

Words and Deeds of Heroes.

The hero true will speak for you
When coward's lips are sealed with fear;
He pleads your cause when comes the pause
That chills with doubt the eager ear.
He dares defend
The absent friend,
And he will bare
His heart to share
The threatening, poised and pointed spear.
How brave his deeds, when fashion pleads
For gorgeous gilt and trappings gay!
He will not wear the feathers fair
For which he has no means to pay.
He dares to meet
Upon the street,
In garments old,
Men decked with gold,
Who dream not of the debtor's day.
How brave is he who fearlessly
In battle dangers dares to meet,
And share the blows of angry foes
In storms of flame and leaden sleet.
True courage high
Its flag will fly
In front of wrongs,
When shouting throngs
Trample the right beneath their feet.
His word a bond, he looks beyond
The courts to keep him just and true;
And we can trace upon his face
The honest courage shining through.
Hail, heroes, just,
All men can trust,
Whose words and deeds,
Like scattered seeds,
Spring up like roses wet with dew!

—The Housewife.

Mother's Crossness.

BY AGNES B. ORMSBEE.

Nothing seems to burn into the memory and heart of a child as an undeserved punishment, however trifling the matter may seem to the adult inflicter. In some children of the sunny, hopeful type the wave of indignation and helpless, unspoken protest against unjust correction passes away, and leaves apparently no trace. In other children with more sensitive natures or more rebellious dispositions, unjust words of reproof kindle fires of rage, which smoulder with sullen persistence under the ashes of seeming forgetfulness, ready to burst out violently and unexpectedly. If this seems an overdrawn picture one has only to think backward to one's own childish days, and to recall the time when careless treatment by an elder first taught us to be bitter, unforgiving, resentful. Time has doubtless softened the resentment, given a calmer, truer poise to the nature, and supplied such tender memories of those who wrought the wrong that the anger has melted away. But time can never remove the remembrance.

A child's sense of justice is as keen as his heart is tender, and this is one of the qualities most necessary to a noble character; a quality that must be blended with truth and honor and self-sacrifice to give the right balance to dispositions which would otherwise work harm. A child's justice is always tempered with mercy to those he loves, and when in the home he is justly and tenderly dealt with, he learns little by little that higher sense of justice toward all with whom he comes in contact. When his own small rights are carelessly and continually thrust aside, he, too, learns to play the brigand, to invent devices to achieve the might which he has learned makes right.

The stately figure of Justice with her eyes bandaged is not the ideal for which a true mother strives. She sees the same womanly being, the same calm face, to be sure, but the arms are stretched forward with loving gesture, and her uncovered eyes are radiant with winning light.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of material justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings and repels loving attentions with her irritable, hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross," and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repeats itself. The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause if possible. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too much sewing, too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength. Even the extent of one's religious and philanthropic work should be carefully examined, and if the trouble lies there, calmly and wisely discontinue or all of it from the list of duties, for "what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is surprising how easily seeming interests or needs can be spared without injury to the home life, whenever the thoughtful woman seeks to find them, and surely one of the worst of household influences is mother's crossness. *Harper's Bazar.*

Household Recipes.

SHOULDER OF LAMB.

This has so many bones it is better to remove them and dress with a nice stuffing, made from bread crumbs and butter, with a little savory, salt and pepper. Roll the flesh over it and sew it in place with a strong thread, keeping it a good shape. Roast for two hours, basting with water only, which will make a nice gravy; when done, garnish with mint leaves. This is a particularly nice dish for a picnic, and can be cooked the day before.

IRISH STEW.

Take any pieces of mutton that have been cut off the breast and cut them in small pieces convenient for helpings, put them in a stew-pan and cover them with boiling water, then add two good-sized onions sliced or one dozen button onions whole, pepper and salt to taste; put on the cover close, draw it to the side of the fire and let it boil slowly one hour. If the liquid is reduced add a little more boiling water to it. Wash and peel a dozen medium-sized potatoes, put them in the stew-pan with the mutton, and let them stew slowly till quite soft; stir the potatoes and mutton together till they become smooth, and dish up hot. Another way:—Take as many cutlets as you require of the best end of a peck of mutton, trim away all excess of fat and bone, season the cutlets with pepper and salt to taste; place them in a shallow stew-pan with just enough water to cover them, add six good-sized onions, put the lid on and cook the stew gently for half an hour, remove it from the fire, and pour the liquor in a basin, skim off all grease and put the liquor back into the stew-pan on the chops, then add one dozen peeled potatoes, and a pint of stock—water will do if the stock is not handy; put all on the fire to stew very gently for one hour. Take care that the liquor does not become wholly absorbed by the stew, or burnt at the bottom of the pan, as that would entirely spoil the dish. As soon as the stew is cooked dish it up, it is best if eaten at once. Take out the potatoes carefully on a plate, then lift out the chops with a fork and spoon so as not to stick the fork in the chops, place them neatly round your dish, and put the potatoes in the centre, pour the gravy and onions over the whole, and serve quite hot.

Sermonettes Preached in Thrums.

Our life is a book to which we add daily, until suddenly we are finished, and then the manuscript is burned.

In this diary we set out meaning to write one story, and write another.

To turn back to the beginning is only to wonder and to be sad, but to compare the second half of the volume as it is with what we vowed to make it, is to be lashed with nettles.

How often does a phantom woman draw the man from the way he meant to go.

The young talk generously of relieving the old of their burdens, but the anxious heart is to the old when they see a load on the back of the young.

God himself, I think, is very willing to give one—and twenty a second chance.

Like one of those young ministers has a sermon about looms for weaving congregations, and a second about beating swords into plough-shares for country places, and another on the great catch of fishes for fishing villages; that's their stock in trade.—*J. M. Barrie, in "The Little Minister."*

Blue-Eyed People.

Have you ever heard that nearly all the great people in the world have had blue eyes? There have been, to be sure, a great many celebrated persons who have had brown or black. But the majority have been blue-eyed. All the Presidents, except President Harrison, have had eyes as blue as the skies. And besides them there have been Milton, Lord Bacon, Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon, Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone, besides hundreds of others.

There is a legend about blue eyes that is very interesting. When the world was first made, people all had, so runs the story, eyes as dark as the duskiest night. And of all the people on the face of the earth, the fairest was a maiden who lived on the banks of a great sea, and who used to sit and watch the waves roll up on the shore, and anxiously wait for her father, who was a sailor, to come home and bring the day's net of fish. But one night the fisherman did not come home, and his daughter sat and watched for him until morning. And all the next day she walked up and down the sands, still gazing at the sea and praying for her father's return. But as day after day passed and all hope of him was given up, and his empty boat was washed upon the shore, the girl lost heart and cried bitterly. All day long she sat on the beach, looking into the blue water until, little by little, her eyes turned from black to blue, so the story runs, and that is how there came to be blue-eyed people in the world.

But when her guardian angel saw the change and noticed how the girl grieved, she whispered to her that henceforth half of all the great people of the earth should have blue eyes. *Jennet Miller's Illustrated Monthly.*

One million and a half of men work in the coal mines of the world, and the workers in metal mines amount to four million.

A Dainty Room.

Although almost everyone likes a pretty room, the bedrooms of the average farmhouse are bare and unattractive, containing, as a general thing, a nice-looking bedstead, dresser and commode, but no unnecessary article of furniture, or decoration.

Knowing, however, that farmers' wives and daughters appreciate nice surroundings, and do not go without them from choice, but because the hard-working farmer has "no money to spare for fixings," I would like to tell them how a room can be made pretty and inviting by a very small outlay.

To begin with, a room should have a predominating color in all its appointments. We will call this the "blue room," and furnish it accordingly.

Unless the woodwork is already white, or cream color, it will not look well with blue, and should be repainted. Do not use ready-mixed paints; they are generally unsatisfactory. A small can of white lead, and half a gallon of linseed oil, will be more than enough for the woodwork in a bedroom of ordinary size. If you wish to paint your room in two colors, and it will be much prettier that way, you will also need a ten-cent tube of blue paint, such as artists use for painting in oil colors.

Take part of the lead into something large enough for stirring it thoroughly, and thin it with the oil until it is as thick as cream. Mix a very little of the paint from the tube in about half a cupful of oil, and add this to a small part of the first mixture a little at a time until a pale, delicate shade of blue is obtained, and your paints are ready for use.

Use but little of the blue paint. If there are beaded casings in the room paint the centre of the beading and the centre of the head blocks, blue; if plain casings with mouldings are used, the mouldings around the casings and at the top of the base-boards will be enough to suggest what the prevailing color of the room is to be, and give a much nicer effect than if more of the blue paint is used.

Select paper that will harmonize in color and is suitable for the room. You can get it, pretty and serviceable, for seven or eight cents a roll.

If the carpet that was in use here will not match in color with the rest of the room, do not put it down, but buy enough blue denim, such as overalls are made of, to cover the floor; sew it with the seam on the right, or darkest side of the cloth, so it can be put down with the lightest side up, and you have a carpet that is both cheap and pretty, and one that has the additional virtue of being stylish, at present, in large cities. It will look better, and also be warmer, if put down over an old carpet or heavy paper.

If you have never seen denim used in this way, you may perhaps be prejudiced against it; but it is really very pretty, and, when stretched over an old carpet to give it additional thickness, looks so well that the uninitiated would never guess what material it is.

You, of course, have shades for the windows. Thin curtains should be used over these. White muslin, with large dots, makes very pretty ones; or, if something cheaper is desired, cream-colored cheese-cloth could be used. These should be long and full. Do not use rings to fasten the curtains to the poles, but turn a hem about eight inches wide; at the top of the curtain put a second row of stitching just far enough from the first so that the pole can be run in between them, leaving the edge of the hem standing up above it like a ruffle.

The top of the dresser and commode should each have a cover of the white muslin, lined with blue silesia. These should be made about a foot longer than the top of the dresser or commode, hemmed on the sides and ruffled across the ends. The ruffle, of course, is not lined, but should be three or three and one-half inches wide, with a row of pale blue feather stitching, or "herring bone," at the top of the hem; there should also be a row of the feather stitching across the ends and up the sides of the cover. Hem the cover and lining separately, and tack them together at the corners, to save work when it is necessary to wash them.

Make a splasher also of the blue silesia and white muslin, thirty inches long by twenty wide. The muslin should be shirred at the top and bottom, so it will be quite full. It should be the width of the hem wider than the lining, so that the hem will stand up above the shirring like a ruffle when it is done. The ends should be hemmed and feather-stitched with blue to match the cover of the commode. The lining should be plain.

A large square pincushion should also be covered with the muslin and silesia. This can be finished with one wide or two narrow ruffles of the muslin. Pillow shams may also be made of the silesia and muslin, and are very pretty if some design is worked on them from dot to dot, in the old-fashioned "cross stitch".

Now add to the room any little articles of decoration you may have, loop back the window curtain with a bow of pale blue ribbon, and take a survey of the room. I think you will feel well repaid for the expense and trouble. *[The Housekeeper.]*