

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away,
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine—
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
'Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
'That is laid at the Master's feet."

—Selected.

ONE GIRL'S EXPERIMENT.

Persis sat in her room in deep thought. She had knit her pretty brows, and put on an air of inward calculation; and as we are her friends we will look into the busy brain and see what she was thinking about.

"Was there ever such a disgraceful looking room!" she thought. "An old bedstead and bureau that mother had when she first went to housekeeping, and which all the successive boarders for ten years have nearly banged out of existence; that washstand that is always threatening to tip over when the block, that props it up where one of the legs is missing, comes out; one broken-seated chair, a mirror, and this carpet that is only a rug. No pictures, no ornaments; nothing at the windows but those ugly white shades. I don't care for, or at least I don't expect, beautiful things, but I would like decency. A slight contrast to Kitty Moore's room!" and Persis laughed rather grimly.

But she was not without some hope of bettering the condition of things. Her mother was a widow, who supported herself and family by taking boarders, whose rooms must, of course, be kept in good condition, so only the odds and ends of furniture had fallen to Persis. But she had taught the full term of school in her district, and with the money thus earned she had determined to replenish the furnishings of her room. But then, she was needing a new gown and other articles of dress, and there was in her mind a conflict between the two needs.

Finally she ran down stairs and took a paper from the dining-room table, and then ran back with it to her room. There, seated at the foot of her bed, she pondered over one of the articles contained in the paper, until she had arrived at a decision, and then said aloud: "I'll do it. It won't cost much, and I can both furnish my room and get my new dress."

The next morning Persis began operations. She went down street and purchased quite a large amount of drab and blue cretonne, several yards of cheese cloth, and two yards of blue silesia. Then for the next three weeks she was very busy; but at the end of that time her furnishings were complete, and the following was the result, though we should add that the directions in the paper had been faithfully followed, and Persis had developed a good deal of ingenuity in carrying out its instructions.

The mantel was covered with the cre-

tonne, and then draped with a lambrequin of the same, headed with a narrow pinked ruffle of the silesia. Upon the mantle she placed several Christmas cards and a blue vase. That looked very well, she thought. She had some misgivings lest the cretonne should fade; but the paper said blue, and she concluded it was all right.

Then, for a stand between the two windows, she took half of a hoghead cover that was lying in the back yard, nailed it to the window casings, and put a large brace beneath to support it. This improvised stand she covered in the same way as the mantel, and draped it with a long valance extending to the floor to hide the brace.

Then from two packing boxes she manufactured a dressing-case and commode, both covered with the cretonne; and in the inside of each were shelves to take the place of a bureau. These were concealed by the hanging drapery in front. Above the dressing-case hung an old mirror, also draped with cretonne.

Instead of chairs, she covered two square boxes for ottomans, and put one in front of each window. Her brother John made her the frame-work of a barrel chair, and Persis covered it with the cretonne. She made cheese cloth curtains for the windows, and also draped the old bedstead with cheese cloth, and looped back the folds with bands of cretonne.

She covered the floor with a straw matting, which was only twelve and one-half cents a yard. Then she put her books on the stand, hung up her picture, a chromo, and sat down to contemplate the result. She looked a little puzzled, as she sat there, and finally she said aloud:

"It doesn't look quite as I thought it would, but I did just what the paper said. I'll call up mother and see what she says."

So presently up came the mother to take the final survey and pass judgment. She forbore to criticise, and only said:

"It looks very clean and dainty, dear, and I hope you will like it well enough to pay you for all the trouble you have taken with it. We can tell better in a month's time how it pleases us. Now come and eat your supper while the waffles are hot."

But Persis could not wait for the slow progress of time to tell her the good and bad qualities of her room. During the first week of possession one of her school friends came to spend the day with her, and on her arrival Persis took her up to the lately adorned room, and then waited anxiously for the verdict. But it did not come readily, so Persis, having waited for some time in vain, asked:

"How do you like my room, Sadie?"

Sadie puckered her mouth into a comical twist, and said,

"Persis if you are satisfied that is enough. The approval of a good conscience—"

"Yes, yes!" broke in Persis, "but why don't you like it?"

"I did not say that I don't."

"You needn't try to cheat me, Sadie, I know you of old. Tell me instantly what the matter is with this room."

"Well," said Sadie, slowly, "I don't like so much sham. Do you?"

Persis colored. It had been the one thorn in the flesh.

"Then," went on Sadie, "I fear that these gay trappings will come to grief in the course of time. Cretonne has a terrible aptitude for fading. But you'll see. 'Seek not to procrastinate,' as Sairey Gamp says."

Persis did see, as time went on. One night a stout friend of her mother's sat down rather heavily in the barrel chair. There was a crash and shivering of timbers, and to Persis' horror, she saw her guest sink through to the floor. John had not nailed on the boards quite strongly enough. The lady was speedily extricated from the wreck, and received Persis' excuses with the greatest good-nature.

"Never mind, child, never mind?" she said, with a jolly laugh, "I know how it is with this home-made furniture. Sister Jane and I tried it once, but we soon got tired of it, and now we keep to boughten articles. I wonder your mother likes it," she went on inquisitively. "She always was a master hand for having things that were well made and substantial so they would last."

Persis' hot cheeks grew redder still, but she said nothing. But when the guest had

departed, she tore the cretonne off the fragments of the chair, and split up the staves for kindlings. Then she sat down and fanned her hot cheeks, but said nothing aloud, though it is possible she made some inward resolves.

After that the cretonne on the various articles of furniture seemed to fade faster than ever. The blue was dim, and the drab dirty, especially on the dressing-case and commode. Persis ripped the cover off one of the ottomans, to see if the cretonne would bear washing, but the result was so bad that she made no further attempts in that direction. The straw matting began to break away in places and before long there was a large hole directly in front of the bed. She put down a braided rug of her mother's to cover it, but others came fast, and they could not all be hidden. The cheese cloth curtains never had pleased her, for she thought they looked so cheap.

And so one day, six months after she had completed her renovations, Persis sat down and once more took an account of stock.

"Every cent spent on this room," she said to herself, "was a waste. I never have liked it, and am glad I kept no record of the expense, for it would vex me so to look at it now. The cretonne is good for nothing now; the cheese cloth is 'dirt cheap'; the matting is disgraceful, and those old packing boxes shall not stay here much longer. But I am to teach school this spring, and with the money I will buy some real furniture."

As Persis planned, so she executed. When the summer came she bought a neat ash chamber suit for thirty-five dollars, covered the floor with plain white matting of good quality that would last for years, got black walnut poles for the windows, and draped them with scrim curtains that cost twenty-five cents a yard, and made a toilet set of scrim, ornamented with drawn work and ribbons.

When the bed was made up with its white counterpane, the towel rack hung with fresh towels, and Persis' books and keepsakes scattered round, the room looked wonderfully fresh and pretty. In the course of time pictures were added, with a bracket, a statuette, and a hanging shelf for books. And if Persis lives to be a hundred she will never forget the lasting enjoyment that she had from her room when it was tastefully furnished with furniture that was no longer a sham.

RECIPES.

POTATO PUFFS.—Boil and mash the potatoes, and while hot make into balls the size of a large egg. Butter a tin sheet, brush over the balls with yolk of an egg and brown them quickly in a hot oven, which will take from five to ten minutes. Slip them from the tin with a knife to a hot platter and serve at once.

CAPER SAUCE.—Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg and add two even tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Stir steadily till smooth and add slowly one pint of milk or milk and water, or water alone, the milk being most delicate. Add two tablespoonfuls of capers, and the juice of half a lemon is also nice, and a speck of cayenne pepper may be used.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Allow twenty minutes to the pound and put on in boiling water, to which a teaspoonful of salt to the quart has been added. It is whiter and more delicate boiled in a cloth, but does not require it. Fast boiling hardens the meat. It should merely simmer till done, and if to be eaten cold is better cooled in the water, as this makes it more juicy. Strain the broth into the stock jar.

STEWED TURNIPS.—If new they will cook in fifteen minutes; if old not less than an hour will be needed. Peel and slice or cut in quarters. Put on in boiling salted water and cook till tender. Then pour off this water and add one cup of milk and water, equal parts of each. Blend a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour smoothly; add a saltspoonful of pepper and two of salt, simmer all together ten or fifteen minutes and serve in a deep dish.

POTATO SOUP.—Six large or medium-sized potatoes, one onion, one stalk of celery, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Cut up onion and celery, add to milk and put it on in a double boiler to boil slowly while the potatoes are cooking. Boil them, mash fine and light when done, add the butter and seasoning and then the boiling milk. Rub all through a coarse sieve and serve at once, as it spoils if allowed to stand.

BREAD SAUCE.—Into one and a half pints of milk put one onion whole, and let it simmer on the cooler part of the stove for several hours, until the milk is well flavored. Rub a sufficient quantity of bread through a colander, or if it is stale, grate it. Just before using take out the onion, let the milk come to a boil, put in a lump of butter half the size of an egg, pepper and salt. Pour in the grated bread, stirring constantly, and let the whole boil about two minutes. Put in enough bread to thicken the milk almost to a paste. Serve hot. Bread sauce is a great addition to roast chicken. It may be used with cold fowl, by pouring into small moulds and when cool, turn out into a dish.

BOUDINS.—Chop cold cooked meat very fine, and to every pint allow one tablespoonful of butter, half cup of cream or milk, whites of three

eggs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter and pour it over the meat; add cream or milk, and these seasonings, then pound it well with a potato masher; add carefully the well-beaten whites. Fill custard cups two-thirds full with the mixture, stand in a baking-pan half filled with boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. When done, turn them carefully on a heated dish and pour around them cream sauce.

FRIED CREAM.—One pint of milk, half a cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and one of flour mixed; half a teaspoonful of vanilla, two inches of stick cinnamon, a teaspoonful of butter. Boil the cinnamon in the milk. Stir the corn starch and flour smooth in a little cold milk or water and add to the milk when it has boiled five minutes. Beat the yolks with the sugar till very light and add them. Take from the fire, stir in the butter and vanilla and pour out into a buttered biscuit tin or platter, letting it be about half an inch thick. When perfectly cold and stiff cut into pieces about three inches long and two inches wide. Dip carefully in sifted cracker crumbs, then in an egg beaten with one spoonful of cold water, then in crumbs again. Have lard in a frying kettle or very deep spider; put the pieces in a wire frying basket. Test the lard by dropping in a bit of bread. If it browns while you count thirty the heat is sufficient. Fry a golden brown; lay on folded brown paper in the oven for four or five minutes and serve at once. Very delicious.

PUZZLES.

WHAT AM I?

A careful mother I am found,
As all my hunters know,
For when my little ones seemed doomed
To dire mischance or woe,
I take them up upon my back,
And as each little mite,
With tail around my tail, holds on,
I bear it out of sight.
My hair is yellow, legs dark brown,
I've long and white moustaches,
But, strange to say, my small keen eyes
No eyelids have, nor lashes.
My ears are large, my nose is long,
My mouth is wide and sneering,
Well fitted with its many teeth
To eat stray chickens fearing.
I gobble insects, eggs, and birds,
And fruits and roots can charm me;
I hide upon or in a tree
When niggers come to harm me.
Alas! they sometimes smoke me out.
To make of me a dinner,
Though I can feign to lie a corpse
So well that no beginner
Could find me out! then up and off,
Behold me, gaily swinging
From some tall tree, by curling tail
I hang while safely clinging.
Then flinging off from bough to bough,
I join my children, waiting,
And teach them how to cheat their foes,
My own experience stating.
At least, they comprehend my speech,
Though you might never heed me.
Although I pleaded for my life
When you had caught and "tree'd" me,
Now, if this hint, kind readers all,
Will not quite plain reveal me,
Why, ask the next old negro where
He last contrived to steal me,
To form a rug for Missey's feet,
So soft and pretty, warm and neat.

(A picture answer will be given in next number.)

GREAT MEN'S TITLES.

(Find familiar titles of five great military leaders of five nationalities, and name the men to whom the titles have been applied.)

1. An article, small, and an army rank.
2. An article, a noun expressing paternity, a preposition, a possessive pronoun, and a nation.
3. An article, a victor, a preposition, and a locality.
4. An article, an adjective of magnitude, and an army rank.
5. A proper name signifying "a defender of men," an article and an adjective of magnitude.

WORD VALUES.

1. From 1006 get a word implying energy.
2. From 1001 get a word meaning performed.

A QUOTATION ENIGMA.

The whole, of 43 letters, is a familiar quotation from Isaac Watts:

On their own 15, 21, 30, 16, 3, 17, 15, 43, 42, 34, 23, 40 men are dumb.—Colman.
Pity 15, 21, 23, 24, 10 to the 13, 7, 8, 9 to love.—Dryden.

I'll make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of 22, 36, 40, 14.—Shakespeare.
6, 12, 29, 27, 11 rush in where angels fear to 40, 30, 34, 36, 32.—Pope.

The 18, 35, 25, 35, 33 is father of the 13, 36, 36.—Wordsworth.

I am 15, 41, 5, 4, 30, 18, 35 of 36, 33, 25 I survey.—Cowper.

13, 2, 37 wants but little 19, 21, 30, 14 below.
Nor wants that 26, 31, 40, 3, 27, 34 long.—Goldsmith.

The ripest fruit 28, 36, 26, 27, 39, 6, 20, 30, 1, 24.—Shakespeare.
Coming events 18, 2, 1, 24 their shadows before.—Campbell.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 4.

A STRANGER TALE.—Pop-corn.

NAMES OF FISHES.—

1. White Bait.
2. Umbrine.
3. Torpedo.
4. Sturgeons.
5. Slickback.
6. Hammer-headed shark.
7. Ramora.
8. Porpoise.
9. Manatus.
10. Lamprey.
11. Lump-fish.
12. Halibut.
13. Gurnard.
14. Gymnote.
15. Gold-sinny.

WHAT IS THIS?—A dog.

BEHEADINGS.—

Blowing-lowing-owing-wing-win-in-n.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by George Garbutt, and Jennie G. Bracken.