

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME COURTESIES.

It often seems to me that even Christian parents forget that common politeness in the home affects the moral welfare of their children.

I spent a day recently with the family of a man who possesses so many Christian virtues, and who is such an earnest worker for Christ, that it seems like searching for flaws in an almost perfect character to write that I detected a defect in that character.

This defect manifested itself in the absence of so many of the graceful kindly little courtesies that add such a charm and sweetness to true home life, and go far towards the formation of right character in children.

There were four children in the family. They were having a merry, boisterous time when we entered the house, and there was no diminution in the noise on our appearance.

"Hello, papa," cried the eldest, a boy about ten years, "got anything for us?"

"No, not to-day," replied the father.

"Well, why ain't you got anything?" asked the boy impatiently.

"Oh, I can't bring you something every day. I did bring you something, too; I brought you this gentleman. His name is Mr. H—. Come and shake hands with him."

"I don't want to," was the prompt reply, as the boy turned to his play. One of the younger children came forward and asked if I had any candy. Happening to have a caramel in my pocket I gave it to her, whereupon the other three children crowded around me.

"Run away, run away," said the father. "Don't you know it isn't polite to tease?"

They evidently did not know it, or ignored the fact if they did know it. A struggle here ensued for the possession of the caramel which the little girl had let fall on the floor.

"Children will be children," said the father, without attempting to quiet the disorder. The mother here entered the room and commanded the children to "be quiet," and in a few moments we went out to dinner.

I regret to write it, but not once did I hear the words "thank you," or "please," at the dinner table. The husband and wife addressed each other simply as "John" and "Mary."

"Pass the bread, John," the wife would say, while he would hand up his cup a second time saying:

"Another cup of coffee, Mary."

The children were sharply reprimanded several times and the eldest boy relapsed into a fit of sullenness because he could not have two pieces of rich cake.

A dozen times I seemed to hear the sweet and simple words of Peter: "Love us brethren, be pitiful, be courteous," and I wondered how the force of this gentle admonition had failed to impress itself on this man, and why he had failed to teach lessons of simple courtesy to his children, when love and kindness and courtesy are the most beautiful and graceful things—attributes of Christian character.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

RUDENESS TO WOMEN.

A friend was spending the day with me the other day, and while she was here our pastor called. After he left, the friend said: "Did you ever notice with what respect Mr. Conrad speaks of his wife, and how courteously he treats her at all times?" I nodded assent, and my friend went on:

"I suppose my husband is as good a man as ever lived, but his mother did not train him to be courteous to ladies. His sisters were his slaves, and thereby he is spoiled as a husband. I wish I could train several hundred boys to be husbands for the next generation. Do you suppose they'd consider it their prerogative to drive the girls out of the easiest chair, take the sunniest corner of the room, the best place by the light, throw books, papers, or slippers down for some one to put away, grow up with the idea that a wife must be a valot

and the rest of the household stand respectfully by to obey orders? You smile, but this is anything but a subject to laugh over.

"I really believe husbands never think how their unkind ways hurt. They don't realize the difference to us—for instance, in their manner when they come to dinner. All day the wife has been alone with the children, and servants, and is more hungry for a kind word from her husband than an epicurean feast. He comes in just as the dinner-bell rings. For a wonder dinner is once ready on time," the husband says. Couldn't he have saved the heart stab by saying:

"That's a pleasant sound to a hungry fellow," and what hinders him from adding, what would be the milk and honey to a weary soul all the rest of the day—may, all the rest of her life—"You are a good wife, Cornelia." And if dinner is not quite ready, why need he say, "Of course not; never is."

"When I think I have a hard time, I just think of the women who have no servants, but who themselves care for the children, wash, iron, cook, mend, churn, milk, carry wood and water, all for less than an Irish servant girl's wages. Of course men appreciate their wives, of course they do, but they keep their polite manners and courteous ways for—other men's wives. One time James thanked me for saving him room beside me at the concert, and then sort of apologized for being polite, by saying he thought it was my sister Mary."—Atlanta Constitution.

REMARKS AND RULES FOR GOOD BREAD.

With good flour, a good oven, and a good, sensible, interested cook, we can be pretty sure of good wholesome bread. Yeast bread is considered the standard bread, and is, perhaps, more generally found on every table than any other kind. Hence it is important to know how to make good, sweet, wholesome, yeast bread. Good flour is the first indispensable, then good, lively yeast, either yeast cakes or bottled, the former is preferable in all respects. Then, of course, there must be the proper materials to work with. A bread bowl or pan—the pan is easiest kept clean—a stone or earthen jar for setting the sponge; a sieve—flour should always be sifted before making bread of any kind; first, to be sure that it is perfectly clean, secondly, sifting evlins and aerates the flour, and makes both mixing and rising easier and quicker; a clean white cloth to cover the dough, and a woollen blanket to keep the dough of even temperature while rising; baking pans, deep and shallow; a large strong spoon for stirring, and a little melted suet or fresh butter for oiling the pans; never use poor butter. If you want shortening, rich milk or cream scalded and cooled will answer the purpose and be most wholesome. But thorough kneading is better still, and should always be done effectually. Scalding a portion of the flour makes a sweeter bread and speeds the work. Water, milk, or buttermilk may be poured boiling hot on a quart or two of the flour, stirring well, and cooling to a moderate temperature before adding the yeast—this makes the sponge. Scalded flour always makes a little darker bread, unless we use buttermilk, which makes a rich, creamy, white bread. Yeast is fermented flour or meal—the first stages of decomposition or decay. Understanding this, every baker will comprehend the necessity of regulating the extent of the fermentation with the greatest care, for a sponge or bread fermented or "raised" too long, is decomposing, spoiling, actually rotting! This is the language of an experienced English baker to us only a few days ago, during a talk about the delicate foamy loaves "yeasted to death," which so many families are eating and calling "the staff of life," quite discarding the firm, sweet, substantial, home-made loaf which our mothers and grandmothers kneaded with their own skilled hands. Bread-making should stand at the head of domestic accomplishments, since the health and happiness of the family depend incalculably upon good bread; and there comes a time in every true, thoughtful woman's experience when she is glad she can make nice, sweet loaves, free from soda, alum, and other injurious ingredients, or an earnest regret that she neglected or was so

unfortunate as not to have been taught at least what are the requisites of good bread-making.

YEAST.

Dry yeast or yeast cakes are more convenient and less liable to taste in the bread than baker's yeast. Two or three times a year there should be a fresh supply of yeast cakes prepared and carefully put in a dry place. Yeast cakes are manufactured and sold, some of which are very reliable. To make dry yeast, steep for half an hour a handful of fresh hops in a quart of boiling water. Sift two quarts of flour in an earthen or stone pan, and strain into the flour the boiling hop tea. Stir well and let it cool, when lukewarm add a cent's worth of baker's yeast or a cupful of good home-made yeast, and put in a tablespoonful of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of ginger, a tablespoonful of salt, mix thoroughly, and let it rise. It is best to prepare this sponge over night, and early in the morning it will be rounded up and light, and give you all day, which should be sunny and breezy, to dry and make the yeast cakes. Now mix into the sponge as much good corn meal as will make a stiff, firm dough, knead it well and make it into a long, round roll three or four inches in diameter. Cut it into slices half an inch thick, spread a clean cloth or clean paper on a board and lay the cakes on and put into a light, airy place to dry. Turn them several times during the day, and speed the drying as fast as possible, as the fermentation goes on while they remain moist. When dry put into a bag made of firm linen or cotton, tie close, and hang high and dry.—N. L. Holbrook, M.D.

LUCK WITH POULTRY.

There are several people in New Jersey who have what is called "great luck" with chickens. Two of them, both women, have such different ways of managing, and such similar results, that they are worth comparing. Both make their poultry pay them well, and have many eggs at the time when housekeepers and incubator owners will pay high prices. One is a capable little woman living on a small place. She raises fine Spangled Hamburgs and sells them at capital prices. All the food for her fowls must be bought, but she supplies every need. Two warm puddings and a meal of grain those chickens have every day, besides meat, oyster shells and cabbages. She always tests the hatching eggs, and such success has she in raising the young stock that she thinks it is her fault when a thoroughly hatched, strong, little chicken dies. The other is the wife of a farmer who from fifty hens gets great baskets of eggs every week all winter. Her thrifty, handsome flock is of all sizes and colors. She gives her fowls no warm food, no lime, no green food, and no meat except when the ground is covered with snow. They can always find all the whole corn they want in the barn. In the early morning she gives them oats and wheat, both whole, and warm water to drink. These two ways have points in common on examination. The first henwife must give to her hens what the others find for themselves. In their rich ploughed fields on the farm are lime, and insects, which, with their myriads of eggs, furnish animal food in plenty. Hay and corn stalks take the place of green food. Both flocks are kept in clean quarters, and with both there is careful breeding. Every feather is thought of importance in one, and in the other the owner breeds from the "best hens and the largest cocks." In these two cases "great luck" means wise feeding and thoughtful breeding.—American Agriculturist.

TEASING THE BABY.

"We all love papa, except baby. Baby doesn't care for poor papa at all!" "Yes, I do! Do I, papa!" says the tremulous little pipe, as if the charge were as new as terrible.

We always smiled at the quaint phraseology, and the prick of the accusation never failed to call forth the protest in the self-same terms. Looking back, now that the sensitive heart will never ache again nor the loyal lips cry out against unmerited slur, I can see what deadly earnest the trifling was to the child. Devotion to papa was part of her religion; doubt of it was sacrilege. The evidence of her passionate attachment was interesting to us, and flat-

tered the object. The instant flash of indignant denial diverted those to whom her trial by fire was no more than the explosion of a toy rocket.

The cruellest teasing is that which takes effect through the affections. Baby is all emotion; his heart throws out feelers through every sense. The truth that he loves and is beloved in return makes his world. Be careful, then, how you utilize moral antennae as the levers to accomplish ends of your own. Like unattached tendrils, they wither and drop off soon enough with the growth of the physical and mental man. While they are alive and sentient, treat them tenderly. Do not tell your child that he does not love you for the sake of hearing him deny the charge. Let him find other food than his preference for this or that playfellow; teach him that love is divine always and everywhere, and show how honestly you prize and reverence it.—Marion Harland, in Babyhood.

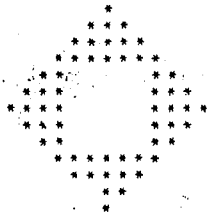
PUZZLES—NO. 11.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Under a palm was her dwelling-place, Up in a mountain, where face to face With Israel's God, in the solitude, Wisdom was given and strength renewed. And hither, from cities of many a name, God's chosen people for judgment came.

- 1. As the letters of fire on the wall decreed, Victory was won by this princely Mede.
2. For thy care of a prophet so cast away, Thy life shall be saved in the evil day.
3. On moved the star, and made no delay, Till it stood o'er the place where the young child lay.
4. O warrior of might, thy valorous sword Brought thee fair guerdon and sweet reward!
5. Oh peaceful Sharon, thy solitude glows With the face of this loveliest flower that blows
6. In him was found, by the Heavenly King, In that house of wickedness, "some good thing."
7. Out of the eater came forth meat, And out of the strong came forth this sweet.

PATCHWORK.



(Top, across.) 1. A consonant. 2. An epoch. 3. Trifling talk. 4. A kind of fish, and yet it is a boy's delight on Independence Day.

(Down.) 1. A consonant. 2. A river in Italy. 3. To mistake. 4. A snare. 5. A heathen goddess. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. A vowel.

(Bottom, across.) 1. A stopper for a cannon. 2. Certain periods of time. 3. A number. 4. A consonant.

(Down.) 1. A consonant. 2. An exclamation. 3. The cry of a cow. 4. A flat-bottomed boat. 5. Anger. 6. A bone. 7. A consonant.

(Left, across.) 1. A consonant. 2. The yellow or gold color represented on an escutcheon by small dots. 3. A South African antelope. 4. To cripple. 5. Suddenly. 6. An abbreviation for one of the points of the compass. 7. A consonant.

(Down.) 1. A consonant. 2. An opening. 3. A vegetable. 4. A musical instrument.

(Right, across.) 1. A vowel. 2. A note in music. 3. A feminine name. 4. A Roman garment. 5. A masculine name. 6. Upon. 7. A consonant.

(Down.) 1. A speech. 2. To decorate. 3. A Turkish commander, or chief officer. 4. A vowel.

ENIGMA.

I'm in wicked and in weak, I'm in silence and in speak, I'm in mercy and in hope, I'm in bishop and in pope, I'm in treachery and truth, I'm in handsome and uncouth, I'm in babyhood and youth, I'm in simple and in wise, I'm in stumble and in rise, I'm in early and in late, I'm in faithful and in fate, I'm in happy and in pure, I'm in doubtful and in sure, I'm in weariness and strength, I'm in height, in breadth and length.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 10.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CHARADE.—

- 1st couplet=ha! ha! 9th couplet=the.
2nd " =gear. 10th " =green.
3rd " =hair.
4th " =chance.
5th " =cheer. 1st=Jack
6th " =high. 2nd=in (inn)
7th " =Jack in the 3rd=the
Green. 4th=Green.

ANAGRAMS.—Arthur Wellesley Wellington; William H. Prescott; Jared Sparks; Richard Wagner; Richard Grant White; Victoria, Queen of England; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Julia Ward Howe.

RIDDLE.—The letter M. WHAT IS IT?—A secret.