

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

We all know it is most unjust to show any spirit of favoritism, yet every mother must watch against an inclination to do this very thing. Perhaps it is not the brightest or best child that she favors; perhaps just because she feared being too fond of her good, dutiful, talented boy she has overdone matters as regards a blundering, heedless, unattractive child. A relation or visitor sees her partiality in act towards the blunderer and tells her of it, and the mother, not realizing that "by our deeds we shall be justified" or condemned feels hurt and indignant. Instead of watching herself carefully, she only remembers that she was once tempted to partiality towards her eldest boy, and so will not believe she can be partial to any other.

But this spirit of partiality has to be cut down and rooted out again and again. We mothers must not treat all alike, for each child requires special treatment; this one needs to be sent alone, that one is brought to the right-about by a smart whipping, a third is punished most effectually through his stomach, or rather his palate (a child's stomach should never be denied what it needs.) But while we treat our children differently, we must love them all alike. How can we do it?

I know of but one way. Ask God for his love: the natural mother love, the mere animal love which we have in common with all the brute creation, will not suffice. For instance, a child mortifies you by doing an unmannerly thing before some friend. Your natural love will at once give way, and you strike out just as a cat strikes her kittens; or if you are too well-bred to strike, you have no love, no pity, at the moment for the child. You are simply provoked and perhaps would "like to shake him." But ask God for his love; let him abide in you, and you are only anxious to correct sins, loving the sinner, day by day and hour by hour, with his strong tender love. This love can only flow into our hearts as we let it flow out; it must be used if we would have it. I know this may seem unreal and paradoxical; but act it out and see how it will help you in your home. The next time Dick heedlessly breaks something, think for a moment before you say a word to the boy; try to find out God's thought as to the act, and ask Him to give you His wisdom; you know we have Scripture warrant for this.

This is the only way I know of to escape being partial, and you must give this secret to the children as they grow up. Boys should not be allowed to have their favorites. One sister may be more congenial to a boy than another, and he may choose her oftener for a companion, but all must share his favors alike.

We mothers should so bring up our children that they will stand by each other all through life; if one is more successful than another, let him share his success with the others. This is not a mere theory; two mothers (at least) have already brought up their children to do this, and I trust there are others.

One set of brothers in Boston agreed to share their net profits every year. The eldest brother made much more than the others, but he put his larger amount in the general fund, and year after year all divide their profits. Shall we not be stimulated by such examples to cultivate in our children the spirit of that wisdom from above which is "without partiality"?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

We have been much interested in a small work on "Health and Strength for Girls," written jointly by Mary J. Safford, M. D. and Mary E. Allen, the latter Superintendent of Boston Ladies' and Children's Gymnasium.

Chapter third is entitled "My Little Patient," and reads thus: "I am going to tell the young school-girls who read this about the little patient who came to me yesterday. What a wretched little huddle she looked as I came down to her! She is only thirteen, but the tired outness of forty-five was on her pale face. Her lungs were lost—folded up somewhere be-

tween her rounded, bowed shoulders, as she drooped in her chair.

"Sit up! sit up—up—up," I said, my own lungs aching sympathetically at sight of her.

"I—can't!" she answered me, and with such a hopeless respiration.

I doubt if she will, or can yet, of her own accord. I drew her shoulders back, but they fell forward again, in a moment, as I took my seat.

My patient goes to school from nine a. m. to two p. m.

The school is about four blocks from her house. I learn from her that she almost always rides to school on the horse-cars that pass by her door.

When my pale young friend gets home from school, does she do as does her brother two years her senior? He takes bat and ball, and makes a bee-line for the nearest play-ground; and there, with a rollicking set of playmates, throws his whole soul and body into fun-making for two or more hours. No, she doesn't do that. A piano lesson is to be practised; or there is a fascinating piece of Kensington stitch to be finished in time for a present for some festal occasion. She gets no change of position; her head still droops, her shoulders still bow forward, her spine still curves.

And thus the twelve hours of previous sunshine have faded into evening, and the pale girl has had it all under glass.

Now night closes in upon her, the lamp is lighted, and the brother and sister draw about it and begin the task of study for the coming day.

His mind is fresh. His body tingles with ruddy health from head to foot. He is ready for bed. Probably "study hours out of school" will work him no serious harm.

But his pale sister! She was so weary and nervous when she began to study, that nothing seems clear to her; and after spending two hours, bowed over her books, in an endeavor to commit her lessons to memory, discouraged, and it may be tearful, she is persuaded to go to bed. But it is not to sleep in quiet, restful sleep. Her lessons haunt her dreams. She awakens in the morning unrefreshed, to begin the routine of another high-pressure day.

What did I do for her?

I did not put up any medicine for her to carry home. I showed her how to sit correctly and healthfully, how to stand healthfully, and how to walk healthfully. But before the lesson was over, I saw that I must send for the mother and instruct her. Upon her must fall, for a while, the responsibility of insisting that her neglected child sits, stands and walks healthfully.

She should have begun this supervision long ago when her daughter was but ten years old.—*Standard.*

DISH WASHING AND DISH CLOTHS.

A practical subject certainly to present to a young wife just beginning to be disgusted with housework in general, and dish washing in particular. At home she never did more in that line than rinse out the silver and glass and perhaps wipe the remainder of the table dishes, while mother did the rest. Now no hands but her own stand ready to attack the huge pile, and she sighs as she commences and sighs as she finishes them.

Now, my young friend, let me give you an insight into the science of this matter, and you will dread it no longer. When you clear up your table, remove all the food first, then the caster, sugar bowl, etc. Then take a knife and scrape all the crumbs from every plate and dish into the heps' pail, put the bits of butter into the plate of cooking butter, and pour out all slops of tea, coffee or water. Then pile up the plates artistically (here is some of the science,) the larger ones at the bottom, and so on.

When all are picked up and arranged in order, convey them to a shelf or table in close proximity to the sink. Mix in your dish pan, which should be a large tin one with two handles, as tin is so much easier to keep sweet and clean than the little wooden tubs we used years ago, and will never rust if scalded and wiped dry every time it is used, a quantity of pretty warm water, with a little soap. Wash every dish separately, commencing with glass and silver, and ending with tins and kettles. Then wash out your dish pan, pile all, or as many

of the dishes as you can into it, pour a dipper of hot water into your tins, and wipe while hot—never drying by or on the stove as it spoils them. Rinse your silver and glass and wipe immediately; then pour the hot water over the dishes, with enough more to scald them thoroughly, and rinse off all the dish water. Whirl them around rapidly in the pan, then turn one by one upon a rack to drain, said rack supposed to be an indispensable appendage to the sink. Wipe as fast as possible. You will have to work lively at this stage of operations, as they must not be allowed to drain dry, as by so doing they have a spotted, streaked look. You will be perfectly astonished at the fun of washing dishes if you proceed in this way. They are finished up so suddenly that you wonder what has become of them.—*Exchange.*

A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet!"—so said aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

"I will!"—and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pies, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse waggon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling box; play that's the wood house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.

"Well," said aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in some surprise.

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "Auntie" to people generally, "and things were in a snarl, all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' spill and scratch and break and tumble, scold and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!—*Selected.*

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—At night take two quarts of flour, rub in three tablespoonfuls of lard, make a hole in the middle of the flour and put in one pint of cold boiled milk, one-third cup of good yeast, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, stir well, let it stand until morning without mixing, then mix and let stand until noon, roll out thin, cut with a biscuit cutter, spread with butter, fold them over, let them get very light and bake in a quick oven.

PUZZLES.

TWO-WORD CHARADE.

My first the radiant summer skies
When showers have passed, will sometimes span,
With varied hues of richest dyes,
God's sign of promise unto man.

My second with the ills we class
To which our mortal fame is heir,
For here not all is bliss—alas!
Some pains we surely all must bear.

My third is something,—nothing, too,—
In but one course will ever tread;
You'll find, when you have searched it through,
There's no beginning and no end.

My whole is fixed and well defined,
Yet limitless must ever be;
And in its hard embrace you'll find
No charms, I think, for you or me.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

- Behead and curtail No. 1 to find No. 2.
1. A lord. 2. Atmosphere.
 1. A rope with a noose. 2. An animal.
 1. To receive information. 2. Part of the head.
 1. A bank built along a river. 2. The latter part of the day.
 1. A gift. 2. A verb.
 1. An Eastern prince. 2. An interjection.
 1. A bird. 2. Charity.
 1. The course travelled. 2. Not in.

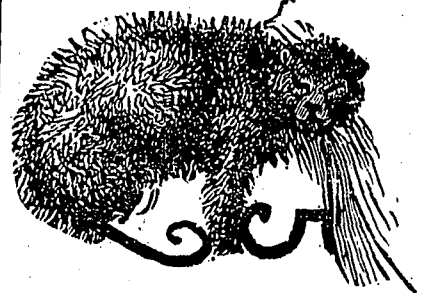
NONSENSE RHYMES.

The italicized letters put in proper order spell the names of rivers in Europe.

When we were on the *Uba Den*.
Its waters, blue as the *Ho Ren*.
Reminded us of the *Ir Hen*.
Then, then we thought of bright *Oa Sen*,
And often spoke of wild *Die Stren*,
Yet loved far more our own *Ei Sen*.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

FUSSY PUZZLE.



To the cat I've added 65,
And made a man, as I'm alive.
AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.—Whale.

DO NOT WAKE THE CHILDREN.

The habit of waking children early in the morning, before they are thoroughly recuperated with sleep, is an exceedingly injurious one. Sleep is nature's time of recuperation, a condition in which the principal, cardinal, and voluntary functions of the organism are largely suspended, in order that the process of recuperation may take place. Nature in this respect comprehends her necessities better than either parent or governess. A child grows rapidly, and is called upon, in the building up of the constitution, to recuperate abundantly, so that youth requires much more sleep than age. After one's constitution becomes consolidated, and he has passed middle life, he sleeps very much less than in younger times; but up to the age of twenty-five years, sleep in large degree is desirable that the constitution may be thoroughly invigorated and preserved against taxations in the future. Children should be put to bed early—say seven to eight o'clock; they should, if possible, go to sleep in a pleasant frame of mind, at peace with the world, and in loving submission to those who have them in charge; and they should be permitted to sleep until, having thoroughly recuperated, they waken of themselves in the morning. Be particular that their feet are warm, and that they have more covering placed upon the feet than upon other parts of the body. As long as a person keeps warm feet there is little danger of colds and serious illness, but when circulation in the extremities fail, we may look out for congestions or inflammations, which constitute nine-tenths of the diseases which afflict human beings.—*Health.*