

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ALPHABET OF HEALTH.

- A—s soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet.
- B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet.
- C—hildren, if healthy, are active, not still;
- D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill.
- E—at slowly, and always chew your food well;
- F—reshen the air in the house where you dwell.
- G—arments must never be made too tight;
- H—omes should be healthy, airy and light.
- I—f you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
- J—ust open the windows before you go out.
- K—eep your rooms always tidy and clean;
- L—et dust on the furniture never be seen.
- M—uch illness is caused by the want of pure air;
- N—ow to open the windows be ever your care.
- O—ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
- P—eople should see that their floors are well swept;
- Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;
- R—emember, the young cannot thrive without light;
- S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
- T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim.
- U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
- V—ery sad are the fevers that come in its train.
- W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigued.
- X—erxes could walk full many a league.
- Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
- Z—eal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

A DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL.

"I don't know what's the matter with mother. I can't please her."  
 "I can tell you," said Will's little brother bluntly, "she's cross."  
 "My—my son," said the father reprovingly, evidently particularly sorry that I, as "company," should hear the boys. Fortunately Will and the truthful James disappeared, and John laid down his paper with a sigh. "I don't know what's the matter," he said, in very much Will's tone—loyal to "mother," yet disapproving of the state of things.  
 "I do," said I, and I fear John thought I was going to echo the little brother, "I do. She has not been out of this house for three days. If you had been shut up within four walls for two days there would be no living with you. Lizzie bears it better, but even her patience and natural sweetness of disposition give way under the strain."  
 "What's to be done?" asked John after he had meditated for a moment over Lizzie's sweetness.  
 "Supper comes next; but as soon as that is over, I would get Lizzie out of the house. I'll put Jim to bed, and you must keep her out in the air for at least an hour."  
 "She won't go?"  
 "I knew that would be the difficulty. Have a headache, or some trouble or other, and ask her to go for your sake."  
 "O, but she's used to my going out alone."  
 "More shame to you!" I growled, and I hope John withered and shrank inside.  
 "If you ask her to go I'll see that she accepts."  
 I then hunted up Lizzie—one woman always knows where to find another after she has been "cross"—and talked in this wise: "Lizzie, you are not only very unhappy yourself, but you are making your children and husband unhappy."  
 "I know it—I've prayed—" sobbed Lizzie.  
 "God wants you to obey. There is no use breaking His laws and then praying. Do your praying out in the open air, instead of lying in your bed with your head buried in the pillows. Now, Lizzie, when you and I were girls, you were pretty and I was plain, what does your glass say now?"  
 Lizzie flushed. She had been a pretty woman, but was yellow and faded. She was always too busy to do more than be tidy, and her good looks were almost a thing of the past.

"You have naturally a lovely complexion but the pores of your skin are all stopped up. Try a good dose of fresh air every day and see what a change it will make. Now John is going to ask you to take a walk after tea, and I beg you to go. I'll put Jim to bed, and tell him such a story that he will long for you to go every night. There is the tea bell."

Two hours later my friends came in. Lizzie's cheeks were quite pink from the wind, her eyes looked bright, and she was full of delight over some flowers which John had given her. We drew our chairs together, and talked of women's need of fresh air.

"I never thought of how necessary it is," said John penitently, "and then Lizzie was always too busy."

"And will be again," said Lizzie. "It's no use talking, I can't spare time to go out every day."

Then I held forth, and without giving the exact words, I will state my side of the argument. A woman owes it to her husband and children to keep well, she cannot do so unless she breathes the fresh air of every day. She may not get absolutely ill from housing herself, but she is not at her best. Now one thing that hinders a woman from running out into the air is "dressing." Do let us be independent in this matter! Then, as to time, I know it is difficult to break off from your sewing or housework and run out, and it requires another effort to pick up your work again when you return, but it pays and it is your duty. Choose some certain hour, and as nearly as possible keep to it, except when you are to be out during another part of the day. I know one very busy mother who walks to school with her young daughter every day. She thought she could not possibly spare the time, but her physician persuaded her to try it, and now the strength she has gained makes her able to work so much faster that the half-hour is not missed. Another might find it better to take an evening stroll; it is not quite so good, but it is far better than none at all. Your mind will work better, your appetite be more keen, and the children will not find you "cross" half so often. You can pray to God as you walk the streets. Think over your perplexities in the open air and many of them will vanish. We magnify our own importance when we shut ourselves up at home.—*Sol.*

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

Is there anything in the Bible which appeals to the housekeeper more forcibly than the desire of the Shunamite to prepare a guest chamber for the man of God who sometimes honored her house with his presence?

How simple, yet how comprehensive, were her preparations: "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick, and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

See how everything essential to the comfort of a guest is remembered—the bed, the table, the seat, the light. Privacy is provided for too. The guest's habits and tastes are considered. He may be alone as much as he pleases and he shall be made thoroughly comfortable in his seclusion.

No home is quite complete in which there is no room for welcome guests. Many homes are so contracted in space that no place can be allotted for what used to be called "the spare room." Yet guests should be entertained, even if the young people of the household are thereby inconvenienced. There is such a thing as letting our comforts make us selfish, and, once in a while, if a young girl or a lad resign the pleasant room which is his or her own in favor of a friend for a day's or a week's occupation, the compensation will be found in character-building. People who never are called upon to make any sacrifice are seldom generous and unselfish.

By all means let us have a guest chamber, if we can, set apart for the uses of hospitality.

Now a word about its furnishing. The taste of the present day will lead us to make it beautiful. Our pretty pictures shall be placed in it; our daintiest shams and spreads shall adorn the couch; our bits of bric-a-brac shall be disposed in pretty ways and places. That is all as it should be.

But let us see to it, friends that the bed

itself shall be a comfortable one. Even if we have no lace spread or ruffled and fluted pillow-slips, let there be soft woollen blankets for warmth and additional bed-clothing, either blankets or soft "comforts," in the room, easily to be seen and made available by the visitor. Let the table have a Bible on it, one or two interesting books, and writing materials, and be of sufficient size for use. Let the "stool," if the room be for a lady's occupation, be transformed into a modern rocking chair. And let the "candlestick" stand for plenty of light, so that the guest need not grope about when preparing for bed. There should be matches and a place to deposit the burnt ends thereof.

There should be toilet soap, an abundant supply of water and plenty of towels, with one or two wash-cloths. The towels should not be new nor slippery, as such are a weariness to the flesh. A comb and brush, hand-glass, pins, button-hook and whisk-broom should be accessible in every guest chamber.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE INEXPEDIENCY FOR CHRISTIANS OF A SHOWY HOME.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.

I know a good man who was long in moderate circumstances and has now grown rich. Just lately he moved into a handsome house on a handsome street. There is a contradictoriness in his position which continually strikes me. In the old home he might naturally be thought of as living for God's service, here, not without an effort. Therefore, there he could be strict and yet like others; here not, only by a constant rebuffing of people. The families in this row live high and fast, the new-comers are supposed to do the same, so that a long course of drawing back will be needed to establish the contrary in the public mind. But living in a state of saying "No" is not considered pleasant. Why court it?

It was comparatively easy before to dress plainly. It was comparatively easy to spend money only where it would do most good. The strain of trying to act as a steward of God increases tenfold when this first step into showy living is taken. And, after all, it is chiefly a disadvantage. The older children move into a set of friends less to be desired, at least they do formally, and probably a real change gradually takes place. The little children begin their knowledge of life in the midst of this circle, and no ordinary care can attach them only to the best and truest.

The opportunity for good alliances grows less instead of greater. The sons may or may not succumb to the added glitter of the new acquaintances, but the change more decidedly affects the daughters. The old friends come around, perhaps more than ever, but most of them change their base in coming. They come for friendship, for pleasure, and for social eclat, but put behind them all dream of losing their hearts; for these goddesses, living in elegance, are beyond the reach of young men who can hope for but a very few thousands a year. The sphere of possibilities narrows immediately. Only rich men, or veritable fortune-hunters, will be apt to ask them to leave such a glittering home. The rich ones are few, and no more desirable, man for man; and moreover the girls had very nearly the same chance in that quarter before. Meantime they may be as simple and homespun as ever, and vaguely wonder at the cooler atmosphere which seems to have settled around them.

Where is the good of it? Is anybody a whit better off?—*Morning Star.*

THE DESIRE to live in the cities is an all-pervading one, and it is sad to see it indulged in even by young girls. As shop girls and factory hands their lot is a hard one, the hours are long, the rules oppressive, they usually work in an overheated and impure atmosphere, and are, owing to extreme competition, paid but a mere pittance. In the great and beautiful country are open doors, pure air laden with the perfume of flowers and echoing the songs of birds. Girls in the country are not chained down to a monotony of labor; its varied rest to weary bones. They are fully and well paid peculiarly, besides which they gain in physical and moral health. City life is demoralizing and the temptations are many.—*Practical Farmer.*

PUZZLES.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first and second a name disclose  
 That every reader of Sterne well knows;  
 My last is another, but slightly disguised,  
 Which Shakespeare's pen has immortalized.  
 My whole is an ornament, useful and light,  
 Admired by day, and still more by night.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is an infirm old man like a musical character?

ANAGRAMS.

- The bar.
- The law.
- Yourself.
- To love ruin.

A VERY HEARTY BREAKFAST, IN TWENTY-ONE COVERED DISHES.

This morning at breakfast each one had something to say on the topic of feeding tame birds.

"In that field yonder I have gathered from every acre a myriad of insects for my birds," said Su garnishing her remarks with such a shrug as to astonish our friend from Chautauqua. I laughed softly, while Su went on talking and gesticulating.

"If I feed one of them before I do Jack, he will go at me almost as fiercely as a cross parrot; yet he has more droll, sweet, saucy ways than all the others. If I should put on too sombre a dress, he would droop or keep silent till I brightened it up with flowers or gay ribbons; then with a manner that shows his approval he cheers up at once.

"He can be effectually distressed by my pretending to weep; but let any one say: 'beg, Jack; beg good fashion,' and he will twitter most pitifully till I very often feel sorry for having teased him.

"He is not afraid of wind, but terribly frightened by thunder.

"There is a spot at one side of the yard to which he flies the minute I let him out of the cage, where he begins to scratch the enamel on the glazed wall, or to pick leaves from the vines. If I cry out: 'Stop! I expect you will choke yourself with one, you greedy bird,' he will open his bill in this way." And Su mimicked Jack in such a funny way that we laughed till breakfast was over.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

- 1st = Mar
  - 2nd = tin
  - 3rd = Lut (of lute)
  - 4th = her
- MARTIN LUTHER.

ENIGMATICAL AUTHORS.—1. Black-stone. 2. Cow-per. 3. Hood. 4. Gold-smith. 5. John-son. 6. Chau-der.

ANNEXES.—Ar-Ara-Arab-Arabi-Arabia. ENIGMA—Mismunage.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Isaac Utter, Everett D. Stone, J. P. Leeks, and Mabel McLaughlin.

A WELL-DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

Many ladies are mistresses of themselves except in times of emergency, and few there are who at such times are controlled. When a servant accidentally drops a dish, or spills a cup of coffee, or upsets a plate of soup, or when accidents occur by members of the family, there are few ladies who do not speak in a high and agitated tone of voice. Pope expressed his admiration of those who could control themselves at such times, when he wrote of a fine lady of his day, "And mistress of herself though china fall." Gentlemen, as a rule, are far more calm under such circumstances than ladies, and often give a humorous turn to some unfortunate blunder, as for instance, when a gentleman who was carving a turkey which suddenly slipped from the platter and into the lady's lap who sat next him, said, as quick as thought, and in a severe tone, "Madam, I'll thank you for that turkey."

It is certainly far more becoming in every lady to control herself and be calm and collected amid the many accidents and blunders that occur in greater or less number in every family.—*Standard.*

TURKEY FRITTERS.—A good way to use up bits of cold turkey is to cut them in pieces of uniform size, if possible; make a batter of milk and flour and an egg, sprinkle pepper and salt over the cold fowl and mix with the batter, fry as you do any kind of fritters in hot lard, drain and serve hot. This is a good breakfast dish.