has that self-help which is the only true help. The patience, the watchfulness, the skill acquired in the steady and monotonous discharge of homely duties, when applied to the solution of new problems and new tasks, will be rewarded, and she who has learned fidelity over a few things must become mistress of many things.

Farmers' Homes.

Why should not a farmer's home be a veritable little paradise? Who else has so good an opportunity for beautifying his grounds until they shall far exceed in beauty and elegance the grandest possibilities of any cramped and pent up city lawn? We neglect this altogether too much; we have so much to do, we say, in looking after our crops that bring us money, that we have no time to spend with flowers, shade trees, etc., which simply ornament the place, and bring no money. As an investment even, we believe this to be a mistake; but aside from the financial side of the matter, we think it pays to take a little time—considerable, if necessary—to improve the external appearance of our homes. Shade trees are at the disposal of every farmer, flowers and plants are cheap, and easily obtained and cultivated, and we believe it is as much every man's duty to make his home and its surroundings the most beautiful and attractive place on earth, as it is to pile up a large fortune for the benefit of future generations and lawyers. We do not expect to come this way again, so why not enjoy as much as we can as we go along.—*Ex.*

THE HONEYMOON.—Wife (after a little "tiff"): "But you love me, dear"—(sniff)—"still?" Husband ("Cross old thing!"): "Oh lor', yes, the stiller the better!"—[Punch.

Family Circle.

A DANGEROUS GUIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Fraulein Schwartz stood at the door of her cottage, looking anxiously down the road between the mountains. She shaded her eyes with her brown palm and peered along the winding way, which was visible for a mile, except where it curved round the base of a rock too ponderous to be removed. Yes, at last there was no mistake, there was a traveller walking toward her cottage.

"Time enough, too," she soliloquized. "Since they opened the new road on the other side of the hill all the carriages go that way, and no one comes here except some poor tourist who can't afford to ride, or an artist who carries his brushes on his back and little enough besides. Who is going to buy my beautiful carvings that I got from Paris now, I wonder?"

It certainly seemed hard to the fraulein that a diversion of traffic should go so near ruining her, for she had forsaken her German home some years before and settled in Switzerland, in the hope of increasing her income by furnishing the ever-increasing horde of travelers with necessities in the shape of food and lodging, and luxuries in the shape of carved beads and trinkets of all sorts.

The tourist who was now plodding up the neglected track was the first she had seen for two days.

"Good morning, Sir," she said, as soon as Hardy was within easy hail. "It's a very warm day, Sir."

"Warm!" ejaculated Hardy, throwing himself on a bench; "it's melting. I've left a good part of myself on the road. If this goes on I must erect a monument to my remains in Switzerland when I go home. Drink, my good woman; I am parching."

But before he had finished asking for it she had brought him a large jug of milk, which he seized and drained.

"That lubricates the thorax satisfactorily," he remarked as he finished. "Now, my good woman, I've a friend a little way behind. Can you put us up for the night?"

"Yes, Sir; I've two nice clean beds."

"You're sure they're clean?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; they haven't been slept in for a long while."

"Oh, haven't they? You had better run a warming-pan through them, then, if you have such an article; if not, my hat on the end of an alpenstock will do just as well, for it's nearly red-hot; I'll just go in and have a wash and a shave if you will show me my room."

"This way, Sir, it's got a beautiful view."

Hardy picked up his knapsack and followed her, remarking to himself:

"Beautiful view! That's what they always say when your window opens on the back of a cowshed."

Probably he would not have gone straight to his room had he chanced to look along the road in the direction of the summit of the pass, for there stood a charming little maiden marshaling her goats preparatory to driving them to the inclosure for milking. But though he had not seen her, she had caught sight of him, and after her goats were safely housed she tripped down to the cottage to see who had arrived.

Life was rather monotonous among the mountains, and, besides, Nina had a special wish to be seen to-day, for it was her birthday, and on these festivals she was permitted to wear a necklet which a rich Englishman had given her two years ago for nursing him when he was lying ill at the cottage. So Nina left her goats and ran to find out who had arrived.

She reached the cottage, and was just passing in at the door, when she heard a footstep behind her. Curiosity urged her to look round, but maidenly dignity forbade the step, so she passed on, wondering if the stranger would speak. He did not; but she felt an arm steal round her waist and a kiss on her cheek.

She darted round in indignation, and met the amused look of Walter, her betrothed.

"Why, Nina, are you going to be angry with me for stealing a kiss on your birthday?"

"Oh no, Walter, dear; I did not know it was you."

"Who else did you think it could be, little one? Ah, I did not tell you I was coming over the pass to-day so as to see you before I return to the Brunig."

As he spoke he held out a bracelet of carved wood—not very valuable, perhaps, but it was his own work. Nina lifted up her little face to thank him with a kiss as he bent to fasten it round her wrist.

"Nina, who gave you that necklet?" he asked as his eye caught sight of it.

"Mr. Linton, an Englishman, two years ago. Come, my Walter, you must not be jealous. I have never seen him since; I do not know where he is or anything about him."

But Walter's face did not resume its gay look; he knew something of the free ways of certain travelers, and did not like to know that his Nina had taken a present from an English milord.

"I must go and milk the goats now," continued Nina: "come and help me."

But her stepmother's voice at that moment called her into the cottage.

"Wait for me a minute, Walter," cried Nina as she ran in. Walter, however, strolled slowly toward the goats, thinking he would begin the milking without waiting till the fraulein had said all that she wanted.

As Nina disappeared through the back door, Hardy came out of the front, his face covered with lather, and in a state of comical distress.

"Confound it all!" he exclaimed, "my razor is in Linton's knapsack. I thought I heard a man's voice here, too; where is he?"

He was surprised to feel an arm grasp his, but immediately dropped it with a little shriek.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir; I thought you were Walter."

"I'm sorry to say I am not," began Hardy, but Nina commenced to laugh as she saw his condition.

"I almost kissed you without looking," she said with a smile.