

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BATHING IN A PONCHO.

No one in these days denies the benefit of bathing, unless it is in the way of self-denial. Washing is universal, and in the midst of the summer season the bath-tub is in constant requisition. But we are told by those who have made hygiene a study that the daily bath all the year around is a benefit to all and an absolute necessity to many. It strengthens and invigorates the nerves of the skin, renders the work of the pores easy, and improves not only the complexion, but the general health.

But—and this is a very emphatic but—for all that, not one person in twenty takes a daily bath, either in the tub or with the sponge, the latter being said to be equally as good as the former. The first and greatest reason for this is to be found in the laziness of our poor human nature. I do not believe there is anything else so potent. It seems twice as much trouble to bathe as it really is.

Then, again, the cold sponge bath or hasty wash is what is recommended, and this is to be taken in the morning on arising; and that sort of thing is pleasant only to the robust, hot-blooded persons who really need it least. To nine people out of ten the taking of a cold sponge bath on first arising is not only in itself a nervous ordeal, but a means of chilling the body and of consequently depressing the nerves. The best authorities acknowledge that it is the bathing which does the good, not the cold. Warm water is best for those whom it suits best, but a warm bath should be taken before going to bed. It is then refreshing to the tired body, does not seem to be taken from valuable time, and induces sleep. It cleanses the skin and opens the pores as well as a cold bath.

There are many people, children and delicate persons, who find the exposure of the body in a sponge bath chilling and depressing. I am one of these, and I have invented an arrangement which is a blessing to me, and may be to others. It is the adaptation of the Mexican poncho for a bathing robe. I took an old blanket and cut a round hole in the middle, just large enough for my head. This hole is to be bound. When I bathe, I slip on my poncho over my natural garb of skin (adorned with goose-flesh), and warm and protected from draughts, yet with perfect freedom of movement underneath, I wash and dry myself.

It is a complete covering, (I do not room alone, and so cannot always command solitude), and is one of the most practical things I ever knew. An old shawl would do as well, cut in the same way. It is delightful, and I would recommend it and the warm sponge bath or wash before retiring to those whose spirit shrinks in dread before the "cold bath on arising" which is the hobby of so many healthy hygienists. And I will allow those who take the cold bath to use it also if they will agree not to be too proud of their ability to stand cold water without a shiver.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

THE VALUE OF THE TRAINED.

"How did people get along with sickness in their families before the blessed advent of the trained nurse?"

The questioner was a fair young matron, gazing joyfully into the face of her child, growing beautiful from hour to hour with the glow of returning health. The question was addressed to the child's grandmother, a sweet old lady of nearly eighty years.

"Fewer of us 'got along,' my dear," she replied. "A good many more died, and those who by reason of unusual strength of constitution survived our own illness, or the scarcely less dangerous consequences of waiting upon our dear ones to the best of our un instructed abilities, were likely all our lives to bear some ailment or weakness to remind us of what we had endured. I had twelve children, of whom only four lived to grow up. Yet they could have inherited only the strongest of constitutions from their father or me, and I took the best care of them than I could. I think all might have been saved if in their sicknesses they had received such skilled attention as your dear little boy has had. The world can never be grateful enough to

Florence Nightingale for the boon of training-schools for nurses. God bless her!" And the dear old lady's still brilliant eyes gained an added lustre from the tears of holy gratitude which filled them.

"Yet there are people," the young mother said, "who even now refuse to admit that the trained nurse is of any more value than ordinary assistants in the sick-room, and who seem to think that to employ one argues a lack of affection on the part of the patient's relatives and friends."

"Is that possible?" asked the old lady, half incredulously. "When my dear son, your husband, was seized with pneumonia shortly before your marriage, I sent for a trained nurse the moment the nature of the malady was made known to me. Under God I think we owe his life to his nurse's skill. Hot poultices constantly renewed were ordered for his chest and back. To change these poultices without exposing and chilling the patient requires a skill only to be acquired by months of training. So with the necessarily frequent changes of under-clothing and bed linen, the giving of foot baths and sponge baths to the patient in bed without exposure to draughts, and the delicate skill required to lift and move the sufferer without causing pain or weariness. Besides all these, the trained nurse knows something of the nature of medicines, and of the effects they are intended to produce. She watches temperature and pulse, and knows when to send for the physician without delay when the anticipated results of his treatment do not follow. Then, too, even if we had the skill, which is hardly possible, our very affections unfit us to do justice to those whom we tenderly love. Even physicians will not take the charge of serious illness in their own families, lest their judgments be clouded by their tenderness and fears."

The tremulous anxiety brought on by alternate hopes and fears is anything but conducive to the close observation and calculation which a critical case demands. We are apt, too, to mistake solicitude for attention, and the will to do for the power.

"But it is hard," said the young mother, "to see another's hand attending upon those whom we so love, and to whom it seems our right to minister. I must confess that it hurts me to see my Bertie turning from me to Miss H—."

"That is a natural, but a selfish feeling, dear daughter," said the old lady, smiling kindly upon her.

"And then," said another, who had not before spoken, "these trained nurses are so expensive."

"Yes," said the old lady; "so are funerals."—Harper's Bazar.

HOME-MADE KNICK-KNACKS.

BANANA PINCUSHION.—Pull a banana skin apart very carefully, lay the pieces on paper and trace around them. Cut each out exactly the size and shape of the peel, then trace the pattern upon yellow silk or satin and cut accordingly, allowing half an inch to turn in; stitch them neatly together with yellow silk. Before finishing, fill with bran, then with green and brown in water-colors imitate the spots and streaks, with a real banana to copy from. At one end add a bow of yellow ribbon and a tiny loop to hang it by.

AN ODD SPLASHER.—Take three palm-leaf fans and in oils tint them according to the coloring of the bedroom. If blue, for one side use almost pure Prussian blue, dark, rich and deep; the next paint a soft bright blue, for which mix white, emerald green, Antwerp blue, and a tiny touch of cadmium. Make the third a pale blue, using the same colors, only more white. Tie the three fans together in the shape of a large clover leaf, with a big bow of blue ribbon.

BUTTON BAGS.—In making these one can use up any little odds and ends of ribbon about three inches wide. Make each piece into a tiny bag, with a frill around the mouth; then run them all on the same string, using a narrow ribbon which will harmonize with the various colors of the bags. In gold, letter on each bag the different kinds of buttons they will hold, such as shirt buttons, glove buttons, shoe buttons, dress buttons, pearl buttons, and so forth.—Good Housekeeper.

DECEIVING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Why do parents deceive their little children? I have asked myself often, and observation confirms the belief that it is to accomplish results which might be accomplished more effectually, though perhaps not so speedily, by honest, truthful means. But no matter what the object of deception, the end can never justify the means.

What is more beautiful or more dear to the heart of the true parent than the loving faith of a child, its implicit confidence in papa and mamma? For a parent to destroy this confidence is indeed a sad mistake. It would be bad enough if it ended with the lost faith of the child; but to hear little children scarcely more than babies themselves, frightening their younger brothers and sisters with the same falsehoods which filled them with terror a short time ago is most deplorable, and illustrates forcibly the quick and baneful results of deceptive practices. The busy mother may gain longer time in which to labor by

hushing her child instantly with a dire threat or a frightful story, and the indolent or selfish mother may obtain greater ease or pleasure in the same way; but oh, for some power to make these mothers realize the irreparable harm they are doing! What an astonishing decrease there would be in the annals of crime if it were possible to have one generation of men and women who were never deceived in childhood.

Not long ago a mother promised her two little daughters, under three and five years of age, that they should go with her to grandma's the first time she went. Being in a great hurry, the mother stole away, thinking, as too many mothers do, that a broken promise is of no consequence to a child. After an unsuccessful search in the house and grounds, the little ones came into the kitchen with tear-stained faces, and said to the girl, "Mamma has lied to us and run off to grandma's, and if she don't watch out the devil will get her." Comment seems unnecessary.—Babyhood.

PUZZLES.—No. 21.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

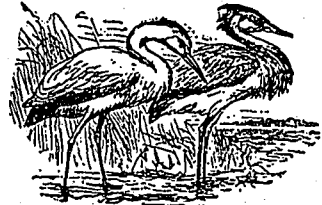
For they were



And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I



make you

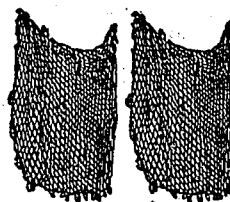


of

And they



left their



, and followed him.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

The following questions on the history of Nehemiah may all be answered from the book that bears his name.

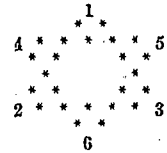
- 1. Under what king did he live?
2. What office did he hold?
3. How did he turn his influence to account?
4. With what powers was he invested?
5. From whom did he meet with the greatest opposition?
6. How did he arrange for rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem?
7. The history of Nehemiah exemplifies the following points in the character of an earnest and godly man; (a) He is not to be moved by ridicule; (b) He is not afraid of an attack from enemies; (c) He is not misled by wicked deceptions; (d) He is able to work and fight; (e) He is willing to share the privations of his brethren.
8. How did Nehemiah show his self-denial as compared with former governors?
9. How did he provide for the teaching of the people?
10. What evil practice did he put a stop to?
11. What feast did he encourage the Jews to keep?
12. How did he induce his brethren to keep the laws of God?
13. How did he ensure the observance of the Sabbath?

PUZZLE.

Woods are glowing with the hints Of my presence in their lints, In each gorgeous scarlet splash, In the purple of the ash, In bitter-sweet a sign behold, In the chestnuts crowned with gold.

In maples dressed in gay disguise, In woodbines red as sunset skies.

A STAR.



- 1 to 2 and 1 to 3 connected, the name of a Scottish chief who was executed on August 23, 1305.
2 to 3. To intercede.
4 to 5. A sea mentioned in the Bible.
4 to 6. An iron pan for baking cakes.
5 to 6. To arise.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 20.

- SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Lord, is it I?—Luke 26. 22.
L aban Genesis xxxi. 27.
O badiab 1 Kings xviii. 7.
R ebekah Genesis xxvii. 46.
D arius Daniel vi. 20.
I saac Genesis xxii. 7.
S amson Judges xv. 18.
I sniah Isaiah liii. 1.
T homas John xiv. 5.
I srael Genesis xxxii. 23, 39.

CHARADE.—In firm.

WORD-BUILDING.—O, to, sot, host, shot, steno, hornets, shortons.

ENIGMA.—An ant.