

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Probably most parents, even very kindly ones, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best, or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that his mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and good-will of her friends that she will not call their attention to his faults; and that, while she never, under any circumstances, allows herself to forget to tell him afterward, alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and, while that child will lay these secret reproofs to heart, he will still be happy.

I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

Once I saw her little boy behave so boisterously and rudely at the dinner-table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself, "Surely, this time she will have to break her rule, and reprove him publicly." I saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, entreaty, and warning flash from her gentle eyes to him; but nothing did any good. Nature was too much for him, he could not at that minute force himself to be quiet. Presently she said, in a perfectly easy and natural tone, "O Charley, come here a minute! I want to tell you something." No one at the table supposed that it had anything to do with his bad behavior. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a manful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork, and said, "Mama, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but I understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way. "But what would you do," said I, "if he were to refuse to ask to be excused?" Then the tears stood full in her eyes. "Do you think he could," she replied, "when he sees that I am only trying to save him from pain?" In the evening, Charley sat in my lap, and was very sober. At last he whispered to me, "I'll tell you an awful secret, if you won't tell. Did you think I had done my dinner this afternoon when I got excused? Well, I hadn't, Mama made me, because I acted so. That's the way she always does. But I haven't had to have it done to me before for ever so long,—not since I was a little fellow" (he was eight now); "and I don't believe I ever shall again till I'm a man." Then he added, reflectively: "Mary brought me all the rest of my dinner upstairs; but I wouldn't touch it, only a little bit of the ice-cream. I don't think I deserved any at all; do you?"

To this day the old tingling pain burns my cheeks as I recall certain rude and contemptuous words which were said to me when I was very young, and stamped on my memory forever. I was once called a "stupid child" in the presence of strangers. I had brought the wrong book from my father's study. Nothing could be said to me to-day which would give me a tenth part of the hopeless sense of degradation which came from those words. Another time, on the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner, I was sent, in a great hurry, away from the table, to make room, with the remark that "it was not of the least consequence about the child; she could just as well have her dinner afterward." "The child" would have been only too happy to help on the hospitality of the sudden emergency, if the thing had been

differently put; but the sting of having it put in that way I never forgot. Yet in both these instances the rudeness was so small, in comparison with what we habitually see, that it would be too trivial to mention, except for the bearing of the fact that the pain it gave has lasted till now.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The *Congregationalist* goes to so many good people in the country that I am sure a few words from an old housekeeper will meet the eye of multitudes who mean to open their houses this year, and I hope many future years, to city people trying to escape from the oppressive heats and evil atmosphere of their surroundings. I know that offered advice too often meets the fate of "offered sarvice" in the old proverb, but nevertheless some may take in good part suggestions offered in all kindly feeling, and I must be content with the Scripture order: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

In the first place, my friends, when you undertake to entertain summer boarders, begin with the idea that human nature in its general lines is the same all the world over; men and women everywhere like to be comfortable and are willing to pay for it. All the scenery and fine air in the world will not compensate to a delicate woman or a tired man for the ordinary comforts of life. Finery is nothing to them. A parlor full of paper flowers, lace curtains, tidies, lamp-mats and unreadable illustrated "works," with a hard sofa and difficult chairs, the regulation "parlor set," is no attraction in the eyes of people who have at home all these things in finer and costlier grades. If your sitting-room is clean and sweet, stocked with a soft, old-fashioned lounge, and plenty of those high-backed splint rocking-chairs that are so cheap and so restful; if you have windows that run easily and outer blinds that open without a creak and shut without a bang, if there are books lying around such as are amusing and easily read—and these are cheap enough now, thanks to the new paper-covered issues of our best publishers—if the evening lamps are bright and do not smell of kerosene oil, or leave its traces on any hand that tries to change the position of the light, and if to all these be added an open fireplace, or even a stove with front doors, to mitigate the damp chill of a rainy evening or a day of north-east wind and driving storm, you will find such a parlor thoroughly enjoyed and remembered with pleasure by your guests. The next thing is good beds—and how rare a good bed is! If you cannot afford to buy hair mattresses a good cotton one is comfortable if it lies on a woven wire bed, and these are not expensive, they last, they can easily be kept clean. Whoever invented these wire mattresses should be blessed "of all the people." Do not overload your beds either with the abominations so frequent in our country, heavy cotton comfortables—"uncomfortables" they should be called. The cheapest blankets are better than those heavy masses through which no air can penetrate and which no ventilation can sweeten. If you do not feel able to buy blankets get some cheese-cloth, and laying cotton lightly between two squares of the scrim tack it here and there; it will not weigh down the feeble sleeper and it can readily be untacked, washed and fresh cotton put in during the next winter.

"Quilts" are also intolerable for weight and stiffness. If you want to use up your calico pieces make the spreads but tack between them and the lining a double layer of old newspapers instead of quilting in cotton; it will be a mitigation. Then be careful about your pillows. How often have I had to put mine outside of the door because the smell of bad feathers forbade me to sleep! Pillows should be aired and sunned thoroughly after lying unused all winter, and if there is an offensive smell in any of them the feathers should be taken out, thoroughly scalded in soap suds, well dried, and the ticks washed with equal care. A clean, sweet bedroom with neat washing apparatus, a bureau, a closet, a

mirror that is neither cracked nor askew in its reflections, plenty of towels and faithful care of all utensils is one great attraction to boarders. All the tasseled white curtains, snowy spreads, brilliant chromoliths on the walls, or showy carpets and stiff chairs do not give the sense of comfort that simple, easy furniture and absolute cleanliness produce.

Still more important than these, if it be true that "every man's heart is reached through his stomach"—and I am not prepared to say, after a long experience in the care of both those organs, that it is not true—is the daily fare you set before your guests. People in the country who entertain city boarders often err by providing for them what we country people have been brought up to consider "company" viands. This is a mistake; preserves, cakes, pies, are not what our guests care for; plain food, properly cooked, is a real necessity. If you have a farm you have at hand material for the best living. Poultry, eggs, milk, fresh vegetables alone make an acceptable bill of fare. If you find it hard to get good meat, have an ice-box and get a weekly supply of meat from the nearest town. It is a simple matter to make an ice-house in the fall when there is a pause in farm work—to dig a pit of the size you need, roughly board it inside and put on a pitched roof, fill it, after it is well carpeted with straw and drainage established, with ice from the nearest pond or the reach of a still river, and you have one of the greatest aids to housekeeping. Four or five hooks from the roof will hold your meat and keep it fresh, there will be a corner for your tightly covered butter pail and your yeast jug, and plenty of ice to cool your creams and your jellies for dessert. Have a good garden well dug and manured, and then carefully planted with summer vegetables. Beans, peas, short carrots, cauliflowers, early cabbage, all these will be in season; of course you raise your own potatoes in a farther field and sweet corn also. If you have some rows of raspberry bushes set against your garden fence and some blackberries by the barn you will be glad of their help in providing for your tea-table; fresh fruit is always acceptable.

It is just as easy to prepare agreeable desserts when you have milk and eggs in plenty as it is to make the unflattering pie of New England. Do not aim at too much, but above all learn how to cook. Buy a book that gives you teaching in method as well as mere recipes. Practice on your own family first, they will excuse a few mistakes; but, believe me, well cooked meals are perhaps the best recommendation that can be given to your house. I know of one lady who frequented a certain house year after year, chiefly because they made there such good stewed potato. Again, if your boarders happen to splash the fresh wall paper, make a nick on the window sill, or a scratch on the piazza floor, do not worry either yourself or your guests about it. Houses are like all other things; there must be wear and tear to them; they are made to be used and lived in, and will have marks of usage. Do not make your house an idol if it is new and fresh; nothing is more unpleasant than continual warnings to the temporary inhabitants about this or that to be done or not done.

I do not say it is pleasant to take boarders, but many of us have to do it, and a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Be as cheerful as you can about it, and find as little fault as you can. If you have an inmate who frets at everything, and makes you uncomfortable all the time, you have the remedy in your own hands—you can decline to receive that person another season. If you keep such a house as you can keep, you will find all your boarders wish to come back. There is no better test of a house than the return, year after year, of its guests. There is no worse thing to say than, "People never go there twice!"

To keep summer boarders one ought to have good health, good temper and unflinching patience, and few of us have all these good gifts. We can, however, bear the heat and burden of the day by the help of faith and prayer—aid not merely for Sundays and great griefs or emergencies, but for such trivial needs as the falling of a sparrow and our daily bread.—*Congregationalist.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Beat one egg and add one pint of sweet milk; stir in two cups of soft boiled rice; sift two tablespoonfuls of baking powder in a cupful of flour; stir into the batter, and enough more flour to thicken, about one teaspoonful of salt; bake same as other cakes on hot griddle.

GRAHAM GRIDDLE CAKES.—You can use sweet or sour milk. One pint of sour milk, one beaten egg; thicken with two-thirds sifted graham flour, the other third wheat flour, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved. If you use sweet milk, use baking powder sifted into the flour instead of soda.

BEAN SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Parboil one pint of beans, drain off the water and add fresh, and let boil until tender, season with salt and pepper, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, or more if preferred; when done skim out half the beans, leaving the broth and the remaining half of the beans; now add a teaspoonful of cream or rich milk, a dozen or more crackers broken up; let it boil up and serve.

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE in cooking a steak is to do it in the oven, prepared, in this way: Cut out all the bone, and sprinkle over it bits of butter, salt and pepper and a little sage or thyme, powdered, and a half an onion, finely chopped. Over that spread a thick layer of mashed, well seasoned potatoes. Roll up the steak with the potatoes inside, and secure it well with skewers. Put the meat into a baking pan, with a cup full of rich stock, or even boiling water, and cook slowly, basting it often. Serve with a border of mashed potatoes round it, on the platter, and garnish with parsley.

BEAN POLENTA.—One pint of small, white soup beans, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of French mustard, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Wash the beans and soak them overnight in lukewarm water. In the morning, drain off this water, cover with fresh, cold water, bring slowly to a boil, and boil slowly one hour, drain again, cover with one quart of fresh, boiling water, and boil slowly another hour. When done, press through a colander, return to the kettle, add the butter, molasses, mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar; stir and boil ten minutes. Serve in a vegetable tureen.

SNOW PUDDING.—To make snow pudding, cover one half box of gelatine with cold water, and let it soak a half hour; then pour over it one pint of boiling water, add two cups of sugar, and stir until dissolved; then add the juice of three lemons, and strain the whole into a tin basin, place this in a pan of ice-water, and let stand until cold; when cold beat with an egg-beater until as white as snow; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them into the pudding. Turn the pudding into a mold that has been dipped into cold water, and stand it away to harden. Make a sauce with the yolks of the eggs, one quart of milk and a half cup of sugar. Scald the milk, beat yolks and sugar together until light, add them to the milk, and cook two minutes. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool.

PUZZLES NO. 3.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My first, given in initials, is the opposite of life. My second, given in finals, is the opposite of wakefulness.

These two greatly resemble, and are sometimes mistaken for each other, but are never the same. 1. The opposite of light. 2. The opposite of good. 3. The opposite of dead. 4. The opposite of false. 5. The opposite of hinder.

HISTORIC ACROSTIC.

1. An ancient historian. 2. A celebrated explorer. 3. An English Princess. 4. An Emperor of Germany. 5. A Mexican people. 6. A former Minister of Russia from the United States. 7. A French battle. 8. An ancient King. 9. One of the Terrorists.

My initials spell a celebrated naval battle between the French and English. My finals, a famous poet and dramatist.

METAGRAM.

'Twas by my aid Columbus came
To find this fair country,
And still I carry passengers
To lands across the sea.

Though I'm composed of letters four,
You must not think it strange,
To find an article of dress,
If but my first you change.

My second changed, and you will learn
What happened one sad day,
When naughty little Sammy Green
Stayed out of school to play.

And when another character
For letter third you've put,
You'll find you have a covering
For both the leg and foot.

If, having followed me thus far,
You further still would dare,
Change yet my last and find a man
Who wed a gleaner fair.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Pleades, Job 33, 3.

P	erfect	Job 1. 1.
L	evithan	Job 41. 1.
E	ast	Job 1. 3.
I	ntegrity	Job 2. 3.
A	sses	Job 39. 5.
D	ays	Job 7. 6.
E	lophaz	Job 4. 1.
S	tars	Job 38. 7.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

C O L O G N E
D A L L Y
P E N
B
B U Y
S A L L Y
L U L L A B Y

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Gulf of Finland, Cape Race, Animazoo, Newport, Cape Clear, Egypt, Sicily, Hudson Bay, Bay of Biscay, United States, Rhine, North Sea, English Channel, Tasmania, Tokio.

INITIALS.—Frances H. Burnett.