

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ONE EAR OF CORN.

TO THE FARMERS' BOYS IN OUR CHURCHES AND CONGREGATIONS.

By a Farmers' Boys' Friend.

My Dear Boys:—There are more than eight hundred millions of people who have not yet heard the gospel. Besides the few who are already at work among the different nations of the world, there are in the United States some two thousand young men and women standing ready to go, some waiting to finish their education, and some only waiting for an appointment; but the church has not given the money to send them, and to feed and clothe them while they are at work.

Now I believe that you boys can send and support at least twenty of these young missionaries, and so be helpers with God in his greatest work. "But," you say, "we farmers' boys do not get much money, and we are already giving what we can." Well, we'll not ask you for more money, but for money's worth. Where is the boy among you who would not willingly sow and cultivate one ear of corn for the Lord? and where's the farmer who will not give his son enough land for such a work?

But, again, you say, "A bushel of corn will not go far in taking care of twenty men." Boys, just look at that hive of bees. Suppose one or two or three bees tried to make a comb and fill it with honey. How long do you suppose it would be before even that little frame would be filled? They succeed because they all work, and they all work together. Now suppose you do this with your corn. If there are ten or fifteen or twenty of you in one church or Sunday-school, let those ten or fifteen or twenty unite in a band, with proper officers, and pledge themselves to take each at least one ear of corn, and plant and cultivate the grain from it. Then at harvest-time bring together what you have grown, and having reserved for the next year's planting the very best ears, sell the balance and send the money to the foreign missionary board of your church, and send an account of your success to *The Golden Rule*. Then the results will be put together, and you will be able to know the extent of your work.

Take for your motto, "There shall be a handful of corn upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon;" and then work and pray, and look for that shaking.—*Golden Rule*.

A WORD TO HOSTESSES.

A plea for books in the guest chamber is made by a writer in the "Housewife," who says: "Dear housekeepers, as you take the last look at your dainty guest chamber, to see that all is in readiness for the expected guest, please be sure that one important item is not missing. You glance from bed to dressing-table, and are indignantly sure that everything is perfect. Yet there is one lack. There is not a book in the room. Probably your friend may spend several hours each day in her room, and she will need something to read; and if she chances to be a poor sleeper she will appreciate your reading-matter more than your purple and fine linen.

I visited at a house not long ago, where I occupied a gem of a room. The bed was a marvel of daintiness, the appointments of the dressing table were perfect, choice pictures hung on the walls, a luxurious chair invited me to lounge, and to crown all, a cheery little fire burned in the grate. I retired, but after wooing the drowsy god in vain for an hour or two, I arose, lit the gas, and looked for a book. But not one page of print could I find in the room. Back to bed I went, and tried all the sleep-inducing schemes I had ever heard of. I counted myriads of white sheep going over a wall. I named all the people I knew whose names began with a certain letter, and kept getting more and more awake. How I longed for the book I kept under my pillow at home, "Diseases of the Ear," which is as intelligible as Sanskrit to me, and never fails to send me off to the sleepy country. I could have read anything just then; a railway guide, or even last year's almanac, would have been vastly entertaining. I threw myself in the Sleepy Hollow chair, thinking regretfully of the

well-filled bookcases in the library below. In my desperation I started to go down, but remembering that the master of the house was an expert marksman, I feared lest he might shoot me for a burglar. At last I remembered a story that was crammed in a corner of my bag. I fished it out, and although it was of the "penny dreadful" variety, I managed to read myself sleepy. Be sure that I did not forget to arm myself with a book before retiring to my room the next evening.

How different was my experience in visiting another friend in a much humbler home a little later. The guest room was a plain little apartment, hardly capable of holding the necessary furniture, but a little shelf hung in the corner held a few books in cheap bindings. There were a novel apiece of George Eliot, Dickens and Scott, two or three books of poetry, a volume of Emerson's Essays, a copy of "Kinder der Welt," and a collection of French plays. There were hardly a dozen volumes in all, and yet there was variety enough to suit almost any mood.

I resolved then that I would give housekeepers a hint. Any one can spare a few books from the shelves, and be sure that in the few minutes before breakfast, during the afternoon rest on the lounge, and in the watches of a sleepless night, your guest will be grateful for your thoughtfulness.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't-care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon," and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that they both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.—*American Youth*.

WASHING DISHES.

WITH A LITTLE THOUGHT AND CARE THE WORK MAY BE MADE VERY PLEASANT.

"Pooh! Everybody knows how to wash dishes!" you exclaim. If I believed that I would not write this article. I have many a time seen dishes treated in a way not at all nice, to say the least. Some people will pile a lot of greasy dishes into a pan with the cups and saucers and teaspoons, pour out about a quart of water and sozzle them out after a fashion that does not make them shine with cleanliness. Some will use the dishcloth to wipe them, or a cotton rag.

There are many people who never make provision before they sit down to the table to have a kettle of hot water ready when the meal is over; many who never put water into the spider in which some article of food has been cooked, nor into the pan in which meat has been baked, nor a dish in which dough, batter, etc., has been mixed, so that what adheres may soak and

be easily removed, but they will let them stand and dry and then, when it comes to the washing, plunge them right into the dishpan already thick and greasy, and rub and scrub and scrape with a knife to get off that which might have been so easily removed by soaking before coming to the final washing. Let me tell you my method, and if any one has a better way, I will gladly learn it if they will teach me.

Mixing dishes and baking dishes are put to soak directly after using, if there is any substance adhering that would otherwise be difficult of removing. In this water I wash off all I can before bringing the dishes to the pan. I see that the teakettle is refilled or a kettle of water is on the stove before I sit down to the table. When the dinner is over I scrape the plates which require it, and if particularly greasy I take a little hot soapsuds in some dish and wash them before putting them into the dishpan, for I do detest thick, greasy dish-water.

First, I wash the cups and saucers, spoons and knives, then such dishes as are the least soiled by the food, the cooking dishes coming last. I have the water very hot and use a handle mop for the best dishes; for the cooking dishes I have a cloth made from a worn towel. I have two grades of these dishcloths and a sink cloth besides. I have nice wiping towels of the checked crash usually, but that is not really essential, it is a matter of taste merely. By the side of my dishpan I have another into which I place the dishes as I wash them, arranging them loosely, and over them pour hot water to rinse them of the sudsy water. Then they wipe so much more easily when hot.

This water is used to wash the towels, the mop, best and second best dishcloths, adding soap, of course, and taking them in order one after the other, instead of dumping them all in together. The sinkcloth then comes into requisition, and after the sink is washed and wiped dry, the pan and cloth are washed in clean water. I never have any ill smelling towels or dishcloths; they are so disposed as to dry thoroughly. Sometimes, of course, it is necessary to use the rinse water for washing other dishes, and in a large family it would be always necessary to have two or more courses of water, but where there are only two or three persons one only is essential where the plates, etc., are previously partially cleansed.

I am aware that this reads like much work, but it is not really, and if it were, who would not be at extra pains to have the dishes clean and bright and the cloths perfectly sweet?—*Housekeeper*.

WHAT TO HAVE IN A SEWING-ROOM.

A correspondent sends the description of a "nearly perfect sewing room" that will be of interest to many, as the convenience of such a nook can hardly be overrated. It saves many weary steps in hunting for thread, thimble, etc., and saves the family sitting-room from being a resting place for the sewing. This room is 8x12 feet, with two windows and a small closet. In front of one window stands the sewing machine, which has one end of its cover cushioned to use as a foot-stool. On the right is a row of foot-wide shelves running almost the width of the room. One shelf is for the family medicines, the others hold all the sewing paraphernalia in boxes having the projecting ends labelled. They can be read from the sewer's seat at the machine, and are within easy reach. Patterns, left over pieces, buttons, trimmings, etc., all have boxes and are kept in them. Below the shelves is a low cutting table always ready for use. A sewing chair, without arms and having short rockers, is handy, and a straight chair for machine use. In one corner is a dress form, and in the opposite corner is a long narrow mirror, which shows the effect when fitting on the form. By the door three hooks are screwed from which hang a well-filled pincushion, pattern book and slate and pencil. On the slate goes every want of the family in the sewing line as it is thought of. The cost of fitting up such a room is small, as the window has a buff blind, and a rug for the feet is the only floor covering, but the convenience and comfort of such a place is unbounded.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

RECIPES.

ON A PINCH, a dish of macaroni can be made to do duty in place of meat for a light dinner or lunch. It should be boiled in salted water for ten minutes or a little longer, and then drained. It can then be put into a saucepan with butter, a little flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg, all well mixed and a liberal supply of grated cheese added. The whole should be moistened with milk or cream, and boiled together a moment before serving; or yet it can be baked instead of boiled; and before setting in the oven bread crumbs can be strewn on the top. Let it brown well.

CHICKEN OMELET.—Four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the eggs with an egg-beater, add the salt and milk, put one spoonful of butter in the spider, and when melted pour in the eggs. Have ready a cupful of chopped chicken, warmed in sweet cream. When the omelet has been in the spider two or three minutes, pour in the chicken, shake the spider a little, then run a knife under to see if it is brown; if so fold over half-way and remove to a hot platter. Serve immediately.

CORNED-BEEF HASH is a dish for breakfast not to be despised, when well made. All depends upon that. The materials may be just perfect; the putting of them together just ruinous. Have clean, lean meat, a little fat may be used if liked; chop finely. Chop cold, boiled potatoes equally fine, an equal measure. Mix these two, put in a generous piece of butter, a liberal dash of pepper, and soup stock enough to moisten it, or boiling water if no stock is to be had. Stir and heat over a brisk fire for five minutes or little more, but have it piping hot; it needs no cooking, and pour at once into a hot dish that has a cover; spread on a platter it too soon cools. If a fair amount is left over, brown it for another breakfast by buttering a frying pan, putting in the hash, pressing and smoothing it down into good form; cooking a few moments till brown and then turning it, upside down, brown side up, on a hot platter. Another way to utilize cold hash is to heat into it an egg and make up into cakes after the manner of fishballs, and fry a rich brown and serve.

PUZZLES NO. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The name of a crime.
 2. What you do when you climb.
 3. To talk like a goose.
 4. A thing of great use.
 5. For a girl a sweet name.
 6. A gown for the same.
 7. A curious bird.
 8. An affirmative word.
- My initials name a holiday grand;
My initials the State where first 'twas planned.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

Complete rhyme. Key in ninth and last lines.
Tis true without any if's or * * * * *
That boys and girls are fond of * * * * *
And what is true to-day, I * * * * *
—As back to ages past I * * * * *
Was true as well, in days of * * * * *
Three centuries ago and * * * * *
For in a manuscript as * * * * *
As fifteen-sixty, I am * * * * *
Tis writ that on * * * * *
At Eton, a holiday should * * * * *
That all the boys should gather * * * * *
In a grove which on their grounds * * * * *
Provided they each should give a * * * * *
To the teachers who set the day * * * * *
But ere the day was granted * * * * *
The teachers did each boy condemn
Verses to write on the deadly cold
Which comes with winter so hoary and * * * * *
Or else on the bountiful fruitfulness
Which autumn brings, her children to * * * * *
A holiday thus well earned, you would * * * * *
On a date by the church called * * * * *

CHARADE.

What noble men were Caleb
And Joshua,—they were the true—
The faithful of twelve who were chosen
The promised possession to view.
When last to the camp of their brethren,
All owned 'twas a goodly land,
But ten were dismayed at the giants—
The terrible Anakim band.
And Caleb had seen the giants,
But not with the eye of dread,
So he stilled all the host before Moses
And calmly and truthfully said,
"Now let us go up and possess it,
If our God in his people delight
He will bring us to this own possession
And well we may whole in his might."
So now there are giants before you
In the path to the highest success
You must fight your way upward against them
Up strengthened by victories press.
Oh, be not dismayed at the mighty
But trust in the Mightiest's strength
"Complete" and not "yield" be your watchword
Till first is the struggle at length.
ANDREW A. SCOTT.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Once there was a boy named 1, 2, 3, 4, who lived in a village in Ohio called 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and he told his cousin 12, 11, that his grandfather remembered when the city of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 was taken on September 26, 1777.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 3.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Death, Sleep.
1. D arkness S
2. E vi L Rom. xiii., 12.
3. A no E 3 John ii.
4. T ru E Rev. iii., 1.
5. H ol P Gal. ii., 4.
Phil. iv., 3.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.—

T acitu S
R ateig H
A lexandr A
F roderic K
A ztec S
L othro P
G ravelott E
A loxande R
R obespierre E

METAGRAM.—Boat. Cont. Beat. Boot. Boaz.