

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MOTHER.
THE BABY'S FOOD.

When my babies were four or five months old, I found it was necessary to feed them a little. At first it was only sweetened milk and water once or twice a day. Gradually I increased the number of times, and also added other things, like thoroughly boiled oatmeal and hominy, Graham crackers, and milk, &c., till, by the time they were a year old they were weaned without knowing it, and also had quite a "bill of fare." I fed them with a spoon, too, from the beginning; and, though it was a little more trouble at first, it saved me the necessity of weaning them from the bottle. I also taught them to drink from a small cup before they were six months old. They spluttered and spilled it at first; but it was so convenient a way of feeding them in the night, that it paid for the extra trouble, and they soon learned to take it nicely. And that reminds me how grateful they are for a drink of fresh water occasionally. I have seen a fretful baby quieted by that when everything else failed. Ice rubbed on swollen gums, and then allowed to melt in the mouth, will afford great relief to a teething baby. In your choice of food, be governed by the state of the system; some children need aperient, others astringent, food and different articles at different times. By watching matters yourself, you can regulate them perfectly in this way without medicine, which should always be a *dernier resort*.

Another important matter is to be regular in your times of feeding them. A ten months' old baby should have its five or six meals a day as regularly as you your three. Their stomachs need intervals of rest as much as "grown-up" ones, and will become accustomed to it very readily. My little Katie, just one year old, has her first breakfast soon after waking,—say before seven o'clock; her second meal before her morning nap—about ten; her dinner—which I make the heartiest meal, and at which I try any new article of food, since she can digest it better then than earlier or later—between twelve and one; her supper at four, or thereabout, and her "night-cap" about six—just before she is undressed and put into her crib. If she wakes late in the evening, I give her a drink of milk; but she doesn't always want it, and when she is a little older, I can accustom her to do without it.

The pernicious habit some children have of eating at odd hours is enough to destroy the best natural digestion. Their appetites have no zest to them, and they eat so little at the regular meal, that they soon begin to crave something more, and, taking a little then, destroy the real healthy hunger, but do not satisfy the stomach's needs; and so they go—never really hungry never fully satisfied. A healthy, well-trained child will seldom ask for anything between meals. Sometimes, between an early or a light breakfast and a one o'clock dinner, it may be advisable to give him a simple lunch of bread and butter, a few Graham crackers, or plain cookies, or a little fruit; but let it be early enough not to interfere with dinner—say before eleven o'clock; in fact, let it be a supplementary meal of itself. Of course this applies to older children only; but your boy will be older before you know it.

I take it for granted that you will not feel satisfied if your child is merely free from actual disease; you want him to be positively healthy, ruddy-cheeked, strong-limbed, active enough to enjoy a winter walk without taking cold, vigorous enough to bear a summer's heat without "running down," full of overflowing life and animal spirits. Then you will need to ask yourself regarding his food, and to ascertain not only what won't hurt him, but what will give him the best material for building up bones and muscles, nerve and brain tissues; in short, what sort of timber you will furnish him to build his house with. I often recall what an old doctor said to me concerning children's taking cold: "They don't have croup or lung fever from every unnecessary exposure; but a certain part of their vitality, which ought to go toward their growth, is expended in resisting the evil influence." So with food.

There are plenty of things which grown people eat without much thought (and I don't know that it does them much harm, "For they are old and tough, And can eat them well enough"), articles which are neither nutritious nor easily digested, but which it is sheer robbery

to feed to children; for instance, pies, rich cake, sausages, indeed pork in any form, fried things generally, all kinds of hot breads and biscuits, doughnuts, griddle-cakes &c. These should all be tabooed in the nursery.

And people give them to their children, in this land of plenty, where there is such a variety of prepared cereal food, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy, Graham flour, rice, corn starch, &c., and where, the whole year round, fresh, luscious fruit of some kind is always plenty and cheap. Compare a dessert of apples or oranges to one of mince pie, or a breakfast of beefsteak and oatmeal to one of sausages and griddle-cakes!

Yet, I have heard mothers say who had brought their children up on a course of griddle-cakes, doughnuts, and soda biscuits: "Oh! I let my children eat anything; there is no use in being fussy, and they're as well as most people,"—in the face of the fact that not one of them enjoys really robust health, that unusual fatigue overcomes them completely, and headaches and bilious attacks abound. Some people seem to think that as long as their children are not writhing in the actual agonies of the stomach-ache nothing has hurt them.

"But you don't object to griddle-cakes," I hear you say. "I had them almost the year round for breakfast, at father's, and we children did not eat anything else."

There is the mischief of it. Two or three light, carefully fried griddle-cakes to "finish off" a substantial breakfast of meat or fish might have a negative virtue, though I doubt if they could have a positive one; but for a growing child to take, on a fasting stomach, to begin the day's work with plateful after plateful of the leathery, grease-soaked compounds that go by the name of griddle-cakes, with syrup or molasses to complete the mischief—it seems as if a little reflection would teach the most ignorant mother better. For those who give them to their children for supper I haven't a word to say. They are joined to their idols.

After all, the question is not, What is the minimum of care and thought required to bring children up to the point where they can take care of themselves? but, What is the maximum development of all their physical and mental powers? Has the average man or woman so much physical health and mental culture that we can afford to cast aside as unnecessary any helps to a higher standard of physical development?

It is a very solemn thought that the usefulness and happiness of their mature years will be largely augmented or diminished by their health of body—and for that we mothers are directly responsible. I know there are hereditary taints and predispositions to disease, and that no human foresight can altogether prevent accidents and contagious diseases; yet, for a child's normal physical condition, his mother is really responsible. At all events, he should have no worse constitution than he was born with, and, if possible, a better one.

Did you ever think of all it meant to you as a mother in those passages where Paul speaks of our bodies as being made fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit? —*Mary Blake in Scribner's Monthly.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Stair carpets can be made to last a long time by having a yard more than the length needed to cover the stairs, for then you can change it so that the same place in the carpet will not come upon the edge of the stairs every time it is put down.

Red ants, one of the worst pests of the household, may be trapped by placing a greased plate where the ants can get to it, when in a short time it will be covered with the ants, adhering to the sticky surface. The ants may be wiped off and killed, whenever the plate becomes covered, and the trap set for another "catch."

Don't forget the birds when you eat celery. Save the tender ends and greens, and if you dine at night place these in water to give the songsters for their morning refreshments.

A great many ladies who save everything else waste their rose leaves. Dried they make the most delightful filling for sofa pillows, pin cushions, &c., retaining their fragrance a great length of time.

It is not an easy thing to wash windows so that they will look clear and well polished, and if soapsuds are used it is quite impossible to do it. The old-fashioned way of taking out all the windows and washing them in soapsuds, and setting them aside to dry after the suds have been rinsed off, is,

to be sure, the easiest way of cleaning them, but it also is the worst way to make them look clear and bright. First brush them off well with a sponge or brush that comes for the purpose, and then wrap a bit of cloth about a sharp-pointed stick, and wipe out the dust that adheres to the corners, then take some weak tea, boiling hot, and add to it a tablespoonful of alcohol and a few drops of aqua ammonia, or a bit of carbonate of ammonia the size of an English walnut. Dip a piece of sponge or old flannel, or of old cotton flannel into it, and rub the glass one way only until it shines clear. Wipe it off with another cloth, rubbing it until well polished.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a teaspoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

In warm weather put your eggs in cold water sometimes before you are ready to use them.

Lemons may be kept fresh a long time in a jar of water, changing the water every morning.

A true test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

Hams wrapped in thick brown paper and packed in a barrel of wood ashes in the cellar, will keep all summer.

To test nutmegs prick them with a pin and if they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Bar soap when first bought should be cut in square pieces and put in a dry place. It lasts better after shrinking.

PRETTY FANCY ARTICLES.

I have just completed several articles of fancy work, some of which I would like to describe.

I was very anxious to have a work basket, so I procured two large peach baskets, sand-papered the outsides smooth, then gave them two coats of black paint; when dry, pasted scrap-pictures on the sides, then varnished. I then took bright cherry silk-finished silesia and lined both baskets neatly, and for the top basket make two small pockets of the silesia, and around the top a pleating of the silesia frayed at the hedges. For a handle, took a hoop from a keg, cut it in two, fastened with small nails at each side of the basket, and covered with narrow pleating. Join the baskets by nailing the two bottoms together with small nails.

I also made a brush-broom holder, taking for the foundation a straw cuff, covered the outside with heavy paper, and over that a piece of blue silk cut the desired shape, made a puffing of silk for the lower end of cuff, and attached three small blue balls with cord; around the top put a heading of blue quilted ribbon, also above the puffing at the bottom of the cuff. Hang with a large cord and balls. A handsome scrap picture can be pasted on the front side, if desired.

A handy basket for carrying fancy work, &c., is made by taking a piece of pasteboard, folding it round, and covering with silver paper or cherry silk, as may be desired, and at each end draw a piece of silk to form a bag; draw the silk with silk cord and tassels and tie; also silk cord and tassels for handle. If preferred, cardboard covered with Java-canvas and worked in cross stitch can be substituted for the above.—*Kate Holman in The Household.*

TO CALLERS ON THE SICK.

Only call at the door unless you are sure your friend is able to see you.

Enter and leave the house and move about the room quietly.

If your friend is very sick do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.

Do not ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk.

Talk about something outside and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient.

Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.

If possible, carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room; a flower, or a picture, which you can loan for a few days.

If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed; but nothing could be a more complete illustration of mistaken kindness than the common custom of tempting sick persons to eat rich cakes, preserves, sweetmeats &c.

Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of help.—*Housekeeper.*

PUZZLES.

BEHEADED WORDS.

I'm seen upon the queen's highway,
Sometimes by night, mostly by day,
And in the garden I appear
On working days throughout the year.
I am not always on the ground—
In fireworks I'm often found;
Ladies once used me with much grace;
On decks of ships I have a place.

When you have twisted off my head
I'm that on which most people tread—
A thing of flesh, a thing of leather,
The two are often found together.
To pauper, peasant, king or queen,
I am of priceless worth, I ween;
In lowly cot and lordly court
To all I give a firm support.

Next, strange as it may sound or look,
Outdoing Maskelyne and Cooke,
You may cut off a second head,
And go, like them, unpunished;
Nay, more, I promise you a treat,
If you first dress me and then—eat,
No matter whether large or small,
I am most wholesome food for all.

PUZZLE.

What five letters of the alphabet form a sentence of forgiveness?

NINETEEN CAPES.

are buried in the following puzzle.
If we visit Savannah we shall find an abundance of early fruits and vegetables. We may feast on oranges, and find the winter like spring, all in as much promise and beauty. The skies are clear, the air is spicy, and there is a grace in nature. Our sable friend Sambo never troubles himself to work too much, and never departs from his slow gait. Still, he is on the lookout for little jobs, and though lazy, may fare well by a little attention to visitors. Constant work may be a thorn in his side. But we must not look for pillar saints. Kings and queens are mortal, and we may as well touch Sambo's palm as that of our white brethren, and show rather a Christian spirit than a proud one.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in fancy, but not in dream;
My second is in river, but not in stream;
My third is in silver, but not in gold;
My fourth is in forest, but not in fold.
My fifth is in sower, but not in seed;
My sixth is in meadow, but not in mead;
My seventh is in borrow but not in lend;
My eighth is in Quaker, but not in friend;
My ninth is in singer, also in song;
And my whole you will hear all day long,
Upon an annual celebration,
Which is kept throughout the nation.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

Replace the stars by the proper letters, and a proverb will be formed.
*e*c* *h*ing* *o* *e*ve* *e*ar* *n* *o* *i*l*
*i*n* *u*s* *o* *h*e*.

REBUS

SEVEN BURIED CITIES.

This ring is an opal; Myra gave it to baby long before the dear pet ran alone. It was the best she could find at Rov's, in the city, Reade Street.

LETTER PUZZLE.

One I, one O, one R, four S's, and one C.
Now place these letters in order, and form a word for me.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MAY 1.

CHARADE.—Nosegay.

ANAGRAM.—1, Notation. 2, Addition. 3, Numeration. 4, Multiplication. 5, Subtraction. 6, Division.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—H. W. Longfellow.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Mole, pole, sole, hole, role, lore, love, cloves.

PI.—

I think not of to-morrow,
Its trials or its task;
But still with childlike spirit
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning
I cast old things away
Life's journey lies before me—
My Prayer is for to-day.

A KETTLE OF FISH.—1, Perch. 2, Pike. 3, Shad(ow). 4, Herring. 5, Sole. 6, Chub. 7, Smelt. 8, Sheephead. 9, Dolphin. 10, Halibut. 11, Whiting. Lamprey.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M o t O
Y e W
A s H
V e t O
I l l
A r m
R o e
Y e S