

THE HOUSEHOLD.

POTS AND PANS.

Have you ever dined at a house when each dish had an indefinable flavor of every other dish? No matter how charming the hostess, nor how rich the appurtenances of the dining-room, all is obscured by the fact that the potatoes have been boiled in a saucepan after onions, and the steak has been broiled on the same gridiron that the salt fish occupied in the morning.

There is nothing so essential in the kitchen as perfect cleanliness, and the pots and the pans should have the first consideration.

It seems entirely unnecessary to say that all cooking utensils should be carefully cleaned after each using, but Bridget will, in nine cases out of ten, swish round a little water in a sauce-pan or frying-pan, mop it over with a wet and probably dirty dish cloth, and shove it into the closet.

Small fragments stick around the edges of the lids and in the corners, and there they stay (unless discovered by the watchful eye of the mistress), protected from all encroachments in the shape of soap and water, and forming the nucleus of continued deposits of like nature. It is just these minute particles that give the flavor to everything cooked in the pan.

One day a week should be devoted to this branch of housework and will amply suffice to keep all kitchen utensils in a spotless condition. If you superintend in person the labors of the maid, so much the better.

There are many ways of doing the same thing, but the quickest and easiest methods for producing equally good results should always be employed. In this age, time is money, and labor-saving inventions are numerous and near at hand.

A tiny scrubbing brush, that can be bought for five cents, and a small whisk broom will be found very useful in cleaning the insides of pots, and their superiority over the chains will be apparent as soon as used. The brush gets into the corners and crevices where a chain would be entirely useless.

The vigorous use of hot water and soap, with sapolio to polish with, or occasionally soda, will drive out the last vestige of dirt and grease.

When polishing new tins, do not rub the sapolio directly on the tin, as it is so often carelessly done, but rub the soap on one side of the cloth, then turn over the cloth and rub with that side. This precaution prevents the gritty particles from coming in contact with the polished surface and scratching it.

For all brass kettles use vinegar and salt; but in so doing take great care to thoroughly wash the kettle after rubbing; and also be particular that there are no cuts or scratches on the hands, for the chemical compound formed with the salt, acid and brass is a violent poison.

There is always acid in fruits, and when cooking this forms a poisonous coating on the brass, and therefore all brass boilers should be thoroughly scoured before being used again.

Articles made of fine brass and copper may be polished by a mixture of rotten stone and sweet oil, or by silicon applied wet and allowed to dry before rubbing up with a cloth first and then a chamois skin.

Another point seldom looked after is the manner in which tins are dried. Careless servants wash them and either shove them half dried into the closet or else pile them on the hottest part of the stove there to burn until they have leisure or inclination to remove them.

Housekeepers sometimes wonder how it is that they have to buy a new supply of tins so often, that the new saucepan has the handle off, and the boiler bought only a week or two ago, has a hole in it and has been pronounced unvendable. Just let her go unexpectedly into the kitchen some morning and see all these articles sizzling and burning on the red-hot stove, while a survey of the premises discovers the presiding genius talking over the fence to the next-door maid, upon the necessity of servants' protective unions, and the mystery of the worn-out kettle is solved.

The pleasant experience of going into the kitchen to concoct some delicate dish for an invalid and finding our one particular saucepan greasy and red with rust, if it

has no holes burned in it, will open the thoughtful housekeeper's eyes to the value and necessity of every article being well dried before being placed away in the closet. After drying with a cloth, place upside down upon the plate warmer, if you have one. If not place them on the cool part of the stove, until dry and warm.

A little attention to the details I have mentioned will save a great deal of annoyances and vexation, will keep your kitchen utensils in a cleanly, healthful condition, and give Bridget to understand that not only the outsides are to be looked after, but the insides as well.—Mary Elizabeth Frye, in the Woman's Magazine.

ABOUT LAMPS.

Don't have in every room a beautiful lamp, softened and shaded so that it is "just light enough to see how dark it is." The "dim religious light" is becoming and aesthetic, but somewhere—wherever the most reading is done—we want a good, strong light. I have in my mind a picture of a great six-foot man, whom I know, wandering helplessly around, from one shaded, lace-trimmed lamp to another, trying "to find a lamp without a petticoat," by which to read his evening paper. Let the useful German student, or the Argand drop light, hold a place of honor especially if there are very young or old eyes to bend over the printed page. There are many lamps, beautiful to lighten a dark corner, that are useless on a centre table. There has been a species of carved brass shades invented lately, set here and there with great bull's-eyes of colored glass. Beware of it! It is fair to look on, but difficult to read by. First, the light through the red bull's eye will smite your long-suffering optic, and if you dodge that, it is only to fall into the more pensive blue. After prancing around one of these shades a whole evening, I went to bed and dreamed I was looking at fire-works all night.

Rose is the prettiest all over color for a shade, and yellow next; blue is apt to make people look a little ghastly. There are all kinds of crocheted, silk, ribbon, lace and paper shades, but they all lose their color before long if put on next to the glass shade, and then they look so scorched and forlorn, and show so plainly that they "have seen better days," that one regrets the time spent in making them. I saw some pretty shades lately made of pink and yellow crepe. They were just big circles of the crepe, with a hole cut in the middle for the chimney and top of the shade. The lower edge was trimmed with lace. They fell in soft folds, and shaded a lamp without extinguishing it.

Now a word as to the care of lamps, which few servants understand. They should be perfectly clean, and filled every day. The wick should be rubbed off, not cut, and the chimneys washed whenever they are the least smoked with a little ammonia and water, which clears them instantly. There is nothing that will reward your care more, for a pretty, well-trimmed lamp lends beauty to a whole room, while a smoky, bad-smelling one will destroy an entire evening's pleasure.—Congregationalist.

MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

"I try so hard to make my children happy," said a wearied mother, with a deep sigh, one day in despair at her efforts. "Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does." "And how is that?" she asked dolefully. "Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She always throws them, as far as practicable upon their own resources, teaches them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she has, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love Nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees and the butterflies; that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor

anything so miserable as disobedience; that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep and being good." In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother; few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—Canadian Presbyterian.

SLEEPING HABITS.

A young mother writes to the Household:—Both of my children take their day naps at regular hours always, and go to bed for the night at seven o'clock in summer and six in winter. Two healthier, happier little "comforts" would be hard to find. They are never rocked to sleep, consequently a great deal of valuable time is saved, and I am sure they are better off. I put them down (in separate cribs yet) at six o'clock, turn out the light and go downstairs. The older one usually sings herself to sleep, and the baby never whimpers, but is soon off for the land of Nod.

How did I bring this about? By beginning early enough. A great many mothers are deterred from an attempt to form the non-rocking habit because it is so hard to hear their children cry. Indeed it is! Every pitiful wail produces an answering response from the loving mother's heart; but if you begin almost with their first consciousness, most of this may be avoided. Don't wait till the child has learned that a lap is a very cozy, comfortable resting-place, but begin before it has begun to discriminate between a lap and a bed. Be sure it is warm, dry and well fed, and then place it comfortably in bed, and before the bright eyes have glistened there long, the snowy lids will droop, and Miss-Baby will have forgotten her infantile troubles in a healthful sleep.

It requires perseverance, to be sure, but ah! what a bountiful harvest you reap some hot day, when you can dispose the restless midget in a darkened room and go about your duties, without being wrought up to the highest nervous pitch by trying to soothe to the fidgety, long-suffering baby, who, of course, grows proportionately more restless as you become tired and probably impatient. I have tried it successfully with two children, totally different in temperament and disposition, and I know it can be done. You can readily tell by the manner of the child's crying whether it be in pain or in a temper.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

The ease with which housework can be done depends very largely upon the conveniences at one's disposal. With a washing machine and a wringer a large washing can easily be disposed of. With a mop wringer the most disagreeable part of the drudgery of cleaning floors is reduced to a minimum. With a bread-mixer the making of bread is rendered easy. A carpet-sweeper is invaluable, as it raises no dust, and is its own dust-pan. A dish-cloth with a handle saves the hands; a bit of sail-cloth ravelled is good for a handled dish-cloth. A drawer or box, with hammer, monkey-wrench, awls, screw-drivers, pin-cers, files, saws, and such other tools as one needs in frequent household jobbery, is of great value. Another drawer with tacks, nails, screws, wire, is necessary. Still another for strings and for wrapping paper. There should be a writing-desk or table in every house fitted up with writing materials, pens, ink, paper, envelopes, pen-wiper, eraser, scissors, paper-cutter, wastebasket, mucilage or paste; if possible, a letter-weight; and hung up or tacked up close by a calendar and rates of postage. Supplied thus one can do a great many things easily. A man that can afford to use tobacco can afford to furnish his family with these conveniences. Money spent by women in gewgaws and trifles, if invested in these articles, would bring large returns of substantial aid and satisfaction.

RECIPES.

FRENCH STRAWS.—Eight eggs, ten ounces of sugar, flour sufficient to form a dough, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg, mixed. Beat the eggs very thick, add the sugar, spice and flour to make a dough. Roll it about half an inch thick, cut it in slips the length of your finger, give each one a twist, and drop them in boiling lard. When cool, sift white sugar over them.

RICE CURS.—Boil a quart of milk, and mix with

it three tablespoonful of rice flour made smooth in a little cold milk. When it has boiled fifteen minutes, put in two ounces of butter. Have your cups rinsed in cold water and pour in the mixture; when cold they may be turned out and will retain their forms. They may be surrounded with boiled custard, and will look like hills of snow.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING (a two-guinea prize plum pudding).—Out of five hundred recipes sent the Queen, the following was awarded the prize: One pound of raisins, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three quarters pound of stale bread crumbs, one-quarter pound of brown sugar, grated rind of one lemon, one-quarter pound of flour, one pound of currants, one-half of a nutmeg, grated, five eggs, one-half pint of orange juice, one-half pound of minced candied orange peel. Clean, wash and dry the currants. Stone the raisins. Mix all the dry ingredients well together. Beat the eggs, add to them the orange juice, then pour them over the dry ingredients and thoroughly mix. Pack into greased small kettles or moulds (this will make about six pounds), and boil for six hours at the time of making and six hours when wanted for use.

PUZZLES.

A STRANGE TALE.

Fast to the parent stalk we cling,  
And where our cradles gently swing—  
With silk-fringed curtains canopied—  
Plumed sentinels watch overhead.

Unwarned there came a shocking day,  
And we were rudely snatched away,  
And hung suspended in the air,  
As if a felon's shame to share.

There left to wither, fade and dry,  
We seemed a lingering death to die;  
But still we hold life's germ secure,  
For life can wondrously endure.

What seemed a worse fate came at last,  
For in an iron cage made fast  
Our captors held us o'er a fire  
Where salamanders might expire,

But now a miracle behold!  
White, fleecy wings from us unfold;  
We would have sprung into the air  
Were we not held close captives there.

But fair hands gave us quick release;  
And then it did their fancy please  
To mould us into forms so sweet  
That all declare us good to eat.

ANAGRAMS: NAMES OF FISHES.

1. I bite what?
2. Rum baine.
3. Pet door.
4. E. grunts so.
5. Kick St. Caleb.
6. Had she her drake, mam!
7. Roamer.
8. I propose.
9. Tan us, ma?
10. Earl Fym.
11. Flip mush.
12. A hat Lib.
13. Drag run.
14. My tone G.
15. Only sing D.

WHAT IS THIS?

Am I a brute and destitute of sense?  
None can deny I have intelligence,  
I stand in fire, but I am not consumed;  
To grappling service I am sometimes doomed;  
See me in saw-mills, having duties such  
As are performed by claw, or catch, or clutch,  
And powers mechanical I often rule,  
By changing motion of a working tool.

BEHEADINGS.

I travel with the storm—behead me, and I'm heard with the herd; again, and I cause trouble; again, I am part of a bird; curtail, I am a success; behead, I am a preposition. Curtail me, and I am a vowel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 3.

WHAT AM I—



The kangaroo.

EXTENDED PUZZLE.—

Norway  
Waymarks  
Marksman  
Manor  
Orleans.

A SQUARE WITHIN A SQUARE.—

A L P I A  
L E A R N  
P A G A N  
I R A T E  
A N N E X

LETTER ENIGMA.—Whirlwinds.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Leonard T. Floyd and Florence May send correct answers to the Christmas puzzles. Let us hear from many others during the coming fortnight.  
Ed. Messenger.