

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A STRIKE.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash
The day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done
before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily
task was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with not a sign or motion,
Sat and read the *Yankee Notion*,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"Ho," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended,
He can sit and read and snore;
He can sit and read and rest him;
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, overworked,
Mind and body sick and sore,
I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door

Goes the basket with the mending, and I'll
haunted be no more.

In the daylight shall be crowded all the work
that I will do;

When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read
the papers, too.

—Selected.

CHILDREN AND TOBACCO.

A young Chicago woman is reported as having been made insane by smoking cigarettes. The *New York Medical Journal*, after describing the evil effect of nicotine on the system, gives these facts:

"In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco within six months one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

"A great majority of men go far beyond what may be called the temperate use of tobacco, and evidences of injury are easily found. It is only necessary to have some record of what the general health was previous to the taking up of the habit, and to have observation cover a long enough time. The history of tobacco in the island of New Zealand furnishes a quite suggestive illustration for our purpose, and one on a large scale. When Europeans first visited New Zealand they found in the native Maoris the most finely developed and powerful men of any of the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific. Since the introduction of tobacco, for which the Maoris developed a passionate liking, they have from this cause alone, it is said, become decimated in numbers, and at the same time reduced in stature and in physical well-being so as to be an altogether inferior type of men."

That men who themselves smoke should allow their growing boys to indulge in the habit is a marvel. That men who have sons and daughters should be willing themselves to smoke is a glaring proof of the weakness and selfishness of human nature, and goes far to prove the doctrine of total depravity.—*N. Y. Independent*.

A HINT TO GIRLS.

At a recent trial for divorce in New York, the wife, who had been a gay, fashionable girl, testified that difficulty first arose between herself and her husband on his discovery, soon after their marriage, that much of her jewellery and bric-a-brac had been given to her by former admirers.

The *Companion* has nothing to do, usually, with cases of divorce or unhappy marriages, but this detail emphasizes a

moral which every young girl should take to heart.

The husband, on this point, had right on his side. No man of honorable feeling would be willing to see his wife wear the rings or decorate his house with the costly trifles which had been given to her as tokens of the affection of other men.

In this country, especially in villages and rural communities, it is not uncommon for girls to accept gifts of jewellery, books and ornaments from young men to whom they are not betrothed.

It is not the custom, let us state most emphatically, in that class of our society which is most scrupulous in its deference to the rules of good-breeding and in which young girls are most carefully protected. The man who would offer jewellery or any costly ornament to one of these young girls would be regarded as vulgar and ignorant of the first principles of etiquette.

This principle, like all others which govern good manners, is based on common-sense. No gentleman should permit a man who is not her husband, kinsman or affianced lover to place her under a monetary obligation; for the simple reason that such an obligation gives the man a hold upon her which in many cases is dangerous, and in all is unseemly.

A good rule for the guidance of a girl through the years when she is the object of admiration and flattery is to do nothing which she would not be willing to tell now to her mother and hereafter to her husband. Life may be made tamer for her by observing that rule, but it will assuredly be more pure, womanly and safe.—*Youth's Companion*.

TWO HOMES.

I sketch two houses. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewellery sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering steps in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out, out! What are you doing here?" Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook its fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!—*T. De Witt Talmage*.

HOW TO SERVE THEM.

Meat and cream soups are generally served with un buttered bread or squares of toast.

Oyster or clam soup may be accompanied with pickles and crackers.

Vermicelli and kindred soups with grated cheese.

Plain boiled macaroni with drawn butter, sliced cucumbers and potatoes in all ways may be served with fish.

Where a baked or boiled fish is the substantial dish, potatoes, tomatoes and macaroni may be used.

Any and all vegetables are suited to beef and mutton.

Beans or peas should accompany pork.

Peas and tomatoes blend with lamb and sweetbreads. Mushrooms may also be served with sweetbreads.

Corned beef is suited with carrots, turnips, cabbage, kohlrabi, and may also be garnished with pickled beets.

Boiled rice, stewed celery or cauliflower should be served with boiled fowl, or turkey, with oyster or egg sauce.

Roast chicken may have as a garnish rice croquettes and baked tomatoes; peas and macaroni may be served with it.

Apple sauce or fried apples, sweet and white potatoes and tomatoes will blend with pork.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce or an

acid jelly should be served with potato croquettes, peas, tomatoes and scalloped oysters.

Spinach should be served with lamb or mutton.

Game may be served with sour orange sauce, currant or plum jelly.

French fried or Saratoga potatoes, tomatoes, peas or asparagus tops are suited to game, or they may be served with the salad.

Braised liver may have served with it mashed potatoes, squash, or stuffed egg plant.

Stewed cucumbers, corn, lima beans, peas and tomatoes may be served with almost every kind of meat, but never serve corn with poultry and game, it is too suggestive.

Boiled leg of mutton should be served with caper sauce, boiled rice, cauliflower or stewed cabbage.

Stewed beef should blend with potatoes, succotash, stewed tomatoes or fried cabbage.—*Table Talk*.

WHISKEY DROPS.

In the sacred name of childhood, I appeal to the women of our country. Though not possessed of the burden of suffrage, women rule by the royal right of ability; and whereunto they set their hands, that same is accomplished in legislation by the men whose sisters, mothers and wives are interested. That prohibition has not ere this become a national question, is owing less to man's disinclination than to woman's indifference; therefore 't is that I appeal to the women of our country.

What mother but thinks her boy can not be so tempted by the accursed appetite as to fall, until, too late, she finds manhood a wreck? What sweet-heart but knows her lover to be a king among men, who holds all passions and appetites under strong control? Other men may be weak, she thinks, but he is so strong that she can not worry about temptation, so sure is she that victory will follow.

But, mothers, the saloon-keeper, knowing that an appetite acquired in childhood will struggle for mastery throughout life, has brought forth a new and subtly dangerous method of recruiting the ranks of his customers in the years to come. Think of the infernal diabolism of using a child's natural taste for sweets to instill a craving for the fiery fluid of hell!

When you drop a penny in the tiny, eager hand, do you ever enquire what kind of candy is bought? Whiskey drops are similar in appearance to the innocent lemon-drops, but they differ as widely in effect as lemonade and whiskey-punch. Think of that curly head drooping, of those brave, bright eyes dull and sleepy as the result of whiskey, taken at first for the sake of the candy, but all too soon for the sake of the vile stuff itself.

Is it not time, oh, women of America, that you arise and show the demon of the bottle that childhood must be held sacred? Let every woman interest herself heartily and permanently about this matter, and the evil will soon be overcome.—*Mary P. McArthur, in Housekeeper*.

RECIPES.

FRIED POTATOES.—Remove the peel from an uncooked potato. After it has been thoroughly washed, cut the potato into thin slices and lay them in a pan with some fresh butter; fry gently a clear brown, then lay them one upon the other in a small dish, and send to the table as an *entremet*.

SUGAR-CURED HAMS.—Six pounds salt, two pounds brown sugar, one-half ounce saltpetre, one-fourth ounce black pepper. Rub the meat thoroughly with the mixture, then lay it in tubs. Let it stand two days, then rub it again. Lay it on boards to dry, rubbing it with the mixture once or twice more. In three weeks they will be ready for smoking.

PLUM PUDDING.—Two dozen baker's soft crackers, two and one-half quarts rich milk, two pounds raisins, one and one-half pounds currants, three-fourths pound citron, one-half teaspoon each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, three teacups sugar, fifteen eggs. Break up the crackers and pour three pints of the milk over them. When they are swelled add the other ingredients. Bake the pudding in a deep dish, and very slowly.

VERMONT YEAST.—Put a tablespoon of cornmeal in a teacup; add two tablespoons new milk, a pinch each of salt and soda, and boiling water till the cup is two-thirds full. For afternoon baking, mix the yeast in the morning; for morning baking, mix it in the evening. Keep it in a warm place till light. It can be set away as long as it does not sour. The sponge will be very light; and the loaves will rise with railway speed. Cousin Kate makes bread with this yeast by stirring it into warm milk, and adding a little butter and flour until it is as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; then she pours it into the pans, lets it rise and bakes it at once.

COLORADO BROWN BREAD.—Stir together three pints of warm water, one tablespoon salt, one teacup flour, one-third teacup yeast or one yeast cake softened in warm water, and cornmeal to make a batter that will run from the spoon without dropping in lumps. When it becomes light, stir in one or two well beaten eggs, one-fourth teacupful soda dissolved in warm water, one-half teacup molasses, and butter the size of an egg. Put it into well greased pans, let it rise, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

BREAD PUDDINGS.

BREAD PUDDINGS.—The very name of which is a hated sound in some houses, may be made really nice, and in a variety of ways, with but little more trouble than is required to prepare the uninviting heavy mess so often seen. For the basis, the thing to avoid is lumpiness; just soak the bread (crust or crumb) in water until soft, then squeeze it as dry as possible, and pass it through a colander, or beat out the lumps with a fork; this may then be converted into many kinds for which fresh bread crumbs often form the foundation—such as fig, treacle, lemon, date, etc.—always remembering that it must be made stiffer; it will yield moisture during the cooking, whereas a pudding made of dry bread requires added moisture.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDINGS.—Half fill your pie-dish with bread and butter, each slice sprinkled with sultana raisins, candied peel cut very small, or grated lemon rind, and, if the flavor is liked, a little spice. Beat up nearly a pint of milk with two eggs and sugar to taste, about two ounces; pour this over the pudding, letting it soak a while; put a few pieces more butter on the top and cover with an old dish or something which fits, until it is about half baked, in a moderate oven—then remove the cover, and let it brown nicely, but it should not be hard; turn out, dredge with castor sugar, and pour a little plain custard or cream around it. For children a pudding made without butter, except to grease the dish, will be quite rich enough, and a little marmalade is very nice as a substitute for candied peel.

NURSERY PUDDING.—Measure half a pint of soaked bread, beaten as above directed; add one teacupful of cornflour, first mixed with half a pint of milk and boiled for a few minutes. Beat the whole until cool, then stir in one egg, spread a little jam at the bottom of a greased pie-dish, pour in the bread mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Alternate layers of the jam and bread mixture make a still nicer pudding, in which case call it, "Jam sandwich pudding."

TREACLE PUDDING.—This is exceptionally wholesome and a general favorite. Mix together four ounces each of bread crumbs, fine oatmeal, and chopped suet; add two ounces of candied peel cut small, two ounces of flour, half a teacupful of mixed spice, a pinch of salt, and two eggs beaten up with half a pound of treacle. Mix thoroughly, put it in a well-greased basin, and steam it for at least three hours. Figs, dates, or raisins can be added by way of variety.

COMBINATION ROLY-POLY.—Roll out some suet crust, and spread it with the following mixture: Half a pound each of figs, prunes, and dates cut small; the same of sultana raisins, brown sugar, and chopped apples, with a little spice to flavor; this will not all be needed for one pudding, but can be kept in a jar for use; the fruit is, of course, to be steamed. Roll up and boil from two to three hours according to size.—*N. Y. Observer*.

PUZZLES—NO. 5.

CHARADE.

You'll do my first ere this you guess;
My next's a kind of dwelling;
To be my whole is happiness,
All other joys excelling.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

[For the crosswords, fill the blanks, in their order, with a word completing the sense.]

When my initials, with my *fnals* armed,
Displays his power, full many a heart is charmed;
The ———, for a time, forsakes his school,
And lays ——— upon its iron rule;
Now will the poet ——— up some old strain,
By which to catch unwary hearts again;
Though, culprit-like, he seek (mayhap in vain)
To prove an ——— for his refrain.
—— into mischief by the unseen wight,
The ——— of maidens sparkle with delight.

With *fnals* armed, will ———, Sue or Kate,
To fix some luckless wight, with pleasure
wait?
Nor shed a ——— for any cruel dart
That some ——— finds in his heart;
To plead for aid, cries ——— and, laughing
sprite,
Swift as an ——— vanishes from sight.

OMITTED RHYMES.

The children in Norfolk, as I have heard say,
Their generous elders are eager to ———;
At the first ray of light on ———,
They creep through the hall, and lift up the
latch,
And shout, "Good morrow ———!"
Reply, "A present sure, is thine."
But they must rise early, or spoil all their fun,
And be ———, which means to be ———
by the ———.

THREE EARS A DAY.

A box has nine ears of corn in it. A squirrel carries out three ears each day and it takes him nine days to carry out the corn. Explain this.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 3.

ENIGMA.—Madagascar.

SQUARE WORD. F A M E
A R E A
M E W S
E A S T

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 4.

ENIGMATICAL REBUS.—Live, evil, vile, lie, Eh, he, I.

A
P
E
A
P
L
E
E
L
I
E

A RIDDLE.—A broom.