

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

The man commits a crime, and so does the woman, who will send a child to bed with a wounded spirit, or shall allow any vindictiveness of feeling to exist in consequence of anything the child may have done. Sharp pointed memories have often driven men mad; multitudes are there who are more dead than alive, from the ailings of the mind, which is wasting itself away in vain remorse for the irrevocable past. The fault of most parents is over-harsh reproof of their children; reproofs that are hasty, disproportioned to the offence, and hence as to one's own child, helpless and unresisting, are a cruelty as well as an injustice. Thrice happy is that parent who has no child in the grave who can be wished back, only if for a brief space, so as to afford some opportunity for repairing some unmerited unkindness toward the dead darling. Parents have been many times urged in these pages to make persistent efforts to arrange two things in domestic intercourse, and to spare no pains and no amount of moral courage and determination, in order that they should be brought about. It may require a thousand efforts and there may be a thousand failures as discouraging as they are sad; still let the high resolve go out, "it shall be done" and the pricking of many a thorn will be spared in after years and in old age. The two points to be daily aimed at are:

First. Let the family table be always a meeting place of pleasantness and affection and peace, and for the exhibition of the sweeter feelings of domestic life.

Second. Let every child be sent to bed with kisses of affection, especially those under ten years of age.

"Oh! how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent to us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime! "Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but a loving yet grieved or outraged nature."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

OUR DAUGHTERS.

Almost as far back as I can remember, my mother talked over family affairs with me, and I somehow gained the impression that she leaned greatly upon my counsel in these matters. I know now that the advice I gave when called, was merely a reflection of my mother's opinion which she adroitly managed to give me before asking mine. And I can also see mother's motive for these confidences of hers. Confidence begets confidence; and I found it a perfectly natural impulse to return this favor by rehearsing my affairs, my hopes and aims to my mother. We were the strongest of friends, and instead of concealing the (what seemed to me) important happenings of my life,—and who knows how important many of these might have proved, had I have had a different mother—I always told them to her. I think of it all now, and wonder how she had patience to listen, and seem—yes, I really believe she was interested in them. At any rate, the thought that mother would expect to hear all about it, many times checked a rash or foolish action.

Ah! mothers, make confidential friends of your daughters. Not many daughters go astray who have such home training. And in how many ways does this training give to the outsider a glimpse of the inner life of that home. Not long ago I sat chatting with a mother and her two daughters, aged respectively seventeen and fifteen years. A young man's name was mentioned, when the youngest, with an indescribable curl of the lips exclaimed: "Why, I would not have him for a friend. He swears!" There was a whole volume expressed in that last word, and I thought: "Here is a glimpse of home training that is beautiful to contemplate." If that young

girl had not been taught that a man was unworthy of her esteem who took the name of his Creator upon his lips in blasphemy, she would have thought nothing of the fact that this young man swore.

At another time, a mother was severely criticising a woman who had made an unseemly display of a fine set of diamonds. "What of it?" asked her young daughter, who was present. "Any woman would have done the same with all those lovely diamonds." Was there not a volume in that remark, too?

Aye, mothers, your daughters are the mirrors in which you may see your own images reflected. Be careful that it seemeth fair in the sight of God, that your daughters may point to you with pride and say: "I owe my good name to my mother's teaching."—*Minnie Moore, in Housekeeper.*

PLAIN LIVING FOR SMALL FAMILIES.

Trifling things that cost but little trouble or work are often greatly conducive to the comfort of our families.

Warmed dishes on cold mornings at breakfast time, for instance, are but little trouble, but add greatly to our comfort. The bread-plate and all dishes that are to contain hot foods should be also heated a little. Care should be exercised to have the butter warmed enough to spread easily in cold weather, and very hard and firm in warm weather. See to it also that the coffee is hot when it is ready to be served; lukewarm coffee is very unpalatable stuff.

It is essential that everyone should eat a good substantial breakfast, before going out to the work or duties of the day, and if the room is comfortable, the table appointments be neat and clean, the dishes warm,—really so and not half cold,—everyone ought to be able to enjoy a good hearty meal and be in good humor, too.

Don't come to the table in curl papers or crimping pins and without a collar. Make an effort to present a neat personal appearance early in the day as well as later on; it will soon become second nature. The mother should set a good example to her daughters in this matter, and insist that they follow it. However there should be a certain simplicity about the morning attire. Furbelows and much jewellery are entirely out of place at this time. Plainly made dresses and aprons, with a plain linen collar and pin should be the rule. See that the boys do not come to the table without a coat and with unbrushed hair and uncleanly finger nails. It is just as easy and equally as necessary for the men and boys in a farm house to pay attention to the little details of their personal appearance, as for those whose homes are in the city. Here is a nice simple breakfast:

- Baked Potatoes, Mock Sausage,
- Fried Bread, Graham Mush and Cream.
- Cold Bread, Cookies, Coffee.

As every housekeeper likes to get breakfast as quickly as possible, it will be best to always have the potatoes prepared the evening before, then, when the oven is hot, they will bake in thirty minutes. They should be served as soon as done, or they will shrink. Do not put them in a covered dish as that will also make them shrink. They are best laid on a napkin that is spread on a plate or dish, with the ends folded up over them.

Mock sausage is made by cutting slices of the cold-boiled pork, about half an inch thick, dipping both sides in flour, then laying them in a hot frying-pan and sprinkling each side with sage and pepper as it is turned; serve in a warm dish.

To try bread, cut small slices, dip in sweet milk to moisten, than in egg that has been well beaten; fry in hot drips or butter until a golden brown on each side; serve hot. This is a good way to dispose of stale bread, or bread that happens to be not quite as good as you would wish.

In making graham mush, to one quart of boiling water, add two-thirds of a tea-cup of meal, well moistened with cold water. This insures its being free from lumps, which are so disagreeable in any kind of mush. Cook it steadily half an hour, stirring frequently to prevent sticking and burning. Serve hot in saucers with thin cream poured over it, and sugars sprinkled on.

Cookies made by the following recipe will keep, if desired, an indefinite period, and are always nice. One heaping cup

granulated sugar, one cup sweet milk, with one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in it; one cup butter (or half butter and half nice lard), nutmeg to taste, and flour enough to roll out without sticking. Bake in a hot oven till a nice brown.

In the first paper a good mode of making coffee was given. Perhaps some young housekeeper may not know that the dry skin which we peel off from codfish is nice to settle coffee. Put in a piece about an inch square when the coffee is drawing and it will answer as well as an egg.—*Household.*

THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE.

One of the darkest features of farm life is the hard lot imposed on the wife and mother. Country customs have made the farmer's wife a slave to work, and it will be a blessed era in country homes when this hard-working martyr will throw off the bondage entailed upon her by her female ancestry, and through the privileges thus secured rise to a higher place among women.

There is a prevailing idea that has descended from generation to generation that the farmer's wife, in order to be a true help-meat, must bear a far heavier responsibility than is expected of any other woman. In almost all other avocations of men the wives are relieved of any financial obligation. But the average farmer's wife not only performs the work of the house, endures all the sufferings and anxieties of maternity, but also assists largely in the family's support. For the body and mind to be under such constant pressure from work and care must inevitably work degeneracy to both.

Some time since a friend of mine had been visiting one of his aunts, a farmer's wife. When speaking to me of her, he said: "If my aunt were made of cast-iron and every bone in her body of the hardest steel, I should think she would have worn out long ago." And when he told of her rising before daybreak, and of her constant labors that never ceased until at a late hour of night, why it fairly made my own body ache.

As facts are more powerful than fancy, I am going to relate an instance of one farmer's wife's work; and I want to preface it by saying that highly colored as it may seem it is not in the least overdrawn. I chanced to become acquainted with the family a few years ago, and the memory of that woman's life, the human machine that she was, will ever linger in my mind.

Her husband's name was good for fifty thousand dollars. His property consisted of many rich, valuable acres, herds of fine cattle, spans of beautiful horses, and a heavy bank account. Two men were constantly employed on the farm, and extra hands in the busy seasons. There were four children in the family, the eldest a girl of twelve. All the domestic labor on this farm home, even to the knitting and sewing for the family, and washing for the hired men, was done by this farmer's wife, her only help being what her little daughter gave her when out of school. Dairying was a prominent feature of the farm, and every year hundreds of pounds of butter were made by her.

It is needless to say that this woman was a slave—worse, even—for had she possessed nothing, there would have seemed more reason in such hard work. I do not believe she ever spent one moment in rest and recreation, for when the housework was over she always had knitting or sewing in hand. She gave no time to reading, no time to home or social pleasures. Her children were all supplied with food and clothes, but as to spending any time with them in that sweet intercourse which is fraught with so much pleasure and benefit to both mother and children, it was something outside of her thoughts.

I always compared her to a machine. And alas, for the thought! when, like the machine, hard usage has exhausted her capacity for work, there will be nothing left as a monument for her labor but some soulless dollars.

Who was to blame? No more the husband than the wife. There was a fast rooted idea in the community that extra help in the farmhouse was unnecessary; that, excepting in sickness, the woman was unthrifty who could not carry on her household without paying wages for hire. Now right here I shall mention one plain

subject which does not receive the attention that it should when the duties of the husband and wife are spoken of comparatively. A great deal of allowance should be made for the physical debility that maternity produces on the system. For the woman who is bearing children, who spends anxious sleepless nights in caring for crying babies, to carry on the work that many a farmer's wife does, is simply barbarous.—*Truth.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If brooms are wetted in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, and last much longer.

To remove iron mould and ink from linen fabrics, wet the spots with milk, then cover them with common salt. This should be done before the linen is washed. Another way to take out ink is to dip the spotted part in melted tallow. For very fine articles this is the better way.

How to ENJOY LEISURE.—We all find out, sooner or later, that an idle life is a miserable one, yet too many of us strive hard to love work for itself instead of understanding at the outset that the end of work is to enjoy leisure. We would be far more successful with our children if we took care not only to teach them how to work, but to show them what a rest this very work gives their play.—*Household.*

I HAVE A FRIEND who did not like to have her husband lie on the Brussels lounge in the sitting-room. She was afraid he would soil it and rumple the tidy, so the husband finding a bargain at a sale, of a home-made article, covered with faded calico, carried it home in triumph, thinking he could rest in peace at last. But his triumph was short lived, for on returning from work the next night he found his lounge finely upholstered in cretonne, and the Brussels had risen to the eminence of parlor furniture. She lets him lie on his lounge occasionally by spreading an old quilt over it first.—*Household.*

PUZZLES.—No. 19.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF FIVE LINKS.

I. When I'm a friend no task I shirk, But prove my friendship by my work.

II. The poet breathed in verse a sigh, Then struck me and I made reply.

III. I hope, with daily duties done, You'll find that my reward you've won.

IV. To progress I am not a friend, For I announce and am its end.

V. Imprisoned rainbow tints I hold, And oft I'm worth my weight in gold.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a barrel better than a battering-ram?

WORD LADDER.

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2	4

From 1 to 2 A figure in rhetoric in which an inanimate being is represented as animated. From 3 to 4. Pertaining to the science of the measurement of triangles. From the top; 1st round, an honorary title given to the descendants of Mahomet, 2nd round, a species of snail. 3rd round, mudday. 4th round, a thin membrane. 5th round, a shoot, or sprout. 6th round, a town near Bari, Italy. 7th round, a palm-leaf prepared for writing.

BURIED WORDS.

- 5. It is getting very dark this —. Oh, how I wish we had a gallant — to see us home.
- 7. Did you see that man — at us as we went up the — or the cliff?
- 8. He was — away from us to that — from which no one reappears.
- 9. I think, Anna, that is —. Come, wash yourself quickly.
- 10. He has a comfortable — now: he has not had such a one since his —.
- 11. He was called — out of the hall, and this is the — time since the case opened.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 18.

ENIGMA.—Pearl, earl, real, pear, pare, ear. CONUNDRUMS.—When he is a miller. 2. There is always a racket. 3. It is a revolver. CHARADE.—Content. BURIED WORDS.—1. Wade—welghed; 2. beet—beat; 3. vane—vain; 4. bell; 5. surge—sergo;