

The Household.

To a New Bride and Housekeeper.

BY MARGARET M. WHITE.

You little guess the loneliness that's coming o'er my life,
When you have left the farm and me to be Will Johnson's wife;
But I suppose my mother felt just so, when from her side,
Your father came one summer's day to carry home his bride.

Ah, me! how happy had I been! Providence had spared
My good old man to see this day, who all my feelings shared;
But, then, I would not bring him back, not even if I might,
Nor change one crook that's in my lot, for what God does is right.

But as I sit alone and think I see some things I'd change;
I might have made him happier; then do not think it strange
If I should speak some warning words to save you, if I may,
From making thoughtless, and mistakes, to bring clouds o'er your way.

So just remember, Hans 'n', dear, that, though you're pretty bright,
It may be very possible you'll not be always right!
Perhaps when you are fretting o'er some other body's sin,
You'll find the fault was all your own if you would look within.

As when we washed the window panes together face to face,
So that the smallest spot or stain would find no resting place,
You would insist, however hard to make you see I tried,
That every spot was my fault when 'twas really on your side.

And, Hannah, oh! be patient if you find Will sometimes slow,
Your wife flash out like lightning streaks, as swift to come and go;
Now, lightning is a handy thing in stormy nights, 'tis true,
But, after all, a steady shine is kind o' useful, too.

And if there's any difference comes 'twixt your good man and you,
Don't stop to ask whose fault it is; the only way to do
Is just to take the thing in hand and try with all your might,
Before it grows too big to change, to fix it up all right.

You know the dough when first 'tis set, is molded as we will;
But when 'tis baked we cannot change its shape for good or ill;
So now, when you are starting out in your new home, 'tis just
The time to see what ways you'll set to harden into crust.

But, dear, you'll not succeed alone, no matter how you try;
You'll have to go down on your knees and ask help from on high.
We soap and rub and bell and rinse, but after all, you know,
It takes heaven's sun to make the clothes as white as new fall'n snow.

For Young Housewives.

Clean canister bottles with shot.
To remove ink stains soak in sour milk over night.

To brighten and clean old alpaca, wash in coffee.

Mix stove polish with vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar.

When cooking beans add one-half teaspoon of saleratus.

To brighten carpets sprinkle with salt before sweeping.

To polish a stove rub with a newspaper instead of a brush.

To remove tea stains from cups and saucers scour with ashes.

For burns apply flour wet with cold water, as it quickly gives relief.

When sponge-cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

To remove mildew soak in buttermilk and spread on grass in the sun.

If nutmegs are good, when pricked with a pin oil will instantly ooze out.

If the oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

To prevent mustard plasters from blistering mix with the white of an egg.

To prevent flat-irons from scorching wipe them on a cloth wet with kerosene.

To clean furniture that is not varnished rub with a cloth wet with kerosene.

To brighten or clean silver or nickel plated ware rub with a woolen cloth and flour.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

When clothes are scorched remove the stain by placing the garment where the sun can shine on it.

Starched shirts will iron easier if you let

them dry after starching so you will have to sprinkle them before ironing.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens are good to wash and clean windows, as they leave no dust nor lint, as cloth.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or teapot fill with water, add a small piece of soap and let it boil about forty-five minutes.

To remove grease from wall paper lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

COOKING RECIPES.

COFFEE / CAKE:—Two cups brown sugar, one cup of butter, five eggs, one-half cup molasses, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one-half cup made coffee, three heaping cups flour, one cup currants, one teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in warm water, one quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Cream butter and sugar together, and be sure to flour the fruit before stirring it in; bake in a moderately fast oven.

COCOANUT DROPS:—Beat to a froth the whites of two eggs, and add gradually one small cup sugar, one cup cocoanut grated and one spoonful flour. Butter tin sheets with washed butter, and then cover with letter-paper. Drop on this the mixture in teaspoonfuls about two inches apart. Bake five minutes in a quick oven.

JELLY CAKE:—Three eggs, one cup sugar, butter the size of an egg, one cup flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour, one-half teaspoonful of milk. Bake in jelly cake tins and spread when cold with fruit jelly.

BAKED CUSTARDS:—One quart of milk, four eggs, five tablespoonfuls sugar beaten with the eggs, nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls flavoring extract. Scald the milk, pour upon the other ingredients, stir together well, flavor and pour into stone-china cups. Set these in a pan of hot water, grate nutmeg upon each and bake until firm. Eat cold from the cups.

EGGS A LA TRUFFE:—Hard boil a dozen eggs, and cut them in slices; peel some small pickling onions and fry them gently in butter over a slow fire; dust them with flour, moisten them with equal quantities of stock and cream, add a little salt and pepper, and stew them till quite tender; then add the eggs and give them a warm up; serve as hot as possible.

APPLE MERINGUE:—Prepare six large tart apples for sauce. While hot put in a piece of butter the size of an egg. When cold, and a cup of fine cracker crumbs, the yolks of three eggs well beaten, a cup of milk or cream, a little salt, nutmeg and sugar to taste. Bake in a large plate, with an under crust of rich paste and a rim of puff paste. When done, take the whites of the eggs, half a tea-cup of white sugar, and a few drops of essence of lemon; beat to a stiff froth, pour over and put back into the oven to brown lightly.

WHEAT MUFFINS:—For a dozen muffins there will be required a cupful and a half of entire wheat flour, a cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of cream, one-third of a cupful of water, an egg, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix the dry ingredients and beat them quickly and vigorously. Pour the batter into buttered muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a rather quick oven. The batter will be thin and will give a moist muffin but that is as it should be.

FRIED POTATOES:—Peel them and boil in salted water; do not let them boil until they are soft. Beat one egg, and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg, and then in the cracker and fry in butter until a light brown, turning frequently that the color may be uniform; or the potatoes may be dropped into hot lard. In this case, a cloth should be laid over a plate and the potatoes should be drained for a moment in this before sending them to the table.

Beauty in Wives.

Beauty in a wife may or may not be a desirable gift, but it is certainly not a joy forever.

The proverb that beauty is only skin deep may be true, but I have no doubt that it is particularly applicable to married women because (have patience, meadames!) after six months or twelve months of married bliss the young wife may look as handsome as her better favored sister. A beautiful

woman creates a great impression in the beginning but it requires good resources to maintain this first impression, and if she has not the mental traits so essential to command esteem, in time her beauty becomes commonplace. The ordinary looking wife, on the other hand, if she possesses these amiable traits, seems to grow handsome with time. The beautiful wife is often too conscious of the charms of her person, and if forgetful of them is flattered by constant admirers into remembering them.

The man generally makes up his mind very soon as to what he admires in the physique of woman, but finds it more difficult to come to a conclusion as to what is essential to his happiness in mental qualities. As a rule the wife should have mind enough to comprehend that of her husband, to share his plans and to sympathize with him in his occupation. Familiarity with the husband's business enables the wife to regulate the expenses of the household to his income, whereby many unpleasant dimensions are avoided. To know when the purse is full and when it is empty is a kind of knowledge that contributes largely to the pleasure of married life. An approximation of the intellect of the man and the woman to the same level appears to be the most conducive to domestic harmony, as too great a difference in quality of mind often engenders a feeling akin to contempt in the superior person, which it is difficult to conceal. Good as the theory of the extremes is in its physiological application it may not be applied to what relates to the mind. If there be not a psychological affinity between husband and wife, married life remains a barren waste. Cleverness or mediocrity once established as a mutual foundation, varieties may be found to consort advantageously together, such as tactfulness with garrulity, vivacity with inertia, etc., but mutual comprehension and appreciation are indispensable.

A Boy's Hunt for Office.

Soon after President Cleveland took possession of the White House a little chap about twelve years of age, named Howard Fairfax Lee, obtained an audience, and earnestly pleaded for an appointment in one of the departments, to assist in supporting his mother and several brothers and sisters. The little fellow pressed his claim in such a manly, straightforward way that the President's interest was excited, and he resolved, if the case proved, on examination to be a worthy one, to assist the young office-seeker. Howard is very small for his age, but is remarkably bright and intelligent, and expresses his ideas of men and things in language that would do credit to a person many years his senior. He lives beyond the city limits, in the vicinity of Brightwood, and is the eldest of four or five children. The President spoke to Secretary Manning about providing a place in the Treasury Department for the boy, but when the latter made his appearance before the Secretary he was pronounced too small to be of any material value to the public service. Thereupon Howard repaired to the White House, and, with tears in his eyes, told the President the result of his interview with Secretary Manning. Someone suggested to the little fellow that he would probably be more successful with Secretary Lamar. Off he went to the Interior Department, where he found the Secretary surrounded by a roomful of politicians and office seekers. He finally got an opportunity to state his case to the kind-hearted Secretary, who at once became interested in his story and promised to help him. Day after day the youthful applicant haunted the corridors of the Interior Department and watched his chance to steal an interview with the Secretary when the vigilant colored messenger was not looking. Finally the boy was taken sick, and the Secretary missed his visits to his office. One afternoon last week the Secretary, upon inquiry, found where the little fellow lived and called to see him. Finding that the case was really a deserving one, he informed the boy's mother that her son should have an appointment as soon as he was able to be about. The good news quickly restored Howard's health, and a day or two ago he was appointed a messenger in the Pension Office.

It is a curious fact that wasps' nests often take fire, as it is supposed, by the chemical action of the wax upon the material of which the nest is composed. Many of the fires of unknown origin in haystacks and farm buildings may thus be accounted for.

A Hindoo Woman on Hindoo Marriage.

The *Times of India*, commenting on a remarkable contribution to the discussion that has been going on for the last twelve months about the social status of Hindoo women, their position in the household, and their relation with the other sex, says: "The story she has to tell is a sad one, and no doubt all the sadder inasmuch as her letter shows her to be possessed of very unusual natural abilities. The 'wicked practice of early marriage' has, she declares, destroyed the happiness of her life, coming between her and the things she prizes above all others—study and mental cultivation. 'Without the least fault of mine I am doomed to seclusion; every aspiration of mine to rise above my ignorant sisters is looked upon with suspicion, and is interpreted in the most uncharitable manner.' She writes with a good deal of feminine emphasis, but she amply proves her case, that the rich and poor, old and young, of her sex suffer much misery and pain and degradation through the strict observance of social institutions invented by men for their own advantage. Every woman, on the death of her husband, even if he be a child-husband, is condemned to a life of perpetual widowhood. But a man may not only marry a second wife on the death of his first one, but can marry any number of wives at one and the same time. Even if he has only one wife, he continues to live in the bosom of his own family, and has never, under any circumstances, to submit to the tender mercies of a mother-in-law. In India all the boys and girls are betrothed indissolubly almost as soon as they are born. At the age of eight, at latest, a husband must be found for every girl. Girls are generally, perhaps, married at this age, and their parents are still at liberty to send them to school until they are ten years old. But after that the leave of the mother-in-law must be obtained. 'But even in these advanced times,' exclaims our correspondent, 'and even in Bombay—the chief centre of civilization—how many mothers-in-law are there who send their daughters to school after they are ten years old? Thus the girls are taken away from school just when they are beginning to understand and appreciate education. Even girls belonging to the most advanced families are mothers before they are fourteen, and have thenceforth to devote themselves to the hard realities of life. The unfortunate bride may neither sit nor speak in the presence of any elder member of her husband's family. She must work with the servants, rise early, and go to bed late, and be perpetually abused and frequently beaten by her mother-in-law. She must live in the most rigid seclusion. Her husband, who is entirely dependent on his family, can never take her part, and, fresh himself from college is apt to despise her for her ignorance, and to tolerate her as a necessary evil. Our correspondent deliberately declares that 'the treatment which even servants receive from their European masters is far better than falls to the share of us Hindoo women. We are treated worse than beasts.' The strength both of mind and body is sapped by these early marriages. The children either die off like weakly seedlings or grow up without vigor. The women lose their beauty at twenty, are long past their prime at thirty, and old at forty. But a worse fate awaits them if instead of being Hindoo wives they become Hindoo widows. Of this wretched fate our correspondent fortunately knows nothing personally, and so cannot write from experience. But there are 22,000,000 widows in India, many of whom lost their nominal husbands when they were children, and none of whom can ever marry again. For the rest of their lives they are deprived of ornaments and colored garments, their heads are shaved, they are condemned to the coarsest cloths and the poorest food, and wear out their days in seclusion as the low-dragged of the household. They have to live like nuns, but amid all the temptations in a little world in which they are regarded as inferior beings, and when they hide their shame they are handed over to the English law for punishment."

Verdi, the composer, has added another item to the long list of his philanthropic deeds by abating fifty per cent. of the rents of his tenants, on account of severe storms which destroyed their crops.

The Duke of Ratibor, who presided over the Bismarck Testimonial Funds Committee, reports that the total amount raised was \$685,000, of which \$375,000 went to purchase the Prince's ancestral estate of Schenhausen.