

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE PITCHER OF TEARS.

The woman had closed her eyes,
A-weary with weeping,
She leaned on the empty cradle,
And sobbed in her sleeping.
Her breast like a wave of the sea
Was rising and falling:
Her heart through the mist of sleep
On her baby was calling.

Then her soul was lift up and away
To the Garden of Heaven.
Whose flowers shine like stars in the grass,
So smooth and so even.
And she saw where 'mid roses and May
An angel did wander,
With bright children, who looked in his face
To dream and to wonder.

Alone, and apart from the rest,
A little child tarried,
And in his small arms, soft and round,
A pitcher he carried.
His sweet eyes looked wistfully toward
His mates in the meadow.
Heaven's glory was bright, but his face
Bore the touch of earth's shadow

The woman knelt down where she stood.
"My own and my dearie,
Now why do you wander alone,
With little feet weary?
If you cannot come back, come back
To the arms of your mother,
'Tis your sweet hand the angel should hold.
And never another."

"Oh! mother, the pitcher of tears,
Your tears, I must carry.
So heavy it weighs, that behind
I linger and tarry.
Oh! mother, if you would smile,
And cease from your weeping,
My place by the angel's side
I'd gladly be keeping."

The woman waked by the cradle,
And smiled in the waking.
"My baby, the pitcher of tears
'To my heart I am taking.
Go, frolic and sing with your mates!
My smiles shall be given
To make a new light round your head
In the Garden of Heaven."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Youth's Companion.

SANITARY CONDITIONS IN THE HOUSE NECESSARY TO HEALTH.

It is beginning to be understood that a large percentage of acute diseases, particularly those that are contagious, are strictly preventable. It is not too much to say that these are filth diseases, and that strict compliance with the rules for enforcing cleanliness, in and around our homes, would, to a very great extent, do away with these diseases, and the great mortality resulting therefrom.

Verily, cleanliness is next to godliness; I sometimes think it is godliness. The time must come when a violation of the laws of health and cleanliness will be considered a grievous sin, one that not only merits punishment, but will be sure to receive it. It is certain to follow, whether we understand it or not; and we reap the consequences, every time. The man who places his dwelling flat upon the ground, leaving no space and no means for proper ventilation under it, must not be surprised if he has sickness in his family. A residence to be healthful must be dry, free from moisture. But this cannot be if there is not an air-space beneath the living rooms, so that the place can be thoroughly ventilated from time to time. Otherwise the mold will gather beneath, on the floors, and sills, moisture will collect, and the wood will decay, and there will be a rapid propagation of disease-germs. Even a good cellar under every part of the house will not suffice unless it be kept clean and sweet, and all parts of it well ventilated; the fresh air from outside must have access to it.

The man who permits an open sewer to enter his dwelling will have work for the doctor and the undertaker; and yet how many foul vaults there are to-day in the basements of old houses in cities, and connected with sewer-pipes, often without traps and with no means of flushing properly. Even in some of the newer residences I am afraid we shall find equally serious defects. Joints in sewer-pipes are

left open, and the foul matters escaping from them soak into the earth right under the dwelling, and often saturate the soil beneath the basement.

Many apparently well-built residences, both in and out of cities, are plastered right on the brick; this makes a cold, damp wall, especially in north rooms. Some people have an idea that if the walls are built double, leaving space for air between them, they will be dry. This is not always so; a wall to be really dry must have a stratum of air passing back of the plaster that lines it. In other words, the wall should be "furred," with furring-strips nailed on to the brick or stone, to which the laths are to be secured, thus leaving an air-space between the plaster and the solid wall. This, and this only, will make it perfectly dry and warm. To insure having a dry floor, there must be a space beneath it for air, so that it can be thoroughly ventilated.

Many walls are rendered unwholesome by the paper that is supposed to adorn them. Either the paper itself contains copper or arsenic or some other injurious matter, or it has been on the wall so long that it is filled with disease-germs enough to infect a whole family. There is no doubt that contagious and other diseases, including consumption, have been extensively propagated in this way. Some old houses have walls with two, and even three, layers of paper on them, the dirt and filth of years being covered up and kept in store for successive occupants. This is almost worse than the carpet nuisance; for though carpets may become about the filthiest things that a house contains, they do wear out in time, and are lifted from the floors.

Leaving the cellar, the floors, and the walls, for the present, suppose we tarry a moment in the sleeping-apartments. We might take a look into the wardrobes and closets. In some of these we probably shall find a superabundance of old shoes and slippers, and perhaps other foot-gear of doubtful cleanliness; or even soiled linen and other cast-off underclothes, not any too securely rolled up, much less put into a "laundry bag," and a lady at my elbow declares that she has sometimes seen this latter receptacle hung on the bed-post, at the head of the bed! One thing I am sure of: the average closet does not receive sufficient airing; and the moment you open its door there is a disagreeable odor, half putrescent, suggestive of human exhalations emanating from the contents. Were proper attention given to these matters, all clothing would be thrown out on the line every little while, for a good airing and sunning; not in the middle of the day, when the sun is broiling hot, but in the early morning, when it is cool and breezy, and the air pure and sweet.

Need I add that the bed-clothes closet ought to receive similar attention? Or that mattresses and all the bedding should every few weeks be thrown out of doors for a similar "sweetening," or hung in a good draught, say between windows, where the rapid currents of air passing through will in some measure do the work?

I notice often in passing people's houses, even in the early morning, that the windows and doors are shut tight; and they seem to remain in this condition night and day, most of the time, except in the very hottest weather. Now I hold that no bedroom is fit to sleep in that does not receive a thorough airing at least once in twenty-four hours. Not only this, but the bed itself should be thrown open as soon as the occupant leaves it in the morning, so as to let the accumulated exhalations of the night pass off from the sheets and blankets, before the bed is again slept in; and for some time before the beds are spread up, the whole room should be thrown open, and the apartment filled with fresh, pure air. Even in the coldest weather, the ventilation should not be neglected. If there is a hot current of air (pure, of course) pouring in from an open register, one can open a window or two a little at the top, and in a few minutes fill the room with fresh air. And the hot-air supply must be carefully looked after. See where the cold air that feeds it comes from, whether it is admitted directly from outdoors, or whether it is "cellar air," and none too good at that.

A single stationary wash-basin, minus proper trapping and flushing, may destroy a whole family; and it may be located in

your own bedroom. And before leaving this apartment, let us look around a little and see whether there are any open slop-jars or other vessels, the exhalations from the contents of which are unfit for human beings to breathe. Common sense ought to teach us that a vessel containing an impurity should be kept closely covered until it can be carried from the room.

And then there is the attic. Everything put into it should undergo a thorough cleaning before it is taken there; and on warm, clear days, the windows should be thrown open and the place well aired.

Looking back through the house, we may find the kitchen sink and its pipes in bad condition: and I am almost afraid to open the little closet usually found below it, but which, happily, we are at last doing away with. And let us take a peep into the kitchen and dining-room closets, and find out whether there are any half-spoiled foods set to one side and forgotten; any decaying fruits or vegetables, or moldy bread, meats, gravies, etc.; or milk that is sour, or perhaps moldy. Possibly we shall find in the "cooler" a dish of fresh fruit for supper, and a bowl of stale milk beside it; or (worse yet) some nice fruit almost touching a tray of uncooked chicken or meat intended for to-morrow's dinner. I like my meats—if I have any—kept in a different compartment from the fruits, raw or cooked. In fact, I think there is room for considerable classification when we look into cupboards and "coolers."

This subject of general sanitation is a wide one, and quite as much attention is necessary to outdoor surroundings as indoors. Absolute cleanliness, everywhere, is the only surety for freedom from disease-germs, and eternal vigilance the only safeguard against the causes, accidental or carelessly overlooked, which lead to their propagation. Above all is individual hygiene essential,—simple and regular habits in all things, that the depurating organs may be kept in good condition; and if sickness does come, search for the cause, whether it be in yourself or your surroundings, rectify it, and profit by the experience.—*Susanna W. Dodds, M.D.*

MARIA'S TROUBLE CURED.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Maria came along the shore through the clear, cool air of the Maine sea-coast summer morning. Her sun-bonnet was pulled over her face; she was crying.

"Well, Maria," said her aunt, as the young woman entered, "how are you, and how is Ben?"

"Ben has gone off mad," said Maria tossing off her sun-bonnet. "He grows more and more cross every day. I begin to think I must leave him."

"Tut, tut, child! Don't talk so!" replied her aunt. "Leave him, indeed! He is your husband, remember, and a smart, good principled man he is, too, and he was a quiet, pleasant-tempered man when he lived with us. What ails him now, my dear?"

"He said he didn't know when he married me that he married a sloven," the young woman sobbed, then added spitefully, "and I didn't know that I married a scold. He is just hateful, and I will leave him, if he keeps on so."

"Maria," said her aunt gravely, "I want you to listen to me. You have complained that I seldom come to see you, to make any stop. When I stayed with you while your uncle was away, I saw how you keep your house, and I wondered how Ben brought up to such different ways, could bear it. But at that time, he was still too much in love with your pretty face to mind other things. I was sure, though, that this could not always last. Your uncle and I have often worried about you, for we saw trouble was in your future. It has begun to come, but if you will bravely and faithfully do your duty you can escape the worst of it."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, auntie. I've tried to be a good true wife, I am sure."

"Yes, my dear. You shall be credited with that, but you must become a good, neat housekeeper, too, if you would have the respect and love of your husband. Now let me tell you how you keep house. You leave open your closet doors while you sweep; you neglect to hang clean towels on the rack; you set your milk anywhere,

subject to dust and all sorts of smells; you do not keep Ben in plenty of clean clothes, well mended. His buttons are always off. He can seldom find comb or brush, nor an empty chair to sit down on. He never had a real, relishing breakfast, and his supper was when he could catch it. The dishes felt rough, and often smelled of sour dish-cloth, for you use little water; you don't scrape your dishes, not even your milk pail, that is set first in the barnyard and next into your sink. You hang your dish-cloths and wipers, unrinsed, anywhere to dry or not to dry, as they can, so that they are stiff and sour. You cook tea and coffee till they are unfit to give even to pigs, and you kill your bread and cakes with soda. In your sleeping room you have ribbons and laces and gloves and shirt-collars and stockings and combs and handkerchiefs, face paint and powder, soap and letters, brushes, wash-rags, wet towels and hair-pins, well mixed with feathers, fans, and other things, on the table, the stand, and in the drawers, while hats, mantles, and silk and muslin dresses are flung on the unmade beds. I could not stand this two weeks, Maria. How can a man brought up as Ben was, stand it for years?"

Not one word of answer made Maria, whose tears were dry, and whose bright cheeks and brighter eyes were flaming. She caught her sun-bonnet, clapped it over her eyes, and away she fled.

"Provoked enough!" said auntie, gazing smilingly after the hurrying form: "but I hope the truth will do the child good. She's a good-hearted girl, after all."

Maria made all haste home. Her first move there was to set on the stove a pot full of water. Starting the fire, she drove out the flies, brushed out and closed the closets; then, after gathering the dirty dishes in piles, she swept the floor. By this time the water was hot. When she had faithfully washed the dishes, and washed, scalded, and hung out in the yard her dish-wipers, she ran upstairs, made her bed, and set everything in the room in order, putting her husband's things all by themselves. Benjamin took his dinners away from home, so Maria had plenty of time to carry on her reform.

When he came home that evening, she had an excellent supper ready for him, and as he looked round the well-ordered room in much surprise, she, seated on the lounge, said in low tones that slightly trembled, "I mean to be a better Maria Musgrave, Ben, than I have ever yet been." His handsome face brightened like a sun-burst after a storm, as he seated himself beside her.—*New York Evangelist.*

PRACTICAL HOME TRAINING.

When manual training with its domestic economy department of cooking and sewing was being urged as a necessary part of public school training, teachers and wise men brought forward the argument, "That it is not needful for mothers to teach these things," writes Miss Grace Dodge in a carefully prepared paper on this most important subject in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*. From every city came the answer, "Mothers do not teach these branches, and our girls are being brought up without practical household training." One summer a lady had two hundred and sixty girls from offices, stores and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not even know whether sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of bright intelligent girls of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, and even older, who have never sewed, and do not know whether a thimble should go on their thumb or forefingers. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make?

BOILED ICING.—Take one cup of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water. Boil until it strings, remove from the fire, and add the white of one egg beaten stiff. Stir all well together, flavor, and cover the cakes when it becomes cool.