

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SENSIBLE MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET B. PEEKE.

"Do you know what I am more thankful for than anything else in the world?" asked Stephen La Crosse of his future bride.

"I never could imagine, I'm sure; tell me," she replied, as she looked up from her bit of needlework she was finishing.

She was not beautiful, this girl he had won—not even pretty, if form of feature or tint of skin were consulted; yet she was considered charming by all who knew her, and young La Crosse was looked upon as a fortunate fellow. She was an only child, brought up in fashionable society, but blessed with a sensible mother, who had neglected no branch of domestic education in the training of her daughter, and, best of all, had taught her that no woman could be beautiful in manner without being beautiful in soul. By the counsel of this rare woman, she had learned to detect genuine people wherever she met them, and none more real than this Stephen La Crosse had she ever met. It was true, he was not rich, did not find much time for society, and preferred to devote himself to a few chosen friends; but whenever she met him at Bible-class or elsewhere he had something to say unlike other young men—something that showed he was a student of the living world, if not of books. This was what interested her, and he, learning to enjoy the sparkle of her eye, did what he would have never dreamed of doing in the light of reason—loved her, proposed to her, and was accepted. As she raised her eyes from her work, he looked more earnest than usual, as he replied:

"I was just thinking how thankful I am that we both of us have such sensible mothers. If yours had been like other ladies we know, you would no doubt have been just such a senseless, giddy girl as are most of those in society—and I—what might I not have been? I am poor, as the world judges, but I have what few young men you meet in society possess—a true, pure life to offer you, and that I have this is due to my mother. Years ago, when young men of my acquaintance dashed into life at full speed, she always held me back, and told me to do as I should wish in after years. I had done.

"The consequence of this was that they rushed on and left me with my mother and my books. To-day they are sowing their wild oats, or still worse, already reaping the harvest of those they have sowed; life has lost all its sweetness and freshness, and to many of them bitter regrets have already come.

"What would have become of me without my mother I cannot imagine. In the first place my love for books that has brought me the happiest hours of my life until I knew you, would have been shut out of my life; my life would have been squandered, my companionships lowered, my possibilities dwarfed. When my father died my mother said to me:

"Stephen, you and I must meet life together—so we'll be true to each other in everything. If you want anything, always tell me; where it is possible, you shall have it!"

"This made a man of me at once, and I came home every night to care for mother with the same pride I now feel at the thought of caring for you. One night I said to her: 'Mother, the boys want me to play games with them one evening in the week. They laugh at me because I stay home so closely, and call me all sorts of names.'

"She looked up at me a moment, and then said:

"That's so, my boy. I was letting you be an old man. I forgot you were young like other boys. Bring your friends right here evenings, and play all the games you want. You can tell them it will be more pleasant here, and you will be happier to know I am not alone."

"So I brought the boys home, and learned to play games that I knew mother would perhaps have wished I had not; but after a few weeks I grew tired, and longed for the quiet evenings with mother and histories, as I used to have. The boys gradually left off coming and we fell into our old ways. Those boys have gone down, many of them, step by step, until I should blush to be an associate of theirs now. My mother has grown dearer and dearer to me every year, and never more precious than now, when I

am so happy in the prospect of a future home of my own."

"Will it not make her unhappy to have you marry?" asked the listener.

He waited a moment before replying, and then said:

"I should be unworthy of her love and yours, could I fail to say that if I thought so I could not think of it; but when I told her she said as earnestly as I ever heard her say anything:

"I am glad you have made the choice you have, for to none other could I so cheerfully give you up."

This is no imaginary conversation; it is literal and true, and could all the mothers know what benedictions they are bringing upon themselves by being, as Stephen said, "sensible," I think there would be more happy homes, less crime and idleness, and our young men and maidens would lose the name they have acquired for frivolity and uselessness. Instead of telling your children to choose their friends and acquaintances because of social standing or wealth, teach them to look first for worth and intellect. Instead of telling them they must not play certain games, and thereby making them sour, or driving them to be deceitful by going elsewhere to do it, say, "If you really desire to play, come right home and do it." Instead of making them feel that they must love no one but you, teach them to love whatever is lovable, and pure, and good, and you need never fear they will wander far from your heart, or cause you to grieve over "wild oats," whose reaping will bring sorrow to themselves as well as you.

Never was there a time when "sensible mothers" were needed as now. Never was there a time when the young were in such danger as now, and never was there a time when a reform in our home life was so called for.—*Church and Home.*

BEAN BREAD.

The use of potatoes in bread is well known, but not so the fact that beans, parsnips, carrots, turnips, beets and sweet potatoes may be employed either for purposes of variety or economy; any of these vegetables may be used after being boiled and reduced to a puree according to the directions given in this receipt, care being taken to extract their moisture by rolling the puree lengthwise in a long towel and then squeezing it dry by having the ends of the towel twisted tight by two persons. Apples, pears and other fruits may also be used, the fact being remembered that the juice of fruit must not be removed, but must be allowed to replace water or milk in making the bread.

To make bean bread, boil white beans until tender, then rub them through a sieve with a potato masher, to remove the skins; next squeeze the puree or pulp dry in a towel, and use it as follows: To one pound of the bean pulp use two pounds of flour and a gill of liquid yeast, or half an ounce of compressed yeast dissolved in a cup of lukewarm milk or water; put all these ingredients into an earthen bowl with a tablespoonful of salt and enough lukewarm milk or water to make a soft dough; set the dough in a temperature of 98° Fahr., until it is light or spongy, and then knead it for twenty minutes, adding enough flour to prevent the dough sticking to the pastry board or hands. Then make the dough out in two loaves, or in small rolls, put it into a baking-pan, set it in a warm place to prove or rise again for about twenty minutes, and bake it in a moderate oven.

To make bread from apples or other fruits, pare them, remove their cores or stones, stew them tender, adding a little sugar if they are very sour, and pulp them through a sieve. Use this pulp in the same way as the vegetable puree is used, i.e., one pound of fruit pulp to two pounds of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one gill of liquid yeast, and water enough to make a soft dough.—*Miss Carson.*

I HAVE A WORD of advice to offer on the subject of dinners at home, or after a homely fashion. Observe what dishes are being used, and those on which there appears to be a kind of "run," and never ask for that of which there is little, to the deprivation of any one yet unhelped. When there is a tart or pie uncut, there being sufficient of some other dish, show some little consideration for your hostess. The expenses and difficulties of housekeeping in families of small means are great. Keep your eyes about you. Remember the invalids, or those advanced in years. Some small delicacy at the table may

perhaps have been prepared for them. Try also to supplement the efforts of your hostess. However hospitable, and ready to give you anything you would like, she would appreciate a thoughtfulness on your part, that would leave something nice for one who is always last helped, or would spare an unbroken dish for the following day, without making the reason too apparent. Would you wish her to replace a sort of wreckage of all in her small larder, in return for her kindness to you?—*S. F. A. Caulfeild, in Girl's Own Magazine.*

LET ME SAY A WORD against using a sleeping-room as a sitting-room; it is a very usual thing to do so in all parts of America, but it is not healthful. The bed-room should be thoroughly aired and the sun have free access to it all day, and then only is it in a fit condition to be the living-room of two or three people during the twelve hours of night; I say three, for the little berceauette is a familiar sight and even, in many homes, a larger crib holds the little one who has been so soon supplanted by baby number two. Another thing to be guarded against is placing a bed which is occupied by more than one person against the wall. The one who sleeps next the wall, if at all delicate, inevitably suffers from lack of fresh air.

HARD SOAP.—Don't discourage young housekeepers from the attempt to make hard soap. We decidedly prefer our homemade hard soap to the soft, both for its quality and the ease of making. We use the potash balls kept by most grocers, and prefer them to the tin cans of potash. By following the directions that come with each ball we have not the least difficulty. With one ball we use five pounds of clean grease and just before taking the soap from the fire we add a half pound of borax, which gives us better soap than that of the ordinary grocery, while it is far cheaper. We make it in an old wash-boiler, and pour it into a tub to harden, from which it can be cut in solid cakes twenty-four hours afterward.

LINEN LACE can be beautifully cleaned by covering the outside of a large glass bottle smoothly with stout linen or white flannel, upon which the lace is sewn in a number of coils or turns, and over the whole some coarse open tissue is secured. The bottle thus clothed is allowed to soak for a time in lukewarm soft water, and the outside wrapping is then rubbed with soap and a piece of flannel. When this has been done the bottle is to be laid a-steep for several hours in clean soft water. It is then to be rolled between dry towels, dipped in rice-water, and rolled again. Finally the damp lace should be unfastened from the bottle and ironed at once between linen cloths.

ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL features of art needlework is that such ordinary material is often used with such remarkably good effect. How much more appropriate it seems to work a toilet cover of crash or serviceable linen, than of perishable lace lined with satin, that fades and shows every spot. I would urge every young housekeeper to remember, in making her choice as to material for bureau, table or washstand-covers, that huckaback, crash or linen, can by artistic skill be made really ornamental, and are always easily cleaned, while satin and quilled ribbon trimmings, though pretty while fresh, catch the dust and soon look tawdry.—*Hope Ledyard.*

RICE PUDDING.—To one quart of milk add one small half-cup of rice, three-fourths of a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Bake slowly in a moderate oven two hours. Much depends upon the baking. If the oven be too hot, or the pudding bake too fast at first, the rice will become dried, and the pudding stiff. If the oven is just right, the milk will become rich and creamy. Often, in making rice puddings, too much rice is used for the quantity of milk.

SCORCHES from ironing can be removed by applying the following mixture: The juice of a bruised boiled onion, mixed with a small quantity of vinegar, white soap and fuller's earth. The part will require to be well washed after the scorch is removed.

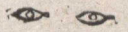
DRIED RUSKS.—To one pint of boiled milk add one-quarter of a pound of butter, one-half teacup of sugar, a little salt, three eggs, three-quarters of a pound of flour—a full quart of sponge. To be eaten with milk.

TO REMOVE TEA AND COFFEE STAINS.—Pure cold water sponged over the part stained will be found the best method of removing it without injury to the most delicate color and material.

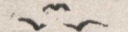
PUZZLES.

THE PASHA PUZZLE.

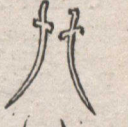
Here are two British gunboats sailing up the Bosphorus to rescue British subjects from brigands.



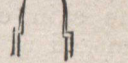
Here are three sea-gulls sailing over the British gunboats.



Here are two Turkish cimeters to help the British gunboats against the Brigands.



Here are two Turkish bayonets to support the cimeters.



Here is a British shell ready to burst.



Here is a grim fortress on the banks of the Bosphorus.



Now how are you going to make Hobart Pasha out of all this?

—*Harper's Young People.*

WORD DISSECTING.

1. To make known, containing a girl's name and a weight.
2. Information, containing to perceive and a projection.
3. To enlarge, containing a preposition and a mark left by folding.
4. To attack, containing an animal and to be ill.
5. Artifice, containing layers of earth and a jewel or precious stone.
6. Sarcasm, containing a verb and anger.
7. Vivacious, containing an indication of danger and an insect.
8. A quarter of a year, containing a large body of water and a male descendant.
9. Unskilful, containing science and the comparative of little.
10. To control, containing a human being and a period.
11. Wearisome, containing to exhaust and more or less.
12. To sustain, containing to drink and a harbor.

SELECTED RIDDLES.

1. What is that without which a waggon cannot be made, and cannot go, and yet is of no use to it?
2. What does a vessel weigh when ready to go to sea?
3. Why are different trees like different dogs?
4. I am composed of letters five; The part of speech is adjective. From either way I spell the same: Pray tell me, then, what is my name.

BEHEADINGS.

- Behead the claw of a bird of prey and have a small weight.
- Behead belief and have a musical pipe. To flow rapidly and have a pronoun. A dread disease and have a useful quadruped.
- A measure of four inches and have a conjunction.
- Corn and have to fall in drops. A small anchor used in rivers and have the rim. A shell and have eating away by the elements.
- To summon and have the whole. A thicket of brambles and have a farmer's tool.
- Odor and have a copper coin. An insect and have a meadow. All and have a cavity. No and have single. A ditch and have a kind of grain.

ENIGMA.

Down in the forest's darkest nook
My first you'll likely find,
Or when beside the babbling brook
Your joyous steps you wind.
My second by the roadside dwells
To cheer you on your way,
Or at the cottage door may watch
The children at their play.
My whole the finest garden rules
With matchless, regal sway.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 1.

Twelve Buried Poets.—Burns.—Byron.—Longfellow.—Goldsmith.—Gay.—Pope.—Wordsworth.—Scott.—Hogg.—Young.—Gray.—Hood.

Beheading of Short Words.—1, twig. 2, whole. 3, Will. 4, spry. 5, knot. 6, cart. 7, nice. 8, danger. 9, grace. 10, town. 11, train.