

HOUSEHOLD.

Let the Girls Romp.

Most mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and as gentle as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine.

Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery, with calisthenics or gymnastics, will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl, than the pale, lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady.

The latter rarely breaks things or tears her dresses, or tries her mother's patience as the former does; but, after all, what do the tearing or breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as possible, and also give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight.—'Christian Work.'

Giving and Getting.

'I don't see how foreign missions help the home churches,' said Lou Baker, looking up at her mother. 'The preacher said they did, yesterday, when he was preaching about missions, you know.'

'Do you remember the beautiful bed of nasturtiums Mrs. Snow and I had last summer, Lou?' asked her mother.

'Yes. But—'

'But what has that to do with missions?' replied her mother, smiling.

'Let's see. Mrs. Snow had not cut her flowers, you remember. Her bed was a perfect blaze of color for a while. She wanted it to be the finest in town, and for a time it was. Then the vines began to die, though she gave them the best attention. Before August there was nothing but dry stems left. The flowers had bloomed themselves to death, and drawn all the life from the roots.'

'This year she did not plant nasturtiums; she said they did not pay. My bed bloomed until frost. I was on the flower committee for the hospital, and sent great bunches of my nasturtiums every week to the sick people. I could not help it—they were so lovely, and brought so much brightness into the long, bare wards. I never thought of saving my plants by giving away my flowers, but so it was.'

'So you think, mamma, that the more we give to foreign missions, the more we have at home?' asked Lou.

'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty,' quoted Mrs. Baker. 'When I saw the joy those flowers, gleaming like great blotches of red and yellow sunshine, brought into the days of these poor sick ones, I loved my flowers more than ever before, and thanked God more heartily than I had ever done for the beautiful gift of the flowers. They taught me a lesson on foreign missions.'—'Mission Journal.'

Sirloin Steak or Liver.

Bishop Vincent records the following incident:

'A coal miner in Pennsylvania quit work on a Saturday night; treated the boys at the saloon, went to the butcher's shop and stood aside while the saloon-keeper bought a roast for Sunday's dinner and a sirloin steak for Monday's breakfast. The miner took two pounds of liver. The following morning the miner made a speech to his fellow-miners, and they agreed to buy no more beer for a week at the saloon. They kept

their word. Next Saturday the miner went to the butcher shop. The saloon-keeper came in, and the miner stood to one side. The saloon-keeper said that, as business had been very dull, he would take liver for his Sunday dinner and Monday breakfast. The miners took roast and steak.'—'National Advocate.'

Selected Recipes.

Fried Onions.—Pare and slice the onions, cover with milk for ten minutes. Drain, then roll them either in fine bread crumbs or flour, deep fry in hot fat. Remember to drain on paper.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Use sweet potatoes that have been baked and washed. To two cupfuls, add one cupful of cream, one tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper, salt and ginger. Dip the croquettes in cracker crumbs and egg and fry.

Fried Chicken.—Cut in half two young chickens, or divide large ones, place the pieces in a steamer and steam for one, two, or three hours, or until the meat is thoroughly done; remove it from the fire; allow it to cool, then season with salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg, dust the pieces with flour, dip in beaten egg, then fry to a light brown in sweet butter. Garnish with sliced lemon and parsley, and serve with pepper sauce.

A Pretty Holiday Cake.—Bake four nice cakes—a fruit cake, a cocoanut, a sponge, and a chocolate. When cold cut into quarters and press together as one a quarter of each cake. Ice each quarter so as to indicate what is beneath. A country girl, in telling of one she saw, says:—'The "fruity quarter" was thickly strewn with raisins to show what "manner of man" it was. The chocolate bore a brown, crusty-looking icing. The cocoanut portion was white and thickly covered with its own candied covering. The sponge part was slightly tinged with a yellowish frosting, which told of what did lurk beneath.'—'Occident.'

Queen Pudding.—To make queen pudding pour one quart of milk upon one quart of bread crumbs. Add one cup of sugar, a little salt, and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat the yolks of four eggs and add to the mixture. Bake it till it is sufficiently done. Then spread over the top a layer of preserved or stewed fruit of any kind. Whip the whites of four eggs until stiff, add four tablespoonsful of

sugar and the juice of a lemon, and spread it over the top. Return it to the oven until it is slightly brown. To be eaten hot or cold.

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