A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—Etc.

(Continued.)

"I think a sensitive person would suffer sufficiently for self blame."

"That is my theory. Why, I have seen little children frightened into falsehood, and then punished for being liars. Naturally, children are honest and truthful. Their souls are murdered in youth, and then we look about us and ask why the age is so material. I assure you, Everett, that fault-finding is the bane of domestic happiness. It will wreck at last even a home where all the cardinal virtues are practised. What thoroughly mystifies me is how people can shut their eyes to its effects. A woman will risk her life to have a child and then torture it with her tongue until the little creature is an example of distorted humanity. And this fatal error seems to be a thing of temperament, a constitutional disease. One of the happiest men I know is a fellow who could not construct a grammatical sentence, and I think his spelling is phonetic; yet he carries with him an atmosphere of joy. It is a perfect delight to visit him. His wife is an embodiment of health and good humor, and she looks like an elder sister of her own great boys and girls. I just watched his method, and found it was not a matter of chance, although it had become second nature. He discovered the good everywhere. He told me, one day, that he had grown up in an old-fashioned family of blue Presbyterians. The propriety of a child's laughter was a question of grave discussion. He was then, as now, merry-hearted, full of health and hopeful. He concluded that nothing worth having is got by quarrelling, and finally left the house, having registered a mental vow never to find fault with anybody. If he saw nothing to praise in the conduct of another he could at least, refrain from condemnation. His wonderful rule has worked to perfection. He has conquered peace and he bears it about with him. His children are trained not to carp at each other or find fault with the servants. Now, Everett, I want you to consider these remarks at your leisure."

"I shall begin at once to test your friend's rule."

"Do. You will find it magical in its tonic results. You will be amazed at the good that is in human nature, and as its beauties increase its frailties disappear."

"I had a very nice talk with father just before I left the house. I needn't tell you how delighted he is, and he wants you to feel perfectly at ease about the financial side of the subject. I have never earned a dollar—"

"Oh, I don't think that you and Rose will be in great need of any of the comforts of life. The average man, if he is industrious, can make headway in this country. We are surrounded by money-getters. That is a minor consideration; People can be wretched in a palace and supremely happy in a garret. The question is one of temperament and mutual sympathy."

"Encouragement."

"Yes. I'll send Rose here. I suppose you two have a great deal to say to each other."

"Yes, and Monday morning will have to be faced. However, I am going back this time with a new theory of the future."

Everett's smile was beautiful to reflect upon.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Pounce took great comfort out of his house which held the chief place in his affections. Inanimate objects excited his curiosity, roused his admiration, absorbed his attention, and even won his devotion and inspired his love. Many of his leisure hours were spent in old curiosity shops and among the treasures of pawn-brokers. In unredeemed pledges he read strange stories of romance and pathos. For these silent witnesses of the secrets of broken hearts he arranged the most beautiful receptacles. Satin and velvet lined cases, protected by glass, contained the costly, delicate objects that he desired to possess and willingly rescued from sad obscurity. Disappointed in love, his admiration and appreciation of the beautiful took refuge in works of art. His collections were his pets. He handled them, sat with them, watched them with jealous eyes, and only exhibited them to a select few among his visitors. Rose followed him eagerly when he proposed showing her his rooms, and was glad to hear that he had purposely named an earlier hour for her visit so as to enjoy her society before the arrival of his other dinner guests.

His pride in his home was natural. He had certainly designed a beautiful dwelling for his own convenience and satisfaction. Each room, in finish and furnishing, was an example of a certain wood, carved and polished to display its peculiar beauties. Rose could only laugh and shake her head when he wanted her to name her favorite. The oak hall was massive, and the great fire-place quite suggestive of historical romance. The white drawing-room was charmingly delicate. Then again, the ebony oval gallery, with its wealth of pictures, challenged her verdict. He took her into a library, where the dark mohogany seemed the most beautiful and appropriate of backgrounds to the rows of valuable books. Yet the dining-room in black walnut was a study of harmonious colors.

"How did you ever plan it all?"

"It took time, but I enjoyed every moment of it. I think the music-room will delight you. It is maple. I have over one hundred different woods in this house."

"A combination of forests! You can imagine yourself in any part of the world."

"Precisely. Perhaps the upper floors will give you the most pleasure. There I have the odorous woods of the East."

So they examined the finish of apartments that were rivals in beauty and comfort. One was in bamboo, another in satin-wood, so smooth that it seemed desecration to step upon it. The sandal-wood was perfect, its fragrance so delightful that Rose had almost chosen it, when a small room in olive-wood asserted its claims to preference. They came to several of cedar, and one suite was of rose-wood, so exquisite that Rose refused to make a decision. A carved bench was very inviting. She sat down to enjoy the effect, and Mr. Pounce unlocked a cabinet and displayed his collection of Dresden china.

"How would you like to turn collector?"

He was standing, holding a little figure for her admiration.

"I don't know," she spoke slowly. "If one could feel sure that some one else would value the things and keep them together."

"Bah! I've spent forty years hunting up my treasures. I know the result. Don't I read the papers? As soon as I am buried my heirs will clear all these things to an auction-room, and get the dollar-and-cent value for them. I attend the sales of other collections; these objects change hands regularly."

"Wouldn't one of your heirs take care of them if you willed them to him?"

"Which one, for instance?"

"I'm sure I don't know them. You might leave the whole house, as it stands, as an educator to the public."

"The Pounce Museum, eh? That might do. That is a capital idea. What put it into your head?"

"The advertisements that you mentioned. They are so pathetic."

"Well, a man has the pleasure and edification as he makes his purchases, and he can't take them with him. Scattered in an auction-room, they serve to delight and educate others. Still, I like your suggestion. I must say that the prospect of my beautiful rooms being sublet to boarders often annoys me."

"It would take me months to really enjoy all these rooms; besides, I am too ignorant now to even appreciate what is before me. I should study, so as to profit by what you have shown me You have acquired your knowledge so gradually that it does not seem a weight to you. Such a lovely place as this would be a charming resort for students."

"I could have a salaried caretaker here. I own books that would verify research. I think you have solved a vexatious problem for me. I want to show you my plants before any one comes. You know, the mob is a humbug! People handle and pinch my fine specimens and break off leaves and steal blossoms; so I keep my door locked. Now, I have noticed that you have used your eyes only."

"I was taught to look and never touch."

"I see. By the way, that is a good ruby. How long have you had it?"

"Since last Saturday. It was put on with a wish."

"That's all right. A ruby! Hum! I seldom ask questions. As a rule, I take no interest in such affairs; but is this significant?"

"Yes."

"Do I know him?"

"Yes, and I know we can trust you. It is Mr. Everett."

Rose flushed and looking up from her lovely ring, saw an odd expression flash in Mr. Pounce's eyes; his cheeks reddened unbecomingly.

"I know of him."

"Yes, I remember hearing him say that he rarely met you."

"Where is he to-day?"

"In New Haven. He graduates this year."

"Oh, I see. What is his bent?"

"I don't know that he has any in particular."

"Versatile?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"Another idler in the family!"

"Why do you judge him on no acquaintance?"

"Well, partly because my critical powers are active. A good naturalist can construct the entire animal from one bone."

"So I read. Mr. Everett is not a solitary bone; neither is he an old curiosity to be analyzed and classified. He belongs to the period, and he uses his own head." Rose laughed merrily.

"He seems to have made very good use of it in one direction. So you like him for himself."

"You would, too."

"You flatter me."

"I think if you studied him carefully and without prejudice that you could form a just estimate of his character."

"What do you consider his strong point?"

"His thoughtfulness for others."

"He must be a unique!"

"Yes; when you arrange your living specimens, he will be quite an addition to the collection;"

"My dear young lady, human curios are not so interesting to me as these that I live among. These do not change, and time improves them. Here is a bit of baked clay, with a little decoration done by a master's hand. The hand is dust, the art lives. This is here to charm us after a lapse of three centuries. Think of the human beings that have come and gone within that period!"

"This is the imprint of a soul on china."

"So you deduce immortality. Ah! well; if one could reach souls the effort might meet repayment. It is beyond me now. I am happy with mementos of those whose souls are beyond. My girl, I have here the quintessence of what we call genius. Does it not culminate, bubble, overflow and crystallize in these treasures — in books, in pictures, in every work of art? The best survives for our delectation. What do we want with the merely commonplace attributes of these exotics in Nature's conservatories? You receive the best of the artist in his work. There isn't time nor opportunity to find what is worth having in exceptional people. They are sensitive plants to the average individual. But don't misjudge me. Look about, and you will see pictures by living men, Americans. I buy what suits me. The paint may be wet or it may be cracked with age. Sympathy and praise and ostentations hospitality are well enough in their place; but I have lived an active, business life. If you want to show your appreciation for genius, buy an author's books and an artist's pictures. There is a ring of sincerity in your bit of silver or gold. They buy bread and butter."

"You and Mr. Powers think alike about the subject. I am going with him and a party to visit the studios."

"Well, you'll be astonished, if you are at all observing, at what you will see. Read between the lines, and you will find the curse of the times. Humbug and cleverness apparently on top, filling the canvas. The legitimate in art is off somewhere, hibernating. The fact is that the man whose heart and conscience are in his art finds himself isolated and in danger of starvation. Your man who temporizes is the man of the hour. He makes his appeal to what he recognizes in human nature. He has a certain amount of ability with some business tact, and he is going to make the two combine to give him a living. He fits up a room that would put a man of genius into a lunatic asylum, and calls it his studio. When you see it and examine the monstrosities that cover the walls and lumber up the floor and hang from the ceilings you can form a fair estimate of the owner's artistic calibre. The next thing in order is to induce people with money and the art craze to visit his exhibits. He affects society, goes here and there, sees his name in print, and feels that he is making a good beginning. Then Mrs. So-and-So sits for her portrait. When it is finished he issues cards for a reception, and folks flock to drink his tea and discuss his method. He can crowd his room regularly with pretty, chattering women, who beguile him with flattery and show him their beautiful costumes. They have no money, and if they had they wouldn't invest it it pictures. I am telling you some sad facts, but you are a sensible girl. You must have read that success—real, honest, money-making success—is earned by dint of solid achievement. You can't jump for it and clutch it like a big apple on the top branch. Presently, our artist finds himself going with the big crowd. He is having a very good time, apparently; you meet him everywhere; but his debts are growing faster than his success. His charming friends who invite him to dinner and fritter away his time in his studio are ruining him. They absorb all that he owns, and give him nothing but words in return."

"Still, there are true artists who are serious and devoted to art for its own sake."

"Yes; but a true artist knows that art is what she always was—a lovely, coy maiden, who must be sought and won in sacred privacy. Your man of genius is independent. In a garret, with a few colors and brushes, he sits before his canvas and unconsciously becomes immortal. His inspiration is within him; his pictures are the poor reflection of exquisite mental images that torture him in their effort for delivery. They are born on canvas. He isn't thinking of fame; he isn't coveting wealth. He is possessed with the desire and determination to produce for his own delight these sweet brain fancies. But see what results! He is slowly building a temple that rises gradually above the common level, and finally the whole world sees the sunlight playing on its dome."

"And these temples can be built anywhere?"

"Yes—and there is plenty of room for them in this country. I am afraid I am tiring you, but it is quite a novelty to meet a girl willing to listen to me."

"I hope you will go on talking. You are explaining things that I have heard discussed."

"So! How?"

"Why, only yesterday at dinner. I listened to a conversation about our artists. Their pictures are not selling well this fall."

"Do you know why? They are not worth buying. There's nothing in them, nothing to them. Our artists, individually and collectively, are conspiring against art. They have adopted a system that is rotten from the very foundation. Let me give you an idea of it. A few days ago a man called upon me to contribute to a fund, the interest of which is to support an American with artistic talent while he studies abroad. We sat down and ventilated the whole business, and I gave him my humble opinion of it. As soon as a man exhibits a fair ability for drawing and coloring he is advised to go abroad. So he borrows the money, if necessary, and goes. Now, then, he reaches Paris and joins a small army of men engaged in the pursuit of art. In the first place, he suffers physically. He wants to economize, and cheap food is not good for the brain. His morals deteriorate; he is away from home influences, and without intending any great harm he becomes familiar with people and things that have nothing in common with art. The impressions that he receives are injurious; he cannot shake them off or rid himself of their effects. His mental status is changing. He is one of a class that follow a leading French artist. The teacher may be original, but his pupils are all copyists. So our American buries his one chance of fame in a French grave. I hear that we have three thousand men in Paris living a hard, false existence, under the illusion that they have adopted the short cut to fame and fortune. I told this to my enthusiastic friend. I said I would aid a fund to keep a talented youth at home."

"Did you convince him that he was making a mistake?"

"Not at all! He is young. I have been watching the outcome of French influence for thirty years. It grows worse as it increases. We are deluged with so-called pictures, poor imitations of a bad school that doesn't appeal to the healthy American taste. If a man wants a French picture he naturally prefers the work of a Frenchman 'to the manner born.' So, our artists come home to starve. Their wishy-washy work has no intrinsic merit—no soul, no money value. The spark of genius has gone out in the vain effort to do the impossible. The truth is that the French have nothing that is worth copying, whether in morals literature or art. One of these days the American schools will take form. Our young men and women will find their inspiration in the beauties of our own country. We possess the most exquisite landscapes of the earth, and I don't know where you will see such beautiful children or such lovely women. Now that athletics are properly valued our sculptors can emulate the old Greeks. The sooner the French craze is exploded the better for American art. It has served to keep our development back for at least twenty-five years. Thirty years ago we boasted of some men of genius, who found and expressed their inspiration without leaving their native country. I'll subscribe liberally and heartily for an American Academy with American thoughts for its basis and American models the objects for study and perpetuation."

"Wouldn't it be grand to have such a thing?"

"I think so. No third or fourth rate representations of foreign subjects that have wearied my eyes annually for a short life-time! Eh! What a relief a really national exhibition would be! Fancy, if John Smith, of Virginia, would paint a Virginian scene, instead of sending a 'French flower-girl!'"

"Or a 'Fisher-maiden from Norway.'"

Mr. Pounce laughed heartily. "You understand me."

To Be Continued.

FASHODA, WHICH WAS REPORTED OCCUPIED BY A FRENCH EXPEDITION.

IT IS WRONG.

To serve six or eight vegetables at one course; to heap the plate with food, or to in any way convey the idea of a recent famine.

To repeat an unpleasant comment under the transparent excuse that it is done for the subject's good.

To fail to appear punctually at the hour set for a dinner, breakfast or supper party.

To bend cards at the ends or turn down the corners; this custom is obsolete.

To serve vegetables in numerous small saucers ranged about the dinner plate after the manner of a railroad eating house.

To use highly colored paper for social correspondence, especially rose-color or green.

To use paper ornamented by meaningless designs, by a crest which one is not entitled to, or an ostentatious monogram.

To neglect date or address of the writer or to post a letter insufficiently stamped.

To offer congratulations to a young lady upon the announcement of her engagement in the presence of a large company or at any time when it may be embarrassing to be made the object of conspicuous attention.

To forget to write announcements of one's approaching marriage to relatives and intimate friends.

To arrive too soon or to remain one moment after the hour is stated upon your hostess' card of invitation.

To monopolize conversation, to make an exhibition of one's talent, however brilliant, at a social function except when specially invited by the hostess.

For a gentleman to offer his hand to a lady upon being presented to her.

For a gentleman to bow first to a lady.

Ever to cut or snub anyone, no matter what the circumstances may be.

To address a letter written to a married lady, using her own name. For example, "Mrs. Mary Jane Smith."

To address "Mrs. Rev. John Clarkson Hunt," or "Mrs. Capt. Alexander Martin Scott."

To write illegibly, to cross a letter, to write in the third person and sign in the first.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

Following are some hints and suggestions that may prove helpful to the young housekeeper, since all of them are not generally known.

If there are any marks of iron rust on your clothing, remove them before putting the garment through the wash. Wet the rusted spot in a solution composed of one ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in one quart of water, iron it while damp, then hang the garment in the sun, or hold it over the steam of a boiling teakettle until the spots have disappeared, when it should be rinsed, immediately. This solution will keep for any length of time, and should always be at hand, for it is also good for removing ink stains. Put it in a bottle having a glass stopper, and label it poison.

The solution of oxiic acid is too strong for very thin goods. If they become iron rusted, apply a mixture of salt and lemon juice, and put the garment out of doors where the sun may shine directly upon it.

Marks made by scorching linen when ironing it may be removed if the texture of the goods has not been damaged. Peel and slice two onions, and pound them to extract the juice, which must be mixed with half an ounce of white soap. Add half a pint of vinegar and two ounces of Fuller's earth, and boil all together until thoroughly mixed. When the mixture becomes cool, cover the scorched part of the linen with it, allowing it to dry on. In a little while it can be washed, and the marks will disappear.

There is nothing better than ox gall to prevent colored articles from fading when being washed. Empty the gall into a bottle, on butchering day, and put in a handful of salt. It should be kept closely covered. A teacupful is used with five gallons of water.

The first time you wash black calico, use the suds in which your white clothes were boiled. Let it come to a boil, then put in the article, while dry, pressing it down so that all parts will be saturated. Let it boil three minutes, then take it out and wash and rinse it as you do your other calicoes. It should not be boiled after the first washing.

Mildew is best removed by dipping the goods into a weak solution of chloride of lime, then placing the garment in the sun for a few minutes, after which rinse thoroughly. A heaping teaspoonful of lime to a quart of water is about the right proportion.

The following recipe for starch is very satisfactory; for it not only works well while fresh, but, in a cool place, will keep good for some time. Wet two tablespoonfuls of starch in a little cold water, then add one tablespoonful each of white wax, gum arabic, and fine salt, and pour on one quart of boiling water. Let it boil for ten minutes, then strain it, and add two more tablespoonfuls of starch wet in cold water. It is then ready for use.

If you cannot make your sunbonnet stiff enough to prevent its flapping over your faces, try dipping it into starch made as above. Hang it on the line, and when it is nearly dry, rub thick starch all over the inside of the front. If applied to the outside, it will stick to the iron. Hang it on the line again and let it become thoroughly dry, then sprinkle it and iron in the usual manner. It is better to be laid perfectly straight after ironing, for an hour or two, but in case it cannot be unfastened from the crown, lay it carefully over a ten-quart tin pail, and let it stand by the fire until all the dampness has evaporated.

DON'T.

Don't attempt to borrow money on your wheel. It won't stand alone.

Don't get into the habit of talking to yourself if you are easily bored.

Don't think because you can fool some people that other's can't fool you.

Don't provide yourself with a wife and expect her to provide you with a home.

Don't take worry with you on your travels; you will find it on tap everywhere.

Don't think your milkman has pedigreed cows because he supplies you with blue milk.

AN EXCLUSIVE FAMILY.

Mrs. Forundel—What! Invite the Downtown girls to our party! Why, my dear, their father is in trade. He keeps a shop.

Miss Forundel—I know, ma, but he is awfully exclusive. He never advertises, and doesn't have to serve a customer once a week.

Health Department.

THE COMPLEXION.

That the face with which she fronts the world never ceases to concern a woman is proved by the immense sales of complexion powders and the sublime complacency with which she will spread a rose-tinted powder upon a lemon-colored skin—with more generosity than discretion. Virginia Van de Water, writing on the subject, says:

"The first step toward clearing a poor complexion must be to have the health good. All the functions of the body must act freely and regularly, and anything like stagnation must be avoided. The liver is a powerful factor in keeping the skin in good order, and therefore this unruly member must not be permitted to become torpid or flag in its duties. Nor must its activity be produced by drugs. Gentle purgatives may be occasionally taken, but drastic medicines are to be avoided. Rather encourage the action of the liver by the free use of acid fruits, like oranges, grape fruit and apples. Grapes may be eaten in abundance if the seeds are rejected. The woman who is inclined to biliousness will find lemon juice and hot water, taken at night, an excellent corrective and consequently a skin-purifier. Pastries, fried and greasy foods and nuts must not be eaten often by one who would do her complexion justice. Plenty of rare beef, and three drops of tincture of iron after each meal will do much toward bringing color to pale cheeks.

"Common sense will teach every woman that her blood will not circulate freely unless she takes exercise in the open air. Abundant sleep freshens and brightens the complexion, but many or long naps during the day are not to be commended. If one gets each night seven hours of healthful sleep and still feels the need of a nap, she should limit it to thirty minutes. She should also sleep, by day or night, in well ventilated rooms.

"All the skin-foods in the world will avail little unless the above rules for health are observed. When these are followed, one may assist the good work by external applications. The day is past when the use of soap on the face was considered injurious. The face should be thoroughly lathered every day with good soap. When clean, it should be washed in hot water. An excellent way to freshen the face is to dip a towel in a bowl of water as hot as can be borne and then bury the face in its folds. As soon as the towel cools, repeat. This may be done a dozen times at one washing, after which the towel is dipped in very cold water, and the face again buried in its folds. This treatment should be followed by a brisk but gentle rubbing with a soft, dry towel, till the whole countenance glows. Once a day is enough for this treatment. At night the face should be washed in warm water and when the pores are open, rub into the skin some vegetable ointment, as almond oil. Apply freely with the fingers and rub the skin, up, not down. A fine veil, not thick, but one of fine mesh, is more of a protection to the skin than most people are aware."

BEAUTY'S BATH.

The temperature of a beautifying bath should be from 70 to 75 degrees, and it should be of daily occurrence. A bag containing almond meal, oat meal and orris root should be placed in the water a few moments before the bath is ready. This renders the water very milky, and has a wonderfully softening and whitening effect. Baths in which milk, bran or starch, has been placed are found to refine or whiten the coarest, reddest skin, if persistently used. Softness and firmness of skin may be obtained by the use of a simple unguent made famous by the Greek and Roman women. The following is delightfully exhilarating after the bath: Best white vinegar, one pint; rosemary, rue, camphor, and lavender, of each two drams. Let the herbs soak in the vinegar for several hours, then strain, rub thoroughly all over the body, and a deliciously comfortable feeling and a dainty perfume will remain with one all day.

It may perhaps not be known to every one that a real salt bath can be taken as well at home as at the seashore, minus the exhilaration of wind and wave. A cup of rock salt dissolved in water and added to the bath is most refreshing to the exhausted body. But don't go out of doors soon after taking it. The best time to indulge in the luxuries of a salt bath is just at bedtime.

A cold cream which exhales a delightful fragrance, and one which acts like magic on the sun-parched skin, is made of thick sweet cream, into which has been beaten, tincture of benzoin and a little saltpeter. This serves as an excellent emollient and is refreshing. The ingredients used will preserve the cream firm and sweet for several days, or much longer in cool places.

A KLONDIKE EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

The Klondike Nugget, one of the two papers published at Dawson, laments over the trouble of finding its town subscribers, who pay $24 a year for the privilege of getting a semi-weekly edition. A paragraph in a recent issue explains the difficulty by saying that it is very hard to find some of the houses according to addresses left at the office. Among those mentioned were "the cabin with the screen door," "the slab house facing the river," "the big tent with two stove pipes" and "the cabin three doors south of where all the dogs are."

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO