

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AN ELEMENT OF HOUSEHOLD GRACE.

To most persons it may seem that a wash cloth is a very small object to talk about, but it seems to me that a towel is hardly a larger one in the matter of importance. If anyone has ever known the luxury of plenty of good, well made wash cloths, she will never give it up. This little article is indicative of neatness. A man generally scorns a wash-cloth, but his short hair, his large bowlful of water, and his ability to all but get into the bowl with head and neck, offer some excuse for his scorning. Yet, the other morning, I noticed in a man who is usually very neat, and who persistently declines my cloths, places in his ears that were not quite clean. I did not wonder, my own would have been no cleaner under the same treatment.

The corner of the towel—was there ever a more absurd and perverted thing? Does anyone ever suppose it was intended to wash with? We scold our Irish cooks if they wipe the glassware with table-napkins, or boil potatoes in the dipper, or use the dish pan for a scrubbing pail; yet is it any better to use the corner of the towel for a wash-cloth? How it looks when you are through! And how it feels! It is invariably soapy, for it cannot be thoroughly rinsed without wetting nearly half the towel.

How fast the wetness travels, until you are pretty sure to wet your clothing with the perverted corner, while you are trying to wipe with the other end. To say the very least, it is not a neat way to do, and renders the towel unfit for a second using.

Wash-cloths are indicative of refinement. They mean the using of the right thing for the right purpose and that is certainly indicative of education and culture.

It is easy to thoroughly wash and thoroughly rinse with a wash-cloth, and the towel can then be used with some degree of comfort and agreeableness.

It is surprising how many nice homes, well furnished and nicely appointed in most ways, do not have a supply of wash-cloths. So true is this, that I never go away to visit for one day or week, or month, without several wash-cloths in my satchel or trunk; and, as I said to my friend a few days ago, "I visit real nice people; too."

There is an idea prevalent that any sort of a rag will do for a wash-cloth,—an old stocking leg, a salt bag, a piece of gauze underwear, an old napkin or piece of towel. These are better than nothing and indicate a reaching towards nicety. But you will find that the people who use these sorts of things are very apt to take pains to provide proper dish-cloths and towels. It is strange to me that this is true.

There should be a generous supply of wash-cloths, as there should be of towels. Quite as many I think, of one as of another are used in my own home, each week, and quite as much stress is laid upon the proper use and care of one as of the other. "Lots" of wash-cloths is the rule.

Now, as to the kind: I find that those that can be bought all ready in the large dry goods stores, are not only too thick and rather large, but are quite expensive. Much the best way is to buy white or unbleached Turkish towelling, of a quality that costs fifty or sixty cents a yard, and cut each yard into three lengthwise strips, and each strip into four pieces. This will give you from a yard of towelling, one dozen wash-cloths a quarter of a yard square.

These can be neatly bound with white silesia cut bias, but this mode of finishing does not compare for prettiness or agreeableness with "button-holing" them all round with red working cotton. Get a coarse cotton and put the stitches about one half-dozen to the inch. This is a very good fancy work for an evening, or is nice for the little girls to do.

If you want to make a unique and most acceptable gift to a busy housewife friend, send her a dozen wash-cloths prepared in this manner. She will be more grateful than for almost any piece of fancy work you could give her I know, for I have tried it.

A very important word to say is about boys and wash-cloths. Get them together.

It will amply repay you. Teach boys to use them thoroughly, rinse and hang them up properly, and you have made quite a stride in your refinement teachings. It is a "home-y" thing to do, and will carry with it more than appears upon the surface. Again I can say I have tried it and know whereof I speak. Of course, if you teach your boys this, you will not leave your girls without the lesson.

A final word about the washing of wash-cloths. Have all that have been used, put into the wash each week. Let them be boiled as the towels are; but do not have them ironed. If they are carefully smoothed and folded they are better than if ironed. My word for it, when you come to put the neat little pile away into your linen drawer you will consciously or unconsciously give it a glance of pride and pat of satisfaction that will indicate culture.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A DINNER OF FRAGMENTS.

"Yes, mother, I enjoyed my visit wonderfully well, and I trust, beside the pleasure I received, I have also gained much practical knowledge, during my two months' stay in Auntie's house. She is one of the best of house, and home-keepers. Such delicious breakfasts, dinners and teas, as she prepared, and notwithstanding they live on a farm, there was no lack of variety in the different meals. I am quite impatient to put into practice my recently acquired knowledge." Mrs. Manton smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm, as she replied, "You will have ample opportunity to test your knowledge of domestic economy, for Kate is, by all means, the most inefficient girl we have ever had in the kitchen. If my health were as good as it formerly was, I could remedy matters; but the past month the different meals have been unusually unpalatable."—"Well, don't worry, mother, I am going into the kitchen, to see what can be cooked for to-day's dinner."—"You will have to go to market, and order the meat and vegetables for dinner. It is ironing day, and Kate is too busy to go."—"Wait until I see what we have in the pantry;" and Elsie started for the pantry on an exploring expedition.—"There's nothin' in the pantry, Miss Elsie, but a few scraps of meat, fit for the chickens."—"Never mind, Kate, I'll look around and see what I can find. Everything here, will help toward making an excellent dinner;" and Elsie surveyed the collection with satisfaction. "Enough cold roast mutton, for a mutton pie, a piece of boiled salt cod-fish, which will make a delicious cod-fish salad, with boiled potatoes, mashed nicely, and seasoned with butter, a little milk and salt, stewed carrots, cut in pieces size of a grain of corn; when cooked tender, seasoned with butter, salt, pepper, half cup sweet milk or cream, with bread, butter, and a good dessert of mock mince pie, and rice fritters, will make a nice dinner, without going to market to-day."—"Sure, Miss," and Katie gazed wonderingly at Elsie, as she completed her inventory. "Ye can niver cook all ye've said, with them few scraps," and Katie gave an emphatic nod to her head, as she proceeded with her ironing.—"Wait and see. What is this jelly in an earthen pan?"—"It's no jelly, only the water that biled the frizzled beef. I'll empty it out now."—"No, Katie, this will make a good soup." No motion of Elsie's was lost upon Katie, who watched attentively, while Elsie cut the roast mutton in small pieces, placed it upon the stove, in a kettle containing a little water, and the gravy left from the previous dinner; she added, also, a couple of slices of finely cut pork steak, and let the whole simmer a few minutes. She then thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirred smooth in a little cold water, added a generous lump of butter, and seasoned rather highly with pepper, and a little salt. A shallow biscuit pan was lined with pie-crust, the meat poured in, covered with a top crust, and placed aside until time to bake for dinner. While Katie was preparing vegetables to cook, Elsie prepared the mock mince pies. Two sour milk biscuits were soaked in cold water until soft, then taken from the water and mashed fine. She then added a half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful each of sugar and raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one scant teaspoonful of cloves, half a grated

nutmeg, a piece of butter the size of a butternut, and half a teaspoonful of salt. This was placed on the stove until thoroughly heated, adding while heating, enough hot water to make the mixture of the consistency of mince meat. When it had cooled somewhat, she filled pie plates, lined with crust, covered with top crust, and baked until slightly browned. The rice fritters next claimed Elsie's attention. For the fritters, she took a teaspoonful of cold, boiled rice, mashed it very fine, added two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of flour, a pinch of salt, and enough sweet milk to make a batter as thick as for griddle cakes. This was put aside until time to fry, and the soup was placed upon the stove, with a quart of water. When heated to near the boiling point, Elsie grated two potatoes, two onions, two carrots, and added to the soup, with a little salt, pepper and parsley and let it boil slowly until ready to serve, when it was poured into a tureen, upon slices of toasted bread. For the cod-fish salad, the fish was picked fine, half a small head of cabbage, chopped, not too fine, was mixed thoroughly with the fish. When ready to serve, a mayonnaise dressing, was poured over the fish and cabbage. Elsie's deft fingers prepared the mayonnaise, after the following recipe. Mash very fine, the yolks of two hard boiled eggs; add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, or melted butter; a pinch of dry mustard, or a teaspoonful of made mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Add slowly six tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, and stir well together, and after mixing the finely cut whites through the salad, pour over the Mayonnaise dressing. Elsie had several times made salad under her aunt's directions, and she acquired, by practice, a skill in mixing and seasoning, without which no salad can be a success. When all her preparations for the meal were completed, Elsie surveyed the table with satisfaction. "My bill of fare is quite elaborate. Vegetable soup, mutton pie, washed potatoes, stewed carrots, cold-fish salad, bread, butter, etc., mock mince pie, and rice fritters, with hard sauce, of one cupful of sugar, and half a cupful of butter, rubbed together with a little grated nutmeg, and all from a few fragments left from yesterday's dinner."—"A really delicious dinner," was the verdict of the family, as they arose from the dinner table. "Everything well cooked and enjoyable. Which is more than can be said of many dinners, cooked and prepared, not from fragments, but from abundant material," was Mr. Manton's observation. "And Katie, washing dishes, observed: "Sure, it's a fine thing to have the larnin', so ye can cook a good dinner out of nothing at all, at all."—*American Agriculturist.*

CARE OF THE EYES.

The disregard of the general laws of health and well-being is wide-spread and alarming; but no one phase of physiological carelessness is so pronounced as the misuse and abuse of the eyes, those delicate organisms on which so much depends. A few practical rules with which every one should already be familiar, but unfortunately is not, are published amid other matter relating to eyes in *Cassell's Family Magazine*:

1. Sit erect in your chair when reading, and as erect when writing as possible. If you bend downwards, you not only gorge the eyes with blood, but the brain as well, and both suffer. The same rule should apply to the use of the microscope. Get one that will enable you to look at things horizontally, not always vertically.
2. Have a reading-lamp for night use. N. B.—In reading, the light should be on the book or paper, and the eyes in the shade. If you have no reading-lamp, turn your back to the light, and you may read without danger to the eyes.
3. Hold the book at your focus; if that begins to go far away, get spectacles.
4. Avoid reading by the flickering light of the fire.
5. Avoid straining the eyes by reading in the gloaming.
6. Reading in bed is injurious as a rule. It must be admitted, however, that in cases of sleeplessness, when the mind is inclined to ramble over a thousand thoughts a minute, reading steadies the thoughts and conduces to sleep.
7. Do not read much in a railway car-

riage. I myself always do, however, only in a good light, and I invariably carry a good reading-lamp to hook on behind me. Thousands of people would travel by night rather than by day if the companies could only see their way to the exclusive use of the electric light.

8. Authors should have black-ruled paper instead of blue, and should never strain the eyes by reading too fine types.

9. The bedroom blinds should be red or gray, and the head of the bed should be towards the window.

10. Those ladies who not only write, but sew, should not attempt black seam by night.

11. When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles, let no false modesty prevent you getting a pair. If you have only one eye, an eye-glass will do; otherwise it is folly.

12. Go to the wisest and best optician you know of, and state your wants and your case plainly, and be assured you will be properly fitted.

13. Remember that bad spectacles are most injurious to the eyes, and that good and well-chosen ones are a decided luxury.

14. Get a pair for reading with, and, if necessary, a long-distance pair for use out-of-doors.

Let me add that it is the greatest mistake in the world to wait till your eyesight is actually damaged before visiting your optician.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil the potatoes in their jackets. When cold remove the peel, slice the potatoes thin, add half an onion, chopped fine, sprinkle with pepper and salt, moisten with vinegar and sweet oil; two parts of vinegar to one of oil. Add these gradually. Lay lettuce leaves around the dish, and either use chopped parsley or put some little sprigs about the salad. Keep the salad in a cool place till used. It should not stand many hours.

PUZZLES—NO. 20.

ENIGMA.

In saw but not in look,
In pin but not in hook,
In true but not in lie,
In mine but not in my
In near but not in far,
In some, but not in few,
In grass but not in dew,
My whole is the name of a weekly paper.

E. MCI.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in forest, frost and fire,
I'm in viol, lute and lyre,
I'm in earnest, zeal and jest,
I'm in jealous, fear and zest,
I'm in fury, froth and foam,
I'm in wander, romp and roam,
I'm in one, in two and four,
I'm in might, in main and more,
I'm in cider, ink and wine,
I'm in dinner, drink and dine,
I'm in borrowed, bought and sold,
I'm in silver, lead and gold,
I'm in heaven, hades and earth,
I'm in house-top, stairs and hearth,
I'm in river, ground and tree,
I'm in yonder, yard and key.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

PI.

Reda ot eb tlhgr
Drea to eb rteu
Hle alifnisg to tohres
Nac enver vaso yuo.

CHARADE.

My 1st is made of corn that's ground,
My 2nd in every house is found,
My whole just peeps above the ground,
And wears a little cap that's round.

EDITH MCINNIS.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in water and in flame,
I'm in boasting and in blame,
I'm in sister and in friend,
I'm in hinder and in send,
I'm in middle and in end,
I'm in righteousness and sin,
I'm in neighbor and in kin,
I'm in November and in May,
I'm in sorry and in gay,
I'm in holiness and love,
I'm in ocean and in grove,
I'm in virtue and in vice,
I'm in wretched and in nice.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Summie T. Thompson (very good lists). Let all the puzzlers send in puzzles for this department.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 19.

ENIGMA.—"Labor not to be rich."—Prov. 2:3-4.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.—M-are, p-art, t-rain, g-lare, l-u-y, p-i-y, are-a, thin-g.

PUZZLING ADVERB.—No-where, now-here.

CONCEALED AUTHORS.—Southey, Pope, Moore, Addison, Stowe.

SQUARE.—

R E B E L
E L A T E
B A T I E
E T H E R
L E E R S