

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her!
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall,
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.
—Good Housekeeping.

THRUST INTO DANGER.

"I live," said a gentleman lately, "in a town near New York, and go to my business there and return daily on the same line of railway. The train in the morning and afternoon is filled with girls from ten to eighteen years of age on their way to and from schools in the city. They usually belong to families of the educated, influential class, and at home are carefully guarded from vulgar or vicious companions. They are not so guarded on the cars, and the result is soon apparent.

"For example: I remember, about five years ago, that a blushing little girl of fifteen was put one morning on the train by her father; her books were in an embroidered bag, and her ticket ready in her portemonnaie. It was evidently the first time she had made the journey alone. She sat timidly in one corner, her color coming and going when the conductor spoke to her. She was a picture of innocence and modesty.

"After that, she came down every day on the same train. In a day or two, I noticed that she was listening to the chatter of the other school-girls, at first with a mixture of disgust and amazement on her shy face. Presently, as she became used to it, the disgust wore off, and she listened, smiling, to their absurd gossip and jokes.

"In a week or two the conductor and brakeman recognized her as a familiar figure and tipped their hats to her as she stepped on board. A little later they exchanged good-morning and remarks about the weather. She apparently felt that civility required some answer. When, as weeks passed, the conductor, a young, vulgar fellow, stopped beside her seat to ask what was her school, and to make remarks on her textbooks, the girl, though frightened and annoyed, did not know how to dismiss him.

"Before the summer was over, she had lost much of her shyness and helplessness. She came alone to the train, jumped on board, and marched into the car like the others with an air of perfect sang froid. The girl was not to blame. It was the natural effect of her daily journeys without protection. But the dewy bloom was fast going from the peach.

"In a year that girl entered the car as if it belonged to her, laughing and joking loudly with the other girls and the train-hands. She had lost all interest for me, and I ceased to notice her. One day, however, about a year afterwards, the morning papers contained the account of the elopement of the daughter of Judge Blank with a man who turned out to be a professional gambler. 'Their acquaintance,' it was stated, 'began on the cars.'

"It was the shy little girl. She might yet be shy and innocent and happy, if her mother had not subjected her to the risks of that unprotected journey. No education can atone for the price paid for it in such exposure."—*Youth's Companion*.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION IN YOUNG GIRLS.

It is perhaps due to the hurried life of the Nineteenth Century that nervous prostration has become one of the prevailing diseases of the time. Did any of our grandmothers ever have it? Did our great-aunts leave vacant seats by the fireside, while they went off to Florida or Bermuda to give their tired nerves rest?

Just now one family has abandoned the city and gone into the country for a time, in order that the bright and charming eldest daughter of the house may have rest and recuperate her exhausted nervous energy.

In another case the daughter has gone

away by herself to seek her nerves and her health in the quiet of a rural retreat in Vermont. So common is the malady that it is known in society slang as "N. P.;" and there are two or three hospitals near Boston where no other patients are received than those who are suffering from it.

That some women should break down nervously from a long combination of much brain-work and much society is not so strange, but why should girls of from eighteen to twenty-two find out that they have nerves at all?

Surely, it argues something wrong in our system of living. Life—the life of to-day—reminds one of starting to run down a hill. You go faster and faster, until the very momentum of your own speed so impels you that you must either rush on madly, or fall helpless. A girl must learn languages, music,—if she has the tip of an ear for it,—drawing, and dancing, very likely; and must be well-dressed and well-mannered.

Science lies in wait for her. All sorts of ologies spread their nets. Yet, after all, days are not elastic. In each one there are precisely twenty-four hours and no more; and into these twenty-four hours every energy is bent to compress forty-eight hours of work.

The poor girl lives in a whirl. She has not a moment to think. Sleep forsakes her. Of blessed restfulness she knows nothing. In an extreme case, she dies—as died, lately, one of the loveliest and brightest girls in Washington, who had been doing social duty enough for three girls, at least.

In a less extreme case the poor, pretty rosebud, unduly forced to hurried bloom, withers, grows pale, becomes all one nervous tremor, and then runs away, to live for a while with quiet, unhurrying Nature, happy, indeed, if it be not too late for this placid and restful companionship to bring her healing.

This kind of illness among girls is becoming fearfully common. A charming bride lately went through the marriage ceremony with only two or three witnesses, because of a sudden break-down in her health, after all her preparations had been made for a grand wedding. She had had nervous prostration two years before, in consequence of a too-exciting New York season, and the toils and cares of providing her wedding outfit had reduced her to helplessness again; so that she begins her married life already an invalid.

A girl's life is not in the abundance of even her intellectual possessions; and a knowledge of languages and of ologies may be bought too dear. No possible acquirement can outweigh the worth of a sound mind in a sound body; and there will be hope for our girls when they are taught to feel that the important thing is not what they acquire, but what they are.

To live simply and contentedly, striving to please God rather than to please man, to be rather than to see, and to do to-day the duties of to-day, and not those of to-morrow,—this is the secret of living well and long.—*Youth's Companion*.

HINTS AND HELPS.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries, may be easily driven away if kerosene is freely used. Those who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other in regular order until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line, also on the place where they come in, the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open a while and the scent of kerosene will soon be gone.

If your flat-irons trouble you by dropping black specks from the top or sides when ironing, take them in a pan of soap-suds and give them a thorough washing, and dry quickly, to prevent rusting.

Paper bags in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well, and the hand will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove, being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

To make lamp chimneys look beautifully clean, wash them in warm soap suds, turn scalding water over them, wipe dry with a

soft cloth, and rub with a piece of newspaper. This will give a nicer polish than can be obtained in any other way. Windows treated in the same way will be found to look much nicer than if simply washed and rinsed.

To take ink stains out of table cloths, napkins, etc., put the article to soak immediately in thick sour milk, changing the milk as often as necessary.—*Ex.*

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS.

The following method of washing blankets has been highly recommended by an experienced housekeeper. For half a dozen double blankets take one pound of borax dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, with a pound of pure white bar soap, shaved up finely. Stir until all is melted. Then put the blankets into a tub, as many as will go in, turn water upon them just warm to the hand, and mix with it the solution of borax and soap. If three double blankets are to be washed, take half the mixture at one time. Never rub soap upon any kind of woollen, or rub the blankets, but souse them up and down in the suds, and squeeze them in the hands, and pull them from one hand into the other, until all dirt and soil are removed. If there are spots of grease upon the blankets, a little borax and soap can be gently rubbed upon them until they are extracted, but much rubbing will full up the texture. When white and clean rinse in lukewarm water, and use two waters if one does not leave them very white. Wring through a wringer, hang on the line, and pull straight and smooth. Blankets should always be washed on a sunny day, when they can dry quickly, and be folded up before the dew commences to fall. They do not need to be ironed, but can be passed through a mangle, if one is at hand. They can be laid between two mattresses and pressed, or put on shelves in the linen closet, and heavy books placed upon them.

BROWN BREAD AND BREWIS.

Two cupfuls of corn meal, one cupful of graham, one-third cupful of the best molasses, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoon rounding full of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered bread boiler, or tin pail, which should be placed in a kettle of boiling water and cook steadily for five hours. The pail, if used, should be one with a tight cover. The kettle should also be covered, and care taken that the water does not stop boiling. Fill up the kettle with boiling water from time to time as it may be needed.

This makes a small loaf, but the quantities may be easily doubled if more is wanted, and the bread is light and delicious, and of a rich, dark, reddish brown color. Rye meal may be used instead of graham, but we prefer the latter. The milk should not be very sour, if it is, half sweet may be used, which will make it right.

There is an old-fashioned dish made of brown bread crusts and pieces called brewis, which is very nice. Put the slices of bread, the crusts and broken pieces into a hot oven until they are well browned, then break them and put into a saucepan with enough boiling milk, well seasoned with salt and butter, to cover the bread. Simmer slowly for an hour or two, adding milk as it boils away or is absorbed by the bread. Serve hot, and you will have a wholesome and palatable dish.—*The Household*.

THE BOY'S VACATION is looked forward to as a season of relaxation—the time when he can go home, kill the fatted calf, have a jollification with his friends, laugh and grow fat, and be back in his place, when the term opens, with a fresh appetite for his work, settling his wardrobe for the season by ordering, at the last moment, a new suit or two. The girl's vacation is filled with needlefuls of thread. Dresses, wraps, undergarments, all will wear out, and all must be replenished. Even when a seamstress can be afforded, she must be superintended. Quite as often she cannot be, or at least is not afforded, and the girls stitch away through the days which should be free for rest and recuperation, needed by them naturally as much as by the boys, really much more.—*Hannaford*.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH a hundred years ago said: "No man shall arise in the judgment and say Dr. Benjamin Rush made me a drunkard."

RECIPES.

IF YOU HAVE a light print dress or some stockings of a delicate color that you fear to wash lest they should fade, put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pail of cold water and soak the articles in it, and it will set the color permanently.

ONE MORE RECIPE in answer to a request for a cheap rice pudding. It is the best we ever ate, and we think the cheapest. Take three pints of cold milk and stir into it first, four heaping tablespoonfuls of rice, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter half the size of a hen's egg cut in bits, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Turn into a buttered dish and bake in a slow oven for three hours. When done it will be creamy and delicious. It may be eaten either hot or cold, with or without sauce.

WHEN WE moved into our new house last October, we found the house overrun with mice. My husband immediately procured some cayenne pepper and mixed it with water so it was a little thicker than cream, and soaked pieces of paper in it and filled up every hole he could find and in less than a week the house was free from them. They will not gnaw around it.—*Household*.

IN BLACKING and polishing stoves, for many years we have put on an old glove or mitten. This was better than getting one's hand so black and grimy, but a more excellent way has dawned. Of course everybody keeps their old paper bags handy. Envelop the hand in one of these, grasp the brush and proceed. The bothersome glove and thick, woolly mitten are both dispensed with. This is a little thing, but the little things and small matters in life go far in the grand whole.

IT IS WISE not to use soap when washing cups and saucers; when the next hot tea is poured, there is danger of a soapy taste, not specially agreeable to the palate. There are many practical things about dish washing. One little point is a clean dishcloth. I've often noticed dark, untidy looking ones, even among those who professed better things. Use a well-washed, rinsed, and dried cloth, change often enough to keep from getting grim and dirty, and "death in the dish-cloth" cannot be laid to your charge.

SOILED UNDERGARMENTS or the wash clothes ought not to be put into a closet, ventilated or not ventilated. They should be placed in a large bag for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put in a well-aired room, at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garment after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful—matter, which free circulation of pure air can soon remove.—*Sanitarium*.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Enter my first with a studied grace,
Conceit in his head, and a smirk on his face;
Of fashion he deems himself quite the top,
And he's scented like any perfumer's shop,
So among the ladies he's surely reckoned,
For the evening at least, to be quite my second,
But oh! what a fall for the brilliant star!
A lady's whisper is heard too far;
"Of all the flowers that ever were,
The only one I to him compare
In my scentless whole, with its gaudy stare,"
Not quite rightly spelt, but comparison rare.
F. R. HAVERGAL.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

One word is concealed in each sentence: 1. Tom wondered, as he drew near to the house, that not even Ponto remembered him. 2. At St. Malo every one admires the famous harbor. 3. There is the bad man who beats our dog nearly every day. 4. Tom and Jack together drove the large flock of sheep to the upper pasture.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

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Upper Word: 1. a support; 2. a man's name; 3. to stumble; 4. one of the Great Canadian Lakes; 5. to make a loud noise. The initials form a man's name; the finals a player on a wind instrument. The two together, the name of a celebrated nursery character connected with an anxious question concerning p's.

MY RIDDLE.

There is plainness that shines with beauty,
There is weakness which men call strong,
There is work that is not for duty,
There is music that is not song,
There is loss that is more than gaining,
There is error that is not wrong,
There's a land of substance that is not earth,
An age that is ancient, yet of new birth.
Now, tell me, my friend, this riddle explaining,
To what may these opposite things belong?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Eggshell.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Mother.

RIDDLE.—XO. Take away X, leaving O=100.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—1. D-air-y. 2. I-deal-s. 3. D-arn-e-l. 4. S-martin-g. 5. C-loud-s. 6. D-roller-y. 7. S-train-s.