

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

It is very important not to allow your punishment to be cumulative—that is, not to heap one thing on top of another. Because a child has done wrong and been punished, to refuse him his good-night kiss, or something like that, is to a sensitive nature sometimes sheer cruelty. Remember that the child has not forfeited your love; you are not angry with him, but with his offence, and may combine the strongest indignation against that, with the most loving tenderness and yearning over him. The punishment over, and the child repentant, consider the matter settled, and never allow any one to taunt him with it afterward.

Another important thing is to give the child time enough to understand what you do want, and to see the reasonableness of your commands. Don't spring at him in a highwayman, your-money-or-your-life fashion; "Mind me instantly, or I'll thrash you." Many a child has been fairly startled into disobedience, by the suddenness of his parent's commands, which aroused his natural resistance before he fairly comprehended what was wanted. Of course a parent must sometimes require instant and unhesitating obedience; but when children are accustomed to see that you have good reasons for your commands generally, they will obey without reasons when it is necessary they should. On this account punishments which give them time to think over matters are better than those which simply inflict pain. For instance, if a child meddles mischievously, and you wish to teach him to let things alone,—tie up the offending hands, and make him sit still half an hour. You don't hurt him physically at all, as a "smart whipping" would; but the restraint teaches him the lesson without pain. If he runs away—tie up his feet.

Perhaps I can explain myself more clearly by telling you a little incident which happened in my own family only a few days ago. You know what a quick-tempered, impetuous little whirlwind Mary was. She has wonderfully improved in self-control, and we haven't had any "tantrums," as she calls them, for some time. Just before dinner is always a bad time for discipline, for the best-tempered child is apt to be cross when hungry; therefore avoid the occasion as carefully as you would a conflict with your servant girl on Monday. It was at that unlucky hour that I, unawares, and in the most innocent manner raised the demon of temper. Mary passed in front of me as I sat sewing. It is a bad habit of hers, and I pleasantly told her to go back and go behind my chair. To my amazement she flew into a passion, and though she threw herself angrily back into her place by the window, she absolutely refused to pass out behind my chair as I wished. What should I do? Here was direct disobedience. She must obey me for her own good; but how should I make her do it? Punish her till she did? or appeal to her sense of right in the matter? In the calmest voice I could command in my surprise, I said to her: "Mary, you know that it is perfectly right for mamma to ask you to do this. If you do it pleasantly it won't take you a minute; but if you are cross and ugly about it, you will grow crosser and uglier every minute, until by and by mamma will have to punish you severely in some way." Reaching over and kissing her forehead, I added, "Mamma doesn't want to punish you, but you must do as I say; now how much better to do it of your own accord." But there was no response to this: nothing but angry defiance in look and tone. I spoke more sternly this time—"Now, Mary, you must do as mamma asks you to, because it is right you should. Neither mamma nor you can go down to dinner till you come out behind the chair properly; you are making us both very unhappy because you are determined not to do right." Still there was no relenting. I arose and made preparations for dinner, showing that I expected she would do what was right—a great help in itself sometimes—then quietly seated myself again and waited. She was still angrily twisting herself about, and thumping on the window-sill. "Mary," said I very sadly, "are you going to oblige me to make you mind me, by punishing you? Can't you obey me because you love me and know what is right? There is a very naughty spirit in your little heart now. That same naughty spirit makes grown-up people do very, very wicked things; are you

going to let it have its own way now? If you do, by and by it will be a great deal stronger than you are."

"Why don't you make me mind you?" she said sullenly.

"Because you know yourself just what you ought to do, and I want to give you a little chance to do right yourself. But I can't wait a very great while. If you don't do it of yourself, I shall have to make you do it, because, my dear child, God has given you to me that I may teach you how to grow up to be a good woman, and if I don't make you obey me, I shan't be obeying Him."

I waited a few minutes in silence. Suddenly she flounced out and rushed across the room, passing behind the chair. "There, I did it," she said angrily, "but not because you wanted me to."

"Well then," said I, "you ought to go back and do it because I wanted you to." Somewhat to my surprise, she walked back and stood sullenly there.

"Now," said I very pleasantly, "will you not come out as you ought to?"

I had arisen from my chair, in response to some call from one of the younger children, and reached my hand toward her. She came directly forward, took my hand and burst into tears, completely subdued. I took her in my lap a few minutes, bathed her hot face and eyes, and said a few soothing words to her. The dinner bell rang, and we went down to dinner. I said nothing more about the matter then, diverting her mind by some pleasant stories and cheerful conversation, and giving time for her nervous agitation to subside. After dinner, when I saw that she was quite calm, I took her to my own room, and taking her on my lap, had a long talk, telling her why it was we must obey—everybody had to obey something; she would have obeyed the naughty spirit if she hadn't obeyed me. Ever since she has been old enough to understand it, we have always, after any naughtiness of hers, had a quiet talk about it, followed by kneeling down together and asking help from God to keep her from doing wrong again; so I was not surprised when she whispered in my ear, "Mamma, hadn't we better tell Jesus about it?" And when I heard her penitent voice broken by sobs, saying, "Dear Jesus, I am sorry I didn't want to mind mamma; please forgive me and make me always mind her and you too," I felt she had learned a lesson in true obedience which she would never forget.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Some years ago a famous professor came to a town where I was then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate case, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid ten guineas, and soon called at my office, talking as straight as a railway track.

I was greatly astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases, ladies, and calling upon them, reported what had come to pass. They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly elated, raised twenty guineas, went the next day, paid the cash and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without a single jerk.

"I was soon made acquainted with several other cures, quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on my sharpest wits, and wait upon the magician myself. He seemed an honest, earnest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay a large fee, and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I would. Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased.

And now I propose to give the readers of my journal a simple art which has enabled me to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated the cure has been complete. The secret is simply this. The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on

every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper beating each syllable. Soon you need only beat on every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger, or moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two every day, with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation.—*Lewis' Gymnastics.*

PROFIT FROM HENS.

There are some farmers who say that it is a losing business to keep hens; but they produce no statistics to prove their assertion. From a somewhat extended experience I can produce facts to prove that there is profit in keeping them.

In the year of 1845 I kept twenty-five hens, and the profit from their eggs was seventy-five cents each. At that time corn was worth seventy-five cents per bushel, and the average price of eggs for the year was fifteen cents per dozen. Last year I kept ten hens, and the profit from them, in eggs, was ten dollars. The average price of eggs that year was twenty cents per dozen, while the price of corn was the same as in 1845. In this estimate no account was made of rent for the hen-house or for work in taking care of them, or for the guano-like fertilizer, made from their droppings, which is said to be worth fifty cents a year for each hen.

I now have nine hens, and during the months of March and April they produced 403 eggs.

In regard to hen-house and food, I will simply say that hens take delight in a dry, warm and cleanly apartment. They may be kept free from lice by a plentiful use of wood ashes, as I know from a long experience. I feed hens with meal of a mixture of oats and corn, boiled potatoes or turnips, in small quantities, green cabbage or early cut hay; in winter, corn, wheat, &c., and a little meat, and oyster shells, when they do not have the privilege of roaming in the fields.

From long experience and from a strict account of the value of the product of eggs, and the expense of food for hens, I know that there is a profit, and to myself a pleasure in keeping them.—*P. L. Buell, in Phren. Journal.*

BREAST OF MUTTON BOILED.—Choose a lean breast of mutton, wipe it with a damp cloth, cut out all the bones from the under side, lay the meat, skin down, on a board, and spread over it a forcemeat made as follows. Do not let the forcemeat reach within an inch of the edges of the meat, and do not spread it more than a quarter of an inch thick; after it is placed on the meat roll it up tightly, beginning at the end, and tie it around with several pieces of tape or string. Put it into boiling water and boil it gently for two hours. Then remove the strings, lay it on a hot dish, pour over it a little caper sauce or some of the gravy in which the turnips were stewed, and serve it with the turnips.

TEACH THE BOYS TO BE HELPFUL.—You make a mistake, mother, when you teach Jennie always to put her things in their right place, but permit Joseph to leave his lying anywhere. Do not wait so much on the boys. There should be one rule in the household, so far as order is concerned, for sons and daughters, not, as so often there are two very dissimilar rules. Let the boys learn to make beds, and set the table, to help about the house. It will make them not less manly, but more gentlemanly.

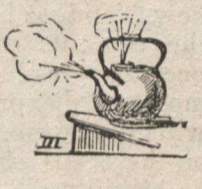
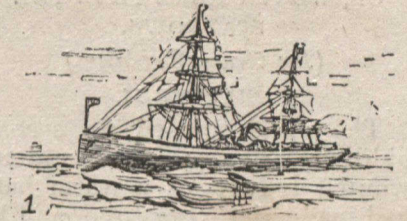
FORCEMEAT.—Mix together one cupful of bread crumbs, one level tablespoonful of powdered sweet herbs of any kind preferred, one saltspoonful of salt, quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper and one egg.—*Miss Carson in Christian Union.*

TO TAKE OUT TAR.—Something useful to know. How to take tar and shoemaker's wax out of clothing: Break an egg and take the yolk alone and rub the soiled parts in it until it softens and comes out, then wash in water.

TO CLEAN WASTE PIPES.—Dissolve four or five pounds of washing soda in boiling water, and throw down the kitchen sink. It will prevent the pipes stopping up with grease. Do this every few weeks.

PUZZLES.

WORD DWINDLE.



Find a word describing the first picture; remove a letter and transpose the remainder for the name of the second; curtail and transpose to form the name of the third, and so on until the last, which is one letter only.

EASY HIDDEN FURNITURE.

1. May got a tablet for her Christmas present
2. My father walks so fast!
3. Such air as we breathe in our school-room is hurtful.
4. My brother's tools are always out of place.
5. What! not going to the party to-night?
6. Vic! Ribbons are out of place on school-girls.
7. What spool-cotton is the best to use?
8. Boys, stop that racket!
9. Lily made skips going along to school every day.

BOUQUET.—(PARTLY PHONETIC.)

1. The beloved disciple, and an instrument which has been the means of effecting wonderful results.
2. A piece of money and an adjective indicative of royalty and power.
3. One of the formations of water and a small portion of any liquid.
4. Half of a musical instrument and a verb signifying to permit.
5. A falsehood and a want.
6. An important luxury of daily consumption, and a prominent article in the dream of Pharaoh's chief butler.
7. An epithet applied to rigid Quakeresses, and a favorite flower, the emblem of beauty.
8. A youth celebrated in ancient mythology for his beauty and floral transformations.
9. A useful animal, and what one does in icy weather.
10. A ruling officer in ecclesiastical affairs.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF APRIL 1.

Charade.—Crowbar.

Diagonal Squares.—

1.	2.	3.	4.
TENET	MINIM	LEVEL	CARAC
EE	EE	II	II
NN	NN	NN	NN
EE	EE	II	II
TENET	MINIM	LEVEL	CARAC

Transposition.—Tache, teach, cheat, atche, Hecta.

Half Square.—

ASTRAL
SPRAY
TRAP
RAP
AY
L

Charade.—Edison.

Curtail and Behead.—Ban-e, Cur-b, Boa-z, mar-l, Mars-h, daw-n, Coo-s, cove-t, H-ague, t-our, g-listen, s-tag, d-rink, f-inch, c-lump.