

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME NEGATIVES ABOUT BED-ROOMS.

Teach all members of your family that they must never leave their rooms in the morning without first opening the window, even in cold weather, and removing the clothes from the bed. Let them air two or three hours.

Never turn bedclothes down at the foot of the bed to air; but always gather them with both hands through the middle of each, and lay them loosely on a chair. Never let the ends of the sheets or covers rest on the floor.

Never leave the bed unmade till bedtime, and never make it before breakfast.

Never fail to comb your hair before putting on your dress in the morning, and never comb it at any time without removing your dress.

Never go down to breakfast with your shoes unbuttoned or your dress untidy.

Never rise so late that you must hurry to get breakfast, but rise so early that there need be no haste, disorder or confusion.

Never do without a washbowl, pitcher, towels, etc., in your room, and always use them before putting on your dress.

Never allow soiled dresses to hang up with clean ones or to lie around; but place them at once in a bag, used for soiled clothes.

Never fail to empty all slops as soon as possible in the morning, rinsing and wiping all toilet articles.

Never use the same cloth for wiping both sets of toilet articles.

Never fail to change the beds once a week, removing the under sheet and putting the upper sheet right side up next the mattress with a clean upper sheet wrong side up.

Never fail to sweep the sleeping rooms once a week thoroughly, taking care to brush all cobwebs from the walls, shutting drawers and doors, and removing all articles that might be injured by the dust before sweeping.

Don't fail to look into your servant's sleeping room occasionally. Unless you do this frequently, you may find the bed unmade from week to week, and the air stifling. No wonder girls sometimes half do their work, sleeping in such an atmosphere as that.—*Housekeeper.*

TEACHING CHILDREN OBSERVATION.

"Child, will you never learn to use your eyes?" was the exclamation wrested from the patient lips of my much tried mother, years ago, that first stirred any thought that I lacked in the faculty of observation.

The time, a busy baking morning; the occasion, a box of soda wanted from the cupboard, and I, a child of six years or eight years, standing by mother's cooking table, did not know where to look for either soda or salt, when requested to bring them, and yet scores and scores of times I had seen her take down those same articles from the kitchen cupboard and afterward return them to their shelves.

"Now notice, Helen, how I do this!" very many times my good mother would say, when, with unobserving eyes, I would crowd close to her elbow to watch the doing of some simple or difficult task in the housekeeping, and gradually, under my judicious mother's patient painstaking and training, I learned to use my eyes indoors, but never as well as out.

I find these same traits—lack of observation concerning many matters indoors, and wide-awake interest to everything in garden and woods and fields—my two little daughters have inherited, and I am trying to follow in mother's footsteps, teaching them to train their eyes to observe many points in careful housekeeping, even before they are old enough to attempt the accomplishment of such tasks themselves, believing that in so doing they will be spared many perplexing experiences and mortifying failures in after years.

"Mamma is going to wash the grained paint in the dining-room. Shall she put milk or soap in the water?" I asked my little seven-year-old daughter, one morning this week, waiting before her, with cleaning pail and sponge.

"Milk, mamma—skimmed milk, out of a pan, you did before," was the prompt an-

swer from the little maiden, looking up from her dominoes.

"Which side shall mamma cut for the right side?" I recently asked this same little girl, laying on the table a half web of canton-flannel white goods, and unrolling patterns.

She left her play to smooth the soft, kitteny folds, and then, looking very wise, said, patting the downy texture, "Auntie's nighties are sewed up this side in."

So the little one had noticed, and needed no second lesson in the placing of canton-flannel goods to cut, yet a twenty-year-old girl, who once sewed for me, basted wrong side out undergarments cut from like goods.

"Oh, mamma! Please let me sugar the berries to-night!" three-year-old Gracie pleaded, as she saw me poise the berry dish, filled with red-ripe raspberries, over the sugar bucket.

"Carefully, then, little girl. Just one-third of a ladleful." And the tin scoop that, with the generous hand of ignorance she had spillingly heaped with sugar, was emptied till but a third full, and then carefully sifted over the berries.

Such little, pleasant ways of helping teach the children both observation and judgment, two traits that we need to cultivate and train all through life, especially on its eastern slope.

Well do I remember the keen mortification I suffered at one dinner table when three times as old as Gracie. Mother had a tableful of guests, and I, officious as a little girl could well be on such an occasion, and very willing to be thought helpful, insisted on peeling and slicing the cool green cucumbers some one had brought in from the garden.

"Very well," Mother said, giving into my care the pretty, scalloped pickle nappy. "Pour a cupful of vinegar over the cucumbers when you have sliced them, and dust on a little salt and pepper."

But the seasoning I forgot till after mother's guests were seated, and then, eager to exhibit my housewifery knowledge and be called my mother's right-hand little woman, pertly reached across the table and dumped a double handful of salt over those swimming cucumbers.

Mother's horrified glance and the amused astonishment that was on every face told me I had blundered, and in scarlet-faced confusion I slunk from the table.

How could I have been at the mercy of such wild judgment in seasoning those cucumbers when I had stood at mother's elbow a score of times that summer to see her prepare them? Simply because I watched her with eyes that saw not.

"She wore garnet and white bal-moral stockings, bronze kid button boots, a garnet dress trimmed with white star braid, and a cunning shirred bonnet with garnet ties; and mamma says she wishes that Edie and I had just such cunning fall suits." These, the literal words from the lips of a four-year-old little city miss, who had early learned to critically notice and make mental and verbal notes of clothes, and was entertaining my delighted little country-bred daughters with glowing descriptions of the fall suits of her fortune-favored play-mates at home.

In such a mite of a child, the trained eye of an experienced dress critic seemed ridiculous and pitiful to me, and I attempted and partially succeeded in diverting the minds of my little daughters and their guests from the clothes, by calling their attention to an English robin's nest that had fallen from a tree, showing them the strong torn straps from which it had swung from the old hackmatch in the yard, and the cunning doorway through which the red-breasts had fitted in an out.

The matter of dress, and how much little girls, who are far happier in their stout every-day gingham than in their pretty church suits and evidently lack in both observation and interest in the subject, should be encouraged to notice harmony of colors and graceful draping and wearing of the dainty suits of their little friends, puzzles me. We do not want their young minds, or the thoughts of their maturer years filled with the frivolities of dress, yet we do want them trained to so understand neatness and gracefulness, fitness and harmony in the make up and wearing of even a plain house dress, that their neat, trim appearance will give their friends pleasure and command the respect of cultured gentlefolks, that could never be theirs if allowed to grow up

untaught in all the complex mysteries of a perfect toilet.—*Clarissa Potter in Ladies' Home Journal.*

CHILDREN'S CORNERS.

There are comparatively few houses in which a large, bright, warm room can be spared for a nursery. Even where this might be done, the mother cannot employ a nurse to stay with the children, and her own cares and duties are too various to admit of her being long in any one place. Perhaps she does not keep even a maid-of-all-work. Then the children must inevitably follow the mother about, in kitchen, bed-rooms, or sitting-room, as her work demands. It is not uncommon, in so-called well-regulated families, to find children's toys scattered all over the house, while hats, coats and mittens are seldom twice in the same place.

A nursery or play-room for the children may be out of the question; but surely some corner, chest, drawer, or portion of a closet, may be found for each child, where its individual possessions should be kept when not in use. On the whole, the most satisfactory piece of furniture in our house is a home-made one—a set of shelves which his father made for our five-year-old boy. The shelves are somewhat more than a yard long, and separated by unequal distances in order to accommodate the different-sized toys. On the top shelf stand his bank, vase and several pretty but somewhat fragile toys; the next shelf is entirely devoted to books, of which he has more than most boys, while the lower ones are filled with his remaining treasures. To a simple brass rod with rings, pretty, inexpensive curtains are attached. When these are drawn, the effect is that of book-shelves—an ornament to our living-room, where they stand under the mantel in one corner. There the boy is "monarch of all he surveys," and he has no excuse for leaving his toys about the house. When his friends come to play with him, it is easy for them to take out such things as they wish and put them back again when they are through playing, thus avoiding the general chaos so common after children's visits.—*American Agriculturist.*

A SUMMER ADDITION TO HOUSES.

Farmers' wives who have small houses and many "hands" to cook for during the summer would find it a boon, if they could secure a cool, airy room outside in which to set the table and give the men a resting place when off duty. To such, we commend a tent adjoining the kitchen door, with a rough board floor, if convenient, on a level with the kitchen floor. You can buy a tent ready made, or better, make one yourself at an expense of two or three dollars. Get coarse, heavy, double-width sheeting, and make the top and one side of a straight piece of two or more widths; the side of the house can be one side of the new "addition." Two corner posts will be needed and a cross piece from one to the other. Tack the cloth to the clapboards at a good height, stretch your "roof" smoothly over the cross-piece and, with stout cords, fasten the lower edge (which should be hemmed) strongly to small stakes driven in the ground. The end pieces (right-angled triangles) may be sewed to the other or tacked on, leaving the straight side of the "door" piece free, so that it can be closed at will. This simple arrangement would be a relief to many a housewife and a delight to the children. Or, if sleeping room is needed more, make a tent for that purpose. With a floor in it, there is no such delightful and healthful place to sleep as in a tent. That is one feature of camping out which has a strong influence in restoring the vitality.—*Housekeeper.*

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

DEAR GIRLS:—I, too, am a sworn enemy of tight lacing. I once thought I could not possibly get along without my corset, and for that very reason, I began to think I was doing myself harm; so by degrees I got along without it, and I cannot tell you how much better my health is. Instead of being, as before, a poor, weakly woman, I am getting to be a strong, healthy, hearty one.

I want to tell you, girls, of one victim of tight lacing. She is a friend of mine;

and if she should see this, she would be glad and thankful if her example would help others to do better. When a young girl, she had a beautiful form, such as nature gave her. She was tall and straight, and her waist was anything but wasp-like. But she got a foolish idea that all tall girls must have small waists; she donned the inevitable corset, and little by little, pulled the laces tighter, and compressed her waist in its vice-like grasp until it became small enough to suit her foolish fancy.

Remember, this was done without her mother's knowledge, she being away at school and only home for short vacations: the pallid face and wasted form being, as the mother thought, the effects of hard studying, instead of hard lacing.

Shall I tell you the sequel? She married a pleasant, genial man, one who loved her devotedly. One babe was born to them, but lived only a few hours. Its mother had given it no vitality, and never since that wretched day has this woman dared to step upon her feet, and never will she again.

Doctors say it is the effect of tight lacing. She is a very pleasant-faced lady, but old beyond her years. How bitterly has she repented of her early sin, for sin it is. Girls, let this be a warning to you. Do not think this exaggerated, for it is only too true.—*Housekeeper.*

ROASTING MEAT.

BY FANNY FANSHAW.

Seeing directions for roasting meat in a recent number of your valuable paper, I felt constrained to give my *modus operandi*, since I think it better than the one given. I rub over the meat the requisite amount of salt and put it into a shallow kettle—the kind which most housewives now use for frying cakes—covering with an inverted pie-tin, and put at once into a very hot oven; the heat will then preserve the juices inside the meat. After baking fast for ten or fifteen minutes, lower the temperature of the oven somewhat. When partially cooked take from the oven and turn over the meat, covering close as before. In this process the meat bastes itself, since a steam is generated, and there is never any danger of burning, or of its being overdone. This, I suppose, is upon the principle of the patent bakers. Do not put a drop of water on the meat when ready for the oven. When baked, however, and removed from the kettle, water and flour can then be added which will supply the desired gravy. Try this way, and you will never again bake meat in an open pan.—*Christian at Work.*

PUZZLES.—No. 17.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Eight Letters.

A hundred nobles sought my whole to win,
When lo! at last her absent lord walked in!
Rejoiced to find that she could faithful prove,
Waiting a score of years for her first love.

My 1, 2, 3, an instrument you'll find,
A faithful servant for a ready mind;
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, rash lovers do,
When hindered in the path they would pursue.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a bondman, and leave to batho.
2. Behead a chest, and leave a proposal.
3. Behead to swathe, and leave to vacillate.
4. Behead to be wrong, and leave a young girl.
5. Behead dry, and leave to free.
6. Behead poor, and leave ardent.
7. Behead a clump, and leave brightness.
8. Behead a dale, and leave a narrow passage.
9. Behead to droop, and leave distress.
10. Behead to have cut grass, and leave a debt.
11. Behead a sea-thief, and leave anger.
12. Behead immaturity, and leave incivility.
13. Behead declining, and leave diseased.
14. Behead a scaport, and leave a trellis covered with vines.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.

1. To lash. 2. An animal. 3. A mineral. 4. Pointed instruments.
1. A thin skin. 2. A thought. 3. A small escape. 4. To create.

ANAGRAMS.

Ocellated Blenny.
Bonito.
Barbel.
Bellows-fish.
Pilot-fish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 15.

CHARADE.—Co-mum-drum.
INSERTED WORDS.—1. F-laws; 2. I-car-n; 3. c-low-n; 4. I-row-n; 5. c-ran-p; 6. t-ran-p; 7. c-rat-e; 8. b-lad-e.

CHARADE.—Ant-arc-tic.

REVERSAL.—Untied—United.

WORD BUILDING.—O-or-ore-sore-sores-sorest.