

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HATTIE'S DILEMMA.

There was never anything so discouraging! Here it was eleven o'clock, and the boys and Hattie would be home to dinner in an hour and a half, as hungry as young bears; and there wasn't a thing in the house to eat.

Nelly sat down by the kitchen door, in despair, and wondered what she should do.

"Why, Nelly! What is the matter? Sick?" and the anxious voice was followed by the bright face of the little neighbor across the way. "I thought perhaps you might not be getting on very easily this first day you are alone, and brought over a warm pie for dinner. I made too much crust and had to use it," she added apologetically, as she placed the tempting looking, flaky crustea pie upon the table.

"But, what is the trouble, Nelly?" "Oh, Mrs. Hall! It's every thing! There isn't anything in the house for dinner; I forgot to ask Hattie to stop at the market when she went to school; Willy hasn't sent any one to attend to the telephone, and I have no way to send for anything. If Bridget's sister had only chosen some more convenient time to be sick, or mother hadn't gone quite so soon, or—I knew how to do anything myself. Every thing has gone wrong, and I don't know what to do."

"I'm glad I came over. I have little to do at home just now, and can help you." "You have, already," replied Nelly, laughing. "Things don't look half so dismal as they did before you came in, and that pie will do wonders; but I'm afraid I shall never be a successful house-keeper for all my boasting. But really, I can't make a dinner out of nothing."

"Out of almost nothing, sometimes," said Mrs. Hall, with a smile, recalling some of her "picked up" dinners. "Let us see what we can do. You certainly keep things in perfect order."

"Oh, I can keep the house clean, but the getting meals, the planning, to know just what to have for breakfast, dinner and supper, to-day, to-morrow and next day—I feel as if I shouldn't have a black hair left by the time mother gets home."

"You are not very gray yet," laughed her friend. "Now let us see what is forthcoming from the cupboard."

"There is a little cold steak and roast beef in the refrigerator, but not half enough to do any thing with for dinner."

The refrigerator disclosed, besides the plate of cold meat, several boiled eggs and a plate of boiled beets.

"Now, Nelly, we will make ourselves famous. You run out in the garden for a basket of tomatoes, and I'll attend to these beets and eggs. Are they soft boiled? If so I must cook them again."

"I cooked them over after breakfast," said Nelly, putting on her hat. "I thought I could use them in fish balls."

When she came back there was a cupful of vinegar heating in a small earthen saucepan, with a few cloves in it. The beets were sliced, and the eggs peeled and cut in halves lengthwise.

When the vinegar boiled Mrs. Hall poured it over the beet and eggs and put the dish in a pan of cold water. In a few minutes she put in fresh water, adding ice to make it still colder.

"Now, Nelly, if you will peel and slice a dozen of those tomatoes, I will chop the meat, and then you might make some biscuit, as you have no bread in the house. I will tell you how, and my rule never fails. Now put a heaping tablespoonful of butter into the saucepan, as soon as it is hot put in the tomatoes and cover closely. That's right. Now for the biscuit;" and the little woman set down the chopping tray in which the meat was chopped to perfection.

"The flour must be sifted and every thing at hand, for one must work quickly to have snowball biscuit," she said, helping to get out the salt and baking powder boxes, while Nelly took the butter and milk from the refrigerator.

"Put four teaspoonfuls of flour into the mixing bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and mix them quickly with the hands, rubbing it as you do for pie crust. See how like a coarse powder it looks? Now sift in four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and stir together lightly till thoroughly mixed.

Then add a teaspoon and a half of milk. Now stir all together as quickly as possible. Use a stout spoon or a wooden mixer. I like that the best. I can't endure to use an iron spoon when cooking.

Put a little flour on the mixing board and turn the dough upon it. Roll up in a ball with as little handling as possible; roll out about half inch thick and cut with a round or square cutter. Here is your baking tin, all buttered; get them in quickly; the oven is very hot; you could hardly have it too hot.

And now we will look at the tomatoes; I stirred them a few minutes ago. They have cooked twenty minutes. Stir in that chopped meat, add salt and pepper to season as you like, and leave the pan uncovered. Those beets must be cold by this time, and I'll put them on this pretty glass plate.

"There!" she exclaimed, in a minute. "Doesn't that look tempting enough for hungry boys?" holding out the plate with a pyramid of beet in the centre and the egg laid around the edge.

"Yes it does, indeed; and they will appreciate it, too. Just see how nice these biscuit look," opening the oven door to take a peep at the puffy, beautifully browning balls. "How they have risen."

"They had to rise, they were put in so closely. That's one of the secrets of successful biscuit making. They are all the better for crowding."

"How relieved I feel. An hour ago I didn't think we should have such a nice dinner just out of scraps."

"They are the best dinners out, at least we think so," said Mrs. Hall, tying on her pretty shade hat with the soft mull strings so becoming to her fresh, bright face; "I shall send you in a plate of my boiled ham, I'm rather proud of my boiled ham, and the boys will like it with the baked potatoes and hot biscuit; don't let these potatoes bake too long, and if you get into another 'slough of despond' send for me," with a little laugh at her own importance.

"Indeed I will," replied Nelly, gratefully. "You don't know how much you have helped me already, and every thing looks so nicely, too," as she placed the last dish on the table just as the boys came in.

"Well, Sis! commend me to you for a good dinner," said Harry, as he rose from the table. "If I had thought you were equal to such a success I should have brought Ned Allen home with me to dinner. I met him coming up from the station, and wanted to ask him home with me, but thought perhaps it wouldn't be just right, and you wouldn't like it."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Tom, with a glance at Nelly's blushing face. "He would have wanted to begin housekeeping right away."

"That's true!" exclaimed Willy, helping himself to another biscuit and a slice of ham. "I'm not half through yet. Hard study does give a fellow such an appetite."

"And I'll wash all the dishes, Nelly," said Hattie.

"Nellie had to call upon her kind little neighbor many times for advice and assistance, for Bridget "took a little rest" after her sister recovered; but she developed such a capacity for housekeeping that when her father and mother came home from their western trip, mother said she might have stayed a month longer, but that she feared she should find them half starved.

But the boys were loud in their praises, and although Nelly has now been housekeeper in her own house several years, Ned Allen has never been known to tell his wife that she "couldn't cook as mother did."—Emily Hayes in Household.

MIND REST.

I have managed to read a good deal when tending baby. I have my magazine handy and keep a mark so if I do not have time to finish an article, I can resume it the next time I have to hold baby. I think it very helpful to us while at our work to have something we have read to think about, rather than to have our minds full of our neighbors' concerns or of useless repinings over our hard lot in life. I found the reading of the articles in the Century on Russian prisons quite conducive to content of mind; and the quickest way to cure me of repining at my lot is to read of poor creatures deprived of everything which

makes life enjoyable. Look from every your kitchen window, and in most cases there are beautiful objects for the eye to rest upon; always the heavens above with their ever shifting panorama of loveliness. You are at liberty to walk outside at least for a good look above and around you. To many, this would be a great privilege. Sing, shout, if you wish. The poor Russian political prisoner must make no audible sound. Enjoy intercourse with children or friends, and try to preserve a cheerful frame of mind. Think of the great army of the insane in our land with their tortured mind and sometimes tortured bodies, too. Many of them were brought to their terrible condition by brooding over their troubles, when they should have been counting their mercies, and trying by God's help to forget their own griefs in sympathy for others. Do let us have something to think of besides our troubles, our cares, and our privations. Pick up the magazine or paper and in half an hour some writer will take you away to the Pacific coast and back, or another will tell you how some of our great western railways were built. What wonders were accomplished in an incredibly short time! The building of the pyramids of Egypt was not the only colossal undertaking the world has seen. Another writer will tell how Colonel Rose with his eager helpers, dug a tunnel from Libby Prison, with old case knives and a chisel, while perhaps you have been pitying yourself because you had not the latest improved sad irons, or a patent self-wringing mop. The poorest of us have often many blessings.

"Well," says one sister, "I cannot afford to take the magazines." Still I believe many more could afford even the best of them if they really wanted them. Thousands of families throughout the country spend enough money on a single circus to pay for a good magazine; others, spend enough on a dance to do the same. Where there is a will there is a way, is a rule of very general application, and especially so in the matter of reading.—Correspondent Housekeeper.

HER BUTTON-HOLES.

Upon a steamship that crossed last spring from Boston to Liverpool was one cabin passenger who looked singularly out of keeping with her surroundings. She was no better dressed than were the steerage passengers; indeed, not nearly so well as some of them.

Perhaps no one would have noticed her at all but for the very shabbiness of her attire, and the singularly eager look in her watchful eyes, as if she were determined that nothing small nor great should escape her. She spoke to no one at first; but after a day or two a lady with an inquiring mind addressed her:

"Have you ever been at sea before?" she asked, and this was the beginning of a long conversation. After it was over, the lady of the inquiring mind communicated the result to the other passengers.

"Just think," she said, earnestly, "this is the first time the poor thing ever stopped making button-holes!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, just about what I say. She began to make button-holes for her living when she was a little girl, and she has made them ever since. When she was married, she made button-holes still, because she wanted to help buy a little home. And then the war came, and her husband went to fight, and she stayed at home and made button-holes. And then he was killed, and she never got a pension until lately, and has been making button-holes all the time. Ugh! Think how many thousand she must have made!"

"And now she's got her pension," some one asked, "a good one, I suppose since she's stopped work and come abroad?"

"No; that is, it's large to her, but it's not much over a thousand dollars, and she wondered for awhile just what she had best do with it; but pretty soon it was borne in on her mind what would do her the most good, and she concluded to cross the ocean."

"She didn't object to working button-holes," she said. "She was so used to that she didn't know but what she would rather do it than not; but she wanted something to think about, and so she had started out to get some sights and some memories that would keep her company when she got

home: You needn't laugh; I think it was fine."

The rest of the passengers came to the same conclusion before the voyage was over. It was a real pleasure to talk or to read to this poorly clad woman, with her searching eyes, to whom all the world was like a book with uncut leaves. She was so eager to learn, that it put all the lazy minds on board to shame to see the intentness of her interest.

She stopped at Queenstown,—she wanted to see Ireland,—but she turned up again in London afterward. She saw the Queen's Jubilee, and the Queen's presents; she went, day after day, to the National Gallery. She said she wanted to fix those pictures the dead great folks had painted where they'd stay in her mind.

"If I get them so I can just seem to see them," she said, "while I sit working my button-holes, I'll be just about as well off as if I lived in London."

She saw all that six months of time and a thousand dollars in money could afford her opportunity to see, and then she came contentedly home; and now she sits out in Roxbury and works her button-holes. But her eyes have visions, and her mind has thoughts, and who shall say she was not a wise woman?—Youth's Companion.

HOW LITTLE IT TAKES.—There are children in thousands of households who scarcely hear from their parents any other than words of censure and reproof, who would smile with intense joy if told at night how kind and helpful they had been, and what comforts they were to their parents, and would go to sleep to dream of angels and all bright and happy things. Ah! how little it takes to make hearts happy, and how little also to make them miserable!

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—One pint grated green corn, one quart new milk, three eggs, sugar to taste, a good lump of butter, a little salt. Stir occasionally until thick, and bake two hours.

PUZZLES.—NO. 15.

CHARADE.

My first in nearly every clime,  
Beneath the sun is found;  
And though of value very great,  
Is cast into the ground.

My second holds within its clasp  
The hope of every nation;  
Is ever held in high esteem  
And profound veneration.

My whole is made to hold my first,  
And for no other use on earth.

A STRING OF FISH.

Raging in,  
Do run, hit,  
A fresh hatch,  
Gun dog,  
O Reed,  
He foils G. B.,  
Pin hold,  
Itum, ring, gad-fly,  
Fire her things, Kong.

DROP-LETTER VERSE.

H-l-v-t-l-n-w-o-i-c-h-c-l;  
A-l-i-e-s-i-e-u-f-u-g-w-y.  
H-l-v-t-l-n-c-l-h-c-n-c-l  
O-t-u-l-i-g-t-u-y-o-c-a-h-a-

A LADDER.

The rounds are all alike.

1 \* 2  
3 \* 4  
5 \* 6  
7 \* 8  
9 \* 10  
11 \* 12  
13 \* 14  
15 \* 16  
17 \* 18  
19 \* 20

Across.—1 to 2, fat. 3 to 4, a male deer. 5 to 6, a share. 7 to 8, a poet. 9 to 10, an emporium. 11 to 12, a common measure. 13 to 14, to twist out of shape. 15 to 16, to demolish by little and little. 17 to 18, a girl's name. 19 to 20, a story.  
Down.—1, a letter. \* 3, an exclamation. \* 5, a quick blow. 2 to 7, a color. 4 to 9, a coal-wagon. 6 to 11, a waiter. 8 to 13, to pull. 10 to 15, a snare. 12 to 17, a weight. 14 to 19, to supplicate. 16 \* \*, a period. 18 \*, an abbreviation. 20, a letter.

TRANSPOSITION.

"Peter N. Mac" was a vagabond, tramp; He was idle and wretched, a drunkard, a scamp; But now he is sober, respected;—who can Tell me what was it that made him a man.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 14.

A FOULSET.—Dragon tree, Abel, (Abel), cherry, pine and weeping willow, cork and smoke, strawberry, fir; toothache, sugar, milk, ginger-bread, gum, poplar (popular), snowball; snow-drop, caper-margol o-level o-range! medlars (meddlers), crab, cabbage and yew (you), date, birch, spruce, oak, lime, varnish and turpentine; palm, fountain and beach (beach), fringe and planer, bay; plum (plumb), slippery elm, roar, tulip, thorn, poison; broom, dog, coral, button; staff, tallow and oil, cedar (ceder), trap.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Spirit. 2. Swift. 3. Esprit. 4. Trips. 5. Ripost. 6. Priest. 7. Stripe.

A CURIOUS WORD.—Stab, tab, ab, b, bats.