

HOUSEHOLD.

Family Discipline a Century Ago.

Little Johnnie was an only son and the pet of his older sisters, as well as the joy and the pride of his parents, and indeed of the whole parish. He was almost invariably remembered in the generous gifts brought to the parsonage, and a cake or a big red apple or a saucer pumpkin pie was almost sure to be brought for 'Master Johnnie.'

When he was about four years old he was invited with his father and mother to spend the day with some wealthy parishioners, who had also an only son about Johnnie's age.

It was a grand dinner and other distinguished guests were there. But Henry, unlike his little visitor, was accustomed to rule his household. The pudding was very nice and according to the prevalent custom was placed upon the table at the beginning of the meal.

'I want my pudden,' vociferated young Henry. He was hushed for a time with lumps of sugar and a good deal of cajoling. But the family could pay but little attention to their guests. It soon became, 'I will have my pudden.' With cries and kicks he soon let himself down from his high chair and lay upon the floor and screamed.

This could not be borne and the mother hushed the cries with, 'There, there, Henry! Be a good boy and don't cry any more and you shall have your pudding.' His plate was filled and quiet restored.

Little Johnnie looked on with wonder and evident admiration. Here was a hero and a conqueror his thoughtful face seemed to say, though he did not put it in those words. The next morning at breakfast Johnnie didn't want his usual porringer of nice bread and milk. He wanted something which he knew he had not been allowed to have. With a little fear and trembling he declared, 'I will have it.' His parents looked their astonishment, but remembering the episode of the day before wisely said nothing but watched the game. Presently he, too, kicked and screamed, and then scrambled down from his high chair and lay upon the floor, in the most approved fashion.

His mother rose calmly from the table, took Master Johnnie by his head and his heels, carried him into an adjoining room and laying him upon the floor said: 'I thought we brought our little boy home with us last night. If we made a mistake and brought Henry we will leave him here till they send for him.' She went out and shut the door. Johnnie pounded on the door and kicked and cried for a few minutes. Then all was still. After a time there was a tiny, timid knock. 'Who is there?' asked his mother. 'It is your dear little boy, come back again.'

Johnnie was in his mother's arms, sobbing his sorrow and asking to be forgiven, and as he told us himself in his old age, 'It was the first and the only time that I ever tried to manage my mother.'—Sarah French Abbott, in 'The Congregationalist.'

Tread-Soft.

(By Mary Applewhite Bacon, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

They were having their summer rest this year in the country. One morning they walked quite to the edge of the belt of woods shading the sandy road, and sat down to rest under a large red oak. Four-year-old Robin was out in the open space beyond. Suddenly he stopped with his right foot resting firmly on the heel, and the little pink toes well up from the ground. 'Mama! mama!' he called, 'come get the briers out—quick!'

'It's that tread-soft,' he said learnedly, as she picked out the sharp yellow points from the tender little sole, calling the plant by the name he had heard the country people give it.

'It seems to be everywhere,' his mother cried, seeing the gray blooms, with their yellow centres, thick in the sunburnt grass, 'pricking my baby's feet!'

The boy answered with the accumulated wisdom of three days' residence in the country: 'If you don't put your foot down while the briers are in, they won't hurt

you,' he said. He had accepted nettles as a mere incident of this glorious breadth of field and wayside.

The mother sent a smile after the sturdy little figure hastening back to its work of discovery among the blackberry bushes but her face clouded again as she went back to her friend.

'Ellen has always been just that way,' she said, sitting down on the green moss, and resuming the conversation where it had been broken off. 'To think of her telling me how to manage my servants!'

Her friend was silent. 'I could tell you fifty things she has done to hurt my feelings in the month that she has been at my house.'

'I thought she said good-bye to you as if she really loved you,' Jennie suggested.

'I don't remember how she said good-bye. I remember what she said that morning at breakfast: "Now, Mattie, try to look on the bright side of things." It is intolerable to have somebody always commenting on my weaknesses.'

Jennie West could think of nothing worth being said. She began to examine the red filaments in a bit of moss.

'I sometimes think I have more things to vex and trouble me than any woman I know,' Mrs. Mills went on.

'You have a beautiful home, a good husband, a lovely child.' A dozen similar replies swept up to Jennie's lips, but she sent them sternly back. After all, she could not know her friend's troubles as her friend knew them.

Robin came hopping up on one foot, holding the other in his chubby hand. 'I stepped down hard before I knew they were in there,' he said, tears in his blue eyes, and his lips smiling bravely. His mother picked out the briers tenderly, but he limped a little as he ran away.

'Why didn't you push them farther in?' Jennie West asked.

'Push briers into Robin's little bare feet!' the mother cried in astonishment.

'Push briers into Robin's mother's poor little heart!' her friend said daringly.

What Do the Children Read?

Tell me, O doating parents,
Counting your household joys;
Rich in your sweet home treasures,
Blest in your girls and boys.
After the school is over,
Each little student freed;
After the fun and frolic,
What do the children read?

Dear little heads bent over,
Scanning the printed page;
Lost in the glowing picture,
Sowing the seeds for age,
What is the story, mother?
What is the witching theme?
Set like a feast before them,
Bright as a golden theme.
—A. B. Thomson, in the Australian Christian World.

Household Hints.

Ice can be kept well even during the warmest weather. Wrap it in several thicknesses of flannel and place in the ice-chest on four crossed pieces of wood so that no water will accumulate under it.

Ants can be driven away if the places they frequent are sprinkled with oil of pennyroyal.

The smell of onions may be removed from the breath by eating parsley moistened with vinegar.

Mildew stains can be removed by rubbing plenty of soap and powdered chalk on the garment and placing it in the sun. It may be necessary to repeat this operation.

Houses may be kept comparatively cool during the summer months by throwing the windows and blinds wide open in the early morning hours and then closing the blinds for the rest of the day.

Pitch or tar stains, it is said, may be removed by rubbing the spot with lard and letting it remain for several hours before sponging with spirits of turpentine. If the color of the cloth be changed, sponge with chloroform.

Canton flannel is to be numbered among the essentials for housekeeping. Bags of

it should be made with the nap side out, to slip over brooms for wiping off the papered walls often. Our walls become dusty, as does our furniture, carpets and curtains, and should be often wiped off. Such bags are inexpensive and useful. A large piece of it is very convenient for rubbing silver, in place of the oft-recommended chamois skin. The black will wash out of the nap quite readily, and it gives a gloss to silver.

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