

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWO WAYS.

A few days since I was shocked at hearing of the suicide of a young girl, whom I knew very well, in New York City. How distinctly I remember the pretty face, the cheery, obliging Sadie Kingman, the janitor's daughter of the house where I had apartments at one time. Sadie seemed always happy, and mornings we used to hear her singing as she dusted the halls and attended to other duties about the house.

"Unrequited love" was the cause assigned for her act. She was only sixteen, romantic, impulsive and much given to reading sensational novels.

"I'll make him sorry for deserting me," she said to a girl companion. And in a fit of pique and jealousy the misguided, foolish girl took that fatal, irrevocable step, and all for a handsome, worthless fellow, who would have made her life unhappy.

Her death may possibly have caused the man a passing regret, but neither he nor any other man is worth such a sacrifice, and had she been less impulsive and rash she might have lived to realize it.

How different was the course of another young woman who, ten years ago, thought her heart was breaking because a young man, for whom she had acquired a passing fancy, jilted her.

Mary Rogers lived with an uncle and aunt who, beyond giving her a home, took little interest in her. In the depths of her jealous misery, Mary went to the river, half resolved to drown herself. As she walked along she saw a dime lying in the road near the bridge. She picked it up, and sat down on a log and pondered a while.

"What will he care, if I do drown myself?" she thought bitterly. "I won't do it. I'll make a fortune out of that dime."

Filled with this resolve she rose, went to the village store, and bought a yard of calico and a spool of thread. In the next two days she cut and made a sunbonnet, which she sold for fifty cents. She was by this time very glad to find she was still alive. With the fifty cents she bought more calico, which she made into sunbonnets and aprons. In two months she had earned, in this way, fifteen dollars.

There was an increasing demand throughout the New Jersey town where she lived for her sunbonnets and aprons. Before the year was out she had made nearly a hundred dollars' profit from her work.

Mary then opened a store in the village, took an assistant, and in addition to her sunbonnets and aprons began to make calico wrappers and gowns. She worked hard and prospered. She found little time for indulging the sorrows which she had once fancied so heavy.

Mary Rogers employs now over twenty girls in her sewing-rooms. She is healthy and happy, and is regarded in the town where she lives as a "very capable" and prosperous woman. Now she can smile at her old infatuation. She has had the privilege, moreover, of saying no to the man who slighted her love in the days of long ago.

"I wonder that I ever fancied him," she said to the writer in confidence. "I can now see how foolish I was in my younger days. Nothing could induce me to marry a man of that stamp to-day. If young girls would only wait a little when they think life unendurable without some man with whom they fancy themselves in love, they would find, as I have done, that it was their greatest good fortune to be thus deserted. Oh, I wish I could make girls understand and believe this."

The lesson taught by the above incidents is too apparent to need comment.—*Youth's Companion.*

CARDS.

But if we teach or allow our children to play cards, may we or may we not fear that when they arrive at the years of discretion, cards may have the first place, and Christ none at all? A Yale College Professor once said to his class regarding these things, "Judge of them by their tendencies."

An instance came to my knowledge last winter which showed quite plainly the tendency or effect of card playing upon one person, a lad of seventeen. He had been religiously trained, and as long as his father lived, cards were not allowed in the family. One day upon coming home from school,

my children exclaimed, "Oh! mamma, Ed Griswold had a pack of cards at school to-day, and Mr. Black (the teacher) is going down there to-night to teach him to play with them." "Does his mother know it?" I asked. "Oh, yes, and she is going to learn to play, too."

After that there seemed to be considerable excitement over the cards, particularly among children who had never played them, and more than one mamma was asked, "What's the harm?"

After Ed had learned to play he seemed to be perfectly fascinated, and wanted to play in all his odd moments. It soon became very noticeable that as his interest in the cards increased, his interest in his studies decreased. Even his out-door sports were neglected, for during every recess, when he ought to have been in the playground exercising his limbs and muscles in the open air, he was found crouched down in some warm spot with a few of his companions playing cards.

Another thing was noticeable, which was a decided tendency to anger, if the game did not proceed satisfactorily to him.

I have noticed this, that there seems to be a tacit acknowledgment on the part of players that after all it may not be perfectly right. I recollect the first time I saw a pack of cards.

It was in my early childhood, and I was calling upon a schoolmate. While there her brother took a pack of cards, and in child fashion, made a long line of them on the carpet. While doing it he said to me, "Does your mother let you play with these?"

A minister of my acquaintance once called at a house to light his lantern. A company were seated around the table playing cards. As soon as they saw who it was, the cards were hastily brushed from the table. One day at school Ed Griswold said, "What would Mr. Barker, the minister, say if he should come in now and see us playing cards?"

Again, I think that it must be admitted that cards lead to association with ungodly people more than many games do. And sometimes it is not a person's character as a man that is considered, if he is a good card player.—*Christian at Work.*

WHAT TO DO WITH STALE BREAD.

With a little care on the part of the housekeeper every scrap of stale bread can be made available. All the crusts and small pieces should be spread in a pan and dried slowly in a warm oven. When they are perfectly dry, put them in a small bag, made of ticking or canvas, and pound them fine with a wooden mallet. Sift them and put them in glass jars. They will keep for months, and can be used for breading meat, fish, croquettes, etc.

Another way of using these dried scraps is to roll them until they break in rather coarse crumbs. They are then nice to eat with a bowl of milk for luncheon or tea.

Cut all the crust from a loaf of stale bread, and then tear the loaf in long, thin pieces. Spread these in a large pan, only one layer deep, and place in a hot oven. When they are crisp and brown, which will be in about six or seven minutes if the oven be very hot, send them to the table with thin slices of cheese. This dish is nice just before dessert. Frequently it is served with the coffee.

Take a quantity of slices of dry bread. Dip them quickly, one by one, in a bowl of cold water. Place them in a large dripping-pan, having only one layer at a time. Then set the pan in a hot oven. In ten minutes the bread will be brown and crisp. Place on a warm plate and cover with a warm napkin. Serve at once with a little broiled smoked salmon or salt cod. This dish is a good one for luncheon or tea.

After sprinkling stale rolls or biscuit with cold water, place them in a pan and cover them with a second pan. Set in a moderately warm oven for twelve minutes, and they will seem almost as good as if freshly baked.

Put a loaf of stale bread in a deep pan, and, after covering it with another pan, set it in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. At the end of that time take it from the pan, and set it on end to cool. This bread will cut like a fresh loaf.

Cut all the crusts from a loaf of stale bread, and put the loaf in a steamer. Set it over a kettle of boiling water for twenty

minutes, and serve at once with a sauce which has been made in the meantime by the following recipe: Put three cupfuls of boiling water in a small stew-pan, and place the pan on the stove. Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour with half a cupful of cold water, and stir the mixture into the boiling water. Continue stirring for two minutes. Now add half a nutmeg, grated; the yellow rind of a lemon, grated, and also two cupfuls of sugar. Boil for twelve minutes; then add two tablespoonfuls of butter and the juice of the lemon. Cut the steamed bread in slices with a sharp knife, and pour a generous supply of sauce on each slice as it is served. This is a nice dessert when there are children in the family.

Delicious griddle-cakes are made with stale bread. Soak a pint and a half of stale bread in a pint of milk for ten or twelve hours. Keep the mixture in a warm place, where it will sour slightly. At the end of the ten or twelve hours, rub it through a sieve. Beat into the sifted mixture one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, half a pint of sifted flour, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in half a gill of milk. Add this liquid and two well-beaten eggs to the mixture. These griddle-cakes require a little longer time to cook than the common batter cakes.

WISE WOMEN.

Some one writing to the New York Herald from London says: "It is one of the curious signs of the times in Great Britain that a considerable number of intelligent and well bred women, of families formerly wealthy and dominant, have of late 'taken to trade.'" Those that he mentions, says the Herald, are the wives and sisters of landlords who, through the fall in agricultural rents, have become impoverished. One has opened a shop for the sale of decorative furniture; another has begun a dressmaker's business. A lady, once a recognized leader of fashion, sells cloaks designed by herself, and her husband, less energetic, perhaps less sensible, secludes himself up stairs as her book-keeper. One of the Duke of Richmond's family prospers in a shop where she sells dresses; and the sister of another lord makes bonnets and hats, and, by her skill and taste, supports her family.

If there is anything calculated to disturb my usual self-poise and serenity of soul, it is the spectacle of an educated, accomplished woman, suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, sitting down with folded hands and harping about her "better days," or the cruelty of the fates that made her dependent on her own resources for a livelihood. All of us know or have heard of such women. They are dreadful thorns in the sides of all their old friends.

I went once with a friend to see a woman who had once been rich but was now poor. A few remnants of her former glory were to be seen in her two or three little rooms. The second sentence she uttered was, "Oh, sir, do not think that I have always lived thus; ah no! I have seen better days!" This was said with a sweep of her hand that took in the pieces of furniture and bits of expensive bric-a-brac and a costly picture or two representative of her better days." Then she began to weep, and I let her weep. There she sat, a strong, healthy, accomplished woman, in the very prime of life, weeping because there was before her the necessity of earning an honorable living for herself. I didn't weep any myself. Her friends had exerted themselves to secure her an excellent position as teacher in a school where her duties would be light. But she said she "shrank from coming into contact with anybody and everybody," and said something about being forced to associate with "all sorts of common people," that quite upset me, and I was glad when I was outside with my friend and at liberty to express myself freely and forcibly.

Is there, on the other hand, a spectacle more worthy of praise and admiration than that of a woman suddenly thrown on her own resources, rejecting the charity of friends, and bravely taking up the battle of life for herself, and, perhaps, for her children? Hundreds of women are doing this in our own country, doing it bravely and well, without vain drivings and repinings for their "better days," the days

that were not, after all, their better days. Many of them would not go back to their old, useless, easy lives if they could. To work should be "the common lot of all," and a hopeful sign for the future of our own country lies in the fact that so many women are to-day earning their own living and taking upon themselves duties and responsibilities hitherto relegated to men alone. It is, I take it, a sign of increased good sense that so many of our women do not, in the days of adversity, sit down to weep, but, with sleeves rolled up, perhaps, make themselves useful, self-supporting, and independent women.—*Good House-keeping.*

RECIPES.

CHILDREN'S FRUIT CAKE. (Very nice).—One cup of butter, four cups flour, one pound sugar, one cup milk, three eggs, three-quarters pound raisins, one-quarter pound citron, one-quarter nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoonful baking powder, flavor with lemon.

FISH GEMS.—Take any remnant of boiled fish, chop it fine, and add the same amount of bread crumbs soaked soft in milk, also two eggs beaten and a spoonful of butter; season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Bake in a buttered tin twenty minutes.

NEW YORK GINGER SNAPS.—One and a half cups molasses. Two tablespoonfuls sugar. One cup butter or sweet nice lard, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, two teaspoonfuls saleratus in a little hot water. Salt and spice to taste. Mix stiff; roll thin; bake quickly in hot oven, first cutting them in any shape desired.

FRENCH LEMON CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup butter, six eggs, half cup cold water or milk; three and one half cups flour sifted with one teaspoonful any kind good baking powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, beat eggs thoroughly, then add, stir rapidly a few minutes, then add other ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven in two layers. Flavor with lemon, and put layers together with lemon frosting. Also, heavily frost on the top. This is a nice cake suitable for any occasion.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

STEWED BEEF.—Roast a piece half; make gravy in pan without the fat. Flavor with pepper, salt, cloves and allspice; put in beef to stew gently, and add a can of mushrooms, also two spoonfuls of catsup. Steam rice with it and pars nips.

PUZZLES—NO. 9.

WHAT AM I?

I'm often heard but never seen  
Nor can my dwelling-place be shown;  
A mocking mimic I have been  
Residing in my house of stone;  
And what I was in ages past  
I still shall be while time shall last.

I sleep while silence reigns around,  
And tho' it may appear absurd  
I'm wide awake to every sound  
And will repeat the final word.  
I loved, my love got no return,  
Then pined away, sad and forlorn.

A nymph—a daughter of the air;  
That once came under Juno's hate,  
Was almost driven to despair,  
But now submissive to my fate  
I only speak when spoken to,  
A thing I did not always do.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.

1. He looked and espied two men.
2. They found him at last.
3. Did you ever esteem that man.
4. His eyebrow never was right.
5. The men dipped their heads in water,
6. Harriet nailed it on the wall.
7. The corn on the shed shall be sold.
8. A guardian of the poor was killed.
9. Frank lined the boxes.
10. He clasped them tightly.

PERCY PRIOR.

England.

ENIGMA.

I'm in sunshine and in shade,  
I'm in hurried and delayed,  
I'm in doubted and in seen,  
I'm in lacking and in keen,  
I'm in garden and in bog,  
I'm in ocean and in fog,  
I'm in wonder and in word,  
I'm in lady and in lord,  
I'm in angel and in saint,  
I'm in handsome and in quaint,  
I'm in hinder and in send,  
I'm in enemy and friend,  
I'm in workshop and in school,  
I'm in bookstand and in tool,  
I'm in earnest and in jest,  
I'm in overcoat and vest,  
I'm in river and in mill,  
I'm in languid and in ill.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Conceit.
2. A part of a square mile.
3. Part of the eye.
4. Place of rest for a bird.

HARRY E. ARCHIBALD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 8.

HIDDEN PROVERB.—In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

METAGRAMS.—Pen, hon, fen, Bon, den, ten.

THE DISHONEST SERVANT.—

He rearranged them in the following way:

First visit.	Second visit.	Third visit.
2 5 2	3 3 3	4 1 4
5 5	3 3	1 1
2 5 2	3 3 3	4 1 4