

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

"Walter Harris has been arrested for embezzlement!"

That was the word passing from mouth to mouth in the small town of L—. And I think never was news more unwelcome or unexpected; for Walter Harris had been considered a model young man, and was the pride of many warm friends; and how he could have fallen was incomprehensible. Reared in a Christian home by Christian parents, brought up in the Sabbath school and with every influence for good, it was, indeed, hard to believe him guilty of such a grave crime.

His friends refused to credit the tale. His parents hastened to the city where their son was imprisoned, to effect his release, scarcely believing it could be true that he was in gaol, much less that he was guilty of the charge mentioned. So, while all is excitement, and rumors of every kind are in circulation, let us go back and review the life of this unfortunate young man. I believe that I am the only one in the town that is not shocked. But I only wonder it did not happen sooner. I am a seamstress, and for years have had the secrets of some of the families of L— in my heart, and many things that surprise and shock the community are not unexpected to me.

I remember little Walter as a bright, frank, interesting child; one who shrank from falsehood and dishonesty as the lamb shrinks from the wolf. "How did he get into bad company," do you ask? Why, he was born and bred in dishonesty! Don't shrink. It is true. Let me narrate some facts that came under my own observation. One day, I remember, he was told to go to a neighboring store to make a small purchase. His mother gave him the money with which to pay for the article, and the happy child went about his errand, soon returning and giving into his mother's hands the purchase and the change.

"Why, Walter!" exclaimed the mother, "you have more money than you started with. Did Mr.—give you this?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the child. "Isn't it all right, mamma?"

"Of course it's all right. If Mr.— makes mistakes he must be the loser." And the mother put the money in her purse giving a little nod of gratification to me.

"I ought to take it back, mamma?" said the bewildered boy. And the mother laughed again, as she returned a flippant answer. Did the child comprehend the act?

Not long after this incident another occurred. We three—Walter, his mother and I—were passing a grocery store. A basket of fine pears were on exhibition outside and we stopped to admire. Imagine my surprise after we had passed the store to see Mrs. Harris with a pear. Walter saw it too, and with childish curiosity and eagerness began to question his mother.

"Did you buy some pears, mamma?"

"Hush, no."

"Did the man give it to you?"

"Here, take a piece and run on ahead," then turning to me, said Mrs. Harris, "I didn't mean that Walter should see that pear. I took it as we passed. I often do, but he is such a keen one, I shall have to be more careful!"

On another occasion the pennies in his little bank were missing. His grief and indignation at the discovery were very great, and he at once charged the servant with the theft. To clear herself, the servant informed him that she saw his mother take them. Scarcely believing her word, he hastened into the sewing-room, and with his little face aflame with indignation told his mamma of his loss and the servant's charge.

"You didn't do it, did you, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," she answered with reddening cheeks, "I took them one day when I needed some change. Of course I intend to replace them, my dear."

"But, mamma, isn't that stealing, just the same?"

"Sometimes it is," she answered hesitatingly. "But I intended to put it back before you should discover it, and was go-

ing to put in five cents more than I took out, for interest, you know. Won't that do?"

"O, I s'pose so," replied the child. And so it was done the next day.

As the years went by, and Walter grew out of childhood and its dresses, his frank, conscientious nature was changed. Still the educating influence went on. If the milkman gave, in mistake, an extra ticket, or the monthly bills showed some article omitted, Mrs. Harris would say with great satisfaction, "It is their lookout not mine."

"But, mamma," said Walter, "if the mistake was the other way, if he had charged you with something you never bought, wouldn't you tell him?"

"Of course I should," she replied gaily. "Here, you may have the extra dimes to buy some ice cream as you wished to do this morning." Thus the boy became *particeps criminis* unwittingly.

And so the education went on in the boy's heart and life. Such a training would corrupt any boy. Now, as I sit and hear the footsteps of the neighbors as they go about the Harris mansion and hear their expressed words of wonderment and sympathy, I cannot but think of these words, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Mrs. Harris is gathering in her harvest. God help us mothers to be watchful of our little acts, for the eyes of our children are upon us.—*Union Signal*.

OUR BOOK CLUBS.

A writer in the *Watchman*, Boston, tells how the women in her town manage for reading matter.

Most of the women and girls don't feel able to subscribe for high priced periodicals, so we club together and solve the difficulty thus. We call them the Magazine Clubs of Beachwood. We put our money together and get the matter at reduced rates through agencies. The cost is small and the pleasure great, "just what I've allus been ayearnin' after," says Grandmother Ballard. We have certain rules and regulations to govern things. For the first reading, each member is allowed to keep a magazine but one week. This we do to prevent readers from monopolizing them. Each member has a choice in the selection when we order, though we aim to have those of similar taste in the same club. For instance, one will prefer scientific, another religious, and another literary; so we can please all. Experience has taught us to allow none to belong to our charmed circles who are careless or untidy with reading matter. It is not best to have more than six in a club. They should live not too far distant from each other. Ours is composed of one school teacher, a milliner, one housekeeper, the grocer's wife, a school girl and a dear old grandmother with gentle face and silver hair, the kind of a grandmother who likes to sit while the shadows lengthen and read "Stepping Heavenward." At the end of the year we divide up or sell our nice, well kept matter for a good price and use the dollars as a nucleus, or a nest egg, as the children say, towards next year's club. The women down at the Corners are patterning after us, doing likewise, and so our good times multiply.

SOME HYGIENIC HINTS.

During the past few weeks several cases of typhoid fever occurring in Brooklyn have been directly traced to some lack of sanitary sewerage in the country places where the patients had been staying for a time.

Talk as we will about the unhealthfulness of cities, the true fact is the country is much worse off in hundreds of instances. In villages good sewerage is rather the exception than the rule, and in farm-houses innumerable, the back of the house is a regular cesspool, into which all manner of filthiness finds its way. Slops are frequently thrown from the back door without the slightest regard as to where they may drain to. Sometimes they filter directly into the well from which the supply of drinking water is obtained. It was the writer's duty one summer to nurse a small community of people through an epidemic of dysentery, caused by no other reason than sewage flowing into and poisoning the supply of drinking water. Garbage of all kinds thrown out and

left to rot, is productive of disease germs which are inhaled by one and another, who if not strong enough to throw off their influence, succumb to typhoid fever, and if they die the event is spoken of as a mysterious dispensation of providence. Now providence is scarcely responsible for what is so manifestly the result of our own doings. When people learn what are the predisposing causes of various diseases and learn to avoid those peculiar evils, then the diseases disappear in a proportionate ratio. If, therefore, you would run no risk of malarial or typhoid fever, or of dysentery, keep your dwellings and all the adjoining ground and the outhouses about them perfectly clean.

Eating over-ripened and therefore partially decayed fruit or vegetables, as well as eating that which is unripe, is a fruitful cause of colics and dysenteries and other bowel derangements.

Flies are a voted nuisance, but those seasons marked by their conspicuous absence are usually sickly ones. They are the most indefatigable of little scavengers, gleaning up every particle of organic matter which may have settled into decay in or around your dwelling.

After severe rains, windows and doors should be thrown open and, if needful, fires kindled to dry out the atmosphere and relieve the house and furnishings from all suspicion of mould and dampness. Such timely precaution may save the risk of a long illness.—*Christian at Work*.

PATCHING.

Patching is not regarded as a very agreeable occupation. Some other form of needlework is preferred. If a garment is well patched when it is first made, subsequent work of this kind may be largely anticipated.

In making a gown, lay on and fasten neatly to the lining, wherever wear is greatest and holes are most likely to come, pieces of the dress goods. In a basque or waist this will be on the under part of the sleeve and under the arm. In boys' pantaloons this will be in the seat and on the knees. Pieces thus fastened to the lining and stitched in with the seams will not show in the finished garment.

In making underwear the side pieces of under-waists and the yokes of night-gowns should be double, the seats of drawers and all parts bordering on the sleeves should be lined or faced, and the garment protected and fortified wherever the wear is excessive.

If bias sleeves are twice sewed over they will not be likely to rip. Nothing of the kind is more common than the opening of the bias seam in the back of a lady's gown or wrap, especially if it is close fitting, and it may escape her notice when all her friends are well aware of it.

Buttons, hooks and eyes, tapes and loops, cannot be sewed on too thoroughly. A few more stitches put in when the work is first done will prevent the setting of many stitches afterward and the expenditure of time and patience. If the thread and sewing in a garment is as good as the cloth, it ought to wear out without needing much repair.

It is economy to buy silk and cotton thread of the very best quality, and never to use poor thread in making a garment of which hard wear is expected.

When patches must be put upon the outside, they should be cut to a thread on all four sides. This will give right angles at the corners. If there is a figure or stripe, the matching should be complete. In many kinds of goods the piece may be inserted so neatly as to defy passing observation. Turn down the edges to be sewed together, baste them exactly, then with suitable thread and a fine needle sew them together over and over, rub up the seams, and press them. Pieces may thus be set into the inside of pantaloons near the ankle.

To resew pantaloons open the back seam and cut the worn part by a thread, so as to leave a right angle opposite the bias seam. Press. The larger the piece set in, the less it will look like a patch.—*Selected*.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

"Don't do that, Laura; God won't love you if you disobey mamma; God doesn't love naughty children."

The mother spoke from her sincerest thought, no doubt, but had she reflected

she would have seen that she was impressing on a baby's mind a wholly mistaken idea of God's never-failing love. This world would be a weary place for humanity, if God loved only the good, only those who never failed in motive or in action to do his will. "God so loved the world, that he sent his only son to save sinners." Let us be careful that we teach our little ones right theology. God loves them when they are naughty, though he does not approve of their naughtiness.

Think, dear mother. You love your little girl unflinchingly, and even when obliged to punish her, it is love that inflicts the penalty. It is a weak, short-sighted love that allows its object to do that which will dwarf its growth, or injure its character, or confirm it in evil ways. But who shall convict the parent of a lack of love, because he or she by every means tries to bring the child up in the exercise of right feelings, and in habits which will crystallize into the expression of a life set heavenward?

Dear friends, our earthly parenthood but feebly conveys to our imaginations a conception of God's great father-heart. Let us be careful that in our dealings with childhood we do not alienate them from God by our careless and mistaken and blundering speech. It is well to say to a child, "You must not do this thing or that, for it will be to disobey God, and to grieve your dear heavenly father." It is well to bring up our children in the fear of offending God, since nothing in the universe is so ungrateful as the wilful offence of the Divine Love; but it is not well, because it is not true, to teach a child that if he or she is naughty God will take his tender love away.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

VERY NICE TEA ROLLS.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of fresh milk, half a teacupful of good yeast, two eggs, one level tablespoonful of sugar, salt to taste. Mix to a soft dough. When risen sufficiently, knead well, make into round or oblong rolls. Sprinkle lightly with warm water, set to rise again, and bake quickly as soon as they are ready.

PUZZLES NO. 22.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters, and am a wonder of the world.

My 23, 21, 25, 6, 22 is an empire.
My 11, 6, 26, 16, 8, 29, 14 is non-performance.
My 25, 3, 23, 20, 19, 13, 3, 29, 17 is an ellipse.
My 23, 24, 29, 10, 19, 9 is found on the Eastern continent.

My 4, 2, 8, 27 is to imprison.
My 18, 15, 1, 5, 15 is the name of a sentence prefixed to a device.
My 7, 15, 12, 21, 16 is not divided.

SQUARES:—
1. A feature of Canada. 2. A feature of countries north of Canada. 3. A foreign fruit. 4. What an idiot does. 5. A lock of hair.
II. 1. A twin. 2. A liquid. 3. Reputed to be sunny. 4. Horses. 5. Where lovers meet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
My primals spell an American novelist; my finals, one of his works.

1. A domestic animal. 2. A native of Hindoostan spelled backward. 3. A poem to be sung with music. 4. A kind of fruit in the plural. 5. A boy's nickname spelled backward. 6. A precious stone.

CHARADE.
Would you go to "my first"—
You couldn't help buying,
There are wondrous things there,
Things beautiful, rare,
To see, eat, and wear
Oh, you couldn't help buying!

Next, "my second,"—a word
That will never cease asking.
A part is "my third"
Of the world. You have heard
Of "the whole," where the bird
Of fancy is basking.

'Tis a beautiful place
But mortals ne'er enter.
There the natives may race,—
Sing and dance in their grace,
In their own little space,—
Never mortal dare enter.

CORDES.
HIDDEN TREES.
1. The pin Edna gave me is bent. 2. Flora, shut the door. 3. Mamma, please may I go too? 4. Will owes me a dollar. 5. He stands at the helm, calling to us. 6. Clarence dares not jump from there. 7. The cap pleased the little boy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 21.
GOSPEL ENIGMA.—"Stand Forth."

MOUNTAIN ACROSTIC.—
1. Mount Hor, Num. 20, 25.
2. Mount Arrarat, Gen 8, 4.
3. Mount Moriah, II Chron. 3, 1.
4. Mount Olivet, II Sam. 15, 30.
5. Mount Nebo, Deut. 32, 49-50.
6. Mount Abarim, Num. 27, 12.
7. Mount Horeb, Exodus 18, 5.
"Hamonah,"—Ezekiel 39, 15-16.

RHOMBOIDS.
No. 1. No. 2.
TIGER ATLAS
S A V E D O A S I S
S E D A N P I L O T
R A T A N A L L O T
N A B O B S E P O Y