

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**VARIETY FOR BREAKFAST.**

BY KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

Variety imparts tone to a meal, as well as zest and vim to life. Plain meat and potato may, indeed, sustain the inner man, but a few delicious hot cakes, or a few toothsome little side dishes, give a new relish to the substantial. Of one kind the taste soon wearies, though it is of the very best; so we must have a variety from day to day.

Corn-bread, old-fashioned, but as good and handsome in its place as pound-cake, is made of one cup of the "new process" yellow corn-meal and two cups of flour. Into this mix one spoonful of butter or clear beef drippings, one small cup of sugar, one full teaspoon of salt, and two of Royal baking powder; then beat the yolks of two eggs, and dissolve in a little milk. Pour this into the other ingredients, and as much more milk as is required to make a thin batter. Lastly, add the beaten whites. This amount makes one large sheet. If the batter is too stiff, the bread will be hard, for the corn-meal swells. It requires a moderate oven, and to bake nearly an hour.

Hominy cakes, made of perhaps some hominy left from the breakfast of yesterday: One quart of milk, two beaten eggs, one spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two of Royal baking powder. Into this put your hominy, beat well, and add flour enough to make a batter. Fry on griddles as light cakes. Hominy croquettes are made by adding eggs, milk, salt, and a little flour and baking powder to cold hominy, and then fry in boiling fat, dropped in by spoonfuls and browned. The mashed potato left from yesterday's dinner may be made up, with an egg only, into croquettes, and fried, or made into pear-shaped rolls, set up on end, with a piece of butter on the top of each, and well browned in the oven.

Toast in various forms—milk, dry, or butter toast—will be what some one will want. Eggs in various styles may suit others. A little cold lamb, the remains of yesterday's roast, may be minced, warmed in the gravy, and served on dipped and buttered toast; or some cold, lean ham, minced and scrambled with eggs, on toast. A slice of any cold meat may be just to somebody's taste and liking. Stew in milk a few potatoes, or fry a few sweet ones. The steaks and the chops and the cutlets all are supposed to know how to cook; but the "odds and ends" of previous meals can all be utilized and presented in an appetizing shape and a variety of ways, if only a little thought and study is given to the matter. It is also a point of economy, which should be considered by every good housewife.—*Christian Union.*

**WHAT MOTHER HAS LEARNED.**

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.

That is a very significant Bible verse, "To him that hath shall be given." Perhaps it is the reason why mother, who has all her life practised a thousand ingenious devices and labor-saving methods of work, should be continually learning something new. There is no young housekeeper of my acquaintance who is so ambitious to do every thing in the best way. After I had sewed on buttons for half a century, I believe I should think I had nothing to learn in that direction at least. But this very night mother sat down to sew some on the Canton flannel nightgowns, a new idea of hers which is most sensible for old or delicate ladies, with the remark:

"I read the other day that it was the best way to sew buttons on over a coarse needle and I mean to try it."

"What is the use of all that trouble?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see, it holds the threads loose so that it will button easily the first time, and be less likely to pull off? I think it is a sensible idea."

When I came home this time, a little whisk broom, worn to a stub, but clean, and hung, like every other article in use about the stove, upon the most convenient nail, excited my curiosity. Mother has learned that a whisk broom, too much worn for other uses, is just the thing with which to sweep the half burned coals upon the fire shovel. This saves soiling the hands in building the fire and also the disagreeable work in the coal shed, for the ashes need no further sifting.

Mother has learned that a little sugar in

the stove blacking prevents its burning off, and a few bits of charcoal in the water lessens the odor from boiling cabbage.

My freshly ironed collars disappeared from the ironing board, and came back nicely shaped to the neck, and uncommonly stiff, because mother has learned that the best place to dry them is in a small tin pail, hung from the stove pipe damper.

And that reminds me to say that mother has learned to economize her steps in doing housework too well to keep the tins and other cooking utensils in common use upon the shelves of the distant pantry. Two such small boxes as canned fruits are packed in, stand, one above the other, within a step of the kitchen stove, where they are used, and the sink where they are washed. Fitted with shelves and neatly papered, with an enameled cloth on top, this stand and cupboard combined is a convenience which no one who has used it would want to do without. Here also are kept the materials for tea and coffee.

The teapot, looking so new and yet familiar, led me to ask how long it had been in daily use for tea.

"Only four years," said mother. "Only!" I replied. "If you could see a few of the new teapots I have had to drink tea from in my wanderings!"

"Yes, I know how soon they turn black if the tea is allowed to stand in them. But I have never once left tea in this over night. I have learned that rinsing the coffee pot is not enough, but if it is well washed after being used each day, there is never any thing disagreeable about it.—*Household.*

**GIVE THE BABIES WATER.**

"My baby was a year old last Sunday and I let her have a drink of cold water for the first time."

We were in the vestry of our church, my townswoman and I, attending a "social circle" and keenly enjoying the pleasant chatter and exchange of good-will and ideas about us, shut in as we are with our housework and babies most of our days.

She was a smiling, wholesome-looking young woman, and the plump baby—her fourth—that was crowing and springing in her arms did not bear traces of abuse, but the little one had been abused all her lifetime; for a baby that is constantly denied cold water must suffer from thirst.

"Why, Mrs. McFadden!" I exclaimed startled into so shrill a key of voice that by-standers in the crowd turned their heads to listen, "why are you so cruel to this precious little baby! What possible harm can pure, cold water do this child when she is thirsty?"

"Oh, babies don't get thirsty. They have their milk you know and they do not need water. All my other babies had colic terribly, and when this one came I told husband she should not have a drink of cold water till she was at least one year old, and she hasn't."

"You wicked woman, you!" was the indignant response from an impulsive mother who had overheard her words. "Don't you know that milk does not satisfy thirst? A little baby craves and needs water just as much as you or I."

"More, Mrs. McFadden, much more, for these little people have twenty teeth to cut, and each one causes more or less fever that pure cold water can often relieve, and it always refreshes the little sufferers."

It was our good, old village physician who said that, having joined, unnoticed, the little group of interested mothers about the crowing child.

"Why, doctor! you wouldn't dare give a little mite of a baby cold water, would you?" The black eyes of Mrs. McFadden flashed with temper as well as interest. "Would you kill it with colic?"

"No, my dear woman, I wouldn't, and neither would I let the little things suffer with thirst, as they must suffer if denied water. Don't be afraid it will give them colic, but accustom them to it from their birth, and before they are many weeks old you will find they will reach as eagerly for their sips of cold water as they do for their dinner."

A crowd of hungry people who were on their way to the supper tables, swept the doctor along with them and the conversation was dropped, but I hope my townswoman was convinced that she through ignorance or misguided wisdom had done her little Gracie a cruel wrong.

Twelve months without a drink of water!

I am glad my babies have not thus suffered. We have always given them, excepting our first-born, all the cool water—not ice water—they wanted to drink, and my latest baby, now seventeen months old, has never had a touch of colic.

Before they are five months old they learn to stretch out their little arms and goo with fresh eagerness when thirsty if carried past the water pails in the kitchen.

At that age they learn to drink from a thin-edged dipper, so I had no fear of feeding them too much water.

When they are feverish with teething, their gums swollen and little mouths inflamed and hot, how eagerly they seize the dipper or glass of water offered, putting up both little hands to hold it close to their thirsty lips as they drink and gulp and smack with grateful satisfaction.—*Laws of Life.*

**SMALL ECONOMIES.**

Small leaks are worse than large ones, in that they are not as plainly seen, and therefore not so energetically stopped. It is the same in housekeeping; the almost unnoticed waste that is seen in many families is distressing, and it is generally those who are the first to complain of hard times, and how much it costs to keep a family. I had occasion lately to notice the children in a family of my acquaintance, and I discovered that they wasted more bread and butter, cake and confections, than would supply the requirements of two more children if properly served. Children can be taught early not to take food they do not require, and to ask for only such a quantity as they can use.

The cellar, laundry and kitchen need constant supervision that everything is used to the best advantage, and that nothing is discarded that can be used. The waste in soap and starch, week after week, is immense in some families, and clothes lines and pins are uncared for till more money must be expended to replace those that are spoiled by mildew and weather changes.

In preparing vegetables for the table it is often the way to pare the potatoes and squash too thick; carrots are not carefully scraped, and when fruit is used, the apple peelings are, in like manner, too thick. Careless using of a stove or range is another leak that is not fully appreciated; nothing is worse than spilling cold water on the iron when it is red hot; a crack is almost sure to be the result, though not noticed at the time.

The man who uses tobacco could purchase a small library with the money; the woman who allows the pieces of soap to be thrown out after wasting in the water, and the children's food to be thrown in the ash barrel, might be able with the saved amount to take a newspaper that she wishes for but cannot afford. All these things but go to prove that it is necessary for every one to study small economies in their own particular need, to learn what they can justly save in order to make the best of everything. Train the young people with this idea, and we shall have less extravagance, less useless expenditures and needless outlay. For there is no better maxim than that "A penny saved is a penny earned."—*American Rural Home.*

**SPRING WORK.**

With the vitalizing breezes of April the matron's thoughts turn of necessity to the extremely practical topic of house-cleaning. Husbands and fathers never can be brought to see that there is any particular need for the semi-annual upheaval which takes place in most homes, spring and fall. To their minds the house is clean enough, and they probably fancy that it is easy to keep it so. All good housewives conceal processes as much as possible, while they leave results to speak for themselves. Therefore, a man engaged in some out-of-door occupation or profession all day, knows very little of the daily and weekly cleaning which is obligatory if a house is to be kept in decent order.

The really prudent housekeeper plans her spring cleaning as a general lays out a campaign. First she attacks the cellar. In times like the present, when cholera menaces our shores, people cannot be too careful that the cellar is not a hotbed for disease, and at all times it should be sedulously watched. No decaying vegetables, nor heaps of refuse, dust, ashes, rotting papers, or debris of any kind should be suffered to remain in the cellar.

A current of fresh air should be allowed to blow through it in dry weather, if possible, and for absolute sweetness and purity

it should be whitewashed every few months. All bins, barrels, boxes and shelves should be clean. The mistress should personally assure herself that this work is done faithfully.

After the cellar, take the attic; then the closets, the bedrooms, the halls, stairways, drawing-room, library, dining-room and kitchen. Now, this work may be so gradually done, that the family shall not be aware of inconvenience. Indeed, it sometimes happens that a whole house is renovated, there being no special repairing or painting necessary, without the gentlemen observing that anything out of the ordinary routine is going on.—*Intelligencer.*

A FEW DAYS AGO the richest man on the earth passed away from this world to another, leaving to each of his children ten millions of dollars. We love our children as dearly as he, but none of us can leave them so much money. But we may give to them something far better than that; something that no money can buy; a legacy that will be to them invaluable. We may, if we will, store up for them, day by day, a wealth that will not perish with the using. Let us so live that we may leave to our children, and to our children's children, an inheritance of good health, pure blood, not poisoned by narcotics or intoxicants. Let us bequeath to them self-control, steadiness of nerve, clearness of brain, and the strength of mind and body that can come only of a virtuous ancestry.—*Anna H. Howard.*

**PUZZLES.**

**CHARADE.**

Distant from the noisy town  
Sits my first and next alone,  
In my ivy-wreathen whole,  
Loved and blessed by many a soul.

More than on my first, I ween,  
With his brethren he hath been;  
But my third hath touched his brow,  
And he waits in silence now;

Hoping soon to see the day  
When his second, far away,  
May replace his trembling voice;  
This shall make his third rejoice.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

**HIDDEN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.**

I was awakened one morning by a city of China, which was perched on a fence under my window. From an adjoining room I heard a division of Great Britain, and I called one of the rivers of South America to make a fire, as their was a division of South America. Going down stairs, I found that one of the lakes of North America had spilled a division of Europe on the city of Belgium, and put on the table a division of Asia seasoned with a city of South America. Also a cape of Massachusetts, an island of Oceanica, and a basket containing a river of Africa. I gave him a division of Africa to pay for my breakfast and went into the kitchen to ask an island of Oceanica for some sugar to feed an island of Africa, which was hanging in my window.

**TWO SQUARE WORDS.**

I.  
1. A precious stone. 2. A step. 3. A piece of land. 4. A plant with edible leaves.

II.  
1. Frozen vapor. 2. Not any. 3. Formerly. 4. A period of time.

**ENCLOSED CROSS PUZZLE.**

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o o o * o o
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o o o * o o
o o * o
o * o

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The upper cross-word the boys love in winter.  
2. Pains.  
3. Brings into being.  
4. A virtue both natural and spiritual.  
5. One who prepares another for athletic exercises.  
6. Destructive insects.

7. An affirmative.  
The descending word and centre across covers many shortcomings.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.**

OMITTED RHYMES.—Harvest, moon, after, math, harvest moon, aftermath.

**WORD PUZZLE.**

S w e e t e n  
M a l a c c a  
M e m e n t o  
R a b b o n i  
I c e b e r g  
C o r i n t h  
I a r g e s t

Electric Light.  
PUZZLE.—Cocoa-nut, Beech-nut (beech), Chest-nut, Butter-nut, Wal-nut, Pea-nut. P—POP—POPE.

**CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.**

Correct answers have been received from Freddy H. Doupe, Alida Ferguson, H. E. Greene, Jennie Waugh and Alex. P. Gray.