

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair Between the fire and the lamplight's glare; His face was ruddy and full and fair; His three small boys in the chimney nook Conned the lines of a picture book; His wife, the pride of his home and heart, Baked the biscuit and made the tart, Laid the table and steeped the tea, Deftly, swiftly, silently; Tired and weary and weak and faint, She bore her trials without complaint, Like many another household saint— Content, all selfish bliss above In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke: "There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay— And if there should come a rainy day, 'T would be mighty handy, I'm bound to say, 'T have somethin' put by. For folks must die.

An' there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy— Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh; Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe To be provided for when we go. So if I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd do: I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could— Extra fires don't do any good; I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile, And run up some candles once in a while; I'd rather be sparin' of coffee and tea, For sugar is high, And all to buy, And cider is good enough drink for me; I'd be kind of careful about my clothes And look out sharp how the money goes— Gewgaws is useless, nater knows; Extra trimmin' 'S the bane of women

"I'd sell off the best of my cheese and honey. And eggs is as good, nigh about, as the money; And as to the carpet you wanted new— I guess we can make the old one du; And as for the washer, an' sewin' machine, Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean, You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean. What do they know about women's work? Do they kalkilate women was made to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe Sat in the corner in a row. They saw the patient mother go On ceaseless errands to and fro; They saw that her form was bent and thin, Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in, They saw the quiver of lip and chin— And then, with a wrath he could not smother, Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:

"You talk of savin' wood and ile, An' tea an' sugar all the while, But you never talk of savin' mother!" —N. Y. Observer.

POLLY, THE BLIND MARE.

When returning home in a cab, one day, I was much pleased with the kind and gentle manner in which the cabman treated his little mare. No whip was called into use; but now and then he cheered her on with a chirrup, a little shake of the reins, or a "come up, Polly," which she responded to by a brisk toss of the head and more rapid trot. There seemed to be a positive friendship, as well as a perfect understanding, between the mare and her master; and, as I took out my purse to pay the man, I could not help expressing my pleasure at seeing the humane manner in which he treated her.

"No need of a whip for Polly, ma'am," said he, his face quite lighting up as he patted her sleek sides. "She's as gentle and loving as a little dog, and I should be sorry for her to have a smart of my causing. Have you noticed, ma'am, that Polly is stone blind?"

I certainly had not; and when I thought of the manner in which the mare had treaded her way, in and out, amongst all the horses and vehicles in the busiest part of Manchester, I was astonished to find that Polly had never been able to see.

"She's the best little thing that ever was," said the cabman, "and so sure footed she never slips. Many of my lady customers would rather have Polly in the shafts than any horse going, and ask for her to take them to the

city. She's quite a pet, too, and often gets a piece of bread from the ladies. If we go to a house where she has once had it, she knows as well as I do, and she turns her head to the door and waits and listens for somebody to bring her a bit again. Polly's very fond of bread."

I took the hint, and brought out some bread, which the pretty creature took from my hand as gentle as a child—I mean a polite child—would do. While she was munching it she kept turning her sightless eyes toward her master, and, guided by his voice, moved near enough to let her now and then place her head over his shoulder with a caressing touch, to which he always responded with a "Poor old Polly," or a pat.

I observed this scene with great pleasure, and my sympathy encouraged the man to tell me still more about Polly.

"She is just petted like a dog by the children," he said, "and when we are at dinner in the kitchen, which opens right into the yard, she will come and pop her head in and then step toward the table to be fed from their hands.

"I've a little thing, only a twelvemonth old, and she will always give Polly some broth or milk out of her spoon, and it looks so funny to see Polly taking it. Then baby gives her such small pieces of bread out of her little hand, that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child; but she never does. She would rather drop the nicest bit than hurt the baby. We are never afraid, and the mare goes about the place like a dog; we never fasten her.

"Polly will never forget this place, ma'am. You have talked to her and given her bread, and she will know your voice as well as possible wherever she may hear it."

The mare had by this time finished her lunch, and the master, with a "Good morning, ma'am, and thank you for Polly," started on his way. Not on the box, though. He only said "Come on, old girl," and the pretty mare, guided by his voice alone, walked after her master, never deviating from the path or stepping on the edge of the lawn, until they passed the entrance gates and were lost to sight.

I always remember Polly and her kind master with peculiar pleasure, and wish that every one who has to do with horses displayed as much humanity toward them as did the kind-hearted cabman toward his little mare.—Girl's Own Magazine.

FACTS FOR HOME USE.

If your coal fire is low throw on a table-spoonful of salt and it will help it very much. —A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.—In icing cakes, dip the knife in cold water.—In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it into boiling water at once.—You can get oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.—Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.—Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with salt and pepper, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat.—Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.—A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.—Tumblers that have milk in them should never be put in hot water.—A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.—Springfield Republican.

WE HAVE A WORD of advice to give to some of the farmer boys who may get hold of this paper. You are aware that the long evenings are now upon us, which implies that the days are short and that there is more time for intellectual improvement. Don't neglect it. Perhaps there are many moments in the day or evening which you have been in the habit of spending uselessly. Stop short, right here. You will be sorry if you don't; or rather you will never know how much you lose. Have a good book or paper

always by you to take up at odd times. The main point is to acquire taste for good reading. Robert Burns, one of the greatest of Scotland's poets, was a farmer. One day while ploughing, he accidentally destroyed a mouse's nest and this furnished an occasion for one of his most touching poems. He was, even while he was busy at his daily labor, always on the alert to find the beautiful or curious things in nature, and if you read his shorter poems you will find them filled with rural descriptions. This is not to say that you should try to be poets, which perhaps you could not become; but to make of yourselves intelligent and useful men, which certainly is in your power.—Standard.

APPLE BREAD, if properly prepared, will be found a very desirable change or addition to table comforts. Scald with boiling milk one quart of Indian meal—the yellow granulated meal is much the best. When cool, add a tea-spoonful of salt, and stir to it one pint of ripe sweet apples chopped very fine, one well-beaten egg, and half a tablespoonful of butter. The butter may be beaten into the meal while it is still warm enough to mix thoroughly. Add a scant tea-spoonful of dissolved soda. Mix into a stiff dough, adding as much sweet milk as is needed for that purpose, and bake or steam. If steamed let it cook three hours. One hour's baking will cook it, but it will not be so nice. Sour apples will answer but are not so good, and will need one cup of sugar chopped in with them.

GOOD BEEF TEA.—Cut a pound of rump steak in quarter-inch cubes on a board with a sharp knife. Sprinkle salt on the bits of beef, about as much as would season it if it were broiled. Put it in a glass preserve jar, and let it stand fifteen minutes. Add four great spoonfuls of cold water, cover the jar air tight and let it stand one hour. Then set the jar into a kettle of cold water, on the stove. Let it come very slowly to a boil. Then set it on the back part of the stove where it will keep at a boiling heat, but without boiling until wanted. After straining it for use, add more salt if necessary and a sprinkle of red pepper if the case allows it. This concentrates the nourishment and makes it more palatable.

A VERY PRETTY scrap-basket for any room is made by two of the small peach-baskets, so much used of late years. You turn one upside down, and set the other on it. Line the upper one with silesia or silk, and cover the outside with a piece of pretty chintz or a buff linen, with embroidery at the edge. This is filled around the top and then drawn in at the middle, with a ribbon tied around it. It makes a graceful basket, and is very useful.

CALAMITIES SEEN IN TWO LIGHTS.—"I never knew a man," says an old writer, "who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian." There are too many like the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to herself a trial, but every one that happened to her friends a judgment.

TO RESTORE RUSTY BLACK LACE.—Half cup rain water, one teaspoonful borax, one teaspoonful alcohol; squeeze the lace through this four times; then rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled. Pull out the edges of lace till almost dry, then press for two days between the leaves of a heavy book.

PUZZLES.

PERSONAGES.

Recall the story if you can, About a lonely shipwrecked man; A gentle savage he reclaimed, Master and man, who'll name their names?

A man who climbed the mountain steep, With fairies tripping, fell asleep, And dozed away life's hopes and fears, About the space of twenty years.

That king and his fair queen who sent A man to seek a continent— Their names and his now tell who can, And from what port he sailed—this man.

Who laid his cloak before a queen, To keep her dainty slippers clean? A courtier and a man of pride, Tell now his name and how he died.

In Athens, not the modern "Hub," A surly man dwelt in a tub; With lantern lit, he sought by day One honest soul: his name please say.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1. The same four letters name a Bible mountain.
2. A French poetess of the 16th century.
3. A small city saved from destruction through the intercession of a righteous man; its name was then changed to—.
4. An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
5. A shepherd who in the early days of the world made an offering to the Lord of the firstlings of his flock.
6. A commander of artillery in the army of Napoleon I.
7. Calamity.
8. Having competency.
9. The part of a tree which lies immediately under the bark.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—CHRISTIAN NAMES. Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—[Keats.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace Of finer form or lovelier face.—[Scott.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding, Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.—[Rogers.

That best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love.—[Wordsworth.

'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.—[Montgomery.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

- No. 1. An animal and a verb.—Whole, a disease.
No. 2. Sleep, friend!—An article used at table.
No. 3. Only a cheat.—An article used by tobacco consumers.
No. 4. Abbess; in Indiana.—A country.

METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but sometimes more moves are required. Here is an example showing how to solve puzzles of this kind: Change lamp to fire, in four moves. First move, lame; second move, fame; third move, fare; last move, fire.

Solve the following eleven puzzles in a similar manner: 1. Change dusk to seat, in six moves. 2. Change house to hovel, in fifteen moves. 3. Change warm to cold, in four moves. 4. Change curd to whey, in eight moves. 5. Change dog to hen, in three moves. 6. Change cloth to paper, in seven moves. 7. Change pond to lake, in four moves. 8. Change coal to wood, in three moves. 9. Change awake to sleep, in eight moves. 10. Change boy to man, in four moves. 11. Change seas to land, in six moves.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 15.

Pasha Puzzle.— This is the solution of the Pasha Puzzle given in the last MESSENGER. The puzzle was to make Hobart Pasha by combining a fort, two sabres, two British gun-boats, two bayonets, a bomb-shell, and three birds; and here you have an accurate (?) likeness of the fire-eating Turk.



- Word Dissecting.—
1. Announce: ann—ounce.
2. Knowledge: know—ledge.
3. Increase: in—crease.
4. Assail: ass—ail.
5. Stratagem: strata—gem.
6. Satire: sat—ire.
7. Buoyant: buoy—ant.
8. Season: sea—son.
9. Artless: art—less.
10. Manage: man—age.
11. Tiresome: tire—some.
12. Support: sup—port.

Selected Riddles.—1, Noise. 2, It weighs anchor. 3, Each has its own bark. 4, Level. Beheadings.—P-ounce, c-reed, p-our, p-ox, h-and, g-rain, k-edge, c-rust, c-all, b-rake, s-cent, f-lea, w-hole, n-one, m- oat. Enigma.—Moss-rose.