

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ABUSE OF TEA.

All drugs which in small doses slightly stimulate or tranquilize, are harmful in large doses. Paregoric is a mild sedative, but the terrible condition of the confirmed opium-eater is well known. Chloral when introduced was gratefully welcomed by physician and patient, but the excessive use of it has changed it to a curse. Even cocaine, the youngest and seemingly the most innocent of all, has already its victims.

A law that holds good of all such drugs is the following, viz: that the desired effect does not continue to be derived from the quantity which was at first used, but that the system, becoming partially habituated to its use, requires that the quantity be steadily increased, while the injurious results increase in the same ratio. Hence, all use tends to abuse.

The above is true of that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We should expect it to be true of tea from its nature, and facts prove it to be so. The abuse of tea in a multitude of cases, and the consequent injurious effect, are vastly beyond what are generally supposed.

When tea is analyzed, it is found to contain two powerful principles, or characteristic substances: tannic acid and theine. The former is the astringent familiarly known as tannin. It is this, obtained from bark, which hardens skin into leather. Theine is a violent poison. Probably both the tannic acid and the theine concur in producing the effect which comes from excessive tea-drinking.

This is twofold. It is partly on the digestive and partly on the nervous system—in the first case giving rise to atonic dyspepsia, and in the second to irritability, palpitation of the heart, wakefulness, and brain fatigue. Says the *British Medical Journal*, "The sufferers from excessive tea-drinking may be grouped into three classes:

"(1) The large class of pure brain-workers, who speedily discover that while alcohol is pernicious to them, tea affords the stimulus they desire. They indulge in it without fear of mischief, and often to an unlimited extent. After a time, the neurotic symptoms make their appearance, and, in many cases, do much to impair temper, and to limit the capacity for sustained usefulness.

"(2) The large class of women of the better classes who begin with afternoon tea often end by using their favorite stimulant in the intervals between all meals of the day. The result is that appetite is impaired, and the prostration due to insufficient nourishment is combated with more potatoes.

"(3) Factory operatives, especially women who, finding it difficult to provide a cheap and appetizing mid-day meal, fly to the teapot, and do a large amount of physical labor on this miserable dietary."—*Youth's Companion*.

BE ALWAYS SINCERE.

A mother of five children—the youngest twelve years old—is perplexed and mortified over the fact that her children are inveterate liars, the mother is ordinarily truthful, the father is an exemplary Christian. The solution of the mystery is a very simple one; when the children were very small, they were given a daily airing in Central Park. The mother frequently disputed with the conductor about the fare of her four-year olds, often succeeding in passing them free when they were fully six years old. Some years ago the matter was discussed by the mother and an observant reader of human nature, the discussion closed with the mother in anger at these words: "If your children grow up to be liars and cheats charge it to the money you owe the 3rd. Ave. R. R., it is a costly economy you are practising; if you cannot afford to pay, walk, but don't tell lies before your children."

The mischief is done, the children in manners are admirable; in general obedience are exemplary, in looks and health are enviable, but "They are such terrible liars," say the cousins and the neighbors; "They are such mean little cheats," say the schoolmates; "Such treacherous, tricky pupils," say the teachers, and so, the building, although of fine material and with charming surroundings is very crooked and unsightly, because of that flaw in the foundation; however skilfully it may be patched the blemish will

always show, the weak spot will always be there.

Dear mother, to whom that crowning joy has just been given, be sure that in all things you are ever sincere with your child; begin your building with truth for your corner-stone, all other graces of life grow out of that.

Deception in many and cruel forms will assail your children after they have left your arms, give them a vivid memory of a sincere mother, out of which they will fashion for themselves an armor more invincible and more beautiful than was ever hammered out for old time knights by the most cunning workmen. When bitter disappointments make them wonder if there is not a possibility of truth's elimination from all things mundane, remembering you, they will say, "Mother was true, truth is not dead," and they will take up their work with new courage.

How many mothers are asking this same question, as their little love blossoms cuddle in their arms? I would like to take each by the hand and say: "Be always sincere." Truth is to life, the finer's crucible, the builder's foundation, the artist's touch, the poet's spirit, the servant's integrity and the mother's power. It is, of all the possibilities with which the Great All Father has endowed us, most to be prized and nurtured. It was of the sincere mother that Solomon said, "Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—*American Kindergarten*.

BREAD.

The very foundation of living in ordinary families is the bread. Substitutes of all kinds are, from time to time, proposed to the civilized world, but the world fails to grasp the new idea and asks still for daily bread. Some find their taste suited more precisely by a proper and penitential admixture of bran, but it continues to be bread all the same. A "raising" of bread is a delicate and notional affair. Time, temperature and many other things conspire against its lightness and whiteness. In giving any tried recipe for its production the first named ingredient must be good judgment. Having this as a beginning good yeast may next be mentioned. Yeast is now a commodity that can be picked up at any grocer's or baker's. The yeast of our mothers was a more difficult matter, and it is believed by many to have made better bread. The mother I refer to boiled two large potatoes in a quart of water and afterward mashed them through a sieve or collander to ensure perfect fineness. She then boiled a big pinch of hops in the potato water; that is, as many as she could grasp in her four fingers and thumb. If the water boiled away she made it up to a quart, added one-half a cup of sugar and set it to rise. As it rose she stirred it down two or three times to prevent its breaking the bottle it was saved in. She bottled and corked tightly and set it in a cool place. In winter the yeast kept one month, and the same time in summer when near ice. Where there was no ice it was made oftener and less in quantity. The hops may be omitted if not liked. One teacup of yeast is allowed to a family baking for five persons. It may be added that our mothers generally doubled the rule and made for a family of ten, but "those were the good old days," and in this generation it may be necessary to halve the rule.

Dry yeast is made the same way as potato yeast, with a little more flour and further thickened with Indian meal enough to make cakes. It should be dried quickly and tied up in a bag to keep. Having the judgment and the yeast, it remains to combine them with flour so as to sustain the life of your family. Take three quarts of Haxall flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of druggist's bi-carbonate of soda, one cupful of the potato yeast, and warm water sufficient to knead, not too soft, a firm elastic mass; knead and hack with a knife for fifteen minutes. Cover it tightly in a large pan, and set in a warm place over night. The covering is of great importance. Early in the morning (no lying in bed for a good bread maker), knead the rising dough in one lump thoroughly, and let it rise again—a fact which will be accomplished in about one hour to an hour and a half. Mould into loaves, rub a little melted butter over each loaf, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Medium sized loaves are most useful. Bread of this sort will prove wholesome and palatable for any human be-

ing who has no dangerous malady to contend with. It has no acid reaction.

Another comfortable fashion of our mothers was the "salt rising" bread, yeast, bread and all being one job. They took one pint of very warm, not scalding water, stirred in warm flour to the consistency of a thick batter; one teaspoonful of salt, and a big teaspoonful of Indian meal. Covered and kept warm at an even temperature for five hours, careful not to scald. Mix with warm water and flour to a hard dough; raise one-half hour. Knowing as our mothers are now, their earlier bread-making days were in many cases unmarked by signs of budding culinary genius, as when the particular mother who gives these recipes in the guileless innocence of her first baking, produced nine large loaves for herself and husband, that being the count for her mother's family. The omen was bad, as the sole, lonely addition to the two persisted in eating the bread of idleness the greater number of her days, and made no other bread.—*Herald of Health*.

HOW NOT TO TRAIN A CHILD.

"What is auntie telling baby?"
"Auntie tellin' baby sec'ets. Baby mustn't tell."
"Oh! baby will tell mamma!"
"No, baby mustn't tell. Auntie says baby mustn't tell."
"What! Baby won't tell mamma? Mamma give baby some sugar" (coaxingly).
But baby shakes her curly head and refuses the dearly loved bribe, though evidently very much disturbed in her mind between the rival attractions of sugar and loyalty to auntie.

"Won't you tell mamma? Poor mamma will cry."
Then the more than foolish mother puts her handkerchief to her face, and with forced sobs and pretended tears, works on her baby's feelings. The child hesitates, the little lip quivers, the little bosom heaves; then what the bribe could not do the pretended grief accomplishes. "Don't k'y, I tell 'ou." And, says *Babyhood*, the little one in a moment more has had stamped on her impressionable brain a lesson of bribery from her mother, to be false to her given word. Auntie laughs lightly, and shakes her finger, saying, "O baby! baby! aunty won't trust you very soon again." And the child looks from auntie to mamma, from mamma to auntie, with a vague feeling of discomfort and wonder. She can but feel that she has betrayed her trust, and when she looks in mamma's face, she feels (though, of course, she does not form it in her mind) that she, too, has been betrayed. She knows that mamma has shed no tears, and that all her sobs have been pretended. But then her mother and aunt laugh, so it must be funny, and she perforce laughs too.

RECIPES.

BROWN BETTY.—Lay in a pudding dish, first, a layer of finely sliced apples, sugared to taste and dusted over with powdered cinnamon; next, a layer of coarsely crumbled bread, buttered at intervals. Alternate these layers until the dish is full. Let the last layer consist of apples cut in eights. Pour on sufficient water to moisten the whole. Cover and set in the oven. When the apples on top are tender, remove the cover and cook until brown. Serve hot without sauce.

APPLE PUDDING.—An apple pudding can be made by dipping eight thick slices of stale bread in cold water, buttering them, lining the sides of a buttered two-quart dish with the bread, filling the dish with sliced apples, sprinkling a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and half a cupful of water into the dish, covering the dish with a large plate, and baking in a very moderate oven for three hours. Let it cool for half an hour; then turn out on a warm dish, and serve with sugar and cream.

PLAIN RICE PUDDING.—Wash half a cupful of rice in three waters and soak it in cold water for two hours. Drain off the water, and add a level teaspoonful of salt, a slight grating of nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of stoned raisins and one quart of milk. Cook in a very moderate oven for two hours, stirring twice in the first half-hour. At the end of two hours add half a pint of cold milk; stir well, and cook for an hour longer. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Mix two cups of rye flour and one cup of yellow corn meal. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in nearly a cup of molasses; add cold water, and stir and beat very thoroughly till you have a medium stiff batter, not too stiff, as the meal swells, and the bread would come out hard and unsatisfactory. Put in a buttered pan, smooth the top of the loaf, and steam at

least four hours; then dry off in the oven for twenty minutes. This amount makes one good-sized loaf. Unbolted rye is the best, but when not obtainable, the rye flour is a fair substitute.

TAPIoca PUDDING.—Four tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked for two hours in tepid water. When the tapioca has softened, add a quart of cold water, pinch of salt, tablespoonful of molasses and two large apples, peeled, cored and sliced. Place in a covered dish and bake in the oven for two hours, stirring occasionally; then remove the cover, still stirring. In half an hour the pudding should be a deep brown. Pour into another dish and serve hot with hard sauce. The hard sauce is made by beating to a cream one cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of boiling water. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

COLD MEAT RECIPES.—Chop mutton, veal or beef as fine as for hash; fry for a few moments in salt-pork drippings. Take from the fire, and, in the same frying-pan, make a rich cream gravy, if cream is a possibility; if it is not, use milk, thickening it with corn-starch, and adding a generous lump of butter. Pour half of the gravy into a pan over the fire, thin it with hot water; dip in it slices of well-browned toast; lay the moistened toast upon a flat dish and set it in a warm place. Into the thick cream gravy (or its imitation) put the minced meat; cook it five minutes, then spread it upon the toast.

Mince raw, lean beef as fine as possible. Unless it is almost impalpably fine the dish will not be a success, and, where a kitchen is not provided with a sausage cutter, it is best to have it chopped at a pork shop. When it is fine enough, pound it with a potato-masher, season with salt and pepper, and to two pounds of beef add two well-beaten eggs and one cup of cracker-dust, or sifted bread crumbs; moisten with soup-stock, or water, if no stock is at hand; mould with the hands into cakes an inch thick and fry in very little butter. In spite of the mode of cooking, these cakes are relished, and eaten with impunity by dyspeptics. If properly made, they are very nice indeed.

If you have some cold mashed potato, steam it, or warm in the oven in a covered pan, and, when it is hot, whip it up with a well-beaten egg. Put some hot, well-seasoned minced meat into a flat, oval dish, heap it up into a mound and surround it with a slim wall of the mashed potato. Make the potato smooth with a spoon; wash it over with a quill, or a broad-bladed knife dipped in beaten egg; take a very hot stove-lid (unless you have a glazing iron) and hold it over the potato till the egg-coating turns a beautiful golden brown.

PUZZLES.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

You'll find me in *Quaker*, not given to war,
You'll find me in *living*, according to law,
You'll find me in *girlhood*, so full of sweet grace,
You'll find me in *gleesome*, and fairness of face,
You'll find me in *witches*, the time-honored sprite,
You'll find me in *tempest*, they brewed in the night,
You'll find me in *fairies*, the good little elves,
You'll find me in *labor*, on all pantry shelves,
You'll find me in *farmer*, who works in the soil,
You'll find me in *laughter*, in spite of the toil,
You'll find me in *lawyers*, as busy as bees,
You'll find me in *quibbles*, for sake of rich fees,
You'll find me in *boycott*, when things do not suit,
You'll find me in *righting*, but don't make law mute.

ADJECTIVE PUZZLE—SELECTED.

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
1. One that pries.	That points.	Tasty.
2. Reward for ser- vices.	What a clear conscience does manda	What gou- rices does manda love.
3. An extremity.	Rent.	May be eaten or drank.
4. Yourselves.	One of Father Time's children.	In your ancestor's daily bread.
5. Something you might be afraid to hear.	An ignoramus.	A lift.

INITIAL CHANGES.

I am a temple; change my initial and I am a reed; again, I am the inhabitant of a country in Europe; again, I am a woman's name; again, I am part of a horse; again, I am a narrow walk; again, I am a square of glass; again, I am sound, healthy; again, I show the direction of the wind; again, I decrease; again, I am a poison; once again, and I am the name of an Arctic explorer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay.

SQUARE WORD. R a i n
A n n a
I n k o
H a s h

DEFECTIVE SENTENCES.

1. That man is so lean he looks as if he should have something to lean upon.
2. Give me that pen, and see that the sheep are in the pen.
3. I fear that he will run away to hide, and will take with him this hide.
4. What I mean is, that his conduct was mean.
5. I shall not pine for the possession of this pine.
6. The cast of a die will decide whether he shall die or not.
7. Place these men in a row and tell them to row.