

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WISHING.

"I wish I had an eagle's sight!"
Said Johnnie with a radiant look—
All sat round the evening light.
Each occupied with work or book—
"Then on far Eiffel tower I'd stand
And view the wonders of each land."
"But you've no ship to cross the sea."
Cried little May in quick reply,
"And if you had—how sick you'd be!
I'd take the eagle's wings and fly—
Then on and on, o'er hill and plain
Right round the world and home again."
"Pshaw! eyes and wings," sneered sturdy Dan:
"I'd choose, if I a choice could make,
A lion's strength." "And I," said Nan,
"The lily's breath and beauty take."
Then sweet-toothed Nell piped, "For my part,
Give me, from bees, the honey art."
Wishing ran wild. We all were gay.
Mother sat sewing, weary faced;
Small time had she for books or play.
So many stitches must be placed.
Old pussy stretched, lazy and fat,
Close at her feet upon the mat.
"Mother!" called Dan, "'tis your turn now!
What would you take, had you the chance?"
She pushed her glasses up her brow
And gave us all a kindly glance—
"Well, if I could, and 'twas no crime,
I'd take," she said, "the cat's spare time."
—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. BENSON'S BARGAIN.

Yes, Mrs. Benson, ma'am, those shirts are a bargain and no mistake. Good calico, as you say, and plenty of it; a fine length to the tails, and a generous breadth across the shoulders. Well-wore linen fronts, too, and all complete. Benson here will look grand in them when you get them up for him on Sundays. He's bound to leave the two top buttons of his waistcoat unbuttoned when he has them on; it's a duty he owes to the public, ma'am. And cheap, too; only two-and-six the shirt: it's really wonderful. The man wanted three and three, did he? I don't wonder at it. And you beat him down to two-and-six—five shillings for the two. You have got a bargain, ma'am. Never made for the money? No, certainly not; they couldn't be. Why! the stuff itself is worth pretty near every penny of it, to say nothing of the making. Well now, that puts something else into my head. What sort of a margin is there in these bargains for the people who do the making? Yes, ma'am, as you say; this shirt that's set me envying my friend Benson is machine stitched; but there's generally a woman behind the machine when it's doing the stitching, and I'm wondering where her wages come in. There's the finisher, too, how much can she have got out of it, and find her own needles and thread? That's no business of yours, you say? Well, now, Mrs. Benson, ma'am, my friend here, when he's been talking about you—and you'd smile to hear what he says sometimes—he's given me a general impression that you're a woman, and I reckon the poor creature who worked on this shirt was a woman, too. That seems to make it some sort of a business of yours, doesn't it, now? It does seem rather hard that you should cut down that poor soul's wages, and make her work for starvation pay. How do you do that, ma'am? Why, in this way. You ladies are such sharp hands at a bargain, that there's no getting a fair price out of you. Why didn't you give that man his three-and-three? That was cheap enough in all conscience. You said yourself the shirts are worth more than that; then why should you want to get them for less than they're worth? How can a man afford to pay fair wages if he's forced to sell for less than the stuff and wages come to? Talk about the sweaters! Mrs. Benson, ma'am, it's you ladies who set them sweating; and I'll tell you what it is, sooner or later it will come home to you. If you don't live to see it, that blessed little girl of yours in the cradle yonder will. Things can't go on as they're going, you may depend upon that. There'll be a big burst up one of these days; and it's you, and the likes of you, that are doing the bursting. I wish you good evening, Mrs. Benson, ma'am.—*Spectator, Melbourne, Aus.*

CHICKEN MILK FOR INVALIDS.

As this new and delicate food for invalids is now being ordered so frequently by the medical profession, particularly in cases recovering from acute dyspepsia and typhoid fever, the following recipes will be welcome: No. 1 is the more delicate of the two, and can be used in cases where the patient cannot retain even a soft-boiled egg. No. 2 is prepared in a different manner, and is more for cases where the patient is stronger or more nourishment is necessary. Both, as the ingredients demonstrate, are most nutritious. Calves' feet prepared in the same manner as No. 1 are also an excellent substitute for beef tea and form another variety in the limited menu of the invalid.

CHICKEN MILK, NO. 1.

Cut a chicken in small pieces, and see that it has been cleaned in the most careful manner, removing the skin. Put it into a china-lined sauce-pan, with the bones and neck, the white part of a head of celery, and the stalks (not leaves) of a fresh bunch of parsley, a few pepper-corns and a little salt. Cover the meat with cold water, and let it simmer till it is in rags and falls from the bones. Strain into a flat-basin or large bowl. When cold it should be in a stiff, clear jelly. Carefully, with a skimmer, take off the grease, and then take a soft, clean pantry towel, dipped in hot water, and gently wipe over the top of the jelly with it, so that no particle of greasy matter can possibly remain. Take equal quantities of this jelly and fresh milk, put them into a small china-lined sauce-pan, and let them boil together. Boil up the mixture three times and strain into a cup. A teaspoonful is generally considered sufficient at a time. Tiny strips of dry toast are an agreeable addition. It can be eaten hot, or allowed to cool and form again into a jelly, according to taste.

CHICKEN MILK NO. 2.

Prepare the chicken in the same manner as in recipe No. 1, but instead of using water, cover it with a quart of fresh milk and put the chicken and milk into a very large jam-pot, setting that in a sauce-pan nearly filled with cold water; when the milk in the jam-pot boils, the "chicken milk" is ready for use. Cream may in some cases be substituted for milk, and sometimes equal quantities of cream and milk are used.—*Christian at Work.*

HEALTH FOR A DOLLAR.

Since the athletic girl has become so dominant a figure in the feminine world, and fragility has grown a reproach rather than a charm, says a recent writer, the treatises multiply on all hygienic matters, and volumes are set forth without number to tell every woman what she shall do to be saved from all ills that flesh is heir to. The woman with the interesting pallor, the violet-shadowed eyes, and the willow-ward form, who fainted if one said "Boh!" to her, and solved all sentimental difficulties with a brain-fever, has given place to a buxom lassie, whose cheeks are red as the dawn, with brown, muscular hands that stop runaway horses, rescue helpless bairns from mad dogs, and amid a wreck of matter and crash of worlds would never feel a tremor of her steel-strung nerves. And this magnificent person is all the product of athletics and athletics and yet again athletics. Ride a cock-horse, say the lecturers on this subject, play tennis, swim, fence, practise in a gymnasium, take cold baths, live in the open air. And those who follow their advice attain the stalwart loveliness of Atalanta and Hyppolita, bring forth rosy sons and daughters, and are as the pillars of their husband's house. But it costs money to ride a cock-horse; there is the habit to buy, the horse to keep, and, if one lives in the city, a groom to be hired to ride after one in the park. Tennis presupposes various advantages of environment that all women do not possess; swimming means a country home near the sea or a river; and fencing, working in the gymnasium, and life out-of-door argue leisure, some money, and liberty to follow one's own devices. The pale, the nervous, the flaccid-muscled woman has not disappeared yet, and these read with hopeless envy the directions given by the books for attainment of rosy beauty, their own lives being too filled with work, too narrow, or too straitened to make the use of any of these

prescriptions possible. But athletic exercise, with its resultant health, happiness, and beauty, is to be had, and that at a price within the means of every woman, no matter how poor or hard worked. Ninety cents will purchase all she needs to string her muscles up firm and make them elastic; to set her blood pulsing warmly under the skin; to fine away too lavish outlines, or fill up hollows. A pair of five-pound ladies' dumb-bells are to be had for thirty cents. These are a good weight to begin with, but should not be used violently at first. Two towels of heavy turkish crash cost the same sum each. On rising in the morning begin practice at once. With a dumb-bell in each hand lift the arms, touch the shoulders with the bells, and straighten the arms out smartly at right angles from the body. Do this smoothly and regularly ten times. Then touch the shoulders, and lift the bells ten times straight up on either side of the head. Hit out from each shoulder ten times; drop the bell at full length of the arm and draw them up to the armpits; and vary these motions in the twenty or thirty different directions possible, as one's own cleverness suggests, thus exercising every muscle. Begin with only two or three the first morning, and increase them as the strength increases. Finishing with the bells, set a mark on the wall at the height of four or five feet, and standing on the left leg, try to touch the mark with the right toe ten times, doing the same afterward with the left. The mark can be raised nearly a foot more as one's agility increases. Then set hands on hips and jump up and down ten times. Next spring into a bath—a warm one is best—sponging one's self off with cold water afterward, and dry the skin with vigorous manipulation of the rough towel. Try that for a month, and see whether health and beauty are not the consequence.

BOYS AND GARDENS.

By all means, let the boy have a garden. If it be only a bunch of sunflowers in a six feet square city back yard, let him have something of his own to plant and watch the growing of. But if you live in the country, you can let him have a considerable plot of ground, where he can raise flowers, and also edible vegetables. Nothing will ever taste so good to him as his own lettuce and beets and radishes. Don't imagine for a moment, however, that your boy, unless he be a genius, will know how to take care of these plants of his. No matter how much he loves them, he will require a good many weary hours of careful teaching and training before he is able to do efficiently even his small duty by his garden-patch. The trouble is that boys love so many things. If they loved their gardens only, or their lessons only, or ball-playing only, or stamp-collecting only; but it is with them as with the perplexed lover—"how happy could they be with either were t'other dear charmer away!" It is a good deal more trouble to see that the boy keeps his garden well than it would be to keep it yourself; but it is a good deal of trouble to bring up a boy right anyhow, and that is something that a mother might as well understand at the outset. Those who try to do it by easy means generally rue it with anguish of soul in the end. "I never knew a boy who was fond of a garden," said a wise man who had brought up many boys, "to go far astray. There seems to be something about working in the soil and loving its products that does the boys good morally as well as physically." And honest Jan Ridd says, "The more a man can fling his arms around Nature's neck, the more he can lie upon her bosom like an infant, the more that man shall earn the trust and love of his fellow men." Again he says, "There is nothing better fitted to take hot tempers out of us than to go gardening boldly in the spring of the year." And every one who has tried this can testify that it is true. A certain little boy, who left a garden at home to take a trip with some friends, wrote home to his mother, "I am having a splendid time, but I wish every morning that I was sitting on my little green cricket in the back yard, watching my plants grow." This little boy always thought that some time, if he watched closely enough, he should see a flower open, but beyond a few four o'clocks, he has never witnessed this

ever-recurring but magically secret phenomenon. If possible, supply your own table with your boy's produce at ruling market rates, having it well understood beforehand how the money will be expended. Praise whenever you consistently can; offer prizes for the best fruits, flowers, and vegetables, if you have several boys at work; and in every way treat the enterprise with consideration and respect. Many a boy who has put his best efforts into his garden loses heart when he hears it sneered at or made light of. "Your garden! Oh dear! I never thought of that! What does that amount to?" It cannot be too early impressed upon a boy that whatever he does should be done well. Therefore make his garden seem as important as you can without dwelling unduly upon it; and remember that the physical and moral effects of the garden are not all. The information that a boy gets from it concerning varieties of seed and soil may be invaluable to him later on.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

RECIPES.

BROWN BREAD.—Two-thirds of a cup of molasses, two cups sour milk, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls soda, one of salt, one cup flour, four cups cornmeal. Steam three hours and brown a few minutes in the oven.
DELICATE PIE.—Whites two eggs, four table-spoonfuls cream, one large spoonful flour, one cup white sugar, one cup cold water; flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.
WASHINGTON CAKE.—One pound of brown sugar, one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, two pounds of stoned raisins, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in half-cup of hot water, one-half pint of molasses, two grated nutmegs.
COOKIES.—Two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one-half cupful sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg to taste. Mix in enough flour to roll, cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven.
MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup butter, two cups molasses, one teaspoonful cloves, one table-spoonful ginger, sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, not dough. Mold with the hands into small cakes and bake in a steady rather than quick oven, as they are apt to burn.
TUMBLER CAKE.—Three tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of water; beat these to a froth with the hand, then add one tumbler of sweet milk and five tumblers of flour, three heaping teaspoons baking powder, sifted with the flour, then four beaten eggs and flavor to taste, last of all a tumbler of citron cut fine or chopped.
COFFEE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup melted butter, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup strong coffee, one egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one table-spoonful ground cinnamon, one-half pound each of raisins and currants, four cups sifted flour.
COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cupful of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, or enough to make tolerably stiff batter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted with the flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Rub the butter and sugar together, beat in the yolks, then the milk and soda, the salt and the beaten whites alternately with the flour. Bake in a buttered mould; turn out upon a dish; cut in slices and eat with liquid sauce.

PUZZLES.—No. 2.

Double Cross-Word.

Enigma.

In caiff, not in slave;
In dastard, not in knave;
In villa, not in house;
In coney, not in mouse;
In kicking, not in fight;
In fellow, not in wight;
In running, not in walk;
In singing, not in talk.

ANAGRAM.

Uo'f'feem.

These mystic words with meaning fraught
A horror hold beyond your thought,
And yet with smiles full many a time
You've traced through them their historic crime.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Explanation. Take one letter from each word in the following verse and find a well-known proverb. The verse is keeping with the meaning of the proverb.
Wealth, sought for oft and long, and much desired,
Is ours but few short fleeting years.
Repute through right and noble worth acquired
Continues, while wealth disappears.
ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ENOCH.—Gen. v. 22-24; Heb. xi. 5.

E-sau Gen. xxv. 29-34; xxvii.; xxxii. 3; Jer. xlix. 7-20; Ezek. xxv. 12-14; Heb. xii. 16.
N-aaman 2 Ki. v. 1-23; Lu. iv. 27.
O-bed Ruth iv. 14-17; Matt. i. 5.
C-ain Gen. iv. 1-16; 1 John iii. 12.
H-agar Gen. xvi. 3-13; xxi. 14-21.

CHARADE.—Keepsake.

SQUARE WORD.—

H I R E
I D E A
R E A R
E A R N