

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day:
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish-heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day.
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought Divine:
"You are living, toiling for love's sake
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And the sacred self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—Mother's Companion.

CULINARY COURAGE.

Travelling beaten paths is on the whole so safe and secure a proceeding that to ask whether it is also wise and best never enters the mind of many people. We are all not so much like those sheep which have gone astray, as we are like a stupid flock who go on forever following one worthy bell-wether, simply because we always have done so, and lack the courage and originality to try new paths and other pastures. This is particularly true of house-keepers. Fashion having decreed that certain dishes are correct upon certain occasions, these dishes are fated to appear and reappear upon every table until the fashion changes. And did it ever occur to you to wonder why the fashion changed? Simply because there is somewhere a somebody with originality enough to plan a new dish, and with force enough to make others accept it.

It is very easy to get into a certain rut, and to go on from day to day never soaring above plain roast and boiled. This is partly from that indifference to the higher branches of the culinary art which is sometimes supposed to show that the house-keeper has a soul above the kitchen, but it is oftener that the house-wife is fairly frightened at the outset by the supposed elaborateness of the materials required. A handful of minced parsley, anchovy paste, curry-powder, a bouquet of herbs, a garnish of whipped cream, have so alarmed many a woman that she has closed her cook-book with a hopeless sigh, exclaiming: "Oh, why did not somebody write a few receipts for poor people who cannot afford all these elaborate materials, and yet who wish to serve their dishes up in a wholesome and appetizing manner!"

And after that she will probably return to her mutton, and put it on the table as of yore in the form of a plain roast, or if *rechauffe*, in mince-meat flavored chiefly with fat and warm water. Now the real truth is that these materials, which make all the difference between good cookery and that which is utterly tiresome and commonplace, are neither expensive nor hard to obtain. A little courage—the courage of daring to try experiments, and to depart from time-honored rules and customs—is about all that is needed to quite transform the ordinary table. A handful of parsley costs five cents, and will be enough to season a number of dishes, or better still, you can raise it yourself in a box in the window, and the more you cut it the more it will grow. You can for a few cents get

bay-leaves enough to last a year, for their flavor is so strong that one never needs more than one at a time. Garlic comes by the braid for a trifle, and one braid will season soups and mince-meats for months. Cream can be had for eighteen cents a pint, and half a pint whipped will make a dessert of baked pears or apples food fit for a king.

If you live out of town you probably may find your grocer inadequate; but it is easy to write a list of necessary seasonings and condiments, and have a year's supply sent from the city at once. With a country home you have the advantage of a bit of land, it is supposed, on which you can raise soup herbs and salads far superior to any to be bought at market.

And now, having bought your supplies, and having found them to be, after all, neither so strange nor so costly, have the courage to try using them, and you cannot but be glad that you have so done. Because your mother has always considered potatoes quite good enough when plainly boiled or baked need not prevent your attempting other and more savory fashions. Try potatoes parboiled, and then baked under the roast of beef; or warmed, with onion browned in butter and a spoonful of minced parsley into Lyonnaise; or heated in milk slightly thickened and well-seasoned; or made into dainty croquettes, crisp and creamy; or cooked, in short, in any of a score of other ways—and you will be ready to confess that there are possibilities in the honest potato of which you never dreamed.

Again, if you have in the house a fine boiled ham, do not allow it to return to the table as plain ham until the very name has become a jest, and the sight of the lengthening bone and ragged meat has wearied even robust appetite. Make an omelet, and sift powdered ham over it just before you fold it; or chop fine a cup of the meat and add it to well-seasoned scrambled egg; or mix it with rice and make it into croquettes; or try the delicious Southern rule; spread thin slices with mustard, pepper, and curry-powder, and fry them brown, adding to the gravy a pinch of white sugar; serve very hot; and you have barbecued ham—a most tempting, savory dish, and yet wonderfully simple to concoct.

To serve as an accompaniment to roast beef you will find few dishes more satisfactory than a Yorkshire pudding. I have heard a house-keeper of conservative habit exclaim: "Yorkshire pudding! Oh, that is what they always have in Dickens' stories and in English cookery-books. I cannot spend my time trying such elaborate dishes as that." Yet a Yorkshire pudding is nothing more than a batter of eggs, milk, flour and a pinch of salt, poured into the dripping-pan in which the beef is cooking, and baked until it is brown, crisp, and delicious.

In the line, too, of breads and of desserts the venturesome housewife can make many discoveries worth the finding, and with no more labor or expense, can furnish her family with a pleasant variety of dishes. The whole matter lies in a nutshell. It is only this: Have the courage of an explorer, and do not be daunted by the experience of your friends. Do not be afraid to venture, and you and those whose comfort depends upon you cannot fail to be delighted with the result.—*Exchange*.

TEACHING TIDINESS.

May not the house-mother, to whom long years of effort have perhaps made neatness instinctive, save herself trouble, and her children and children-in-law that may some day be, unhappiness, by beginning at the very outset to teach her daughters, ay, and her sons too, that it is essential that they should have an eye for dirt? The tired woman sighs as she gathers together the articles of clothing and the newspapers her husband has tossed down and left for some one else to pick up. "Men are naturally untidy," she says, with a patient smile that holds no hint of blame. In the same spirit she goes at stated intervals to the closets and bureau drawers of her boys and girls, and restores them from chaos to something like order. "Children will be careless," she tells you, apologetically.

Would it not be better for her and them if more stress were laid upon the old maxim Solomon ought to have uttered, though he

didn't, "Cleanliness is next to godliness"? Would she not do a wise thing if she taught her little men and women that to be dirty is as much a sin as it is to lose one's temper, to utter angry words, or to strike blows in wrath, and that it is the duty of every one to fight against such a fault, and if possible, conquer it before it conquers them? Could she not explain all that dust and dirt mean as breeders and carriers of disease germs, as injurious to the skin, the eyes, the lungs? And finally, could she not impress it upon them that the laziness which lead the girl in sweeping to brush the dust under the sofa, and the boy in dressing to leave his boots and soiled clothes in the middle of the floor, is a manifestation of that self-indulgence and love of ease which if not curbed will in time vitiate even the finest characters?

The teaching tidiness to boys does not require much attention to details. A man's life has so little to do with the minutiae of house-keeping that it ought to be a comparatively easy matter for him to learn to keep his especial corner of the house neat, and to avoid disordering the general family rooms.

But with a girl the case is different. She must comprehend the importance of little things; she must learn the evil consequences that may result from a neglected refrigerator; she must appreciate the extra labor that is involved when cooking utensils are put away half washed or half dried; she must know the injurious effects upon carpets and curtains of allowing dust to become ground into them, the saving it is to wash clothes before they are too dirty, the absolute necessity of keeping sinks and drain-pipes perfectly clean. Drilling in all these items should be part of a girl's education, just as much as training in mathematics or languages. If she is as thoroughly versed in these things as she should be, so that the knowledge and its practice become a part of herself, there is little fear that, even in a house of her own, free from all supervision, her surroundings will ever bear the look of those of the woman who has no eye for dirt.—*Harper's Bazar*.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR NERVES.

There is no greater preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. "For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will."

THEY FOUND THE DARNING-NEEDLE.

It is difficult for us of the present generation to realize the privations of the pioneers who first came into the country where we now comfortably reside, the straits to which they were at times reduced from lack of articles now as common as water and air with us, and the preposterous value they often set upon them.

An aged resident at Fitzroy, Ont., recently told me, says a correspondent, that he well remembered the time when there was but one darning-needle in that county, and the only grist-mill was a day's journey distant.

One day a Mrs. Dickson, who chanced to have temporary possession of the darning-needle, and had it carefully stuck in a holder attached to her apron, set off to go to the

mill with a bag of grain laid on the back of a horse. The good lady encountered certain rough vicissitudes by the way, and unfortunately lost the darning-needle.

This was really a public calamity in Fitzroy. Nearly twenty housewives depended upon that darning-needle for repairing socks and for other coarse mending. It passed from one log-house to another, by special messenger, and every woman had the use of it one day in three weeks. Another darning-needle could not then be procured nearer than Perth, fifty miles distant.

Tidings of the disaster which had befallen Mrs. Dickson soon spread, and on the following morning a dozen women, some of them accompanied by their children, and some by their husbands, turned out to search three miles of forest-path.

It seemed to be a well-nigh hopeless task, but keen eyes were bent upon every portion of the highway, and at length one little girl espied it.

A great shout was raised, and the good news was carried along the line of searchers. The party re-collected, and the rejoicings in newly-settled Fitzroy that day were great.

HOUSEKEEPERS OUGHT TO KNOW

That to have good coffee your coffee-pot must be bright and clean inside.

That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner sweeping crosswise of the width.

That in making up the unbleached muslin allow one inch to the yard for shrinkage.

That if you fold your clothes as you take them from the line they will iron much easier.

That your copper wash-boiler, if well rubbed with a cloth dipped in coal oil, will be clean and bright.

That to keep your bedding pure and wholesome open up your beds to air the first thing in the morning.

That one part suet to two parts lard rendered together is much better for frying purposes than all lard.

That if you want to keep your house free of moths never put down your carpets till the floor is perfectly dry.

That to wash smoothing irons in dish-water, after washing your skillets, will make them smooth and prevent rusting.

PUZZLES—NO. 2.

THREE EASY ENIGMAS.

I'm in whisper and in shout,
I'm in silence and in noise,
I'm in gather and in rout,
I'm in vapor and in voice,
I'm in heaven and in earth,
I'm in stoical and in neat,
I'm in nothing and in worth,
I'm in famine and in eat,
I'm in truthful and in sly,
I'm in iron and in wood,
I'm in pretty and in wry,
I'm in worldly and in good.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

I'm in terror and in fight,
I'm in humble and in might,
I'm in depth and I'm in height,
I'm in labor and in love,
I'm in ostrich and in dove,
I'm in raven and in wren,
I'm in homestead and in den,
I'm in cloudy and in light,
I'm in inky and in bright,
I'm in rapid and in vain,
I'm in servile and in reign,
I'm in torpor and in truth,
I'm in childhood and in youth.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

I'm in broken and in bent,
I'm in given and in lent,
I'm in taken and in put,
I'm in homestead and in hut,
I'm in childhood and in youth,
I'm in virtue and in truth,
I'm in pasture and in pen,
I'm in pheasant and in hen,
I'm in plover and in wren,
I'm in frequent and in few,
I'm in ancient and in new,
I'm in cavern and in cote,
I'm in terrace and in mote.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

SQUARE NO. 1.

1. Backward. 2. A title. 3. An open space of ground. 4. Like a conc. 5. Dexterity.

R. H. JENKINS.

SQUARE NO. 2.

1. To ask earnestly. 2. Rent. 3. To turn aside. 4. Brink. 5. To go in.

R. H. JENKINS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 1.

Pr. No. 1.—Deal with another as you'd have Another deal with you.

Pr. No. 2.—A soft answer turneth away wrath.

SQUARES.—

(No. 1.) (No. 2.) (No. 3.)

D R A W S A W A R E R E G A L
R E B E L W A G E R E L U D E
A B I D E A G I L E G U I D E
W E D G E R E L I C A D D E R
S L E E P E R E C T L E E R S

BIBLE ENIGMA.—"The Lord be magnified."—Psalms 40. 16.