

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. MAY'S CONCLUSION.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. May sinking into a chair and sighing as though tired out, "If young girls had any sense they would stay in their father's houses, where they were well off and had easy lives. There sits Mary Samson at her window, writing a letter, I presume, at nine in the morning. She looks as cool and unruffled as a water-lily, and how young and pretty she is. Nobody would imagine that she and I left school on the same day, and that our birthdays are only a week apart. But my life is very different from hers! Mr. May's business worries him and makes him nervous and irritable, and never had mother five such restless children as mine. And then the everlasting botheration of the servants. I am just weary of it all. No wonder I am growing old and faded looking!"

A gentle elderly lady, with a placid face, sat in her low rocker by the hearth and listened to this plaintive outburst with a sympathetic and yet a half-smiling expression. She had a little bit of some pretty white work in her lap, but her hands were not busy with it. She wore the air of a person whose thoughts were often good company and to whom continual employment was not always a necessity. She could sometimes sit still—a blessed talent that, as some of us who are incessantly busy know, by comparison is not by experience.

"Well, Aunt Irene," said Mrs. May impatiently, "why don't you preach your sermon? I see it plainly in your face."

"Then there is the less need of my preaching it," said Aunt Irene. "I do feel like asking you, though, whether on the whole you would be willing to change places with your friend over the way?"

"Why no, not precisely; I wouldn't give Richard up nor one of the children, troublesome comforts that they are, for anything in this world. Still, I do regret that my youth is drifting away so fast, and sometimes I think that by the time Mabel is a young woman, if I grow old at this rate, I'll be taken for her grandmother instead of her mother. There's the baby. He hasn't had a good nap, and now he'll be cross."

She left the room and presently returned with the baby in her arms. He had the rosy look of perfect health, his eyes were like great dewy violets, two pearly teeth had just made their appearance, and he was a baby to be proud of. The tired little mother bore him into the sitting-room with a sweet happy light in her face. It fairly transformed her. She did not seem to be the same person who had rather petulantly tied on Kitty's hood as she started for the kindergarten, and said good morning to Archie, Dick and Mabel as they set out for the academy.

"I don't know why it is, Aunt Irene," she said, "but I can always be patient with the baby. As the children grow older they try me so much more. Sometimes I question whether I love them as I ought after they become able to lead independent existences."

"I want to read you part of my friend Alice R.'s letter, which I received yesterday," said Aunt Irene. She says: "Yes, time does change us all greatly, but do you know to me, who study faces and expressions with an artist's eye—the changes are often a great improvement, even on youth and freshness. I am sure that in life's battle every victory over self is a line of beauty, and surely the lives of good people write their history on their faces. You never find a noble looking person who is self-indulgent."

"I do not think I am self-indulgent, Aunt Irene," said Mrs. May, with a rather pathetic tone of voice.

Aunt Irene laughed. "You miss the point, my dear. I meant you to see that people like Alice who look deeply into these things, see higher and lovelier beauty in those who have felt, thought, and suffered, than in those to whom life has been existence on flowery beds of ease."

"Thank you." "And I've been wanting for a long time, dear, to tell you that your great trouble is that you expect too much. You are amazed and grieved at a little boyish roughness in your sons, though at heart they are little gentlemen, and you have no tolerance for Mabel's fretfulness, though half of it is caused by her rapid growth and lack of strength. You have too little patience with

yourself. When you learn to respect your limitations, not trying to do too much in a day, and keeping from agitation over chipped china and frayed linen, you will be happier, my darling. As for your husband—"

"Don't say a word more, Aunt Irene. My husband is the very best and dearest of men, and it is I who am the impatient one. Indeed I may as well admit that I am myself the family barometer. When I am calm and cheerful, they seem to be the same; and when I am perturbed and contrary, husband, children and servants, feel the influence of my temper of the moment."

"Then, dear, how essential it is for you to remember two rules. One, never to speak when you are excited and vexed, but to wait till you are tranquil. The other, to let no day, whatever its engagements, pass without waiting at the Master's feet, and gathering strength and calmness there."

Mrs. May had by this time washed and dressed the baby and as she sung him to sleep Aunt Irene breathed an unspoken prayer that the mother and babe might both be blessed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BENDING THE TWIG.

One of the great difficulties of life is the wise spending of money. It demands trained faculties and much strength of character. Is it reasonable, then, to expect of young men and women that they shall be prudent and judicious in expenditure, when as boys and girls they had no income and no practice? It is the theory of most parents that their children have all that they should reasonably desire, since it is all that the paternal purse can afford; liberal comforts, many luxuries; and that to give them money, which they would of course waste, is an unjustifiable indulgence and extravagance.

But few parents understand the vast educating power of responsibility, or the wisdom of laying the necessity of choice and decision upon children from the very beginning of their power of choice and decision. Of course they will make mistakes, and these very mistakes teach them as no admonition or example can do. Every intelligent child of six or seven years of age, being given the control of his spending money, whether it be a penny a week or a shilling, will at first buy what he does not want, and bewail the absence of the thing he did desire. But presently his blunders will have taught him a balancing of claims, a deliberation of choice, of which he could not otherwise have seen the necessity. He will begin to save his pennies, because he sees that shillings buy something better worth having. And the little headlong prodigal will have started on the road to thrift and prosperity almost before he knows the meaning of the words.

But that this sense of ownership may do its work it is essential that the allowance should be fixed, the limit within which it may be spent clearly understood, and good advice withheld except when it is asked for. And as the children grow older, the sum allotted them should be increased, till it covers all their personal expenditure. Ethel at fifteen should be as competent to buy her stockings, gloves, ribbons, under-clothes, even her dresses, so far as quality and price are concerned, as her mother. And she will be, if she began purchasing her toys and pencils at six. But she must be rigorously held to the logic of her mistakes. If she buys tasteless and flimsy things, she must pay the penalty of wearing them or of going without. Next time her chastened choice will not betray her. Or, if Jack buy a worthless jackknife, or a mongrel puppy, or a shoddy coat, and must abide by his bargain, he has bought with them an experience which makes it cheap.

But precept and practice will go for nothing unless the law is absolute that there shall be no parental alms-giving. It will be so hard for mamma to see the girls in shabby gloves and soiled hair-ribbons, because they have inconsiderately apportioned their month's inheritance, that dainty parcels will be apt to find their way to the bureau drawers, or small advances to offer themselves from her kindly purse. Orit will seem such a creditable taste in the boys to want that microscope, and to be so eager to study entomology, although they have spent the price of the microscope in a bicycle, that the fascinating instrument is very likely to appear in their room. And by this tender and cruel generosity all the force of their experience will be wasted. Unless effect is to follow

cause, what discipline can there be? The law bears hard only on those who infringe it, and to the end that they may not again transgress.

Besides the prudence which this sense of ownership develops, it begets a self-respect as well. The habit of teasing for money or for gifts is a form of beggary, and, like all beggary, degrading. The child feels, although he does not reason, that he has a right to certain possessions at the hands of his parents. They are, to him, sources of unlimited supply, and if his demand is refused, he is apt to feel resentful and defrauded. But if he is told that just such a sum, and no more, can be afforded for his little pleasures, and that he may choose himself what that shall buy, he will be rich with half the money which would have seemed niggardly had it been spent for him. There is a sweet reasonableness about children, and a self-respect that springs up vigorous when they are respected. And of all forms of trust none is so flattering as that which confides the use of money, for it implies in the receiver judgment, prudence, honesty, and honor.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CORN HUSK BASKETS.—Here is a way to make good baskets at home, and pretty and cheap, too, out of corn-husks—thick outer husks for strong baskets, and for light and finer ones the white inner parts. These must be wrapped for an hour or so in a damp towel, and then cut into strips of equal width. Make an ordinary braid with six or more strips, which may be doubled, or even trebled, for greater strength. Thread a needle with heavy, waxed linen thread, and having dampened the braid, form it in an oval, five or six inches long and three wide, for the bottom of the basket, and sew the adjoining edges of the braid together, as in a straw hat, but do not overlap them. Go on coiling and stitching for the sides of the basket, widening the opening, until the basket is deep enough. The handles are made of a heavy three-stranded braid, which is sewed all around the top of the basket, just inside, and looped up at the middle of each side. For ornament, wind the handles with scarlet or blue braid, put a box-plaiting of it around the top, and work a bunch of flowers on one side in gay worsteds, with long stitches. The opposite side may have a letter or a name.

HOW TO MAKE A PANORAMA.—Nothing is needed except a box, either pasteboard or wood, and for the rollers take an old broom-handle. Cut it to fit the width of the box; then take a tack or small nail and drive it through the under part of the box into the bottom part of the roller. Put a crank on the top of each roller; then join the pictures neatly together with flour paste, being very careful to keep them in a straight row, so that they will roll around the rollers straight; cut an opening in the back of the box large enough to admit a candle. Now all is finished; take it into a dark room, with the candle lighted, turn the crank, and your panorama moves along. Without any expense, and with very little trouble, it affords the maker much amusement. Any boy or girl can make one.—*Frank J. Gutzwiler, in St. Nicholas.*

SWEET APPLE JOHNNYCAKE.—Pare, quarter and core enough mellow, sweet apples to fill a quart measure; make the cake with two cups of sour milk or buttermilk; thicken with corn meal, shortened with lard, butter or cream, and soda enough to sweeten. Butter a tin, put in one-half the cake, then the apple, and spread the remainder of the cake on the apple. Bake one hour. Eat warm with butter.

PAPER AND PAPERING.—When, in papering rooms, the new paper is put on over the old, as it too often is, there is an accumulation of mould, which is necessarily poisonous, as all mould is, which is unfavorable to health. When such double paper is removed if one would have a sweet room, it is needful to scrub such walls thoroughly till all is removed, wetting the paper if it does not readily come off, and then wash with strong saleratus water.

OATMEAL BLANC MANGE.—To make a delicious cold dish of oatmeal, boil for two hours or longer four ounces of oatmeal in a quart of milk, slightly salted, using a double kettle or farina boiler: the oatmeal should be reduced to a jelly-like consistency before it is ready to be removed from the fire; then cool it in cups, whence it can be turned out, and served with cream and sugar.

PUZZLES.

A CHARADE.

In first the Indians take a last
Off of the bleeding foe;
Whole is a sprite, on any night
He can be seen, you know.

WORD REBUS.

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D

TRANSPOSITIONS.

First, I pertain to kingly race,
With crown and sceptre is my place.
Transpose me and my dazzling light
Will make you shut your eyes up tight.
Transpose again and ope your eyes
So you can see my ample size.
Now change once more, and freely own
That I'm a beverage best—let alone.

HALF-WORD SQUARE.

A genus of medicinal plants. * * * * *
A Bible mountain. * * * * *
Having two feet. * * * * *
Calm. * * * * *
Guided. * * * * *
Pronoun of neuter gender. * * * * *
A vowel. *

TRANSPOSED PROVERB.

"Huhtgo huto hudssollet ryba a lofo ni a otmra mngao hawet ihwt a etepsil eyt ilwl ont ihs olsfoihsens eadpr rmfo ihm."

HARADES.

1. I am a word of two syllables. My first is made of the bark of a tree. My second is to fasten things together. My whole to extract my first.
2. My first is a small animal. My second a low seat. My whole a plant, which has sometimes a very disagreeable odor.
3. My first is a nickname for a boy. My second is used in cooking. My whole what every boy covets.
4. My first is an article of food. My second is found in closets. My whole is used for catching my first.
5. My first is used as a beverage. My second is a cooking utensil. My whole is used for holding my first.
6. My first are small insects. My second is a sticky substance. My whole is found in a lady's work-basket.
7. My first is a kind of herbage. My second part of a mill. My whole an insect.
8. My first is a carpenter's tool. My second is a noble animal. My whole is used in sawing wood.
9. My first is worn by all. My second is a useful little article. My whole is used for fastening my first.
10. My first is a small animal. My second used to ensnare. My whole to catch my first.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
4, 11, 14, is a large piece of wood.
2, 6, 12, 8, is an article of jewellery.
17, 1, 10, 18, is a state of feeling.
25, 16, 3, 7, 13, is a hard substance.
19, 22, 24, 23, is part of a house.
21, 15, 6, 5, 26, is used by carpenters.
23, 3, 20, 9, is a vegetable substance.
My whole is a familiar phrase.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

I.
Let every one be good and —
And walk on tiptoe even —
Dear mother is no longer —

II.
Don't even in the water —
Don't make a snapping with your —
Go read, my dears, beneath the —

III.
Ah! what was that I heard! A —?
Yes, Tom as usual, has been —
And he has fallen from the —

IV.
If he were hurt, he did not —
He is of boys the very —
I could with praises fill a —

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF FEBRUARY 1.

Enigma.—Drab-Bard.
Word Rebus.—Announce.
Numerical Syncope.—1, Ra(v)sh. 2, Pr(iv)ate. 3, Gra(v)y.
Riddle.—Paper.
Diamond.—
A
A R M
A R B O R
A R B U T U S
M O T E T
R U T
R
Buried Verbs of Affection.—1, Woo. 2, Welcome. 3, Treasure. 4, Entertain. 5, Admire. 6, Adore. 7, Kiss. 8, Love. 9, Esteem. 10, Caress. 11, Regard. 12, Serve.