

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE.

By Mrs. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

Her house is a model of neatness,
Not alone for cleanliness sake,
But for the good of her loved ones,
And the comfort they there may take.
Her parlor is light and cheery,
And never too good for use,
Her kitchen the cosiest workshop,—
Not a prison for drudge or recluse!
Her chambers are airy and sunny,
Her linen as white as the snow,
Her closets and cupboards in keeping
With the system of rule *à propos*,
Her china, her glass and her silver,
Are dainty, polished and bright:
Superb are her pies and her puddings,
And her bread ever wholesome and light,
Her pickles in crispness are perfect;
Her canned fruit and jellies the best;
Her pie-crust the flakiest, her doughnuts
Perfection to turn and to twist!
She is nurse to the sick and the feeble,
From "grandpa" to sweet baby May:
She settles the quibbles and quarrels
Of the older children in play.
With foot on the rocker at evening,
She darns and patches and mends,
While Robbie's and Lillian's lessons
She carefully superintends.
Where the time 'mid this legion of duties;
For mental culture she gets
Is a mystery,—yet she finds it!
Best of all is,—she never frets!
—*Christian at Work.*

UNWISE ECONOMIES.

"She has done all her own work since the baby was three weeks old, and is continuing her study of medicine." These words were in a letter which I received the other day. They were written as cheering news of the young cousin whose first baby came to her four months ago, but I read them with dismay.
"What can Alice be thinking about, or her husband, either?" was my inward ejaculation. "He is a physician and she studying medicine! Surely they should both know better; surely they should know that nature keeps strict accounts."
It would do no good to argue the question with them; let them rather use the message as a text for my little homily.
A woman who felt herself to be breaking down, and who feared the trouble was the beginning of consumption, to which she had hereditary tendencies, went to her physician to have her lungs examined. He told her that they were perfectly sound, and that there was nothing the matter with her except overwork.
"But," said she, "I am not doing any more than I have been doing for the last ten years."
"Madam," snapped out the gruff old doctor, "don't you know a woman can't go on overdoing for ten years and not feel it?"
There was the truth in a nutshell.
These ten years of overwork were caused by what seemed to her a necessary economy. She could hardly afford to pay for help if she would make ends meet. However, nature was inexorable, and exacted "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." During the ten succeeding years that woman was forced to be idle, to spend all her living on physicians, and at last to become dependent upon the kindness of her relatives. A few dollars judiciously expended now and then during the years of work would have relieved the strain, and doubtless would have prevented the years of invalidism. What say you of such economy as that?
It so rarely happens, either, that once having given out thoroughly, a person ever regains full strength. One becomes comfortable, perhaps; one gets on by taking care, but there always remains the secret sense of weakness and insecurity. Many a woman goes through all her later years, doing much good work, it may be, but only able to do it because she recognizes her limitations, and the bounds beyond which she may not go. Never again comes to her the free, glad sense of power. If she is wise, she makes the best of her life; but she cannot help in her secret heart turning ruefully back to those years when she might have practised that truer economy which conserves the most precious things. The most precious thing in matters tem-

poral (will anyone dispute it?) is health. Give me health and, woman though I am, I can defy the mutations of this uneven existence. Say I am poor; I can earn my daily bread. Say I am solitary; my cheery face shall win me friends. "My mind to me a kingdom is," if it be "a sound mind in a sound body." Do not doubt that health is the best blessing, aside from the favor of God.

My young cousins (to return to my text) are just starting out in their home life. I dare say it is a prettily-furnished home, with plenty of bric-a-brac to be dusted. Doubtless the new-fledged physician hasn't many patients yet; there isn't much money to spare for domestic service. Let him beware lest he soon have in his wife a life-long patient who will pay him no bills!

Alas, for the little baby boy who is so good that his mother can do all her work, and study medicine besides! Better let out your lungs and screech, my youngster, until a helper becomes a necessity, else I warn you that sweet mother of yours is sure to grow irritable and a scold, simply because overwork has overstrained her nerves.

Such a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels! Such a hoarding of dollars and expenditure of life! Youth always thinks the same thing; it always believes its health resources are inexhaustible, until the bank breaks. So they might be practically inexhaustible if a spendthrift were not using them. Better pinch in fine clothes and household furnishings than in needed service.

There are economies and economies. The very poorest sort is to be lavish of health in order to save some lesser good; for you will find, sooner or later, with wise Dr. Franklin, that you "paid too dear for the whistle."—*Home Maker*

GIVE THE FARM A NAME.

Make the home as attractive as possible and then give the farm a name. The name will stand for all that was in the home and will thus appeal to the deepest feelings of our nature.

Every man loves the name of his mother, and although it may be old fashioned or queer, to him it is full of music, as her face, wrinkled and pale with ill health, is still to him the loveliest on earth. And thus the name of our home will recall all the joys and sorrows of our childhood and add to the love we already bear it.

Many men find that the name of their farm is much better known than their own, and a farm with a name has an importance far in advance of the one without one. It is said that the shrewdest and most progressive farmers are all sure to christen their farms, and the custom is sure to grow as good taste and culture increase among our people.

There should be some reason for the name. Do not give your home farm some ridiculous classic appellation, or burden it with the name of some favorite politician or soldier. Let the children have a voice in the matter. Have a family caucus to decide the question. If you have a fine grove on your farm, or a single noble specimen of forest tree that can be seen from afar like a beacon light, let those give the name. If a stream flows gayly through your meadows, or a lovely hill affords a charming view, let them be remembered in the name. I know a small farm that would otherwise be insignificant, but receives great consideration from its beautiful and appropriate name—"The Willows"—while another, not far away, is certain to be remembered from its name, "The Rest." Sometimes a family name is fastened upon a farm, and no matter who may be its future owner, it goes down to posterity under the name of the people who first lived there. And this is another argument for giving a special and selected name, for it is not agreeable to have our finely cultivated farm, with its pretty house and orchard known among the neighbors as "the old Jones or Smith place."

It is the part of wisdom to give our children every possible reason to have an interest in their farm home, and by giving them certain animals for their own, or special plots of ground to cultivate as they please, or a choice in the name of the place, we add new and strong links to the claims of affection and pleasure that will bind them close forever.—*Christian at Work.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GIRLS.

BY ELIZA PUTMAN HEATON.

"How would I bring up a girl?" I would begin when she is two years old and teach her to stand poised from the hips and slightly forward, chest up, abdomen contracted, toes turned out at an angle of sixty degrees, and neck erect, so that the collar-bone should be horizontal. You can teach a little girl to know whether she is standing properly or not by having her occasionally walk up against a door. She should touch it with lips, chin, chest and toes. A plumb-line from the shoulders should pass through the hip and ankle joints. Then I would teach her to breathe slowly, inflating the chest upward and outward, not downward, keeping the abdomen contracted. This gives a wonderful feeling of buoyancy. As she grew older she should not take above ten breaths a minute, but they should be full, vigorous ones. Good breathing and good standing are almost enough of themselves to give good health and a good figure. In walking I would show her how to keep her face and chest well over the advanced foot, and to lift the body by the muscles and the inflation of the lungs. I would see to it that she turned her toes well out. Seventy-five women out of every one hundred walk with the feet straight or toe in. This increases the tendency to an inward turn of the knees, and encourages a pelvic contraction. The weight should rest on the balls of the feet, and the ball and heel should touch the floor at the same time. In her school-days I would take pains to have her sit at her desk properly.—*Babyhood.*

GIRLS AND THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Learn to say no when asked for your photograph by some one not especially dear to you. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues. Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the apartment of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you looked, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day will come along Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of the heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will feel if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick whom he knows to be a braggart, and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn to say no. Don't display your photographs to your men friends, and you will not have this unpleasant task.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Slice cold boiled potatoes into neat rounds; cut a medium-sized onion into thin slices, and put it with a good tablespoonful of butter or bacon dripping into the frying-pan; when the onion is colored, add the potatoes, about two cupfuls, and stir them about until they are a light brown. Strew with chopped parsley and serve.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter, stir well, then add gradually a cupful of milk, stirring and mashing the hominy until it becomes a soft smooth paste. Then add a teaspoonful of white sugar and a well beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, roll in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in lard.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup hot water, one-half cup of butter; boil together, and while boiling, stir in one cup sifted flour; take from the stove and stir to a paste; after this cools, stir in three eggs not beaten; stir five minutes, drop in tablespoonfuls on a buttered tin, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes. Cream for the above.—One cup milk, one-half cup sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls flour, and flavoring; when puffs and cream are cold, open the puffs with a knife and fill with cream.

NICE CROQUETTES.—A nice way to use cold beef for supper or luncheon is to take one pint of chopped beef, four medium-sized potatoes, juice of half a lemon, half a cup of stock or hot water, one teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and pepper. Mix all together, shape nicely, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling lard two or three minutes until they are a delicate brown.

BAKED RICE WITH CHEESE.—One pint of boiled rice, half a cupful of grated cheese, placed in alter-

nate layers in a buttered earthen dish. Spread powdered cracker over the top with bits of butter, and over the whole pour one egg well beaten, one cupful of milk, one saltspoonful of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt and a shake of cayenne pepper, thoroughly beaten together. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven and serve very hot.

MINCED CHICKEN.—From the bones of a cold roast, boiled or fricassed chicken cut all the meat and mince it fine with a sharp knife, chopping with it two hard boiled eggs. Stir this into a cup of gravy, or, if you have none, use instead a cup of white sauce. Season to taste, fill a pudding dish or scallop shells with the mixture and serve very hot.

HASTY MUFFINS.—Two cups flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful mixed butter and lard, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, saltspoonful salt, one cup milk. Into the eggs, beaten very light, stir the melted shortening, the sugar, the milk and the flour, well-mixed with the salt and baking powder. Stir well, and bake in thoroughly greased tins.

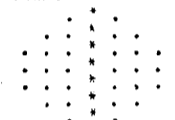
BEER TEA.—Cut two pounds of lean beef very fine with a sharp knife. Pour a pint of cold water over it, and let it stand for several hours in a double boiler on the back of the stove, where it will heat to the boiling point but not boil. When the juice is all extracted from the meat, so that the meat is white, drain off the liquid and salt to taste.

PUZZLES NO. 26.

ANAGRAM.
Pepper tier.

It is known to the sages
Who read certain pages
That I have been faithful in working,
Yet where is my basket?
The stutters ask it
As if they believed I'd been shirking.

OCTAGON PUZZLE.



CENTRAL DOWNRIGHT WORD—A green mineral. ACROSS.—A grave color. Sufficient. A rampart. An acute sound. A substance used in cooking. A vowel and to hinder. Clear of all charges and deductions.

The octagon is joined from the top, going to the right, around—A snare. A beverage. Ready. A number. A snare. A toy. A slight trap.

DIAMOND.

1. In insipid. 2. A preposition. 3. A peninsula of Asia. 4. An instrument of torture employed by dentists. 5. Beloved by collectors of bric-a-brac. 6. To choose a second time. 7. Speedily. 8. To rest. 9. In insipid.

HIDDEN MAMMALS.

In the following puzzle find forty-six hidden mammals:

A person who goes over the West will wonder at once why a Kearney or Lincoln will have land so high and real-estate men do everything false along with everything shrewd in selling with a respectable margin. The dealers themselves do get caught sometimes in a financial squeeze, but the business man must be a rare judge of real estate or a coward with every nickel kept out on interest, and at each renewal rush to have interest secured or he will not be a very long time in investing. Suppose we go at business hours to a real estate office. We will see a man drilled thoroughly in his calling, a quid of tobacco on one side of his mouth, eyes making numerous expressions which hardly seem in keeping with his surroundings. Very soon a customer appears, dressed in buff along with fur trimmings, and the agent begins: "Well, I only have one lot which I ever am anxious to sell, and this would be a picnic at \$500. It is the same one Mr. Selmo used to ask \$800 for, and the same kind Mr. Armoose sells in his addition for \$900. The river Sandee runs just below it, and across the street lives Mr. Leo, partner of mine in business, who used to abhor several other locations on account of their unhealthfulness, but he is now hale and hearty, and never feels boxed up, and shortly after living there could climb at lightning speed all the adjacent bluffs, and with every breeze bragged of its health-giving qualities as it came lightly from the river below. It is hard to find a man whose property has been worth more than this lot has been to him. Were we a-selling this lot for what it is able to bring shortly we would ask \$1000, but will sell for \$500. You may think this a kind offer, but we think that what is conducive to others' gain, increases our business, and while murdering one sale we may get fifty in return." Here the dealer ceases talking if he cannot terminate the deal, and the man in buff, seeing his cab is on hand, rides off, sometimes giving vent to a little bad German at his delay.

TWINS.

Two sailors on the ship you'll see
Alike from head to feet,
Join them together and they'll be
A salt that is concrete.

HARRY LAKEWAY.

SQUARE WORD.

A course of life.
A chilly fit.
A long hollow pipe.
To lean.

B. V. CHISHOLM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 25.

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—1. C-n-pit-a-l. 2. D-is-put-in-g. 3. G-at-her-in-g. 4. P-art-is-an-s. 5. B-on-a-part-e.

ZIGZAG.—Pocahontas. Cross-words: 1. Purl. 2. Note. 3. RaCh. 4. EtnA. 5. Otho. 6. MOle. 7. Nigh. 8. ATom. 9. FIAt. 10. ISis.

DIAMOND IN HALF-SQUARE.—Cross-words: 1. Deleted. 2. Elided. 3. Lincn. 4. Eden. 5. Ten. 6. Ed. 7. D. Included Diamond: 1. L. 2. Lid. 3. Lincn. 4. Den. 5. N.

PUZZLERS CHAT.

MESSENGER PUZZLERS! We have not heard from you for some time. Do you not think it is time to send us answers and original puzzles? With these, send post-office address, full name and nom-de-plume.

EDITOR PUZZLES.