

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CICELY'S IMPROMPTU LUNCHEON.

Cicely was perfectly sincere when she told Mrs. Norcross and Nina that she was glad to see them, but she did wish they had come some other day!

"What a charming room!" Mrs. Norcross had exclaimed, on entering Cicely's parlor. "It has such a—a comfortable appearance; which is a great thing to any one as tired as I am, I do assure you."

"Take off your things and have a good rest," the young hostess urged; "let me lay your bonnet in the next room, and then you try this cosy armchair while I make you a cup of tea."

They protested that they could not think of troubling her, that they had not planned to come to lunch, that this was only a wedding-call, but Cicely, laughing, refused to let them be so ceremonious. She had met them, her husband's favorite aunt and cousin, only two or three times before she and Tom were married, and had taken quite a fancy to them, being quite unconscious that Mrs. Norcross did not approve of her, hoping that her nephew would espouse some domestic girl instead of a rich man's only daughter who had been brought up to a life of luxury only to find herself penniless at her father's death, two years before.

"Here are some books which were among my wedding presents; you may like to look over them, for I must ask you to excuse me a moment or two while I step into the kitchen," said Cicely.

"Have you a good girl?" Mrs. Norcross asked.

"Oh, we don't keep one yet; all our things are new, you know, and our little flat is a very convenient one, so as there is only Tom and me to cook for I get on alone."

"Poor Tom!" murmured Mrs. Norcross to Nina, when they were alone.

"Oh, dear, why did they come to-day, of all days!" was Cicely's mental plaint, as, like Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, and found it almost bare. To be sure, there was a bone there, but not much else. Tom could not be home to dinner to-day, and they were to go to his mother's to take tea and stay the night (as she lived out of town), so Cicely had refrained from doing much cooking as she did not want good food to be prepared merely to be wasted. She prided herself on her coffee, and all Tom's family were coffee lovers; she had a nice mince pie which her mother-in-law had sent her, therefore, it surely would meet Mrs. Norcross' approval; a plump loaf of bread which was very good; half a pint of oysters which she had intended to pickle; plenty of crackers; the bone of a leg of mutton, boiled day before yesterday; one solitary onion; two potatoes, a pint or so of cold boiled rice, and a number of rather small turnips! Not even an egg, but plenty of coffee, sugar, butter and condensed milk. Scanty store from which to furnish a dainty luncheon!

"Those blessed oysters! I'll have an oyster chowder," she said to herself. "And there is mutton enough on this bone for at least four Turkish croquettes. Well, they'll not starve, anyway."

Taking a small agateware kettle, she made her chowder: first she browned two thin slices of salt pork, and then about a third of her onion, which was not very large; then she put in a layer of crackers, then three oysters, dusting them well with salt and a little white pepper, then a few slices of potato; she repeated these layers until her kettle was nearly full; lastly she poured in a cupful of milk and enough cold water to thoroughly cover the top layer. This she set on the stove where it would soon boil; as soon as it began to do so she set it back a little, so that it would not boil too hard and thus make a mush of the cracker and potato.

Now she turned her attention to the croquettes, the recipe for these was given to her by the daughter of one of our missionaries to Turkey. She selected four turnips of about the same size and washed them carefully; slicing the top off each, she scraped out the contents until there was left a mere shell of the turnip, half an inch thick; these cavities she filled with a mixture of rice and finely-chopped mutton, in nearly equal quantities, flavored with plenty of salt and just a hint of red

pepper and onion; putting on top a piece of butter the size of a large grain of corn, she set on, as a cover, the pieces she had sliced from the top of the turnips and then set them in a buttered pan and put them in the oven to bake.

Now the table had to be set; this was easily made attractive with the many pieces of china, silver and glassware which had been given to her at her wedding. The dessert gave her no anxiety, for she was sure of the toothsome of her mince pie, until she suddenly remembered that one of the whims of Tom's family was that no pie or pudding was complete without cheese; and her stores revealed only two hard crusts, as she glanced at them there came into her mind a charming tea table at which she had once been a guest in Baltimore, where grated cheese was one of the relishes, and down from its nail came a new grater and in a few moments she had a glass dish full of feathery, grated cheese.

When the half-hour allowed for the chowder to boil was nearly exhausted, she prepared her coffee according to the rule her mother had given her. One table-spoonful of ground coffee to each cupful expected to be consumed was put into the pot and covered with an equal number of cupfuls of cold water, and one extra for each fourth cup. This was set to boil, and when it had boiled exactly four minutes, half the dried shell of a raw egg was added and half a cupful of cold water to each four cups of the beverage; then the pot was set on a cool part of the stove for a short time, not more than five minutes. If the best of coffee is used this will not fail to make clear, strong coffee, fit for a king.

Mrs. Norcross and Nina expressed hearty appreciation of the oyster chowder and of the Turkish croquettes, which was a new dish to them. The skin of the turnips had assumed a delicate brown during the time they were in the oven and as they were not to be eaten, merely to be considered shells to hold and flavor the mutton and rice, the fact that they were anything so plebeian as turnips was lost sight of. Grated cheese, also, was a "new joy" to them, and Mrs. Norcross paid Cicely the compliment of asking her what sort of coffee she used and just how she made it, adding, "Until now I supposed you had to have boiling water ready to pour on the ground coffee and I've kept house twenty-three years! Well, 'live and learn,' sure enough."

Two days later, Tom said to his wife, "Why, little woman, what sort of kick-shaws did you concoct the day Aunt Ann and Nina were here to luncheon? Mother has just told me that they said they were right royally feasted, that I had got the best sort of a housekeeper for a wife. Such remarks from Aunt Ann mean something, I can tell you. What extravagance did you run me into?"

How he laughed when she told him of the seeming bareness of her larder, and added, "But you see I was not so inhospitable as to apologize for any lack, for that would make it look as if I were sorry they had come. I gave them the best I had and am glad that they were satisfied."

"That was good common sense; sometimes when I've gone home to tea with a fellow, I've felt as if I were an intruder, my hostess would apologize so profusely for not having this, that, or the other; I felt as if I were not welcome, and wished I hadn't accepted my friend's invitation."—*Frances Ellen Wadleigh, in the Household.*

SPOILED CHILDREN.

Spoiled children are not the product of effete civilization. They have always existed, literally since the beginning of our race, for the first child was Cain, and in the light of his subsequent career, we cannot doubt that Eve allowed the wonderful little creature his own way in everything. Original sin was then so new, so fresh, that the baby had it in its undiluted potency, and the young mother, most hapless of women, never had a mother of her own to guide and instruct her. Other instances of spoiled children could be easily cited from the Scripture records—Jacob, his mother's darling, and Absalom, the pride of David's heart, coming at once to mind—but it is not necessary to turn to the past, we have the species always with us; perhaps in our own homes may be found choice, well-developed specimens.

There are rigid disciplinarians who believe that a child should never be permitted to have its own way, even when that way is a good one, neither injurious to itself nor disagreeable to others. Were theirs the universal rule originality would be totally suppressed, and the law of love become obsolete. Brought up in the frigid atmosphere of sternness and constant repression, a child may learn to behave with perfect propriety, but it is none the less a failure, and a pitiable one.

The little ones are entitled to loving care, to tender caresses, and sweet words of endearment. It is only when love becomes injudiciously indulgent that the process of spoiling begins. It is so pleasant and easy to give way to little exactions, to laugh at the naughty yet winsome actions, that the rosebud is surrounded with prickly thorns, the kitten's sharp claws are grown before we awaken to the fact that our own precious darling is a high private at least, if not a commanding officer, in the great army of *enfants gâtes*. It sounds better in French—the foreign syllables are less downright—but there is no softening the hard reality away. And then, with a remorseful consciousness that it is our child who has become a "nuisance"—the favorite term applied to the spoiled children of other people—we enter hurriedly and energetically upon the task of rooting up the noxious weeds which are choking the growth of all that is sweet and attractive in the youthful character. And with a sigh of contrition we deplore our own failures, and resolve to be more vigilant. We will not, we must not, let the little darlings be ruined by our inefficiency. And so, taking courage, we begin over again, looking cheerfully forward to the days when, as grandmothers, we can exercise the privileges of that dignity, and spoil to our heart's content.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BED SLIPPERS FOR CHILDREN.

Two little pairs of bed slippers greet me when I go round the last thing at night to tuck up my darlings, and leave a good-night kiss on their warm little faces. Those little bed slippers have seen service, for the children jump into them the first thing in the morning, instead of pattering about the room with their little bare feet. I feel confident that they have saved them many a cold, and I count my own pair as one of the comforts and necessities of life. Felt slippers can be purchased for this use, but the home-made ones, crocheted or knitted, with warm, lamb's wool soles, are preferable. The making of these slippers is pleasant pick-up work, and the children are delighted with them as presents. Keep them near the bed at night, where they can be slipped into at a moment's notice.

CARE OF TABLE LINEN.

In buying tablecloths and napkins it is always best to get good quality. Not only will it wear much longer, but it gives the table a richer appearance than an inferior quality of linen. Have plenty of changes and never use a tablecloth or napkin until badly soiled, thereby necessitating more rubbing to get it clean and consequently more wear on the material.

Never put table linen into soapsuds until it has had all stains removed by pouring boiling water through them. This will remove all stains but iron rust; for that sprinkle on oxalic acid, wetting the spot with cold water. Rub gently between the hands and it will gradually disappear. If obstinate, repeat the process. A stain is very unsightly, and upon an otherwise nice cloth detracts greatly from its appearance. The scalding should not be neglected if a spotless expanse of white is desired. Table linen should be rubbed lightly and always wrung by hand; a wringer makes creases which are hard to iron out. Blue lightly but do not starch. Stiffened linen is an abomination.

Never allow tablecloths to hang on the line in a strong wind. The hems will become frayed at the corners, and a general limpness be the result. Nothing is so wearing to all linen and cotton cloth as "switching" in the wind from a clothesline. When signs of wear appear, it is much better to darn back and forth with threads of the linen from the trimmings which should have been saved when the cloth was made up than to put on a patch. A

darn can be so skillfully managed that scarcely a trace of its presence can be detected, at the same time strengthening the worn place until it is as strong as the rest, while a patch, be it ever so skillfully applied, is a patch still, and easily detected.

Carving and tea cloths save much of the wear at the edges of the table, and where there are small children cloths are made of butcher's linen, stamped and etched with floss, either white or colored, as one may fancy, to be placed under the plate as a protection to the tablecloth. Very young children, if allowed at table, should be provided with oilcloth or rubber bibs of sufficient size to allow of being placed underneath the plate. The most reckless little one cannot smear the table cloth if protected in this manner.—*Housekeeper.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

ADHESIVE PLASTER.—To make adhesive plaster, add one ounce of French isinglass to one pint of warm water and stir it until it dissolves, then add five cents worth of tincture of arnica, and ten cents worth of pure glycerine. Tack a piece of white or black silk on a board and paint it over with this mixture.

BREAD-CRUMB OMELET.—This is excellent if served with roast lamb or veal. One pint of bread crumbs, a large spoonful of parsley, rubbed very fine, half a tiny onion chopped very fine. Beat two eggs light, add a teaspoonful of milk, a trace of nutmeg, pepper and salt liberally; also a lump of butter the size of an egg. Mix all together and bake in a slow oven, on a buttered pie plate; when light brown, turn it out, and serve at once.

ESCALLOPED APPLE.—Put alternate layers of soft bread crumbs, sliced apple, sugar, bits of butter and spice or nutmeg in a buttered pudding dish. Have a thick layer of bread crumbs moistened with melted butter on top. Use one-half a cupful of sugar, one saltspoonful of cinnamon, spice or nutmeg, and a little grated rind or juice of lemon for a three pint dish. Bake one hour, or until the apples are soft and the crumbs brown. Cover at first to avoid burning.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Put a layer of sliced bread or biscuit, first dipped well in boiling sweet milk, in a baking dish, then a layer of prunesauce made as for eating, only seeding the prunes, then bread, and so on till the dish is full, bread on top, having sprinkled each layer with a little sugar; pour over this the prune juice and the remainder of the scalded milk. To make it richer, bits of butter may be added to each layer; bake in moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. When cold turn it out in a dish and spread whipped cream on top, or it may be eaten hot with a sauce or spoonful of whipped cream to each dish. Nice, prepared on Saturday for a cold Sunday dinner.

PUZZLES NO. 5.

BEHEADED RHYME.

A brown and skilful boatman
Plies his delightful * * * * *
And over the smooth waters
Daily propels his * * * * *
Yet he is ever watchful
For dangers fore and * * * * *

RIDDLE.

I made a beautiful fire, which Ethel admired all the evening; she heard me in the night, and she feared there were robbers about; she took a sail in me the next morning, which was most enjoyable.

CHARADE.

My first is a flower that was worn by each side,
When Lancaster and York did old England divide;
And whether 'twas white, or whether 'twas red,
It showed whom the wearer desired as a head.
My second's the name of a beautiful queen,
Who, though she be pitted, was guilty, I ween,
And another, her namesake, quite cruel was shown
When she came to succeed to her proud father's throne.
My whole is a sweet-smelling plant.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The father of the strongest man.
2. The name by which the oldest ship of which we read is called.
3. A disciple who believed in Christ's resurrection on the evidence of his senses.
4. A convert of St. Paul, whose mother and grandmother are mentioned in an epistle.
5. A king of Tyre who was a lover of David.
6. The name of a cave connected with the fortunes of David.
7. A liquor miraculously provided by Christ. Put together the initial letters of each word, and you have the name of a man who wrote about our Lord.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

A	rso	N
R	is	E
B	la	B
O	a	R
R	os	A
D	res	S
A	u	K
Y	e	A

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.—1st line, but; 2nd line, nuts; 3rd line, learn; 4th line, turn; 5th line, yore; 6th line, more; 7th line, old; 8th line, told; 9th line, September fourteen; 10th line, mean; 11th line, nuts; 12th line, abuts; 13th line, part; 14th line, apart; 15th line, them; 16th line, old; 20th line, bless; 21st line, say; 22d line, Holyrood day.

CHARADE.—"Overcome."—See Numbers 13.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Phil, Adelpi, Ai, Philadelphia.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from R. J. Butchart.