

HOUSEHOLD.

Ellen's House.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

'I never go into Ellen's house but that I think of the story that little girl told about her friend's family being very rich folks. They were so rich, she said, that every chair had something in it, so that there was no place to sit down.'

This was what Aunt Jerusha Barnes said, as she came into her sister's sitting room and took off her wraps.

'It does beat all,' replied Aunt Jerusha's sister, 'that Ellen is so disorderly. One would think with her education that she would have learned heaven's first law—that or order. And Ellen is such a really good, true woman, too, one always has a nice time visiting her, only that she will work around all day in a peck measure and keep everything at sixes and sevens.'

'Is it not strange that Walter should have fallen in love with her when he is the very personification of order, sister?'

'Don't you know what Shakespeare says, Jerusha?'

'Why did he love her? Curious fool, he still.
Is human love the growth of human will?'

Besides, the old saw says that people are quite apt to marry their opposites. But I do wish Ellen was different. Walter would certainly be much happier. He takes good care to look after his own belongings, though, and keep them in their proper places. Ellen says she never thinks of looking after his clothes. He keeps one closet for his garments, and certain bureau drawers for his neckties, handkerchiefs and collars and cuffs, etc. Ellen laughingly told me that she had been absolutely forbidden to touch anything that he had put away, and yet she evidently took great pride in showing these orderly places to me.'

'It must annoy an orderly person to live with a disorderly one, Jerusha. If Walter never says anything relative to Ellen's ways of housekeeping, yet I know he cannot help being made uncomfortable by them.'

'One day when Ellen had a headache I went through that house and picked up and hung up and arranged things in order, and when Walter came home he looked around and said, "I guess you have been at work here, Aunt Jerusha." Ellen herself said, "How very nicely the house looks;" but the very next day it was all in a state of agitation again, and Ellen going about asking if anybody had seen this or that—she loses so much time hunting after things she misplaces. Oh, dear, I do wish for her own sake and Walter's that she would overcome this one great fault of hers.'

Just as the two sisters arrived at that point in the conversation, a boy came up the steps with a telegram for Aunt Jerusha. She was not in the habit of getting telegrams; indeed, she had never had but two before in her whole life, and she was 'all of a tremble,' as she told her sister. These were the words she read as she opened the yellow envelope:—

'Do come to us at once. Ellen is very ill.
WALTER.'

That night Aunt Jerusha was unpacking her grip in Ellen's home, tip-toeing about the room as she put the contents away. Ellen was very ill, and dear, good, faithful Aunt Jerusha devoted her time and strength for a number of days to trying to bring a restoration. In her own home she kept rolls of flannel and old linen and things needed to be found quickly, just where she could put her hands on them in case of need, but Ellen had never thought of these requisites, and a messenger was despatched here, and another one there, among the neighbors to get the little things that are absolutely necessary in every sick room.

Recovery was slow, and in the meantime Aunt Jerusha had found the right places for everything in Ellen's house, and when the invalid was able to go about it once more her first remarks were relative to the beautiful order of all the household gods.

'They do look so contented in their new positions, auntie,' said Ellen. 'I read an article once, on the "Perversity of Inani-

mate things," but I believe a great deal of their perversity comes from not being well treated and respect shown them by those who have them in their keeping. I am going to begin now to keep my house in order. Poor Walter! how often I must have tried him with my careless ways, and yet he has been so sweet and patient with me. And dear mamma, how I used to try her when I was at home! I don't know why I have been so unmindful of my great fault. I am going to take my own training in hand, and make myself obey the laws of order.'

Aunt Jerusha stayed with her niece until she was entirely well and strong, and with her able advice and example Ellen did become an orderly housekeeper, and found her work was not half so hard after she had got in the way of putting everything where it belonged at the proper time.

After Aunt Jerusha's second visit, she said, 'Sister, I do wish you could go through Ellen's house now; it is always in such perfect order.'—'Christian Work.'

Small Courtesies.

One evening last week I entered a room where several young people, with books and work, were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group, but he instantly arose and remained standing until I had taken my seat. The little action was automatic; the habit of this family is to practise small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to a woman. They always rise whenever a lady, their mother, sister, friend or the guest of the house, comes into the room where they are at work; they place chairs gallantly and gracefully for ladies at the dinner table, and take off their hats when they meet their mother on the street, and never kiss her with a hat on; in saying good morning or good evening to her it is hat in hand. Her bundles are carried, her way is made easy, a beautiful politeness waits for her word in the domestic discussions, and refrains from interrupting her even in the most heated argument. Neither mother nor sister goes out after dark without an escort. One of the boys can always go out of his way, or find it in his way, to see her safely to a friend's door, or to the meeting which she wishes to attend. Most winning and sweet is the air of good breeding which these young men have acquired, which they wear with an unconscious grace.

Equally charming are the manners of the girls in the home I speak of; gentle, soft-spoken, appreciative, considerate, reverential. To old people they are tender, to children kind, to each other lovely.

One cannot too sedulously look after the small courtesies in one's conduct, and, if one be charged with the management of the household, in the accustomed ways of the family. Habits count for everything here, and example is better than precept.—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Interior.'

Be Systematic.

How often the tired housekeeper says at night: 'Had I only thought and planned my work for to-day before going about it, I might have saved myself a good deal of unnecessary trouble and inconvenience.' I once knew a lady who could cook excellently well, but owing to a negligent habit of not planning ahead and knowing what her duties in the kitchen were to be for the day, there was constant and inevitable delay, as first one ingredient would be found wanting, and then another. It was a fact that the close of the day would often find the lady completely tired out, not really so much from the work she had done as from the worry and wearisome waiting brought about by her own foolish want of thought. Wordsworth speaks of 'A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,' and that is a combination that would prove very helpful in the ordering of household affairs. The first nearly every one possesses, the latter every one, and especially the housekeeper, needs. There is a vast difference between a prearranged, quiet, but assured way of taking up the day's duties, and a fussy, bustling manner suggestive of having laid out a certain course that neither time, nor tide, the wishes or convenience of others can for an instant influence or turn aside.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

('American Kitchen Magazine.')

Apple Farina.—Into one pint of boiling water, salted, stir one-quarter cupful farina. As soon as thickened slice in two good-sized apples, and cook for half an hour or till the apples are soft. This may be molded and served with whipped cream as a desert.

Cream Rice.—Measure milk enough to nearly fill a buttered pudding dish. For each cupful of milk add one tablespoonful of rice well washed and one tablespoonful of sugar. Flavor with salt and nutmeg or cinnamon. Bake slowly, stirring occasionally, until the rice is soft and has absorbed nearly all the milk.

Mush Balls.—Season one pint of mush left from breakfast with more salt, if needed, a dash of pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Shape in small balls, dip in melted fat and bake in a hot oven. Or roll in egg and crumbs and brown in hot fat. Serve with meat in place of potato.

Rice Timbals.—Pick over and wash one cupful of rice and boil in a large quantity of salted water until nearly tender. Drain thoroughly and put in a double boiler with one cupful of tomato or curry sauce. Let it cook gently till the sauce is absorbed, ten to twenty minutes, then pack in timbal moulds and keep in a warm place until ready to serve. **Curry Sauce.**—Make like a white sauce, adding one teaspoonful or more of curry powder to the butter and flour before putting in the stock or milk.

Compote of Apples.—Make a syrup with one cupful each of sugar and water. Flavor with a bit of lemon peel or cinnamon bark if the apples require it. Core and pare medium-sized apples, without cutting up, and cook them whole in the syrup, turning over occasionally. When soft, drain, and fill the centres with a bright jelly, crabapple or currant. Serve with cereals or tapioca, or cut out more of the centre before stirring, and when cooked fill with cereal and serve hot.

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