

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE NEW SAILS.

BY S. V. D. M.

It was a delightful day for indoor enjoyment, from the fact that it had rained steadily for several hours, beginning early in the morning. I had been writing a long time. All was still in the house, save the low, monotonous hum of my faithful maid in her room, and the ticking of the clock. Suddenly the stillness was broken. The front door was thrown widely open. I heard quick footsteps in the hall below, and then coming up the stair. "O, auntie! are you so very, very busy? I do wonder if you couldn't please stop writing for a few minutes?" cried my little ten-year-old nephew, running into the room.

"Certainly I can stop writing for a few or many minutes. What can I do for you, Georgie?" I asked, while laying down my pen.

"Well, auntie, you see these, and 'his," he said, holding up two bits of white muslin in hand, and a soiled bit—almost to blackness—in the other. "I want two new, clean sails made out of these two white pieces. This dingy sail is only for a pattern to go by. You won't mind if this pattern to go by is all so stained, will you? You see the boat upset. 'Tis just dry water and ground on it, so you needn't be afraid it will rub off on your hands, auntie."

Of course I didn't "mind," nor wasn't "afraid." Georgie sat beside me, watching with intense interest every stitch I took in his all-important sails.

"I don't s'pose I ought to have felt so badly when nobody would make them; and I don't s'pose I ought to trouble you either," he said, apologetically; "but now is the time for boats when there is so much water. Do please look out of this window, auntie. Isn't that a beautiful, beautiful brook? But we will have to hurry with our sails, for before we know it all the lovely brooks in the streets will have run down in the sewer. Then, farewell boat sailing."

I looked out, but I saw no "beautiful, beautiful brook." I only saw a muddy, turbulent stream of water in the street gutter.

"I wanted mamma to make them," he continued, "but she said she wouldn't be bothered with me, because I was forever wanting something fixed or made. She said she wouldn't touch my pattern to go by, anyway. Mamma is so terribly neat. Then, I ran in the girls' room. They wouldn't make them neither. They said that brothers were continually asking sisters to make things that girls were not interested in. I do think Fanny might have made them. She was only reading a book. She wouldn't leave off, for she said she was just where the girl was to get married or buried, I forget which. I begged Anna to help me with them. She was knitting with some worsted work. She said she hadn't any time to spare. I think she could easily have stopped knitting the worsted work for a few minutes, don't you? She wouldn't. Well then I ran down to Cousin Mary's. (You know she lives so near by, and I was in such a hurry.) She was stitching on the sewing-machine; and she said she couldn't stop to make me any 'sails, veils, pails nor nails.' So I thought I would run way up here as fast as ever I could and see if you wouldn't make them. I was most sure you would."

It was only twelve or fifteen minutes' work. When they were finished, Georgie grasped them and ran quickly down in the street. In a moment after, he rushed back into the house and, coming half way up the stair, cried out:

"O, auntie! I forgot all about to thank you. If you should ever want any errands done, I'll do them for you. I'll do them willingly, because you are all alone."

While sewing, with great rapidity, on Georgie's sails, it was all I could possibly do to appear cheerful and keep the tears back. He never mistrusted anything of the kind, however, for I was, seemingly, as interested in them as he. But the very moment he went out of the room, I laid my head on the writing-desk. Then, when he said, "—because you are all alone," I wept bitterly; for I was thinking of a tall, manly form, of a bearded face in a distant city, and I could not but exclaim, "O! that my boy were a boy again!"

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet;

Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

Mother, sister, those of you who have your little boys, your brothers with you, don't, I pray you, check the harmless impulses of their nature. Readily assist—and become interested in—all their innocent amusements and pleasures. An English writer once said: "When I was a boy, I wanted taffy, but had no money. Now I have money, but want no taffy."

Mother, when your boy is a man—and O! how soon that will be!—he'll not ask you to make sails for his tiny boat. He'll not beg you to help him look for or re-cover his ball. Your closets, boxes and bureau drawers will not be rummaged through and through for "a very stout kind of string." A new style of top you'll not be urged to buy; neither will you be urged to look for some gay stripe of calico or muslin for the tail of a kite. No demand on your purse for a slate or lead-pencil. Paper cockade hats you'll not be coaxed to make. Four in number it may be. One for himself, the others for his three playmates. No, no; you'll sit as I now sit alone, undisturbed; and mayhap will tearfully say as I now say, "O, that my boy were a boy again!" And I bethink me of companions three that played with my boy

the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.

How dear were they to his heart, and how dear they grew to mine! They likewise have flown from the parent nest, and have built one for themselves here and elsewhere. Aye, even beyond the Rocky Mountains the sound of one of their voices is heard. Positions of trust and usefulness they, too, are filling.

Mothers, be careful to readily assist and become interested in all your boy's innocent amusements and pleasures. You will thereby not only minister to his present and future happiness, but in the coming years you will rejoice that you improved your opportunity. For if God spares your lives, the time is not far distant when he will be beyond not alone "childish things," but, alas! equally beyond your counsel, sympathy and companionship. Then, your home, like mine to-day, will be painfully quiet. And when that time comes—as come it will—you'll wish you could hear your boy rushing in the house or up the stair asking for something to be "fixed or made." Gladly would you be "bothered" with him; and as gladly make his little sails, if not altogether immaculate his "pattern to go by." Let not your golden opportunity pass away unappreciated. Give it its due estimate and value. Ah! fail not in this: enjoy your boy while you may. And when he leaves the home-harbor and spreads his impelling sails, may he not only have the memory of a cherished and happy childhood, but through your watchful care and judicious training, with God's blessing, health to man the oars of his life-boat, a good education for a ballast, and purity of heart as a pilot or compass to guide him as he voyages out on the sea of life. Mother, be wise in time!—*Christian at Work.*

BABY'S NAP.

First, see that they are well fed—a half-satisfied stomach is a sure enemy of repose—and warmly wrapped up, especially that the feet are warm, not hot or perspiring, and that the room is rather cool and darkened a little. Their brains and eyes need darkness just as ours do, and what refreshment do we get from sleeping with sunshine or lamp-light shining right into our faces? If it is evening, and you use your sleeping-room for your sitting and sewing-room, be sure that the air you've breathed all day is "let out" and fresh air "let in" before baby is put to bed for the night. Take him into another room, close the register, and open the windows and doors for ten minutes. By that time the air will be thoroughly changed. Then close the windows and open the register, and in a short time you can bring the little one back into a fresh yet warm room. It would save many a restless night, if this simple rule were oftener observed.

All this granted; the matter is comparatively easy. If you nurse your baby, as I hope you do for your own comfort and his too, he will probably drop quietly asleep in your arms; if you feed him, then lay him gently down in his crib. If it is winter, have the pillow slightly warmed (not heated through and through before a hot register), but just enough to take off that unpleasant chill of cold cotton. He will probably

nestle his little cheek into it and go right to sleep. If he cries a few minutes don't mind it—he will soon stop; but, if he screams violently and seems quite positive in his own mind that he don't like it, take him up and "cuddle" him to your warm cheek and rock him a few minutes (don't walk with him, out of regard to your own back, for he is growing heavier every day); "mother" him a little, and ten chances to one the little head will drop slowly down, the warm breath come steadily and regularly against your neck, and you will sit with the little form nestled close and warm. Nobody but a mother knows just how sweet it is to have one's own baby calmly asleep in one's arms.

Now, all this seems like a great ado about nothing, perhaps, but when you think just what their sleep is to them, it is very important. They are in a new and wonderful existence; they are learning how to use their muscles, their eyes and their ears; their little brains and nerves are taxed severely. They are not only keeping up the waste of their bodies as we do, but rapidly adding new material, in a few months doubling their weight. Now, their sleep renews their strength, especially keeps their brains and nervous system from being overtaxed. A child that sleeps well is almost always a healthy child, and vice versa.

To get the full benefit of this sleep, they should have favorable conditions for it, warmth, quiet, darkness. They should not be permitted to be exhausted by excessive crying, nor disturbed by noise, but should be kept in a calm and comfortable state all over. Yet, I have heard mothers speak approvingly of putting their babies to sleep in the same room where they were talking over their sewing, and where other children were at play, and all the bustle and stir of three or four people busy at various occupations. "Oh! they get used to it, and it's so much bother to take them into another room!" A mother should not ask herself what is the easiest way to get along and have the most time for ruffling her dresses or making calls, or pickling and preserving, or scrubbing paint, but in what way she can give her little one the best start in life, and insure the harmonious development of all his powers and faculties. And several hours out of the twenty-four spent in healthful, restful sleep will go a long way toward the "sound mind in a sound body," which you wish your child to possess when he grows up.

So you see there's a philosophy in baby's nap as well as in some other things. I believe that Sir Joshua Reynolds's motto applies to the case of children as well as to painting pictures: "God does not give excellence to man, save as the reward of labor." If you want to have healthy, well-developed children, it will be only by that wise attention to detail, which is the very soul of success in everything.—*Mary Blake, in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING RICH AND POOR.—A woman is rich who lives upon what she has. A woman is poor who lives upon what is coming. A prudent woman lives within her income, whatever that may be, and saves against a rainy day. "Keep your expenses within your income, and you will avoid the temptation of doing many shabby actions. You cannot burn the candle at both ends."

TALKING ABOUT HOME DUTIES.—It is in bad taste, to say the least of it, to make domestic economy and home duties the constant theme of conversation. They are the private employments of a woman; she must study other things in order to entertain her relatives and friends. Those who talk most of their duties are generally those who perform them most imperfectly.

READING AND THINKING.—Some girls we know are very industrious readers, and think that by this means alone they are bound to grow very wise. Now it is of no use to read and accumulate facts if we do not also think. Better indeed to think and not read, than to read and not think.

WHIPPED POTATOES.—Whip boiled potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork; beat in butter, milk, pepper, and salt—at last the frothed white of an egg; toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to re-heat, but do not let it color.

TO KEEP JELLIES FROM MOULDING.—Pulverize loaf-sugar and cover the surface of the jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This will prevent mould even if the jellies be kept for years.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE

First.

I am rocked in the arms of the sea,
Or tossed on the flowing main;
Then fold my white wings in some peaceful bay,
And am bound to the earth with a chain.

Second.

There's a fruit with its hue of gold
From the land of the tropical sun;
I make it a cooling draught to hold
To the lips of the thirsty one.

Whole.

With the tread of many feet,
And the changeless roll of the drum,
With a deadly volley my foe to greet,
Mid the flash of steel, I come.

HIDDEN MYTHOLOGY.—EIGHTEEN GODS AND GODDESSES.

At last when I saw the cupidity of Jan. using a pollock for bait, I said, Sir, enter the boat! How Nep turned up! and cried, "Ju, now cast off!" "Have a pear?" "Tan't a luscious one," said Adon, "is it!" Grace surely will provide better than those Sharpies do, or I only need to speak to the fat Esmars, and Rome dates and pans of pears will abound. While the mercury's like the tissues of flame, we shall enjoy them.

FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. An adjective and a boy's name.
2. A girl's name slightly altered, and a mineral.
3. A small animal and a girl's name.
4. A weapon and a flower.
5. A spice and a consonant.
6. A cunning animal and an article of dress.

J. M., aged 12 yrs.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

To a stamp add a letter and have a legislative assembly; transpose this and it becomes the usual condition of a horse in a stable; transpose again, it is a motion of the sea; behead this and you have a small fish; to it add a letter and it is a term in the ancient Roman calendar; transpose this it becomes a party; transpose once more and it is the plural of the word with which we began.

APOCOPE.

From a word of five syllables meaning "intrepidly" omit the last syllable each time, and have, noble; a kind of verse; an illustrious man; a pronoun.

PUZZLE.

A hundred and fifty, but nothing between,
Let five hundred follow, and then miss, I ween;
You can surely this Christmas feel just what I mean.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced the same, but spelled differently.

1. He was pleased with the — at first —
2. Anna wore a — upon entering the —
3. My — was interested in watching a busy little —
4. "I have —," my friend said, "in a — covered book."
5. The — said, "I am young I am still a —"
6. James asked me, "— you buy the hard —?"
7. My sister — her girl with a — to buy some —
8. I found that Katie — all about the — attraction at the hall.
9. My little — has already — some wax flowers.
10. The coal — was a — convenience.
11. My — will not go while the — is so obscured.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF OCTOBER 1.

Answers to Conundrum Picture.—1. Calves. 2. Buoy (boy). 3. Two feet (two-thirds of a yard). 4. Land. 5. Plants. 6. Heel (heat). 7. Horn. 8. Re-pose. 9. Sole. 10. Bank. 11. Pause (paws). 12. Grazing. 13. Cheek. 14. Hide. 15. Hares (hairs). 16. Dog's ears. 17. You (ewe). 18. Lashes. 19. Band (on hat). 20. Fleece. 21. Skye (sky). 22. Nails. 23. Blades (of grass). 24. Back. 25. Ate Sheep (8 sheep). 26. A dog. 27. Limbs. 28. Ram. 29. Arms. 30. Sleepers. 31. Mussel (muscle). 32. Pear (pair of trees). 33. Knees. 34. Temples. 35. Mouth. 36. Crown. 37. Face. 38. Sheep's heads. 39. Joint. 40. Pupils. 41. Lamb. 42. Rest. 43. Tales (tails). 44. Phlox. (flocks). 45. Teeth. 46. Neck. 47. Ears. 48. Locke (lock of hair). 49. Bow (bow on hat). 50. Eyes. 51. Lying creatures.