

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 life 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."
—*Mothers' Companion.*

TEACH OBEDIENCE.

Day by day I see criminals, hundreds of them—thousands of them in the course of the year. I see scores of broken-hearted parents, wishing rather that their sons had never been born than they had lived to bear such burdens of shame and disgrace. I hear the wailing of disappointed mothers, and see humiliated fathers crying like children, because of the sins of their children. I see mothers growing gray between the successive visits in which they come to inquire about the boy in prison. And seeing these dreadful things till my heart aches and aches, I say to those mothers and fathers whose boys have not yet gone astray, to mothers and fathers whose little families are the care of their lives, teach your children obedience. I want it written large. I wish I could make it blaze here in letters of fire. I wish I could write it in imperishable, glowing letters on the wall of every home—obedience, obedience, obedience! Obedience to law—to household law; to parental authority; unquestioning, instant, exact obedience. Obedience in the family; obedience in the school. Wherever, from the beginning, from the first glimmering of intelligence in the child, there is expression of law, let there be taught respect for it and obedience to it. It is the royal road to virtue, to good citizenship; it is the only road. Teach also the clear distinction between mine and thine. Let the line be unwavering. Let there be no quibbling with terms. And the distinction can not be taught in a family where it is not observed. Where debts are contracted carelessly and paid reluctantly, honesty can not be the dominating principle. In such a moral atmosphere there is contamination. There is poison that will come out in things counted more shameful than debts. Educate a boy in such a way that he shall think it of no consequence whether the milk bill is paid from one year's end to another, and you educate him to take his employer's money, with the vague intention of replacing it some time. Educate a boy to think better of himself in a fine coat, whether the tailor's bill be paid or not, and you so weaken his moral sense that he can not resist temptation, when the opportunity comes of gratifying his vanity by stealing. Make a boy think that a high social position is the first thing to be thought of in the world, and he will sacrifice his moral principles for that position. It is frequently said, in my hearing: "How strange it is that so many children of respectable people go astray!" To which I always answer: "It is strange that so few of them go astray." But it is not respectability that sends them astray, it is sham respectability. It is a false, sentimental idea of the love due to children that makes them

disobedient; the easy-going, tender-hearted, doting parent that can't bear the sight of a child's pain, and spares itself the sight at the peril of the child's future. It is the mother's and the father's cruel selfishness that spares the child. It is the sickening yearning after "gentility," the willingness to buy a sham social position at any expense, that ruins many a boy and many a girl. The parents would rather hear how well their children stand socially, than to hear how good and upright they are. The children soon catch this tone, and think gentility is better than goodness; and make a sacrifice of goodness to gentility, whenever they think their social standing will be served by it. This is of course not true of all so-called respectable families whose children go astray, but it is so often true that I always expect to find it so when such cases come before me; and alas! I am not often disappointed.—*W. F. M. Round, Secretary Prison Association.*

NO TIME FOR THE MIND.

A certain village in Western Pennsylvania has been known for many generations as the purgatory of bad housekeepers. To be a model housekeeper is the one ambition of its women. Although many of them are wealthy, very few have servants.

"What I do myself is well done," is their favorite maxim. Their houses are immaculately neat. The rooms are daily aired, swept, dusted, and then closed up, while the family live in the kitchen. The cupboards are full of lucent jellies and jams; a new recipe creates a stir of excitement in the community only equalled by a new stitch in fancy work.

"It was years before we would give in to sewing-machines," said a matron of the village, "and even now we make all under-clothing by hand."

A new-comer to the town, a woman of rare brilliancy and sweetness of nature, was ostracized because her linen sheets were not hem-stitched, and she bought her canned goods.

These women have no time for reading, music, travel, or social enjoyment. They are forced to remain silent while their husbands or children discuss any matter of general interest.

Well-cooked viands and neat houses undoubtedly are good things, but they are not worth the sacrifice of a woman's whole thoughts, life and being. Where the treasure is there will the heart be also; and if a woman makes a fetish of her table-linen or the temporary box in which she lives, her mind and affections soon will be measured by them.

No human being can be wider or higher than the god which he worships; and the god which a man serves is not the Invisible Being to whom he gives an hour on Sunday, but that to which he sacrifices the thoughts, the hopes, the efforts of his life.

The *Companion* has many girl readers in inland villages whose ambition is that of these women. It would not dissuade them from the wish to be neat, skilful housekeepers, but it would remind them that this is only one part of a woman's work in the world, and it should be held in its proper place.

If the housekeeper's eyes are to suffer through embroidery and fancy work, let the beds go bare of "shams" and the chairs of tidies. If she have no time for study or exercise, let the family eat fruit for dessert the year round.—*Youth's Companion.*

DRESS, AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.

"An indication of the length of one's purse, of one's taste, of one's work and social position, perhaps, but of one's character!" says the lady who first strikes upon this bit "Are you quite sure that you mean what you appear to signify in your title?"

Yes, for one's ordinary style of dress, its style, not the fabric of which it is composed, nor the fashion in which it is cut, but its accustomed style does indicate character. The plainest calico or cambric gown, made without a ruffle or a tuck, but spotlessly neat, the strip of linen around the neck, relieving the bareness which unpleasantly suggests that one is getting ready for execution, the apron donned for protection, if the wearer is washing the dishes, kneading the bread or bathing the baby, are all signs which speak volumes of the way in which a person was brought up. A lady is always the same,

no matter what her occupation, and she should be careful to look like a lady. To do this, her dress should suit her avocation, and should, of course, be clean. Soiled finery, silk or satin street dresses which have seen their best days, garments of wool which are stained or spotted with grease, are not nice for house wear in the morning hours when many women find their own presence in the kitchen necessary.

A large apron with sleeves, made in such a way that it will completely cover the gown beneath it, which can be slipped off again in the twinkling, so to speak, of an eye, should be the part of every housekeeper's wardrobe. With this on, as a kind of armor of proof, she can enter the kitchen in her prettiest tea gown or dinner-dress, and attend to the last arrangements, for which her cook was not quite competent. If she does her own housework, it is even more necessary, either that she should have a supply of large and strong aprons, of linen, crash, gingham, or calico, or that she should wear washable goods while busy about her work.

Carelessness about one's home-dress, when beloved eyes are to see us, and our children are to model themselves after our example, indicates something weak in character. The person who is negligent here, is negligent in greater things. So far from inattention to these seemingly slight details being a mark of genius, it is simply a token, significant to all concerned, that the woman within the gown is lacking in common sense and has a stratum of insolence among her qualities.—*Aunt Marjorie in Christian Intelligencer.*

TO COOK EGGS.

It is true that chickens, eggs, and cream are not so abundant upon many farms as city dwellers sometimes suppose. Usually the poultry is raised for market, and every egg that is not permitted to develop into a chick is regarded with an eye to all its possibilities; but we will suppose that eggs are cooked sometimes, and consider a few methods of serving them which are borrowed from the transatlantic rural folk. Take fried eggs, for instance; while the yolk is still soft, as soon as the white is set, take them up carefully with a thin skimmer or pancake turner, to avoid breaking them, and lay each one upon a slice of delicate toast; if there is more than half a cupful of fat in the pan, pour it out; put in a cupful of vinegar and a sharp seasoning of pepper, let it boil up, pour it over the eggs and toast, and serve the dish at once. With coffee and bread and butter, this is an excellent breakfast dish.

If a more substantial meal is desired, boil or bake some potatoes; then fry the eggs and keep them hot on toast; leave not more than two tablespoonfuls of fat in the frying-pan; into the hot fat stir a heaping tablespoonful of dry flour, then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water, a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, let the gravy boil, and stir it smooth; serve it in a bowl with the fried eggs and potatoes. If fried or scrambled eggs remain unused, mince them, warm them with highly seasoned gravy, and serve them on toast. If boiled eggs are on hand, put them over the fire in hot water and boil them for five minutes, to make sure that they are hard; when they are cool enough to handle, break off the shells, leaving the eggs entire; either dip them in batter or bread them, and then fry them like doughnuts, and serve them hot; they combine well with fried or boiled ham, bacon, salt pork, or salt fish; with a dish of baked, boiled, or stewed potatoes and gravy, they make a substantial meal.—*Juliet Carson.*

AN EARLY START.

In these three words may be found the secret of much successful work in the line of housekeeping. Alas for the houses that are hurried all day and every day! The friction in such homes is very wearing. The inmates rise late, the breakfast is behindhand, hurriedly prepared and hurriedly eaten, and things are at sixes and sevens the whole day. And so it goes on through the week. Monday's washing is begun late, and laps over into Tuesday. Tuesday's duties make inroads upon Wednesday, and so of the various special duties of each day. In many cases a difference of half an hour, or even less, would make all the difference. It is false economy to spend an extra fifteen minutes in bed when one has to pay for it

by hurrying all day to make up for the lost quarter of an hour.

Of course the Sabbath should be as much of a day of rest as possible in every house, but it is well to make at least one other day a sort of resting day. We get matters started on Monday morning, and keep them a-going until Saturday night at a high pressure. There is need of a little break, and for this I deem Wednesday a desirable day. Take breath, if possible, on Wednesday. Let the servants know that on that day the machinery is to "slow up," that all hands can rest now and then on their oars. The duties of the day must be attended to, but with washing and ironing all through by Tuesday, and the weekly cleaning and the special cooking postponed for the latter part of the week, it is not difficult to make Wednesday very much of a restful day.—*N. Y. Observer.*

KEEP BEES.—We advise every farmer to keep bees, not only for the money it may bring, but for the gratification of his family. We advise it, as we do the growing of an abundance of strawberries, grapes, etc., as one of the ties to attach children to the farm, by making it the best place on earth. We also advise it for its influence upon the young, in teaching them to observe. Still, the main reason for keeping bees is, the "sweet tooth;" if that be gratified, all other benefits will follow. The way to begin bee-keeping is to begin small. If one procures a single colony, in a modern, movable comb hive, and by the aid of one of the standard works (such as Quimby's), cares for that colony and its increase during the season, he will have a knowledge of bee-keeping that will enable him to manage many hives, and which will enable him, if he should so elect, to keep bees for profit. One piece of advice, should be heeded by all beginners: Do not begin bee-keeping unless with the determination to give it that thought and care which will make it a success. Nothing can be more unprofitable and demoralizing than a neglected apiary. Begin, then, with a single hive, and experienced bee-keepers are agreed that this is the proper month to begin.—*American Agriculturist.*

CELERY SALAD.—Take three heads of celery; cut in pieces in a salad bowl; mix the yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt and pepper, juice of a lemon and two table-spoons of water. Beat all together, pour four ounces of olive oil in drop by drop, then add a small tablespoonful of hot water. Pour over the celery.

HERE IS SOMETHING for the children's room; a wall banner of red calico and picture cards. Cut it any size you like, with two points on the bottom, hem the top and run a strip of wood in to make it stay in place. Arrange the cards on it and fasten with needle and thread; put tassels on the points and hang it with red strings. It is quite bright and pretty and will please the children.

PUZZLES.

CHARACTER HINTS.

In England and France three Cardinals great,
Who ruled the people, the king and the state.

He threw an inkstand at Satan
And bade him be quiet
A Diet of Worms was his principal diet.

The greatest writer known to fame,
And none know how to spell his name.

MISSING MOUNTAINS.

In sultry weather I'd take my ease
On the snowy tops of the ———.

Then if I'd go where the grape vine twines
I'd wander about the ———.

MISSING RHYMES.

Interesting to Poets.

By no means the lightest task of the poet is the mechanical construction of his verses after the ideas are complete. Many a poet has struggled in desperation to find an appropriate word that will rhyme with another word he has used. Perhaps some of our puzzlers and budding poets would like to try their wits at rhyming. Here is a list of words to try on. We don't promise you easy work. Indeed, if you succeed in finding a word that will rhyme with any one of these, you will be doing better than all that have tried before you. Here is the list:

Silver	Scarf
Mouth	Scalp
Orange	Babe
Coif	False
	Gulf

—*The Voice.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.
CHARACTER HINTS.—1, Adam. 2, Benjamin Franklin. 3, Sir Isaac Newton.
NAMES OF RIVERS.—1, Tennessee. 2, Tom bigbe. 3, James.
CONUNDRUM.—Ohio.