

Housekeeping and Cooking.

The science of housekeeping deserves to be classed among the fine arts. It deserves to be made so much a study that processes and methods are lost and only the effect remains. We all remember Mrs. Stowe's blustering housekeeper who saw good reason why every one around her should be up and doing; on Monday, because it was wash-day; on Tuesday, because it was ironing-day; on Wednesday, because it was baking-day; on Thursday, because it was sweeping-day, and on Friday, because to-morrow would be Saturday, and the same author's notable contrast in Katy Scudder's, in whose home no one ever hurried, and where the work was always "done up."

"You consult only the dial-plate of your clock, but everything depends on the sets of wheels out of sight. So in the model home. A spectator would say the house kept itself, everything seems so easy. But in housewifery, as in literature, results that appear simple are produced at the greatest expenditure of thought. Macaulay's closing sentence on Byron is said to have cost him two days' work; and a tyro, deceived by the smooth diction and appropriateness of expression of sentiment, would think he could do quite as well himself.

Nothing but faithful thought and care keep the dining-room appointments from coming to shame, from the linen to the walls; nothing else keeps grease out of the soup and lead out of the bread; nothing else gives peace day and night from insect pests or keeps the dust of ages from windows, floors and shelves; nothing else fills the rooms with sweet air, tidy apparel, thrift and comfort, and imparts the general atmosphere of a place where you would like to stay. It is not much to say that good housekeeping is a compound of chemistry, cultivated taste, natural, mental and moral philosophy, economy, and that most uncommon article, common sense.

Making Wrinkles.

"O, dear! everything always comes at once," said Mrs. Unready, with a helpless sigh.

"What is it now?" asks a sympathizing neighbor.

"Why, here's my husband's sister coming to pay us a visit next week, and the whole house is out of order and needs to be cleaned and straightened up before she comes. The children never will let anything stay decent for an hour, and I had resolved not to let Tom and Lettie go to school another day without my looking after their lessons, for the examinations are almost here, and I fear they will not pass if I do not take some notice of them."

"You have not much time left for that."

"I know it, but I have been so busy I did not realize how much of the spring was gone. And to make matters worse, here is the sempstress in the house to do the spring sewing, engaged for two weeks and not a thing ready for her. I wonder if anybody ever did have to work as hard as I do."

Do you always live in this irregular way?" her visitor asked, gravely, with the privilege of an old friend.

"How do you mean?" asked Mrs. Unready, in some surprise.

"Having no fixed time for anything; it seems to me you would always be in hurry and confusion."

"So I am, but if I could only get good help for once I am sure I could catch up with my work." Here she was interrupted by the noisy incoming of Tom and Lettie, who threw their bags down in one place, bonnet and hat in another, and began clamoring for something to eat.

"Run and see if Harriet put away your dinner for you, I forgot it; and if there is none there, you will just have to take whatever you can find." Exit two discontented faces which are scarcely out of sight when the mother exclaims in a tone of vexation, "There, the children have gone without putting away their books; I must begin and see that they do it regularly every day. If anybody should come to pay us a visit they would think it was a dreadfully careless household."

Namby-Pamby Christians.

Dr. Talmage, on Sunday, announced his text as from I Samuel, xxiii, 10: "And his hand clave unto his sword." "A great general of King David's army was Eleazar," said Dr. Talmage. "He is the hero of my text. The Philistines offered him battle, and at the first onset his troops retreated. The cowards fled in confusion. Then Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side, are stronger than a whole battalion that have God against them. Having swept the field Eleazar laid down to rest, but when he attempted to put away his sword he found that the muscles and sinews of his hand had contracted upon the handle, and the hilt had become imbedded in the flesh. 'And his hand clave unto his sword.'

"That's what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel, and we want more of it. Eleazar took hold of his sword with a very tight grip. In this Christian contest, we want a tighter grip on the two-edged sword of truth. It makes me sick to see those people who accept only part of the truth and throw the rest away. The only thing for us to do is to accept all and fight for it till the hand cleaves unto the sword. I like an infidel a great deal better than those namby-pamby Christians who hold part of the truth and let the rest go. The sword of God's truth has been tested severely, bent this way and twisted that way, but it ever comes back to its original shape. I see hundreds of young men in this audience, and I say to them: 'Don't be ashamed of the Bible; it is the friend of everything that is good and the sworn foe to everything that is bad.'"

Then the Doctor regulated his voice to the sarcastic pitch, and talked of the people who "don't know." If their creed was written out, he said, it would read thus: "I believe in nothing; the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, is nothing; we came from nothing, we live for nothing, nothing will come of us, we will die of nothing and be judged of nothing. In the name of nothing, Amen." (Laughter.)

The preacher held up his hand, and gazing at it said:

"As I look at Eleazar's hand I notice that he possessed the spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not know that the hilt was eating into the palm of his hand. Let's go into the Christian warfare with self-abnegation. That man who is afraid of having his hand cut off will never kill a Philistine, Eleazar did not remember whether he had a hand or a foot or an arm; all he wanted was victory. The trouble with many of us is that we want to ride to Heaven in a Pullman palaccar, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up so we can sleep all the way, and the colored porter ordered to wake us as we are entering the Golden City."

Looking at Eleazar's hand, the preacher was convinced that the warrior had done a great deal of hard hitting. An enemy cannot be conquered with rosewater or soft speeches; There must be hard hits and sharp thrusts from beginning to end. Sweet sermons presented to congregations in morocco cases would not do.