

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so
tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night,
But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of mother-
hood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only
good.
And if, some night when you sit down to
rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your
breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters con-
stantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had
slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache
then!
I wonder so that mothers ever fret
O'er little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are
wet,
Are ever black enough to make them
frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more,
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never ruffled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE TRUTHFULNESS OF CHILDREN.

MRS. KATE TENNATE WOODS.

Many fathers and mothers of the present day can remember a time when children were whipped for mere trifles, and any fanciful creation of the imagination was condemned as untruthful. In fact such was the dread of a whipping that children told untruths to avoid it. "I verily believe," said an elderly woman, now a grandmother, "that we were taught to fib and deceive by being in constant fear, or from being doubted."
"Are you sure you are telling the truth?" asked an unwise parent. Never for one moment permit the child to think you would suspect him, and always teach him that the truth, though against him, will never be met with punishment. Parents thoughtlessly snub and badger little ones when they attempt to tell a story, until in the mental confusion the child forgets where fancy ends and fact begins. A well known and popular writer of fiction says she "was frequently punished for telling stories when she was a child, and she has cried bitterly many a night because the stories would make up and seem so true, and she dared not tell them to any one." A powerful imagination is a great gift, and the parent who trifles with it is in danger of doing serious injury. If we desire children to be exact, we must first be exact ourselves. Parents frequently prevaricate in the presence of their children, and then punish them for doing the same thing. For instance, in the horse-cars a mother does not tell a deliberate falsehood about the child's age when asked, but she does keep back the truth, in order to save half the fare. The keen-witted boy receives in this way a lesson in deception which is never forgotten.
Again, a child brings home some trifle he has found, and no effort is made to ascertain the real owner; the boy at once considers all things his rightful property, and cares nothing whatever for the unfortunate loser. Directness in speech as well as acts should be the custom before children. If the girl and boy are carefully taught the appropriation of such goods is theft, they will use every means to restore them; but

this is not the case; people exult over such affairs, and take a positive pleasure in recounting the number of things they have found. Dishonesty, theft and crime are ugly words, but they alone express the outcome of petty vices which are unintentionally creeping into schools and families. The boy who finds a pretty knife, and conceals it, is in a fair way to become a bank robber or defaulter. The girl who takes a yard of lace, which her employer "will never miss," soon finds it easy to take several yards. All these things grow rapidly, as evil ever does. It is not uncommon to hear some one remark—"Why, I cannot see why Mr.— should turn out so, his father and mother were such good people." Look back to his childhood and you can see. When he was sent to do a simple errand, and a mistake was made in his favor, he was not promptly sent back; if the change was short, complaint was made at once. He was taught to dress well, look well and be polite. Why? Because people would talk about him." The one thing constantly kept before him was, "What will folks say?" Not, do right because it is right, and any wrong is sin; but do right because it is respectable, or, in the cant term of the day, "because it pays." If his father made a little extra money by taking slight advantages of a friend, the boy heard it praised as shrewd, good management, and a bit of luck.

Gradually his entire moral sense was blunted, and when he came to be a man he did not intend to be a thief, he only meant to borrow a little from the bank for present use, which sum he should faithfully return. He borrowed a little more, and a little more, until disgrace and flight was the result. Tracing this to its cause, we find untruthfulness in the home the beginning.

Not long since we heard a patient mother quietly contend for exactness with a little son. He had returned from skating, and related in boyish style and exaggerated manner a near approach to accidental drowning. Knowing his imaginative powers and love of dramatic effect, she begged her guests to excuse her while she had the story repeated three times, each in a different way; then, taking a paper and pencil, she said kindly—"Now, dear, you have a place here for the pond, there is the open space; now you will please point it all out exactly as you saw it, not as it seems to you when you think of it." The result was that the story was told simply and correctly the fourth time, and the boy was complimented for so doing. "You may think me over particular," she said, "but I suffered in my younger days from an over-active imagination, and I want him to understand the difference between fact and fancy."

Another instance of the way in which children are taught to be untruthful will recall to some mothers their own mistakes. "Johnnie, have you been getting on behind the teams for a ride again, catching on behind, after I told you I would whip you?" said a good but unwise woman. Of course Johnnie, with the fear of the rod before him, said, "No, ma'am;" whereas we had seen him only five minutes before engaged in that dangerous but exciting sport of "catching on behind." It is easier to lie, and avoid a whipping, than to speak the truth and take one. To our thinking the very best ground for parents and children is that of perfect confidence. Only the other day a little fellow dropped and broke a valuable pitcher while going down stairs with a playmate; his consternation was terrible; but the playmate said, hurriedly, "Tell her you slipped, and she won't whip you." Instantly the unfortunate boy drew himself up, saying with dignity—"My mother never whips me for an accident; I was swinging it round, and I will tell her so," which he did, not knowing that the mother's quick ears had heard all.

"I am sorry you were not more careful, dear," was her only comment; "remember, hereafter, that pitchers, made of rare china, are not to be used like base-ball clubs." If children cannot go to their parents with all their trials, doubts, worries, fears and hopes, where can they go? They are the natural protectors, not the stern judges; the loving friends, not the cruel masters. If we would make them truthful, we must teach them to be so by our example as well as precept; and when they err, remember it is far easier to win than drive. A parent that is feared is unnatural, and sure to work ruin with tender young hearts. A parent who is companion, friend and instructor is a prize beyond compare.

Let us encourage our children to tell us

the pretty fancies so dear to them, but let us draw the line with a firm hand between fact and fancy.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

PLANTS IN WATER.

For an acorn, a hyacinth glass or a pickle jar is suitable. Choose a fine healthy looking acorn and crochet with moderately coarse cotton a little net-work case just large enough to hold it. Take off the cup and put the acorn, point downward, in this little bag closing it at the top, and make a loop of cotton or chain stitch about two inches long (according to the depth of the bottle), to hang it up by. Cut a narrow piece of wood, of such a size that it will lie across the top of the jar without slipping in, pass it through the loop, and thus hang the acorn point downward in the glass, which must have just so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches it. Keep the bottle in a dark cupboard till the acorn has sprouted and then put it in the light, just as you would a hyacinth, being careful to keep the water always at the same level. This will live a long time if properly managed. An ordinary sweet chestnut can be grown in the same way, and a drop of ammonia in the water once in a while with this latter will prove most stimulating. A potato can be grown just as a hyacinth bulb, and as the little tubers form under the water, it shows in broad day-light the growth and development of this vegetable.

A carrot grown in sand is a highly ornamental object if carefully managed. Choose a good-sized and healthy root which has begun to sprout, if possible. Cut the crown off quite evenly and place it on the top of a pot of sand, covering it so that the leaves look as if they sprang directly from the sand. Moisten it well and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout. Be careful to keep it damp and to move it in the light as soon as the leaves appear. This is an ornament pretty enough for any room, looking like a pot of ferns. A turnip, carefully washed and hollowed out, if hung by cords and kept full of water, will soon be covered with fine green foliage, making a pretty little hanging basket.—*Hope Ledyard.*

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—This is always a dainty dish. Make the cake of biscuit dough, with a tablespoonful of sugar added to it; or take one-half cupful of lard and half cupful of butter and cut them into a quart of flour. Wet it up with one egg beaten into a teacupful of sweet milk or water. Beat it together, add a little sugar, and roll out as soft as possible. Divide the dough into four pieces, roll each one out, and bake in jelly cake tins to a light brown. When baked, spread each cake with good butter, and spread over it a thick layer of stewed and sweetened apples. The tartest apples make the nicest shortcake. Pile the layers one upon the other. Scatter white sugar over the upper crust. Place in the oven for seven or eight minutes. Serve hot, with cream beaten to a stiff froth.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of sour milk, with a tablespoonful of melted butter added to it, or one-half sour cream and one-half sour milk; one well beaten egg; a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water. Add flour enough to stir it to a thick batter. Slice a dozen tart apples. Mix with the batter and fry in hot lard, like doughnuts, by the large spoonful. Dip the spoon into the boiling lard, then into the batter, and it will not stick to it. Serve hot for dessert, with maple molasses or sugar sauce.

TWO CUSTARDS.—Take a pint of milk, add two large eggs, both whites and yolks, and a little nutmeg. Beat these together for five minutes, and pour into a saucepan. Stir over a clear fire till the mixture thickens. Put into a jug a little drop of almond flavoring, or vanilla (half a teaspoonful is ample), strain the custard into the jug, strain it once more and serve cold. The other recipe is equally simple and economical. For it you must boil a pint of new milk, with a little lemon peel, two bay-leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take a basin of hot milk and mix with the cold, then pour that into the saucepan of boiling milk again, stirring it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a table-spoonful of peach-water, and any flavoring you please."

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

In double form my first is framed,
In fable and in history;
Great, good and true—small, shy and false;
Solve, if you can this mystery.

My second figures in romance,
In ballad, and in story;
Has lain above the lover's heart,
And grasped the sword of glory.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd" my whole
Exists for beauty only;
It shuns the city's crowded ways,
And springs in hamlets lonely.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

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1, a vegetable; 2, a wayside weed; 3, a tree; 4, a kind of rose; 5, a delicious fruit. The centrals give an eastern country.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead to dispose of for a price, and leave a measure of a yard and a quarter.
To scorch, and leave a vessel in which the ashes of burned dead bodies were anciently put.
Garments worn by men, and leave a kind of grain.
Fragrant ointments, and leave charitable donations.
To ascend, and leave part of a tree.
An article of furniture, and leave what grows on the skins of animals.

CHARADE.

My first is a nickname
For second, I ween;
In wale a retainer
Most surely is seen.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose the letters A E M S T into four different words.

MISSIONARY TOUR IN ASIA MINOR.

The names of eleven places in Asia Minor are hidden in the following—
The anti-ochlocratic party will have their hands full if they try to please Lucias, if he is their vassal. A missive received this noon (not by any means a political pap) hostile to the keeper, gave a note of warning to him to stop. As I diagrammed the Icon I umberated the head too much. The affair you mention occurred between the ports to which the steamer plys; tradition says one of the missionaries was wrecked here. How the person you mentioned escaped is a wonder; be he an imposter or no, his companion Matt, alias Cantio Chase is, and will yet do him much harm.

ODD DIAMOND.

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Read across only.

1, A vowel. 2, Part of a yard. 3, To crawl. 4, To put on floors. 5, A Hindoo priest. 6, A kingdom. 7, Single. 8, A consonant. Centrals, read down, a large animal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JANUARY 1.

- Acrostic.—Christmas.
1. Carols.
2. Holly.
3. Ringing.
4. Ice.
5. Snag-dragon.
6. Time.
7. Mistletoe.
8. Afterwards.
9. Sleep.
- Riddles.—1, LI votes-violets; 2, caprice.
- Charade.—Ho-hen-lin-den.
- Jumble.—
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these "it might have been."
WHITTIER.
- Positive and Comparative.—
Mast, Master.
Bat, Batter.
But, Butter.
Full, Fuller.
Bet, Better.
- Celebrated Namesakes.—1, John called Lack-land; 2, John Mandeville; 3, John Wycliffe; 4, John Huss; 5, John Cabot; 6, John Calvin; 7, John Fletcher; 8, John Carver; 9, John Milton; 10, John Bunyan; 11, John Dryden; 12, John Locke; 13, John Wesley; 14, John Andre; 15, John Audubon; 16, John Ericsson; 17, John G. Whittier; 18, John L. Motley; 19, John G. Saxe; 20, John Wilkes Booth.