

THE HOUSEHOLD.

UNTRUTH IN THE NURSERY.

Sleep does not "close tired eyelids over tired eyes" as soon as mamma wishes; little restless two-year-old will not lie still; he turns and kicks; frets and worries; mamma becomes impatient. "If you don't lie still and keep the cover on, the spiders will run down the wall and get on your legs," she exclaims. Or, with her knuckles she makes a noise on the bedside and says, "Lie still, the mice are coming." "The dark will catch you if you lie awake," and numberless expressions of similar import are made use of to soothe the little one to sleep. Mamma knows she is uttering a falsehood when she says such things. But Baby is so little he does not know, does not understand; he has only a vague conception of what mamma says, and the impression made by her words is so transient, she argues, if criticised.

"A dewdrop in the infant plant has warped the giant oak forever," and these thoughtlessly uttered falsehoods are not so soon forgotten as mamma thinks. Very soon Baby learns that spiders do not lie in wait for the little restless, sleepless babies, are not ever on the point of running down the wall to walk over his uncovered body. He too learns to "make the mice come," and the first lesson in falsehood is stamped upon the pliant nature, never to be wholly eradicated. Mamma said such and such things would happen, but they did not happen; gradually it dawns upon the little mind that mamma says some things which are not true.

A few weeks ago, while talking with a neighbor I spoke of a recent visit to the greenhouse only a short distance away. She said she had never been to the greenhouse, though she had promised little Harry for a year or more to take him to see the flowers, he seemed so fond of plants; she thought it quite a shame that she had neglected to take him, but there were always so many things to do! Here was an unfulfilled promise of a year's standing. Will the failure to make good such promises have no effect upon the characters of my children, leave no impression on their minds? Little Polly said to Sue, "My doll's all broke; Mamie broke it; mamma said she'd buy me a new one, but she hasn't done it yet, and I don't believe she ever will." Had little Polly been deceived until her experience formed a basis for disbelief in her mother's promises?

"Never you mind, sir," retorted Mrs. Pipchin. "Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull, for asking questions." "If the bull was mad," said Paul, "how did he know that the boy asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story." "You don't believe it, sir?" repeated Mrs. Pipchin, amazed. "No," said Paul. "Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?" said Mrs. Pipchin. How many well-meaning mothers, grandmothers aunts, uncles, cousins, play the role of Mrs. Pipchin! And how many little ones are imbued with the questioning spirit of little Paul Dombey, who have all sorts of incredulous, untruthful answers imposed upon them!

Papa and mamma were going to the neighboring town, to be gone all day. "What will you bring me, mamma?" asked six-year-old Alice, as they were driving away. "Oh, if you are a good girl, I'll bring you a silver nothing and a golden wait-a-while," said mamma with a little laugh. All day long, visions of beautiful toys danced before the mental vision of little expectant Alice. She could not form any definite conceptions of what her mamma had promised to bring her, but she felt sure they would be something as beautiful as fairyland, all covered with silver and gold. When mamma returned, little Alice was nervous with joyous anticipations; she waited, and watched, but mamma said nothing about the "promised" gift! At last, able to endure the suspense no longer, she said, "Mamma, I was a good girl; did you bring it for me?" "Bring what, child?" "What you said you'd bring, a silver and gold something." "Oh, you stupid little dear; mamma said she'd bring you a silver nothing and a golden wait-a-while; you see, dear, it doesn't mean anything," and mamma kissed the little quivering

lips; but she did not know what a heart-struggle, what a bitter disappointment, she had caused by her carelessly uttered words; nor did she dream of adding insult to injury, as it were, when relating the matter to a friend in the presence of heart-broken Alice, laughing the while over the matter-of-fact nature of the dear child.—*Babyhood.*

WHAT IS THE GAIN?

Self-sacrifice comes natural to women. Much of it is born in them, and what is not is ground into them from their childhood by education. For the sake of her home duties a girl gives up amusements and privileges which her brother would never be expected to forego for the like reason.

As she grows older, this spirit grows, encouraged by all tradition and outside influence. Often its power masters her altogether, and her life becomes one long devotion to endless labor and acceptance of unpleasant things, that the pleasant part of living may be kept sacred for the rest of the family.

The purely useless side of this entire self-abnegation must sometimes strike the beholder. Such effacing of individuality is not uncommon. And it gives as little real benefit to the family as it does to the individual.

Putting aside the moral effect on the younger members of a family, brought up to regard their mother as a machine run for the family service, does the woman who so gives herself for the well-being of her family really accomplish all she desires?

If she work without pause or slackening day in and day out, does she always feel satisfied, with the admiring on-lookers, that it is the noblest way to so spend her health and energies?

If she renounces all recreation and higher life for herself, and gives up all communion of mind and spirit with her husband and children, is the reward adequate that is paid to them in a better kept house, a more bountifully supplied larder or handsomer clothes?

If over-fatigue causes her to become petulant or complaining is not the atmosphere of home more greatly injured than the added cleaning and cooking can repair?

If she is too worn out to give sympathy and help to the children's joys and sorrows, what do the finer clothes and furniture obtained avail?

And if, as sometimes happens, outraged nature gives way, and others must step in to the breach, do their own work and the played-out woman's as well, and take care of her into the bargain, what has she gained by her extreme efforts that she has not lost by the break-down?

A life laid down in a worthy cause is not lost, but gained; but is this cause worthy? —*Harper's Bazar.*

"MOTHER WASN'T VERY STRONG."

No, she was not strong. She had never been very strong. Farmer Grey knew, when he married her. Eight children called her mother. She made all of their clothes and did her own house work, and yet, "mother was not very strong."

Farmer Grey said it often and always regretfully.

Perhaps he was unselfish enough to wish that she were stronger for her own sake, but I fear not. He was a very robust, active man, and exceedingly anxious to "get along" in the world. Therefore, I fear that his regret for mother's feebleness was simply a regret that she could not do more to help him in his schemes for "getting along."

She herself regretted that she was not stronger.

"Father works so hard," she would say, "I feel that I am not as much help to him as I might be if I were a real strong woman."

What more would she have done? What more could she have done? And, what more should she have done?

She kept the house in order. She did a loving, God-fearing mother's duty by her children. She was up early and to bed late. She was busy every hour of the day. She milked and made butter; worked in her garden, cooked for "hands," raised and sold chickens, but never had a dollar of her own.

She could and did, "when father was

rushed," go out into the fields and drop corn for half a day, and then come into her hot, stuffy little kitchen and get dinner for fourteen people, and yet—"mother was not strong."

She often wondered if she would ever be strong. She would sit on the kitchen door-step some nights long after the others were in bed, dreading the coming of the morrow and hoping it wouldn't be so very hot. She was afraid she might "give out." She would lean her aching head against the unpainted door-frame, cross her tired hands listlessly in her lap, close her eyes and "wonder" about many things.

Some of her neighbors, with families only half as large as her own, kept a strong hired girl in the kitchen the year round.

She often wondered vaguely how it would seem to have a girl in her kitchen; she wondered how it would seem for her to be away from home over night.

The fondest hope of her life for ten years had been that she might visit her mother, who lived two hundred miles away. She said she wouldn't be afraid to go "such a long ways" alone, and "father" had often said she should go if "such and such a thing turned out well."

These things often "turned out well," but mother never made that visit.

"One thing and another," she said, kept her at home; and one day a messenger came, bringing the news of her mother's death. She would have liked to have gone, even then, to see once more that beloved face, even though it was cold in death.

But father said that, "seeing as she could do no good, there was no use wearing herself out making the trip," so she stayed at home, grateful to father for his thoughtfulness in not wanting her to "wear herself out."

But she was so utterly worn out one day, so worn out in body and mind and soul, that when she clasped her tired hands over her breast in sleep they were never unclasped again in this world. There was no response of "Yes, I'm coming," when father called her in the gray dawn of a November day.

The Father who had truly loved her, and who had helped her bear her heavy burdens through all these twenty years, had called her in the night, and I think she was glad to say, "Yes, Father, I'm coming."—*Household.*

MENDING AND DARNING.

We are told that a "stitch in time saves nine," but it is often the case that a little bit of judicious prevention will save ninety-and-nine. The great difficulty in mending lies in the almost impossible tact of darning the edges of the rent together in good shape.

It is a good plan to buy some net lace, such as is used for canopies or draperies, or for the darning-in pattern with which the ladies are familiar. If, when the knees of children's garments wear thin, a bit of this lace is basted on the under side and carefully darned down on the outside with fine thread or yarn the color of the fabric, the garment will wear almost as long again. A piece of fine net darned down on the wrong side of a tablecloth will save a large rent, and will scarcely show.

A careful housekeeper, who believes that waste of anything is almost a crime, uses coarse net for darning thin places in towels. It is surprising how much longer they will wear, and how easy the work is. Cut the lace in a square, if possible to use it that way, lay it smoothly on the goods, and with a long needle and very soft thread follow the meshes of the lace in and out, each mesh alternating until the edges are sewed fast. Be careful not to take the stitches through to the right side, at least if it is desirable not to have the patch show through.

Then a few judiciously distributed runnings down on the right side of the goods, being very careful to follow the grain of the fabric, and make a short stitch on the right with a long stitch on the wrong side, and a great deal of hard work in the way of later patching will be avoided.

It is surprising how many uses one will find for this lace, once it is kept in the work basket. A couple of yards of mosquito netting will furnish a great many patches, and will also make the most convenient and useful bags for buttons, thread or many sorts of garden seeds. Indeed, its uses are manifold, as any housewife will find once she makes the experiment.

KITCHEN FLOORS.

No one can deny that an unpainted kitchen floor, scrubbed as white as it may be with soap, sand and hot water, is fair to see, but when we think of the work necessary to keep it in this immaculate condition it loses half its charm.

If everyone knew how well a painted kitchen floor looks and the saving of hard work it brings, it would be the rule instead of the exception.

A friend writes me: "I have just finished painting my kitchen floor, and you ought to see how nice it looks. I feel very proud of having done it myself, and will send you my recipe. Get three quarts of linseed-oil, six pounds of yellow ochre and one fourth pound of glue. The day before you want to use it, put the glue into a quart of warm water to dissolve, and have the floor scrubbed so it will be clean and dry when you are ready to put the paint on. If possible, take a day for the painting when the men folks are away and there is no dinner to get. As soon as the work in the kitchen is done in the morning, put the yellow ochre into an iron pot with one gallon of hot water and the dissolved glue. Stir all together and let it boil until well mixed and smooth. Put it on the floor while boiling hot and let it dry. Do not walk over the floor more than necessary, and after supper put on a coat of hot linseed-oil. This will make the color darker and will be dry by morning.

All that is needed to keep this floor clean is an occasional mopping with warm (not hot) rain-water. Never use soap or a scrubbing-brush on a painted floor.

PUZZLES NO. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Where is "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise?"

Where is "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies?"

Where is "Therewith hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man."

J. B. MUNN,

WORD SQUARE.

A flower. Elliptical. Part of a ship. A girl's name.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why should oil countries be surrounded by water?

2. Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic?

3. Why will not a soldier read Robinson Crusoe?

J. B. MUNN.

CHARADE.

I shoot, but never kill a bird;
I fall—where none can say.
Though fixed, I move: though seen by all,
I yet am far away.
Cut off my head,—when rightly used
And underfoot it's tied,
A class of men at once I made,
Who use me for a guide.
Transpose me now,—the word we have
Will partially explain
How number One by Two is used,
To make their way more plain.
Once more; my first turn heel o'er head,
How sad a change is there!
From what we all so greatly love
To what we cannot bear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 14.

CONCEALED BIBLE NAMES.

C ain - - - - - Gen. 4.
H am - - - - - Gen. 9. 18.
R uth - - - - -
I saac - - - - - Gen. 17.
S hem - - - - - Gen. 9. 18.
T yre - - - - - Josh. 19. 29.
—Christ.

WORD SQUARE.—P O S E R

O C H I R E

S H O E S

E R E C T

R E S T S

ENIGMA.—France.

CHARADE.—Scott, cot co. o.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, Jessie M. Wood and Eva Jones.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We regret while announcing the results of our prize competition, we are compelled at the same time to express our disappointment at the class of puzzles sent in. They showed as a rule a lack of thought that surprised us. The first prize we have awarded to H. M. Millman, Woodstock; the second prize to Ethel Millman, Woodstock. A number of others sent puzzles, many of which were not charades and so could not be entered in the competition. By watching this column our readers can easily learn what kind of puzzles are called "charades."

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Slice raw potatoes thin, and place them in layers in a baking-dish, stroking over each layer grated bread and a seasoning of butter, pepper and salt; add a few slices of onion or a little chopped celery if liked; moisten with hot water, and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.