

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A PRECIOUS TORMENT.

BY MRS. E. M. DUMAS.

We live in a lonely country place
Some ten rods from the road;
We seldom see a team go by
Except some farmer's load;
We should die of sheer stagnation,
For the want of stir and noise,
Were it not for one thing—we possess
The noisiest of boys.

He asks brain-rending questions
Till my patience near gives out;
He wakes the forest echoes
With his healthy boyish shout:
He squeezes little chickens
"Cause he likes to hear 'em sing,"
And ties the puppy's head and feet
Together with a string.

His picture cards he tears and cuts,
Drops crumbs upon the floor,
And just for very mischief, shuts
The cat's tail in the door.
He pulls the puppy's ears because
He likes to hear him squeal;
But in spite of mischief, puppy's always
Tagging at his heel.

One day I heard a frightful noise;
A scolding hen's fierce squalls,
And a boy's voice shouting lustily,
Within the hen-house walls.
I hurried swiftly to the scene,
But there I only found
The hen in undisputed, proud
Possession of the ground.

Three eggs lay broken on the ground;
"The boy, oh, where was he?"
Ask of the pollywogs and frogs
In the little muddy sea,
Where I found him wading to and fro,
All splattered o'er with mud,
Fit subject for the scrubbing-brush
And a soap and water flood.

But in spite of puzzling questions
And meddling little hand,
So nimble and so busy,
And all brown by summer tanned;
In spite of all the trouble,
The mischief and the noise,
Some way, he always seems to us,
The very best of boys.

And those little meddling fingers
May belong to useful hand,
Giving freely to the needy,
Helping falling ones to stand,
And those nimble feet, so ready
Now to run on mischief bent,
May be on loving missions
To his fellow-beings sent.

And the tongue that shouts so gaily,
Some day beyond his youth,
May tell and sing to many
The blessed way of truth;
"Fond, foolish dreams," perhaps you say,
I pray you let me dream;
For oftentimes the sweetest joys
Are those that only seem.

—Christian at Work.

TEACH OBEDIENCE.

We once heard a mother say when the reluctant obedience of her boy was commented upon by an elderly relative:

"Oh, I do not approve of attempting to restrain and curb a child too soon, I think there is great danger of breaking his spirit. It seems to me the proper way is to wait awhile and then gradually as he grows older and the will gets stronger, to begin and tighten the lines by degrees."

In what school of lack-wisdom and mistaken, fatal judgment could she have learned so weak a doctrine and imbibed such piteously erroneous ideas?

A little child, too young to speak except in monosyllables, knew if he purposely dropped his cake at the table he would have to go away by himself. Looking his mother in the face he would hold out his cake over the arm of his high chair and say, "no, no; no, no! go away;" then occasionally he would drop the cake for the express purpose of testing the truthfulness of his mother's promise that if he did so he would have to leave the table.

After a while he discontinued the experiment, having become convinced that his mother was going to be as good as her word every time.

On one occasion, while travelling from Boston to New York in a Pullman car, we became much interested in watching the movements of a cunning little girl. En-

tirely engrossed with her doll she seemed oblivious after a time of the presence of others. She was evidently accustomed to amusing herself, and rarely interrupted the conversation of two ladies, presumably her mother and auntie. Pretty soon it appeared that miss dolly became refractory, for all at once her mimic mamma seized her firmly by the arms and holding her so as to look directly into the wax face she said with ludicrous decision for such a nitte:

"I want prompt, unquestioning obedience!"

What wonder we looked with real respect at the contented little creature concerning whose early training and thoroughly understood creed of discipline, we felt something had been discovered of an import worthy of admiration and imitation.

If young parents would only learn and enforce one important lesson, much trouble and anxiety might easily be avoided in training children. Here is the lesson:

Begin just as soon as a child can be made to understand anything, and teach it to understand that it must do what it is told to do and must not do what it is told not to do!

A firm, persistent and withal kindly adherence to this simple rule will soon settle all little differences between mother and child. There will, doubtless, be a few struggles, possibly quite a number, but let the parent never be the one to give up. The time will soon come when the firm, even rule will be recognized and respected.

Not that we mean to affirm that obedience will invariably be yielded at once. There are cases when at intervals for years, perhaps, a determination to assert one's will may manifest itself as if to discover whether the old rule still holds firm.

But such trial tests will grow more and more infrequent until final surrender at discretion to parental powers will be deemed the wiser, and in fact the only course to be pursued with comfort and happiness.

The Bible teaches the need of decision throughout its entire pages. The law is not laid down and the divine precepts declared with a mere recommendation that they be observed and obeyed. The plain, unequivocal language of the Holy Writ is "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not;" and no loop-hole of escape from strict compliance with the outspoken commands is discoverable in Scripture law.

Nature is inexorable in executing her fixed decree, and violations of her laws are followed by sharp and oftentimes speedy retribution.

Shall we be so shortsighted as to fail to discern that what must be taught in order to the well being of the individual and the safety of the soul, should be taught early, and with faithful decision?—Mrs. H. A. Cheever.

ICE-WATER.

Doctor Hammond, in writing about the use of ice-water in the *North American Review*, declares that "there is death in the pot." He believes that water below a temperature of fifty degrees should never be used for drinking purposes, and the reasons given for such moderation are good and sufficient. The liking for ice-water, he insists, is by no means a natural taste.

Children who are not accustomed to its use find it not only unpleasant, but actually painful. Babies shudder when it is first put into their mouths, and a North American Indian will twist about for some minutes after drinking a tumblerful, apparently affected by it as an unpalatable and undesirable dose. Still, as is the case in formation of other pernicious habits, persistency brings about a craving which demands satisfaction.

When the body is greatly over-heated, a draught of ice-water may cause sudden death by its effect upon the solar plexus, and, through that, on the heart. The solar plexus is a very important part of the nervous system, and is situated immediately behind the stomach.

A severe blow inflicted upon the body just over this spot may cause almost instant death, and the sudden shock caused by a deluge of ice-water has exactly the effect of a blow, though it does not always prove fatal.

Many persons, after a draught of ice-water, feel faint and become pale, without

in the least realizing that the local temperature has been suddenly reduced, the action of the heart weakened, and in consequence, a diminished amount of blood sent to the lungs and brain.

Besides bringing about neuralgic affections, cold drinks are very injurious to the teeth, cracking the enamel, and thus increasing their liability to decay. The sense of taste is also impaired by drinking large quantities of ice-water with the food, digestion is hindered, and dyspepsia results, together with other more serious forms of internal malady.

A CURE FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS WOUNDS.

An exchange gives this piece of information, which may be of great service to many and should be remembered. It says:

An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent, says the *Boston Transcript*, has sent us the following: "The smoke of woollen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds."

A lady of my acquaintance ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released till the machine was taken to pieces. The needle had broken into her finger in three pieces, one of which was bent almost double. After repeated trials the pieces were extracted by pincers, but they were very strongly embedded. The pain reached to the shoulder, and there was every danger of lock-jaw. The woollen rags were put over the coals, and she held her finger over the smoke, and in a very short time all the pain was gone and it never returned, though it was some little time before the finger healed.

This is but one of many instances of such cure, some of them taking place after several days from the time of the wound. Let woollen rags be kept sacredly and always at hand for wounds. The smoke and stench will fill the house, perhaps, but that is a trifle when the alternative is lock-jaw, or even a long, painful sequel to the wound.

Another instance was the wound made by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow, and bit through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministration of the smoke extracted all the pain, which had been frightful."

GRAPE JUICE.

Be sure says a writer to seal up several bottles of grape juice this coming fall. As a tonic it is excellent, and nothing can be pleasanter for a summer drink. It is nourishing as well as satisfying. By experience I know it is splendid for the sick. My son wrote me it was the only thing that his stomach would retain when he was seasick on a voyage to Europe.

RECIPE.

Twenty-five pounds of best Concord (or any juicy grapes). Scald with only enough water to keep from burning; when they burst open; set off to cool, then press through a stout jelly bag; add nearly four pounds coffee sugar; let it come to the boiling point again and seal up as you do canned fruit. This amount ought to make twelve quarts of rich wine. Keep in a cool, dark place. If open any length of time, it will ferment. This is good for communion wine.

RECIPES.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.—Peel the onions, and slice or chop very thin. In a baking-dish sprinkle a layer of cracker-crumbs, then of onion, salt, butter, and pepper to taste, another layer of crumbs, and so on till the dish is filled, having the last layer of cracker. Pour over milk enough to cover, and bake one hour and a half.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel the onions under water, pour over boiling water, and cook ten minutes, adding a half-teaspoonful of salt; drain and pour over boiling salted water a second time, and yet a third, to take away the strong odor. Season with melted butter, or make a gravy of cream or rich milk, butter, a dash of pepper and salt. Serve very hot.

HASTY DISHES.—Savory toasts are invariably appreciated. Many can be obtained if a small jar of potted meat or fish is in the house. They are improved by moistening with gravy or butter, while, for the white kinds, cream or a spoonful of white sauce answers as well, or better; the toast should be free from crust, and buttered, then spread thickly with the preparation, cut into fingers, and made hot in the oven.

SNOW PUDDING.—Make a gelatine jelly by dissolving a box of gelatine in a pint of tepid water. Let it stand two or three hours and then add three pints of boiling water, two pounds of sugar and the juice of three or four lemons. Strain, and allow to harden. Make a nice, thin custard of rich milk and the yolks of eggs. Place the moulded gelatine in the centre of a glass dish and pour the custard around it.

BAKED ONIONS.—Boil, changing the water, and when they begin to be tender, pour over them—in a pudding-dish—rich milk and seasoning; cover and bake. At the last, take off the cover and brown.

SARDINE TOAST is excellent, made from boneless sardines, well seasoned, and flavored with lemon juice. The fish should be made hot before laying them on the toast; each piece to be large enough to hold one sardine.

GOLDEN FINGERS are thick strips of cold beef, dipped in batter and fried brown; these, lightly piled on a hot dish and garnished with parsley, look very appetizing. They can also be made from cold veal, each strip being rolled in a thin slice of boiled ham before coating with batter. In this case, slices of lemon form a suitable garnish. The meat should not be overcooked; hence this is a good way of using up the most underdone portions of a joint.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Rub lightly two ounces of butter into four ounces of sugar. Add one-half pound of flour and rub together, adding one spoonful of baking powder. Then break in one egg and add one-half pint of sweet milk. Stir well; steam in a mold three-quarters of an hour. For the sauce take one cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one cup water, one spoonful butter, flavor. Remove from fire, and when a little cooled add one beaten egg well stirred in.

CARROT CREAM CUSTARDS.—One pint of rich milk, whites of three eggs, yolk of one egg, a little salt, two heaping tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoonful of arrowroot, corn-starch, or rice flour, three heaping tablespoonfuls of cooked and strained carrot pulp, the grated rind of one-half of an orange, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, or (better) one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla sugar; if convenient, one-half cupful of whipped cream. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; scald the milk, reserving a little to mix with the corn-starch; stir the latter into the boiling milk, and cook ten minutes; add the carrot pulp, into which has been stirred the sugar, salt, and flavorings; stir in the yolk of the egg, then the whites, mixing lightly, but well; cook a few moments. When cool, stir in lightly the whipped cream. Fill cups or glasses, and heap in each a meringue of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste, and tinted yellow with a little yolk of egg. Use a meringue made thus: Juice of one orange (enough water added to make one and one-half gills), rind of one-half of an orange, and one heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Pour the hot water to the rind, and let it stand fifteen minutes; strain; add the orange juice, mix with the well-beaten eggs, and stir until it thickens well; add the white of one egg, beaten stiff; take from the fire, and, when cool, stir in one-half cupful of whipped cream. Add a little vanilla if liked.

PUZZLES—NO. 19.

ENIGMA.

I'm in knowledge and in folly,
I'm in sang and melancholy,
I'm in business and in labor,
I'm in monarch and in neighbor,
I'm in paradise and prison,
I'm in fallen and in risen,
I'm in soldier and in sailor,
I'm in carpenter and tailor,
I'm in tremble and in terror,
I'm in righteousness and error,
I'm in beautiful and humble,
I'm in steadfast and in stumble,
I'm in ruin and in riches,
I'm in rivers and in ditches,
I'm in cottage and in cavern,
I'm in midship and in haven.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.

Behead a horse and leave a verb.
Behead a portion and leave a skill.
Behead a conveyance and leave a necessity.
Behead an article of clothing and leave to adore.
Curtail a woman and leave a boy.
Curtail to feel pain and leave a deep hole.
Curtail dimensions and leave a verb.
Curtail an article and leave opposite of thick.
ISA.

THE PUZZLING ADVERB.

My first is a negative adverb; my second is an adverb of place; by a different division my first is an adverb of time, and my second an adverb of place. My whole is an adverb of place, and one division contradicts the other.

JAMES HERBERT.

SELECTED CONCEALED AUTHORS.

1. It would seem that when the gentleman sets out he yearly travels in the south of Europe, but is resting at home this year.
2. There was a panic of elderly folk near us and once in a while we heard a loud pop ending in a faint scream, and then a laugh.
3. They were discussing a trip to Lake Como; but it was evident that they knew nothing about Lake Como or English lakes.
4. Curiously enough she said, "I can say nothing to this; to add, is only to take away."
5. It was to welcome silence that we left.

UNITED STATES.

SQUARE.

1. A disloyal person.
2. Flushed with success.
3. To wash.
4. Pure air.
5. Side looks.

SAMUEL MOORE.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers have been received from Jennie Black and Fred J. Grafton. Thanks to both for nice letters. We are always pleased to hear from those who solve the puzzles and cordially invite all to send puzzles for this department.

EDITOR PUZZLES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 18.

ENIGMA No. 1.—"The Lord Liveth." (II Samuel 22: 47.)

SQUARE.—

F R A M E
R A V E N
A V E R T
M E R G E
E N T E R

ENIGMA No. 2.—Latin.

ENIGMA No. 3.—Love one another.