

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TOM'S MAXIM.

"So you and Tom Wilson are soon going to be married, Alice? Well, I'm glad to hear it, and I hope you will be happy; but take my advice—keep on with your own work, and have your own money. Don't have to go to him for every sixpence you want."

"But Tom won't hear of it, Lina. He says I shall have quite enough to do to keep the house clean and cook the meals, and he shall earn money enough to pay for them; he says he never thought of getting married until he could get enough to keep his wife."

"Ah, that's all very fine, Alice, and just for a week or two you'll have it all your own way; but wait till the novelty's worn off, and you will find he'll grumble every time you want a new pair of boots or a yard of ribbon. No, you have a good business at your fingers' ends. Don't give it up, or you'll be sorry; and just tell Tom straight out that you will have your own money the next time you see him."

"Well, I'll speak to him about it; but he won't like it, I'm sure."

Caroline and Alice were orphan sisters. The elder had been married some years. Her husband was a clever, steady workman, who earned plenty of money, which, however, he was rather too fond of spending on himself. His wife, who did not like being constantly stunted and complained of as extravagant—which she certainly was not—soon after their marriage returned to her own business, and worked whenever she could. They had three little children, who were "minded" by a neighbor's child, but the result was not always satisfactory.

Tom Wilson worked for the same firm, and had long been a friend of William Harris, Caroline's husband. It was in their house he had met Alice, who often spent the evening with her sister. Tom would be there too, and would walk home with her to the house of business at which she was employed; and so they fell in love with each other. Alice was a pretty, sweet-tempered girl, but rather too easily guided, and her elder sister thought it but right to give her a lesson from her own married life, which was a great mistake, as Tom's ideas on the subject did not coincide at all with William's, and so poor Alice was troubled with doubts and fears which were quite unnecessary. On the evening of the day when Alice had promised to speak to Tom, he and William were walking home together.

"Come in with me for an hour or two, Tom; then we can go down to the club together."

"I will come in, but I hope to see Alice to-night, so can't go with you to the club."

They entered a house as he spoke and went upstairs to William's home—three nice large rooms on the second floor of an old-fashioned house, which had once been described as "a genteel family residence," but was now let out to working people in floors. How cheerless and un-homelike the sitting-room looked! Tom had lived in lodgings alone for several years, and he had visions of a happy home, where plenty and comfort reigned supreme, of a bright fire-side, and a cheerful, loving wife, waiting to welcome him.

He looked at his friend's home and shuddered. The remains of the dinner lay on the table, the fire was out, the fireplace untidy; the two eldest children, with dirty faces quarrelling on the floor, the baby whining hungrily on the girl's lap, who, busy reading some worthless book, took no notice of its cries.

"Where's your mistress?" demanded William, sharply.

The girl started up in confusion, knocking the baby's head, who thereupon howled dismally.

"Please, sir, missus sent in to say I was to get tea and put the children to bed; she's got to stay late, and won't be home till nine."

"What a nuisance! Well, get tea then, and be quick about it. Here, give baby to me." And he took the little fellow, and fed and soothed him; for he really loved his children, and could not bear to hear them cry.

The tea was weak and smoky, and the children, neglected and spoiled, by turns, quarrelled and clamored all the time, to Tom's great discomfort.

"Father, speak to Johnny; he's pinching my doll," shrieked little Lina.

"Lina's making faces at baby, father; she's

been doing that all day," presently retorted Johnny.

"Take these children to bed; I can't bear their noise any longer," at last said their father, in despair.

After many objections and some scuffling on their part, and threats on their father's, they were at last hustled into their bedroom, whence presently arose muffled screams, as Johnny refused to take his boots off, and Lina persisted in going to bed without being washed. At this moment Alice arrived.

She felt mortified to see Tom sitting there, nursing baby, in the midst of all this dirt and confusion; she could not help seeing that this would not make married life appear very attractive to him. She therefore quickly set to work to tidy the place and quiet the children, and Tom watched her about and thought what a clever wife she would make.

"Well, as you're here, Alice, I'll just step out for a little while. You'll stay till Lina comes home? Yes—well, you're not alone, you know." And with a sly look William departed, only too glad to leave his cheerless home; and before he returned he had spent more than Lina had earned all day, including her extra two hours' work. Meanwhile Tom waited quietly until Alice had finished her work and the little maid had gone home, and then he drew Alice close to him, and taking her hand said in a kind but very serious tone—"Alice, my girl, this wouldn't suit me."

"No, Tom, I know; but you see it isn't always so. Lina was late to-night, and—"

Alice nearly cried with vexation. "I know, Alice. No offence to your sister, but trust me, a married woman's place is in her home. My maxim is this: it is the man's place to earn money, and the woman's to spend it; and what she earns out at work is worse than wasted, for her home goes to rack and ruin and everybody in it is miserable. Come, Alice, we'll hear no more about you working; I can earn enough to give us home, and food, and clothes, and a holiday now and then. Trust me, Alice, I will not keep you short, you shall have all my money—I know you are not the girl to waste it; and when you find me unable or unwilling to work for my wife, it will be time enough for her to begin working for herself. Now, isn't that a fair bargain?"

Alice thought it was, and agreed to it, and then it was sealed—never mind how; and for the next half-hour—but there, I dislike telling tales. Only I will just say that when Lina came in, tired and cross, she remarked that they looked very comfortable.—*British Workman.*

A CHEAP GREENERY.

Every one who has had any experience with window plants in winter knows there are several difficulties to be encountered, and that it is very difficult, nay, impossible, to make plants grow in a window with the same thrift and vigor that they show in a greenhouse.

These difficulties arise chiefly from the excessively dry air of most dwellings; from the dust incident to the frequent sweeping of the same; from the insects which infest plants which can not be smoked and showered frequently, and from the imperfect supply of sunlight which a window affords.

A greenhouse avoids these difficulties, but requires an outlay of money and a devotion of time beyond the reach of many lovers of flowers, who yet would be able to spend a few dollars to erect and stock such a greenery as I propose to describe, and who could easily devote the few hours each week which its care would require.

The situation for a greenery should be the south or southeast side of the parlor, or dining-room, or study—some room that is well warmed, whether by a furnace or stove, and that has a southern window reaching nearly to the floor, through which one can easily step out of the house into the greenery.

Get some sash made at the sash factory, that will inclose a space 3x4 feet and 7 feet high, with a glass roof and sides, provided there is no danger of icicles falling on it, in which case the roof should be made of matched boards. These sashes should be made to fit exactly, and are best fastened in place by hooks upon the inside, the joints being made tight by a lining of list or India-rubber. This style of construction admits the removal of the whole thing in May, when the glass can be replaced by an awning, and the plants removed to their summer quarters in a half-shady garden.

The floor is best made of hard pine or spruce boards, with a hole in the lowest side to drain off water after showering the plants. Curtains will be needed to draw down behind the plants in cold nights, to keep out frost, and in very severe nights a large kerosene lamp placed on the floor and allowed to burn all night will assist surprisingly in keeping the desired warmth.

When the house is undergoing a sweeping, or when the greenery has to be smoked to kill insects the window opening into the house is closed, tightly; at all other times it is kept open and gives all the ventilation required for the plants.

The plants in a greenery of this kind should be freely showered every day, which will soften the harsh effect of the very dry air of most of our dwelling houses; they should also get a good smoking with tobacco stems, burned in an inverted pot, once a week; and, after the smoking, a good showering.

If it is desirable to have a much larger space than this for a greenery it will be found necessary to provide heating apparatus. This is always troublesome and expensive; but if the dwelling house is heated by steam or hot water it can be arranged very easily, and sometimes a pipe from an ordinary hot-air furnace can be carried into a greenery from a house cellar. Wherever artificial heat, however, is supplied in this way a good deal of care will be needed to avoid too hot and dry an atmosphere, which is injurious to vegetation. To winter the common kinds of greenhouse plants, not tropical in their nature, a damp temperature and uniform atmosphere is needed, the thermometer ranging from 40 degrees to 55 degrees by night, and from 60 degrees to 75 degrees by day.

Any one will probably be able to choose such plants as will best suit his own taste in filling up a greenery of this sort. I will only say, by way of advice, avoid all tropical or stove plants and such as have a very delicate character. The following are general favorites, and will be almost sure to give satisfaction: Calla lilies, heliotrope, geraniums, oranges, carnations, violets, roses, jessamine, ivy, smilax, cyclamen, bouvardia, azalia, daphne odora, camellia, and many others. Such delicate things as the heaths, and all tropical or stove plants, should be avoided, as their requirements are beyond the conditions of so simple a greenery, and disappointment will surely follow placing them therein.—*American Cultivator.*

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

Under this head the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, &c. The liquids are highly volatile and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into a room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An incident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, &c., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is employed in families for cleansing brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost.

Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labelled properly and used with care.

APPLE SNOW.—Stew some apples till tender; sweeten to taste; mash them up, and place them in the centre of a dish; round and over them place a layer of boiled rice, dry; whisk the whites of three or four eggs until quite light and frothy; cover the whole with this froth; sprinkle over it powdered sugar coloring a little of it with cochineal.

PUZZLES.

TEN WRITERS OF FICTION.

James brought his cot to the fire, and on it laid baby Dick. Ensigns Johnson and Trumbul were here on account of the thaw. Thornesby might have found his walk to Hebron, ten miles or more, disagreeable, had it not been for the co-operation of the farmers along the way. These he repaid with gold. Smith's horse took him safely to the postern entrance of the city. Here he met three couples starting for a stroll. Opening his eyes in wonder at this spectacle, he followed them to the water's edge. Worth all the struggle he had endured was the grand panorama of nature now spread out before him.

UNDERGROUND RIVERS.

1. Oh! I owe that man a dollar.
2. You will find us at the post-office.
3. It was a company of soldiers.
4. Is ever not a long time?
5. Well, De Kalb, any more soldiers?
6. No rangers were to be seen in the distance.
7. The whole nation is in a disturbed state of affairs.
8. "You must come and see me to-morrow or else I never will speak with you again," spoke Effie, in an angry tone.

CHARADE.

My first possession does imply,  
A number for my second try;  
My whole to press does signify,  
You'll find it if your wits you'll ply.

WORD CHANGE.

I am a beautiful tree when entire,  
Behead, and unburned, I often hold fire;  
Replace my head, curtail—and then trans-  
pose  
And I give voice to the heart's loves, joys  
and woes;  
Transpose, and I'm heard 'mid the din of  
strife,  
Where sabre and ball are searching for life;  
Beheaded I'm a hue that ne'er was seen,  
In blooming flower or in forest green;  
Transpose, I am a river broad and free  
That through Italian valleys seeks the sea;  
Changed again, I'm a city that stands  
On the borders of Africa's arid sands;  
Now change me to a baby's name, that will  
Beheaded remain a baby's name still.

DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a sly animal, and leave a useful one.  
Behead a fish, and leave an interjection.  
Behead glassy, and leave an Egyptian vegetable.  
Behead an article of clothing, and leave an animal.  
Behead a verb, and leave yes.

CHARADE.

"The sage who lit a candle in the day,"  
Was looking for my first;  
And ever since prim maidens gray,  
'Tis said keep up the search.  
When true and good, the noblest thing  
By the Creator made,  
My first walks forth, all nature's king,  
In conscious power arrayed.

Where graceful palms in Eastern lands  
Their grateful shadow fling,  
And oases' mid scorching sands  
Tell of the welcome spring;  
'Tis there we're told my second grows,  
In bunches rich and fair;  
No child its pleasant taste but knows,  
Though few have seen it there.

My whole by the monarch is spoken,  
And quickly the soldiers obey;  
They heed not the hearts that are broken,  
The mothers in anguish who pray.  
The city with weeping is wild,  
Though tears 'gainst my whole are in vain;  
Each mother laments for her child,  
With Bethlehem's innocent slain.