

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WEEKLY HOUSEWORK.

We will begin now with Monday, washing day. Our experience teaches that the meals, regular and well served, should come first in importance, every day, and all other matters be arranged to carry out this point. So, after the first meal, the breakfast, is over, the bed making and all the daily general work done, then comes the washing. One cup of household ammonia and one spoonful of well-dissolved washing soda in the first washing water, makes washing very easy, while most of the preparations sold for the purpose, contain lime and other strong ingredients, which, while they do whiten, greatly injure the clothes. Fifteen minutes scalding in a tub is far easier and quite as effective as boiling clothes; but if the latter is preferred, one spoonful of turpentine to each boiler of clothes makes them very white. For boiled starch, add a little butter, or lard or kerosene oil, to give polish, and raw starch, if made with a weak suds of common bar soap, will be smooth and give no trouble in the ironing.

If a heavy counterpane is to be washed, hang it up dripping wet, and when dry it will be found as white as snow.

Blankets should have no soap rubbed on them, but having been well washed in two strong suds, should be hung up, straight, and dripping out of a third suds. They will not shrink but be very soft, like new blankets. A bright, sunny day should be chosen for washing blankets and heavy articles. Fruit and coffee stains are readily removed from table linen by hanging them in the sun very wet, and dipping again, as often as dry, in clear water. Merinos should be washed in hot suds, and hung up at once out of a clean suds; they shrink if allowed to be wet too long.

Colored hosiery should be laid in strong salt water, over night, when new, and they will in most cases "wash well" thereafter. Lawns and prints in blue, will not fade if laid a while in saltpetre water, and then washed with little soap. Borax added to the water will prevent almost any goods from fading. Delicate laces to be done at home, should be cleansed by squeezing in the hand, through several soapy waters, not rubbed at all, then left a while to bleach in a strong suds of fine soap, to which a little ammonia has been added. If a brown tint, as of old lace, is desired, rinse in weak coffee. Pin fine laces carefully into shape on a flat surface, on a clean cloth, but do not iron them.

Family washing should be "dampened down" and covered Monday night, preparatory to the following day's ironing, and not taken at random, right from the basket, and ironed, as is sometimes done. "There is a right way and a wrong way to do" all these things, and the right way is, by far, the easier.

Tuesday, ironing day. A reasonable washing should be all ironed on the regular day. Of course, there are exceptions, but habit is powerful here. Must is a powerful word, too, and when I say, tell a servant she must have her ironing through on Tuesday, it opens a wide field on the very interesting and important "servant question." However, a decided but good-natured must to our own Biddy, has brought our ironing to us, regularly, Tuesday, for a long time; when, from sheer habit, she had, for "three years in her last place," been allowed to while away two whole days on an ironing for three persons. To Wednesday morning belongs the return of the basket of clean clothes, neatly folded, after airing all night, to be examined, repaired, and put away by the mistress.

Windows cannot be kept clean in the city, where dust is constantly arising, save by weekly attention. Silicon and a chamois skin are often used for this purpose, but a sponge, wet in warm soda water, a soft cloth and a crushed newspaper are quite as effective. The window-sill and every nook and corner of the inside shutters should be thoroughly looked after, for no dust is to be raised on sweeping day, by the wet corn-meal process, as we have shown above. Clean all the mirrors, in the same way as the windows. Take off the glass shades, wash in good suds, dry, polish and return to the gas burners. Remove any extra finger-marks that may have been left on the paint; and Wednesday's duties are then only the meals.

On Thursday comes silver cleaning. Use electro-silicon, applied wet, and rubbed off,

when dry, with a plate brush, polish with soft flannel; and this is done, leaving the regular afternoon for Biddy out.

Friday, general sweeping day, the day we have beds and tables moved out, and swept under, but the buffet and bureaus, and heavier furniture are moved out only the first Friday in each month, for that is often enough.

All mats and rugs in the house should be brushed, as well as shaken and aired. The parlor should be the first room put in order, it is ready then for unexpected visitors; next the bedrooms, then the dining-room, and lastly the halls. Wash up all stained floors, oil such hard wood as requires it, give all the wash-bowls and faucets, as well as the bath-tub a good demonstration of the properties and power of sapolio; give another look for finger-marks on the paint, in the rooms generally, and Friday's work is complete.

Saturday, the kitchen. To how many this word conveys only an idea of confusion, of labor never ended! A place for everything, and nothing in its place! The state of things in this department depends greatly upon the mistress of the house; her idea of order and her tact in enforcing it. The rest of the house, well kept for five days, makes Saturday's work, the care of the kitchen, light. The weekly marketing of groceries coming in, should be put away, each item in its own place. Be liberal in the use of soap and washing soda, and look well after the corners. Make preparations for the next day's meals, as far as possible, that Sunday may be literally a "day of rest." Stir up Biddy's ambition to get through early, and allow her to "rest upon her oars," for her duties are well done, our house is in order, we are content, and it is Saturday night.

PRE-EMPT THE GROUND.

My heart has gone out to that child of five years, described in the Notes on "Open Letters," who disobeys, lies, steals, and seeks bad company. May I offer this suggestion? It is good to note what tools the devil uses, and take a hint from them. This child, by his aptitude for strange company and bad words, shows that he has a taste for what is odd, surprising, out of the commonplace or the conventional; for that which is free, and which is to him romantic and novel. The daily playground and the daily playmates do not content him; he steals away to "hunt other company" and new places. Now let his mother take advantage of this before Satan can. If there is in the city a big forge, or bellows, a steam derrick, a steam engine, to be seen; if there is a factory accessible; if there are men at work on high buildings or bridges—there let the child be taken, and shown the sights of life. Let him be shown the fire-engine, the mud-dredge, the pile-driver, the road-roller—anything that will be to him great and romantic, and yet not corrupting; the boat-crews on the river, if there are such, or athletes in the gymnasium. Moreover, let his parents gratify his taste for the new and marvellous with tales of daring and adventure, of arctic explorations, of travels on a bicycle, of war-stories, of Indian life, anything he will listen to most eagerly. Pre-empt the ground. I knew a mother who was disturbed that her boy showed no taste for books. After some experiment, she found that the stories of Mayne Reid attracted him. For a year or two, she let him have all he wanted of those stories, and at the end of that time he knew that books had something for him as well as for others. As a man, he turns often to books for recreation, though he still loves books of travel best... An aptitude for oaths shows that this child loves what is startling and effective in language. Let the parent, in talking with him, give him occasionally a good, sounding word, quite above his comprehension. It will instantly prove attractive. A very good family game is to let each child bring some big word from the dictionary, and see which can pronounce it and explain it best. To me it seems no more possible for a child's will to steer the child right, than for a child's muscles to win a university boat-race. The parent's will must stand him in stead. The expression of the parent's will is the education of the child's. Its prompt expression by punishment is indispensable. By companionship and care, as little opportunity for disobedience and deceit as possible should be allowed; but when the child does lie and disobey, he should be

promptly and unfailingly punished. I cannot see any place for "entreaty and tears" in dealing with a child of five years. It is a virtual humbling of the parent before the child, most unseemly and injurious. "He so little, and you so big!" exclaimed a simple-minded bachelor to a lady who complained she could not manage her baby boy. The whole environment of the child is in the parent's hands. The best way to help the child to will to obey righteous rule, is through early years to see to it that he does obey it. As well expect a six-months' baby to get out of his high-chair alone, as a six-years' child to obey righteous rule by virtue of his will-power only; unless, indeed, he be a most exceptional child. He lives by substituted will-power; and so he ought to live and learn.—*Cor. S. S. Times.*

SELF-APPOINTED MARTYRS.

So much is written about the value of system, so mathematically are systems demonstrated, that some of us are fain to be tied by our rules hand and foot. Do I not know women who are fluttered and perturbed, who lose temper and poise, on the instant that they are confronted with an emergency? Defeated when they encounter an interruption, utterly routed if interruptions crowd, simply because they have left no margin for anything outside their system. It is always a pity to exalt the scaffolding over the house, to care less for the picture and more for the frame. The inflexible woman who never has fires lighted in her house until a certain day, who dons her furs or lays them off in complete independence of the thermometer, who sets her sofa in one corner and her easy chair in another, and decrees that there they shall remain, is not of a lovable type. Her children shrink from proposing the most innocent innovation. The boys find home, sweet home, the dullest place on earth, and fly from its precincts as early as possible. As for bringing a friend unexpectedly to luncheon, her husband would as soon think of an infraction of the moral law. In the name of all that is good, let us be queens of our system, not its slaves.

There are women who have set up cleanliness as their graven image, and who, consequently, keep their households in a state of fluctuation between the suds and the scrubbing-brush. "I never work hard," said a daughter, "and get a clear place where mother and I can sit down and rest, that she doesn't at once think of something else to clean." "Wot's the use," grumbled an old Virginia aunty, "of my gettin' de ironin' done, honey? You all o' suttinly set me to washin' de windows."

A perfectly clean house is a triumph over city dust and dirt not to be underrated, yet I pity the housekeeper whose devotion to neatness and order makes her family wretched. There are women who shudder if you disturb a curtain or set a chair awry.

Woe be to you if you touch profanely a volume in their exquisitely-appointed apartments. A dozen times in an evening have I seen one of these self-appointed martyrs rise to straighten the drapery which a heedless visitor had displaced, or set at just the predestined angle the book which an unlucky movement has disturbed from its particular pile. "I used to be considered a decent sort of fellow at home," exclaimed the young husband of one of these martinetes, with a clumsy attempt at hiding his confusion, "but Mamie has no end of trouble with me. I really," with a laugh which had a suspicion of pain, "feel afraid to move about in my wife's parlor."

We women are the arbiters of our own and our children's lives to an extent which should make us willing to decide what in household life is essential, what is merely non-essential. For the life is more than meat, the body is more than raiment.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

IN THE LAUNDRY.

There are various ways of washing. Many soak clothes over night, others think if the extra time it takes to soak them and to wring them out be considered, that there is no gain. I am inclined to agree with this view, unless the clothes are much soiled. You will please yourself which method you adopt, also as to whether you will put a tablespoonful of borax into the tub, or one of turpentine, or simply rub soap on the soiled parts. The thing there is no choice about, is the proper sorting of clothes; this

and abundance of water is the secret of the pearly clearness that distinguishes some laundry work. After separating flannels and colored things, put handkerchiefs, collars and all the finer articles by themselves, also tablecloths and napkins, sheets, pillow-cases, etc.

About the making of starch there are so many opinions that I can but give the methods, and let each try for herself. Some experienced women say there is no necessity for boiling starch, but that it should be made like cocoa; that is, a small quantity should be wetted in as little cold water as will make a thin, smooth paste, then pour on it, slowly, actually boiling water—stirring all the time—till there are no white streaks or any cloudiness in it; it will be thick and clear, and the absence of white shows that the boiling water has cooked all the starch. I have seen excellent laundry work in which the starch has been made thus. The more usual way is to make the starch in the same way, pour boiling water on it till it thickens, and then set it on the range to boil. Some say it should boil long, others very little. I only know, that for the most beautiful ironing I ever saw the starch was always boiled a very long time, an hour or so, sometimes more, till it fell from the spoon like clear white syrup; and, on asking the woman what caused the beautiful clearness of her nainsooks and lawns, the peculiar soft stiffness, which differed so much from the paper-like texture of anyone's else work, if equally stiff,—

"It's just the boiling of the starch, ma'am, and that causes all the sticking to the iron; and when it isn't half boiled the clothes muss as soon as you get them on."

I had noticed that her clothes, beside looking so well, had the quality of not getting tumbled so soon. I, therefore, in my own house, adopt the method of boiling the starch very long.—*Catherine Owen, in Good Housekeeping, Holyoke, Mass.*

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—One of the best family desserts can be made either in city or country of apples and stale bread: peel ten good-sized apples, core and slice them, and stew them to a pulp with sugar enough to sweeten them; meantime thicken the sides and bottom of an oval earthen baking dish, and press all round them crumbs from the inside of a loaf of bread, having them nearly an inch thick; when the apple is done, mix with it a tablespoonful of butter and one egg beaten; put the apple into the dish without disturbing the crumbs; over the surface put an inch-thick layer of crumbs dotted with a few bits of butter, and bake the pudding until the crumbs at the sides are brown; turn a platter, just large enough to enclose the dish within its rim, over the pudding dish, quickly turn both upside down, so that the pudding will slip out on the platter, dust it with powdered sugar, and serve it hot.

PUZZLES.

OLD RIDDLE.

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
But had I been in Stanley's stead
When the fierce charge was onward led,
Your piercing ken would soon decry
The cause of tears in many an eye.

CONUNDRUM.

What two letters are like a grist mill?

ENIGMA.

My first is in blue, but not in red,
My second is in rope, but not in thread.
My third is in brook, but not in river.
My fourth is in quake, but not in quiver.
My fifth is in marble, but not in stone.
My sixth is in marrow, but not in bone.
My seventh is in master, but not in boss.
My eighth is in kind, but not in cross.
My whole is a useful article.

CHARADE.

1. My first is to study; my second is a coin;
my third is a standard; my whole is to bring together.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ANAGRAM.—

1st. line—Richard.
2nd. " —When.
3rd. " —End.
4th. " —Ascend.
5th. " —Richard.
6th. " —Richard.
7th. " —King Richard's well.

PYRAMID.—

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CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Stanfel Wainwright.