

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MISCHIEF OF BAD AIR.—OR WHAT "BAD AIR" REALLY IS.

Mrs. A. I was glad to see you at our (Sanitary) lecture yesterday evening, Mrs. Brown; I hope you were pleased with what you heard.

Mrs. B. Well, of course, Ma'am, a great deal of it was very true. It's certain we don't all keep our places as nice as we might; and I always say it looks much better to see a place look tidy, and the children's hands and faces clean; but I can't say I go along with all that the gentleman said, neither.

Mrs. A. How so, Mrs. Brown? What was it he said, that you do not agree with?

Mrs. B. Why, Ma'am, I do think he made too much fuss about what he called "bad air." I don't understand all their long words about what the air is made of; but of course they that are clever enough to find out what it is made of, may find out that there is sometimes less of one thing in it, and more of another, and that this may be what makes it smell bad; and to be sure I know bad smells are not pleasant. But then, when he talked of the bad air being poison to us, and causing most of the fevers and sickness, why you know, Ma'am, that's more than I can believe; there seems no sense in it.

Mrs. A. I daresay it does seem very strange to you, Mrs. Brown; but if you understood a little more how the bad air poisons people, I think you would agree with me that the lecturer could hardly say too much about the mischief it causes.

Mrs. B. Well, to be sure, Ma'am, if it really did poison people, nobody would like to be poisoned if they could help it.

Mrs. A. I think, perhaps, I can partly explain to you in what way the bad air really does poison us. In the first place, I daresay you hardly understand what the bad or impure air the lecturer spoke of actually is. Bad air is nothing in the world but dirty air—foul air as it is often called.

Mrs. B. Dirty air! what a funny idea! How can the air get dirty?

Mrs. A. Exactly as everything else does, by being used. The air which you use, by breathing it in, comes out again dirty, as surely as that piece of wet flannel did, out of the inside of the cupboard you were just now cleaning with it.

Mrs. B. Dear now! how strange! Do we breathe the air, then, to clean ourselves inside, as I was cleaning the cupboard?

Mrs. A. That is one of the great uses of breathing. The air, if pure and good when we breathe it in, supplies our lungs, and by means of them our whole bodies, with a sort of food which is most necessary to our health and life, though we cannot see it; and when we breathe it out again, should carry away with it matters which our bodies have no further use for, and which, if they remain in our blood, clog and literally soil it and the delicate organs and vessels within us, just as what you call dirt does your cupboard, or your brooms, or the skin outside your body. The blood in our lungs, before it is purified by the air we breathe into them, is literally dirty, black blood; but afterward, if we are breathing good fresh clean air, it becomes bright, red, clean blood again, fit to refresh and feed our whole bodies.

Mrs. B. Does it indeed, Ma'am? That sounds very wonderful.

Mrs. A. It is very wonderful. The Bible says quite truly that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." You can understand now that air that has been breathed into our lungs comes out again dirty, as I tell you; and in the same way whenever the air comes to us over dunghills, or open drains, or rotten vegetables, or foul water, or such like, it carries with it putrid matters and particles from these, and becomes unwholesome, foul air. These unwholesome particles are so small indeed, that we cannot see them; but God has given us another sense by which we can find them out. We can smell them immediately.

Mrs. B. Then do you mean, Ma'am, that whenever we smell a bad smell in the air, there is some sort of dirt in it?

Mrs. A. Exactly so; and when we breathe this bad-smelling air into our lungs, instead of cleansing, we are positively dirtying ourselves inside, as you would do your basin or sauceman if you were to wipe them out with that dirty flannel just after cleaning the cupboard with it.

Mrs. B. And then that poisons us?

Mrs. A. It poisons our blood. You must not suppose that poison always kills people directly. Everything is really a poison which helps to cause death, whether slowly by diseases, or quickly by convulsions as some violent poisons do. And the way in which this foul air poisons us I can a little explain by comparing our lungs, with which we breathe, to a fine sieve through which the waste and all unwholesome matters from the blood are to be sifted out, and at the same time pure clean air-food is to be sifted in. Now, if we breathe air already loaded with such unwholesome matters, it helps to choke up the tiny holes in the sieve, so that not only the waste from the blood gets very imperfectly sifted out, but more waste or dirt-particles are being continually sifted or breathed in; so that the blood gets more and more dirty and unhealthy, till disease, and too often death, must follow.

Mrs. B. Well, I do remember my mother used to say that sickness and fevers came of bad blood, but I never knew how that could be. So you say it's really the dirt in the air, Ma'am, which makes bad blood, and does all the mischief?

Mrs. A. I do not say that bad air is the only thing that poisons the blood. There are other causes of illness; and some people are born less strong and healthy than others; but even when illness comes from other things, breathing foul air will always make it much worse; and the strongest, healthiest man that ever lived cannot keep his health unless he has pure, clean air to breathe.

Mrs. B. And the lecturer said, children especially pine and die for want of it.

Mrs. A. Because children are weaker and more delicate, and it takes less poison to kill or injure a child than a grown person. Besides, children need to grow as well as to live, and therefore need plenty of the best food, both in victuals and air.

Mrs. B. Well, Ma'am, I always have tried to keep my children well washed and as clean as I can outside; but now that you have told me about the air, I shall remember that that is only half the business, and that I must do all I can to keep them clean inside too.

Mrs. A. I was sure you would, Mrs. Brown, once you understood the importance of it; and I have no doubt that, by good management—opening your door and window—the top of the window, especially, remember—at proper times, never keeping anything in your room that can make it unpleasant, and keeping your children and the room itself clean, you will be able to contrive that the air in it shall be fresh and nice, particularly at night. Only be sure to remember that, whenever you smell it close or disagreeable, the air is really dirty, and pouring dirt into your children's lungs at every breath they draw.

Mrs. B. No fear I shall forget that now, Ma'am, and many thanks to you for making it out plain to me. I always was a clean body, and have no notion of leaving dirt about anywhere, much less in our insides, now I know what puts it there.—*Ladies' Sanitary Association Tract.*

ASTONISHED.

How a horse was taught to bite its food and nothing else, is told by the *Detroit Free Press*. "One of the commission houses on Woodbridge Street has a horse which was the terror of every pedestrian who got within three feet of his head. The animal has teeth like a shark, and up to a few days ago he would bite everything within reach except a pile of grindstones.

"Whipping had no effect, and he would get rid of muzzles as fast as they were put on.

"The firm had paid out considerable money to compensate the victims of his bites and was wondering what they could sell him for, when along came a man who guaranteed a cure for five dollars.

"He was told to go to work, and his first move was to get an old suit of clothes and stuff it with straw. The horse was driven down the street, and the suit was tied to a hitching-post, back to the street.

"A full pound of Cayenne pepper was then rubbed into and sprinkled over the garments and the straw stuffing, and the joke was ready.

"The horse came jogging back, and the driver left him standing six feet from the man of straw. The old biter's eyes had a twinkle as he saw a fine chance to use his teeth and as soon as left alone he began edging toward the post.

"When ready for business he made a sud-

den lunge and caught the 'man' by the shoulder. That old horse meant wickedness, but he had a surprise in store for him.

"As he lifted the figure off its feet and gave it a shake it fell apart, and his mouth, nose and eyes were filled with the smarting powder.

"Great tears rolled down his long nose, he sneezed and snorted and coughed, and he was just as chagrined at the general laugh on him as a man would have been.

"He backed away from the remnants, opened his mouth to cool it, and hung his head in shame.

"He did not cease weeping for a day, but when he got so that he could look the public square in the face he was a changed horse.

"Anybody can pull his ears or rub his nose with impunity. In fact, he courts carasses where he defied them, and on the approach of a stranger will shut his eyes and mouth as if fearful of another dose."

A STRANGE WANT.

How strange when books are such a "fountain of delight" that people gratify almost every other want first! How few young people of moderate means in furnishing a house make any reasonable provision for the buying of books. Yet often the difference between ingrain and Brussels carpets, common and cut glass, plain shades and lace curtains, would be sufficient to make a good beginning for a library. And if the books were properly selected, and not of the kind that "cometh up as a flower," they would be as good as now long after the carpets have faded and the dainty goblets gone to the ash-heaps. When people know how to buy books there is nothing of which they can get so much for their money. Almost any family that can afford a piano could buy a little self-denial have some good encyclopedias, and what an amount of information and culture may be gained by both parents and children by a habit of constant reference to it! Yet many people who consider themselves cultivated and intelligent, who perhaps wear velvet cloaks and costly jewelry, keep horses and smoke expensive cigars, content themselves with a showy edition of Dickens, half a dozen "blue and gold" poets, and a few miscellaneous books, and call it a library.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

WATCH THE READING FOR CHILDREN.

Parents should give their children the advantages of a good, healthy library, and furnish them with papers that respect the morals. Select the matter for your children. Take time, since the whole future of your son or daughter may lie directly in the literature which you may place before them. The writer knows of cases that came under his own observation which resulted in great harm, and all the result of reading illth. You are interested in the future of your child; take care of the reading matter. There is nothing more injurious to the development of the mind and the formation of character in young people than for them to form the habit of reading corrupt literature. It is in such books that the false side of life is given to the young, and they will get the idea that life is not the great earnest battle which each must fight for himself. It is from what we read that we derive many of our thoughts and ideas, which influence many of our deeds and actions in after life. If our reading is pure, the thoughts obtained will likewise be pure, but if it is degrading in its nature, it will pull us down to a level with itself.

PILAU.—Cut up a chicken as for fricassee. Put it into a kettle with the liver, gizzard, heart, and a slice or two of bacon; cover with boiling water; season with pepper and salt, and leave it to stew slowly till quite tender; then take it from the pot, without the water in which it was stewed, and set where it will keep hot. Wash half a pint of rice and boil it in the broth made from the chicken. There should be one pint of it. If there is not that quantity, add some boiling water; cover close and boil till the rice has absorbed the broth; then uncover and let the rice dry a few minutes. Serve on a platter, with the chicken placed on the rice.

HOUSEHOLD SOFT SOAP.—Lye for soap can be made by placing a barrel without a bottom on a grooved board. It should be placed aslant, and a vessel put beneath to hold the lye as it drips from the barrel. Put a little straw in the barrel, and two quarts of lime on it, then fill it with wood ashes and pour on it one gallon of cistern

water every three hours, the first, the third, and the fifth days. When the lye is sufficiently strong to float an egg, put it in an iron kettle; when boiling, add to 7½ gallons of lye, 5½ pounds of grease, and boil three minutes, and stir thoroughly every day; if it does not become thick in a few days, add two quarts of cold cistern water.

HOME-MADE HARD SOAP.—Add 4 gallons of strong boiling lye, three pounds of clean grease; boil until very thick, then add one-half pint of salt, and 2½ oz. borax, to every two gallons of soap; boil a little longer. When cold cut in pieces, and put in a dry place.

TOILET SOAP.—Cut very thin and small, 4 pounds of yellow soap into a tin pail, and put the pail in a kettle half-filled with boiling water; when melted, add 1 pound of olive oil, one pound of strained honey, a few drops of bergamot, or the oil of cinamon.

TO PREVENT CHURNS OVERFLOWING.—Take the body of the churn and cut a groove around the inside of the mouth, about three inches from the top and three-eighths of an inch deep, and then remove half the thickness of the wood, making a shoulder all around; then take the cover and cut it to fit nicely inside, and you have now done away with the necessity of cloths, tubs, pans, &c., heretofore required to save the cream flowing over.

PUZZLES.

A LOGOGRIPH.

A mournful ballad find in me;
Behold, an inflorescence see;
Curtail, and I mean veily;
Behold, and persons quick appear;
Curtail, a pronoun now is here.

REBUS.

P

Y

THIRD LETTER CHANGES.

1. Something in case of fire; 2. Change third letter and you have what we all desire; 3. Change again and you have a beautiful place; 4. Change again and you have an obsolete word, meaning to raise; 5. Again, and something that is unpleasant in roads. All these words commence with H, and contain four letters each.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

In grumble, not in smile.
In roofing, not in life.
In blockade, not in siege.
In sovereign, not in liege.
In trouble, not in sorrow.
In give, but not in burrow.
In evasion, not in shift.
In keepsake, not in gift.
Two pretty birds are we;
We love our liberty.
Please leave our nests in peace,
Or our merry songs will cease.

SQUARE WORD.

- To harmonize.
- To broil.
- Stern.
- A select portion of society.
- Officer in a church.

DECAPITATIONS—BIBLE ANIMALS, &c.

- Behold a bird and leave pale.
- Behold an animal and leave something used by artists.
- Behold one animal and leave another.
- Behold a species of animals, taken collectively, and leave a beverage.
- Behold a species of animals, and leave a kind of grain.
- Behold insects and leave hard water.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF AUGUST 1.

Charade.—Love one another.
How Many Books.—Romans, Job, Colossians, Mark, Kings, Ephesians, Esther, Joel, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Peter, Malachi, Numbers, Titus, Obadiah, Lamentations, Habakkuk, James, Galatians, Hosea, Nehemiah, Amos, Judges, Haggai, Hebrews, Daniel, Proverbs, Isaiah, Numbers, Chronicles, Genesis, Corinthians, Philippians, Solomon's Song, Revelation, Exodus, John, Samuel, Psalms, Micah, Matthew, Ezra, Luke, Philimon.
Rebus.—P-over-ty—Poverty.
Charade.—Intemperance.
Six Hidden Words.—Ebro, Tyne, new Dwinna, Po, Red. ible ew:

GALLON ONE