

A Double-Ended Rule.

Lazy Billy was told one very bad day
 To black Papa's boots, as Papa was busy;
 But Billy unfortunately wanted to play;
 So he cried to the girl, who for name was Lizzie:
 "Here, Lizzie, give Papa his well-worn shoe-leather;
 And tell him I said 'twas quite dear of me whether
 'Twas worth while to give myself trouble or pain
 'Cleaning boots that so soon would get muddy again."
 So the boots went undecayed, and of course Papa knew
 The cause for neglect of his lazy son Billy;
 "How do he said?" The boy's reasoning is really silly."
 "Ahem!" in replied lazy Billy to dinner that day.
 Said Papa: "That rule of yours works for her way.
 Get up from this table; to eat now is vain—
 Not a bite for a boy who'll be hungry again."

OLIVE LOGAN.

HOME TOPICS.

EGG PLANT.—There are several varieties of egg plant, but the large, purple, oval-shaped kind is generally considered the best, and is usually liked by all who try it. It is cultivated much like the tomato, the seed being sown in a hot-bed and the plants set in the open ground after all danger from frost is past. In selecting an egg plant for cooking, choose one that feels firm when pressed, cut it crosswise in slices about half an inch thick. Pare the skin off, and put the slices to soak for about half an hour in strong salt and water. When ready to cook it, wipe the slices, dip them in beaten egg, and then in cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat until brown and crisp. Egg plant may also be pared and then cooked like Summer squash.

SALT.—I think all housekeepers are troubled more or less, during the summer, by the salt used on the table becoming damp and refusing to shake from the casters, or, if in open dishes, it still gathers moisture and is not easily used. This has been the case at our house, I know, unless I gave the matter my personal attention and dried the salt in the oven just before meal time.

A few days ago a young gentleman sat at our table, when this question forced itself into notice.

"I must tell you," said he, "of a plan Mrs. Kedzie, of Kansas Agricultural College, has discovered. She mixes a little corn starch with the salt, and the difficulty is obviated."

I straightway tried the experiment, and am happy to say the result has been satisfactory, and no more do I hear the salt-shakers anathematized.

SPRAINS.—The boy went swimming, or rather started to go, a few weeks ago, but when going down the hill to the creek, he stepped on a little stone which rolled, and the result was a sprained ankle. His comrades helped him home, but when he reached there, his foot and ankle were much swollen. I bathed it with Pond's extract of witch hazel, and kept cloths wet in it on all night, changing them often. In the morning, I showered it by pouring cold water from a pitcher upon it, and then renewed the cloths wet with witch hazel. I continued this treatment for two days and nights, not allowing him to walk any, and at the end of that time the swelling had all gone, and much of the soreness. He was careful about walking for about a week, showered the ankle at night and morning, and wrapped it in a wet compress with witch hazel at night for several days, and had no further trouble. Extract of witch hazel is an excellent remedy to keep in the house, as it is not only good for sprains, but for sore throat, burns, cuts, etc.

TIDY BOYS.—Many mothers who are very careful to teach their little girls habits of neatness and order, leave their boys to grow up with opposite habits. I cannot see why a boy should be allowed to hang his hat on the floor, throw his coat on a chair and leave his other belongings wherever it happens, any more than his sister should do the same things. Certainly, if he is early taught to put his things in their rightful place, and know where they are when wanted, much care and many steps will be spared his mother, sister and wife, when he has one. Let the boys of the family have just as pleasant a room in the house as the girls, and teach them to keep it in order. Let them have suitable toilet articles, a bag or box for their shoes and a bag for soiled linen, a scrap basket for waste paper, etc., and they will take pride in keeping a nice-looking room. It has been my experience that it is just as easy to teach boys to be neat and orderly as it is to teach girls.

The knowing how to make a bed is no detriment to any boy, whether he needs to do it or not. He should be taught to always keep his clothing brushed and in the proper place, to keep his toilet articles in order, and not slop and spill water about the washstand. Before he leaves his room in the morning, he should throw the windows open, set a chair at the foot of the bed and turn the bed clothes back over it, so the bed will air properly.

These are all little things, but if a boy is trained in this way, his room, when he goes away to school, or from home to start in business, will not present the appearance too often seen, but will be a credit to his early training.

Mrs. S., sends the following recipe for cookies. Three cups of sugar, two cups of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water, one cup of shortening (this can be either butter alone or mixed with lard or drippings), one teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, grated, flour to roll out stiff.

The Household Tyrant.

It is sometimes an only, more often a delicate, child. In either cases the feeling that prompts the parents to indulgence arises from the same source, *i. e.*, the thought that such indulgence may be for but a reason.

"Let him enjoy what he can, he may not be here long," I once heard a mother remark in the presence of an afflicted child, the boy, quick to catch the idea, made the most of it. For him must the best of everything be reserved, his will the reigning power, his rights paramount, while his sisters and playmates had none, but were tyrannized over until they were glad to escape from him whenever it was possible. As his own way was the only law he knew, in his various illnesses nurse and physician were often "put to it," as the saying is, to steer him safely through them. The sort of man he is likely to become, should he reach manhood, it is not hard to guess.

A delicate child naturally claims more care and attention, especially from the mother, than need be given to those more robust. But while these offices are gladly accorded, it is not necessary that the whole family, from the parents down, should be his devoted slaves. It is bad on all sides, but particularly bad for the little one himself, should he reach maturity.

As I write, two cases that serve to point my subject rise before me. One is a girl, deformed from her second year, and the only girl among several boys. Father and brothers idolized and gave way to her in everything, but the mother's judicious tact and management, combined with necessary firmness, taught the daughter to accept this as a favor to be gratefully received not as a right to be forced or demanded. She was instructed in obedience and self-control from the first, and as she grew to womanhood her deformity was scarcely remembered by those who knew her, for a sweet, merry unselfish nature made her welcome wherever she went, and when, in later years, a reverse of fortune threw her on her own resources, many doors were opened to her.

Another child in a houseful of boys and girls, rallied from a dangerous illness to find herself the most important member of the family. Her whims and fancies were humored by none more than her mother, and as she grew older the latter degenerated into a mere upper servant; at her young daughter's beck and call. A more selfish, exacting disposition it has never been my ill-fortune to find; and whose the fault? Is it not the mother's quite as much as the child's? As the sapling bends the tree will grow, and if the seeds of selfishness and ingratitude are allowed to sprout in early years, they will scarcely be rooted out in future ones. So methinks it behooves the mother to prune and plant and water lest she bring down on her own head the curse of an unthankful child.—*Home Maker.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

Some one asked how to make bread of dried yeast cakes. Put your yeast cake to soak in a pint bowl of lukewarm water; fix the water all right before putting in the yeast. When it is soft, stir it up well, and stir in half a cup of flour; let this stand to rise, then it is ready to use just as you would any other yeast. It will take about an hour; so if you fix it a little before supper it will be ready by the time you are ready to mix your bread.

If you have never yet tried it, try making your bread into a stiff loaf the first mixing; set it down ellar over night, and work into loaves when you get up in the morning, and let it rise again. You can have your bread all done by nine o'clock, which is something to be thought of during the warm weather. We followed this plan for years, and liked it.

BROWN BREAD.—I took a pint bowl full of the white bread raising, while it was soft, put into it half a teacupful of mollasses, half a teaspoonful (scant) of soda dissolved in hot water, and then cooled with cold water, half a tablespoonful of butter. Pour this into a pan, and stir into it enough brown flour to make a very stiff batter; then turn this into the pan, well greased, in which you wish to bake it, and let it rise. It should half fill the pan, and rise the rest of the way before baking. Bake three quarters of an hour.

DRIED APPLE PIES.—Soak the apples a few hours, then put them on to cook slowly till done, so you can stick them well with a fork, but not soft. Take the apples out in your chopping-bowl and chop them fine; return to the juice, sweeten to taste, and put the juice of one lemon into material for two pies. Bake with two crusts.

BREAD PUDDING.—Make a custard of a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, four well-beaten eggs; upon this lay pieces of dried bread, scored across with a knife, buttered on both sides; flavor with two drops of vanilla. Let bake till the custard sets, then cover the top with the white of one egg well beaten with two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar in it; spread on the top, and return to the oven to brown.

I think the only use for old bread is to soak it and feed it to the chickens. Too many waste enough good material to make a good pudding, and then put in enough old bread to spoil it, and call it "bread pudding." Our family rebelled against the dish until I made it as above and changed the name to French custard. They all, with one accord, thought the new pudding a vast improvement. I didn't say a word. If the rose by any other name is just as sweet, why, call it something else.

The Care Of The Hair.

Do brush the head twice each day with a bristle-brush, not too stiff, but sufficiently so to penetrate to the scalp. Brush "every which way,"—forward, backward, up, down and sideways. This process will invigorate and soften the hair. Fifteen minutes twice a day devote to it if you have the time.

Do clip the ends of the hair as often as once in six weeks. It is better to have some one do this for you as you cannot reach all the short hairs at the back of your head. If you will examine your hair before clipping you will see numbers of "split ends." Well, hair stops growing when it begins to split, so if you would insure a thick head of hair you must also insure even healthy ends.

Do, if you find it necessary to wash your head, do so in cold, soft water, perfectly clear, and rub with a crash towel until dry. This is a tedious process, but unless it is thoroughly dried, dandruff forms, and if the hair is very thick it is apt to mildew. A young lady once dressed in haste after a long bath in the ocean, her partially dried hair was coiled up in a hurry and not combed again until late on the following day, when she was obliged to cut away a double handful of mildewed hair which lay beneath the heavy "Grecian coil" at the base of her exceedingly pretty head. The sacrifice was made amid a chorus of groans and lamentations. Therefore we would say,

Do wear an oil-skin, or waterproof cap while bathing, no matter whether it is becoming or not.

Now as to the treatment for incipient baldness, thin spots, and so forth. This is what an eminent physician said to a gentleman who consulted him for the first-named trouble:

"Have you been accustomed to wash your hair in soapy water?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, every morning," was the reply.

"Well that is the cause of this bald place; stop washing and begin brushing your hair. Use a bristle brush and brush for fifteen minutes every morning and night. You may not notice any improvement for a year, perhaps not for two, but be assured you will have a fine crop of hair and never grow bald if you pursue this course."

As fifteen minutes seem a very long while vigorously moving a hair-brush hither and thither over the surface of your head, it would be well to inveigle one's friends into assisting, wouldn't it?

If the hair is falling out, remember that it is owing to an unhealthy condition of the scalp. First, cut off about two inches of the hair, next wash in clear, cold, soft water, rubbing dry with a crash towel; then begin the fifteen minutes brushing process, and in a few weeks you will see the tiny spires of new hair coming all over your head. Beware of being tempted to the use of any nostrum whatsoever, no matter how plausible the advertisement thereof; all are more or less injurious—generally more, as you will find out to your sorrow if you begin the use of them.

Gray hair when it makes its appearance too early in life, is usually due to a scarcity of iron in the blood, and the hair may often be restored by faithful use of a prescription containing the proper proportion of iron. This any first class physician will give you. You must be willing to wait patiently until it has had time to do its work.

Gray hair, when it adorns an aged head, is a "crown of glory," provided the interior of said cranium has conceived good, and not evil, concerning its fellow creatures during the years which have preceded its appearance. Nothing looks squalid (and often ghastly mockery too) than to bedeck and bedeck a head quivering with palsy, surmounting a body tottering on the innermost brink of the grave. How infinitely more dignified and seemly the hoary head dressed simply and becomingly, and carried with sweet graciousness as if feeling already the touch of that immortal crown so soon to rest upon it.

In conclusion if you are anxious to transform straight hair into curly ditto, wash in strong castile soap-suds, roll on strips of cloth, not tightly enough to break, and leave so through the night. Papers always cut the hair; do not use them. Damp air always straightens artificial curls and crimps, while hot irons burn and ruin it. In any case, it is better far to leave your hair as it was in the beginning.—**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.**

Bacilli.

"I shan't want any more ice of you, Mr. Stubbs, as I've been informed the ice is full of bacilli."

"Wot over is that, num? Wot's backely?"

"Well, judging from the size of your bill and the exceedingly small pieces of ice you have been leaving, I conclude it is something you put in the ice to make it weigh. Good-morning."

Casting Reflections.

"What are you trying to make, Walter?"

"A bow."

"What, out of such a stick?"

"Yes. Why not? Most of your beaux are worse sticks than this."

A little chap was very much afraid of thunderstorms, and one night, when praying at his mother's knee, being somewhat fearful of an approaching storm, he said: "Please send us only plain rain this time, if it will do just as well."