

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A RAINY DAY.

'Raining again!' I exclaimed, as I raised my head from the pillow and listened to the steady drip, drip. 'What shall I do? The children will be shut in the house all day and that awful ironing on hand, too. But it won't help the matter to grumble; one has to bear these things, I suppose.'

Of course, I was discouraged before beginning my day's work, and when the children appeared there was no cheerful word to set them right, and as one of them said, with tears in her eyes, 'Oh, dear! I'm so sorry it's a stormy day; for we were going to have so much fun under the big tree, I took up the strain.'

'You can't be more sorry than I am. I suppose you'll all try what mischief you can get into to-day, for I've that basketful of clothes to iron and I never knew it to fail but you'd exert yourselves if I'd anything special to do.'

'I'll take care of Mame and Fred,' said Elinor, who forgot her own disappointment in pity, which I felt was altogether undeserved, for my annoyance.

'I shall be very glad of your help, I answered, smothering my ill-temper as I went to work. The breakfast things were soon washed, and everything in readiness to commence ironing; but the first sheet was barely folded and hung upon the rack when little Mame fell with her doll. A broken arm for dolly and almost a broken heart for Mame was the result. I looked despairingly at the huge pile of unironed clothes, then cried:

'Go along with that doll, for pity's sake! If you could keep one whole for five minutes it would be a blessing. Take it to Elinor; she can fix it as well as I can.'

Elinor tried most faithfully, but failed. Mame cried and cried, until in sheer desperation I stopped and tied up the broken arm. By that time the irons were cool and the fire almost burned out. The fresh coal was slow to heat, and by lunch time only half a dozen plain pieces were finished. I hurried through luncheon and placed the dishes on the kitchen table, determined to get the benefit of the irons while they were hot; but no sooner was I well at work than Mame's jumping rope pulled a pitcher from the table; the crash brought me to the spot, but not in time to save Elinor who, in her anxiety to catch the pitcher, lost her balance and fell upon one of the broken bits, cutting her hand and frightening us both. Fred in the meantime had upset the syrup jug while trying to reach some twine from the pantry shelf, and this proved the last feather weight I could bear. Elinor's hand was wrapped up, Fred reduced to a more presentable condition and then we all indulged in a 'good cry.' Fred, Elinor, Mame and myself all wept in sincere sympathy with each other, and pity for ourselves.

At this juncture I heard a light rap, the door opened and Mrs. Herril, my neighbor, appeared.

'I didn't wait for any ceremony,' she said, 'for it's raining as if it never rained before, but I wanted you to have some of these biscuits; raised ones you know. Why, what are you all crying about?' I hesitated to enumerate my woes and she continued, taking in the situation at a glance, 'I know exactly what you've been doing! You got up tired, it's a dreary day and you've tried to do an unusual amount of work. The children have been awfully troublesome—'

I smiled through my tears as she paused, for the picture was true to life.

'Now, my dear,' she went on, 'put that basket away. I don't believe in giving advice, but I've learned two or three things by actual experience. The wisest thing any mother can do, when she awakens tired and out of sorts and hears the patter of the rain outside, is to consider how little she can possibly manage to do on that particular day. There's always mending on hand, or some such work, that may be accomplished while you are cosily ensconced in the pleasantest corner of the sitting-room. Let the children bring their playthings into this same cheerful nook and you will be able to watch them and take a good many stitches beside. They will appreciate having a day with mamma, and instead of dreading the inclement weather that compels them to stop indoors, they'll

soon look forward to a rainy morning as the harbinger of a red-letter day. If several stormy mornings follow each other, adhere to the same plan for the day and take a couple of evenings for the ironing after the little ones are asleep, and both you and the children will be the better for it.'

I had scarcely time to thank her when she was gone, but the sunshine she brought with her still remained. Fortunately, the next day was fine and the ironing completed without difficulty, but ever since that memorable afternoon I have worked according to the plan suggested by my kind-hearted neighbor, in whom I had the fullest faith, as she has the most cheerful, happy family I have ever known.

Her prophecy has been fulfilled and Mame will shout gleefully:

'It's raining, Fred! did you know it? We'll get our playthings right away and be all ready to visit when mamma gets the mending basket.'—*Erato, in Babyhood.*

KITCHEN CONVENIENCES.

Any convenience in a kitchen is appreciated by the busy housewife. In a house where there is no hall, a closet adjoining a kitchen is a great convenience. If it is large enough, have a window, have hooks for coats, hats, etc., and boxes for shoes, rubbers, and such articles; a workstand, or shelf, with looking-glass hanging over it, also a wash bowl, an umbrella stand, chairs, and a large paper holder, for holding paper sacks and wrapping papers that come from the stores.

If there is no other suitable place, the clothes-basket, clothes-pins, and ironing-board may be stored away in the closet. Of course, such a closet would be convenient in a house where there was a hall, but in such a case there would not need to be an umbrella stand, nor many hooks for coats, etc. There could be a door, or a curtain made of cotton flannel, or denim, instead.

If the kitchen is large enough, have some kind of a couch, with a paper rack close by, with the latest magazine or paper in it; likewise have a letter holder somewhere in the kitchen. A closed cupboard for lamps, a clock, and calendar should always find a place in the kitchen. A bag for holders is more convenient than nails or a shelf.

Do not burn every bit of waste paper that comes into the house, and every time you want a piece of paper have to hunt an hour for it. If the sacks and large pieces of paper are folded nicely and laid away, they are useful for a good many purposes, and the pieces that are torn can be used to kindle fires, singe poultry, etc.

Another convenient appendage to a kitchen is a shady porch, with a cosy seat, where the tired housewife may sit and rest on a warm day. Vines may be trained over it, and even a rosebush near by, and I dare say it will be appreciated equally as well as though it were over the sitting-room door.—*Hope Summers, in Housekeeper.*

MONEY FOR CHILDREN.

There is a great deal said about the value of an allowance for children, and it is certainly a wise plan to train them to spend small sums judiciously that they may learn the value of money while young.

But perhaps many parents live on farms where money comes in slowly or irregularly, so that an allowance for their children is out of the question.

I would suggest to them that they give to their young people something on the farm that shall yield an income, though ever so small. Let them have a hive of bees, or a few hens of their own, or perhaps a lamb or calf, but insist that any expense incurred by their pets shall be met by themselves from their profits.

If none of these ways seem practical, let them have a piece of ground on which to experiment with berries, small fruit, or vegetables or give them the yield of certain apple trees for a season, provided they do the work involved themselves.

It may require a little sacrifice to make the gift or to bother with the unskilful work of the children's hands, but in a small way they will be receiving a valuable business training worth more to them than a regular allowance from the family purse.—*E. M. T., in the Household.*

THE CARE OF CLOTHING.

Much of the wear and tear which uses up good clothing may be averted by constant care. Gowns should be brushed before hanging up in closets. It is best to have this done as soon as possible after taking them off, thoroughly removing the traces of street dust and mud from facings, seams, and gathers. The neat woman does not brush her gown in her own chamber, but takes it into the bath-room and brushes it beside an open window, or, better still, has it carried out of doors for the operation.

Disease germs may be carried home in clothing, and, were this not the case, it is a very untidy proceeding to put into one's wardrobe an article of dress which has not been thoroughly cleaned.

When the French woman takes off her bonnet she does not bundle it at once into a bandbox, or throw it hastily on a shelf, or hang it up on a peg. Not she. Every little loop and bow is pulled out and put into shape, strings are gently caressed into smoothness, jots and aigrettes are straightened and fastened in position, and the bonnet receives the touch of the brush to remove dust, and then it is laid between folds of tissue-paper, and is ready for its next appearance, as fresh and new, to all intent, as when it left the milliner's hand.

Gloves are expensive articles, no matter how sedulous the care bestowed upon them. But gloves will last a third longer than they usually do if pulled off the hand from the wrist down, and turned inside out, as is done when they are tried on in the shops. If laid by themselves, properly straightened and not crumpled into a tight ball, and if mended at the instant a rip shows itself, a pair of gloves will long retain their pristine freshness. It is good policy to have best and second best gloves, and gloves for shopping and running about. In our chilly winters the last-mentioned should be of dog-skin, and sufficiently loose not to cramp the hand. Light gloves may be cleaned more than once to advantage.

Shoes with yawning gaps where buttons should be, at once convict the wearer of heedlessness. A gentlewoman may wear coarse shoes or patched shoes, her boots may be clumsy or ill-fitting if the state of her purse forbids her having elegance, but she will not be seen in boots from which the buttons have become loosened or lost. A large needle and stout thread will replace a button, and it requires only a moment's work, and the wearer will part with no portion of her self-respect if she does this as a matter of habit.

Neckties, ribbons, belts, and the several little fanciful adjuncts which add a touch of distinction to a woman's costume should be kept in dainty boxes of their own.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHILDREN'S COURAGE.

To exercise due care of what our children read is necessary if we would protect them from either physical or moral fear. A girl whom I once knew suffered agonies for years whenever she was seated at the piano, often rising in terror at the fancied pressure of an invisible hand on her shoulder, the result of reading a weird German tale, in which the heroine was pursued by a wan, bloodless hand. After she was married, and had babes of her own, the mere mention of this heroine's name was sufficient to bring back the wretched discomfort which that story had imposed on her life.

A boy of more than average intelligence, and a champion runner, wrestler and ball-player, told me that from fourteen to eighteen he never went to bed without arranging a complete armory in the room, bringing out two or three rusty guns, an old sword, and a club, and arranging them in convenient positions for defensive use.

'What on earth was the matter that you made such grand preparations?' I inquired.

'Oh! I had read so many stories of Indian warfare and tales of piracy that my mind was full of haphazard notions. I never knew what might be about to occur, and I thought it as well to be ready for attack.'

Moral courage is of a higher order than physical, and is not infrequently found in children who have little of the latter quality. For instance, Ellen, who faints at the sight of a burn or a scratch, and cannot help nor control this failing of the physical heart, may bravely take the responsibility of a serious accident, and bravely acknow-

ledge herself in the wrong, and ask pardon, if she is convinced that she has been impulsive or mistaken. In 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' the brave little fellow, who said his prayers while the boots of his scoffing comrades were flying around his head, displayed a lofty moral courage. Magnificent soldiers have left on record the fact that they never went into action without suffering from physical fear, which it required the utmost effort to their wills to overcome. So we should not despair when our children meet the unfamiliar with apprehension, or are afraid of the dark.

At the same time, no servant should be retained who violates the injunction never to wilfully frighten a child.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sitting beside an evening lamp, a very tired looking reader is nervously stitching away, finishing a garment that is to be worn by her twelve-year-old daughter for the first time next day. This mother is working herself into a headache and almost into a fever to get this pretty costume done before midnight.

'Has Matilda no other dress to wear?' innocently inquires the good man of the house, to be answered rather curtly:

'To be sure she has, John, but nothing suitable; and the child has set her heart on having this for Sunday-school to-morrow. If you will please not interrupt me, I'll be able to finish it.'

Whereat John subsides. But I am not John, and I am not to be cheated of my chance for a gentle homily. Please, good mother, why cannot your little girlie wait another week, and you rest a while this Saturday night, so that you will be fresh and in good trim, body and soul, for the duties of the Lord's day. New clothing is very pretty, and very charming it is to share a child's satisfaction in it, but it is dearly bought if it costs her weary mother a headache.

By the way, a much respected friend of mine has made it her rule for many years never to wear a new hat or gown or wrap, for the first time, to church on the Sabbath. She thinks there should be no distraction of the thoughts on that day and in that place, and so she always airs her new things first somewhere else.

Saturday night should not, if we can help ourselves, be used for social pleasures which are not concluded until midnight. A quiet space between the busy week, with its cares and duties, and the beautiful day of rest should be given, if not to meditation, to tranquility, thus letting a margin be ours for the proper toilette of the soul.—*Aunt Marjorie, in Christian Intelligencer.*

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Kerosene, liberally applied, will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water.

Oil-cloths will last twice as long if a layer or two of wadded carpet lining are placed under them.

Ease tired feet by bathing them in warm water in which a few lumps of saleratus have been dissolved.

Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes, and see how much vexation it saves, and how satisfactory the result.

Paint, varnish, or japan may be softened or easily removed from old surfaces with a solution of caustic potash.

To keep a closet or pantry dry and sweet place a box of lime upon one of the shelves. It will absorb all dampness.

To clean a brown porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as new.

Rub your lamp chimneys, after washing, with dry salt, and you will be delighted with the new brilliancy of your lights.

To remove stains of blood, saturate the spots in kerosene and let stand a time; afterwards wash out in warm water.

Gas is always objectionable in a sick-room, as it exhausts the air; and in bedrooms, generally, it should not be used.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whitening, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking.

An uncomfortable, tight shoe may be made easy by laying a cloth wet in hot water across where it pinches, changing, as it cools, several times. During the process the leather will shape itself to the foot.—*Annals of Hygiene.*