

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TELLING THE STORY.

Little Blue-eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep;
Shall I sing to you, darling, or tell you
The story of little Bo-Peep?
Or the cows that got into the meadow,
Boy Blue, fast asleep in the hay?
If I'm to be storyteller,
What shall I tell you, pray?
"Tell me"—the blue eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow—
"Of the baby in the manger,
The little child, Christ, you know.
I like to hear that 'tory
The best of all you tell,"
And the little one nestled closer,
As the twilight shadows fell.

Then I told my darling over
The old, old tale again
Of the babe born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom he blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
That this child, with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour lessons,
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The old and beautiful story,
That now to him is dear.

—Eben E. Rexford, in *Youth's Companion*.

SUNDAY DINNERS.

A writer in *Woman's Work* writes as follows: "On the Sabbath the busy housewife should rest, expand her soul, and let the sweet hallowed influences of that holy day lift her mind above the every-day cares of life. She should receive that spiritual aid and comfort which will enable her to meet bravely the trials of another week.

"How much better to have our children remember that mother set apart that day for soul culture, for long, quiet talks with her little ones, impressing upon their young minds that it was a day of rest, but not idleness. In some respects it is a busy day for us, but how like a green oasis in the desert it is compared to six days of labor.

"I prepare our Sabbath dinner on Saturday, and if you will try my plan once you will scarcely care to go back to hot dinners. I bake a loaf of bread and a cake and prepare meat in some form—ham, beef, tongue or chicken. It is then I use my preserves, jellies, pickles and canned fruits. There are so many dainty desserts to be eaten cold, and with iced tea, milk or lemonade, an excellent dinner can be gotten up on short notice. I often stew a chicken on Saturday, seasoning with salt, pepper and butter, but omitting milk. When nearly done, take off and set in the cellar, covering it close. Sabbath, build a brisk fire of kindlings, put on chicken with milk, adding thickening, and let it boil up; or add drop-dumplings if liked; this makes a good relishable dish, and with but little trouble. Then cook a can of corn or tomatoes, and you have an excellent dinner."

CARE IN USING CANNED FOODS.

When a person who does not know how to use canned fruits, meats and vegetables gets "poisoned," he charges the fault upon the can or the soldering; he seems to be utterly unconscious, because, ignorant of his own fault in the case. In the use of canned foods certain precautions must be observed. The food must be turned out of the can, as soon as opened. Never on any account add vinegar, sauces, etc., to canned foods while they are in the tins, and if from forgetfulness it is done, never allow such mixtures to remain in the cans an hour or so. Canned foods are put up as fresh as possible and after they are opened will not keep as long as people generally think they will, with the exception of sardines, which may be kept several days.

A person should use the same common sense in eating canned fruits, vegetables and meats that is used in regard to food not canned, and that sense should be sound in either case. A proper use of the nose and eyes is enough to detect bad food whether canned or not, though some people are foolish enough to think that canning guarantees the keeping of food after the cans are opened as well as before.
—Selected.

THE CHRISTMAS ANTHRACITE.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and in his store,"
In sitting down and in rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silent in its fall!
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flower and weed,
Drooping below,
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,
For hungry people young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,
His faith in words he never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he,
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

—Anon.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

(Letter in the *Housekeeper*.)

DEAR FRIENDS,—Every day earnest advocates of temperance are entering the lecture field, and we hear some loud notes of remonstrance against the use of tobacco; while against the use of opium we seldom hear more than a few faint murmurs of disapprobation. One great reason is because its use can be carried on with such secrecy as to make it impossible to ascertain, with any degree of certainty, how many are addicted to it; and it is seldom that we meet with such an instance of charming simplicity and frankness as it was my lot to meet last winter. A country school teacher, ordinarily intelligent, we will suppose, was staying with us overnight. When I showed her to her room and expressed the hope that she would rest well, she replied that she did not expect to, as she taught school all night usually. I remarked that "all day ought to be enough," and laughingly inquired if she ever took anything for her nerves. This was her answer: "Yes, when I am at home my friends are in the habit of giving me morphine powders." I could say nothing more in the face of such charming candor, so I left her. Hers was probably not an extreme case, but she had made a beginning and already felt the lack of the drug when the usual hour for taking it arrived. Ah! It is the first steps that are so hard to retrace! And, alas, it is only the first steps that are possible to retrace.

Often the first introduction is given by the family doctor, one whom you have trusted, perhaps, for years. Surely, the victim thinks, it is all right if he says "take it whenever you feel the old pain coming on." And again, the patient often takes it, entirely unconscious of its name or nature until, before he is aware, it has become a necessity. Under the head of opium I would put all stimulants that partake of its nature, from the paragonic that the mother keeps in the house for baby's use (but who takes it herself until the bottle goes so often to the druggist's to be refilled that they begin to see and understand what it all means), up to the pure drug itself, one taste of which ought to be enough to last an ordinary life-time.

I shall never forget my first term at school. There was one small boy of about my own age who could not keep awake. He would go to sleep at the first unoccupied moment, and various were the methods adopted by the teacher to rouse him. She even resorted to sprinkling cold water on his face. I afterward learned that his stupidity was caused by his mother's giving

him large doses of soothing syrup when an infant, to quiet him in order that she might work! In this case, of course, the treatment not being continued, the boy outgrew the effects of it in a great degree; but the same inactivity of brain is noticeable in the slave to opium. The same listless indifference and deadening of the physical powers. This refers only to cases that have passed the boundary line from which there would seem to be no returning. The time to make a brave fight for freedom is before this point has been reached.

About a year ago I was an interested observer of a scene that fixed itself firmly in my memory, and relates particularly to this matter. A physician of the highest standing had been called some ten miles out into the country to visit a sick woman, and, after he had prescribed for the patient and was about to start out again, he complained of a severe neuralgic pain in the head, and said he believed he would take a little morphine, as it had relieved him immediately on former occasions. It was the uncommon spectacle of a doctor taking his own medicine, and I have wondered many times since whether he had conquered the habit, if habit it had become, or whether the habit had conquered him. I once knew a person long addicted to its use, who, on one occasion, found herself without means to obtain more of the precious drug. For two days she walked the floor, in an agony of mind and body, unable to concentrate her thoughts upon anything else. Anxious relatives did all in their power to relieve the physical suffering, but all to no purpose. At last the secret came out. A messenger was dispatched for opium, and peace and quiet reigned again. I was quite young at the time, but it made a profound impression on my mind, and I firmly resolved that I would never allow myself to be such a slave to appetite as that. What "reasonable reason" can there be for any sane person thus weaving about herself bonds which can not be broken, and which drag down the mind as well as the body to the lowest possible depths? Back of all effects we are to look for causes, and, indirectly bearing upon this subject, we find one great fault in the prevailing methods of rushing through life. Our work is done with a rush, our meals all eaten in a rush, and even our spare moments for pleasure, if indeed we have any are spent in rushing around, the only object seeming to be to crowd as much as is possible into a short space of time; and then back again to our work, not at all refreshed, but wearied in mind and body. Much better would it be, if only a short time can be spared, to spend it in bed where rest can be found, which is what the working woman needs much more than recreation. What matter if the world call it laziness? If the increased happiness of yourself and family is the direct result, you may snap your fingers at the world.

When women have learned to take things easy, and remember it is worry, not work, that kills, we shall have fewer cases of nervous prostration, nervous debility, etc., and there will be less need of anything in the character of a stimulant, especially among the weaker sex. And the advice holds good for the lords of creation as well. Take time for an outing occasionally. Never mind if you don't make your fortune this year or next. You will be the better prepared to enjoy it when it does come if you are not worn out with the effort put forth to gain it. With plenty of good, wholesome food and the requisite amount of rest, you ought to be able to get through any ordinary amount of work without the aid of stimulants. If you cannot, look closely for the cause and try to find some other remedy with less attendant dangers than stimulants in any form.

NELLIE SHERWOOD.

It is with sadness that we confess our belief that this dreadful habit is on the increase among women, and we hope our friends will sound their warning against this terrible evil far and wide; for not only the victims themselves suffer and make all around them bow their heads with shame and grief, but the innocent little children, the unborn babes, by the frowning law of heredity are sure to be injured in mind and body. You husbands, who permit your wives to overwork, take warning before it is too late; for it is tired, overworked, worn-out women who seek the fictitious strength of this terrible drug.

Tired women fly to it as men fly to the use of intoxicating liquors, and the habit, once formed, binds as strongly as the chains of the liquor habit. It first exhilarates and makes them "feel new," and then a larger dose produces a condition on the same plan as drunkenness. One is opium drunkenness, the other alcoholic drunkenness, that is all the difference. Women take to this form of intoxication more than to the liquor habit (though that numbers its victims by the thousands, too) because of the secrecy with which it can be carried on, in the early stages. No rank smelling breath betrays the mother; nobody suspects the disgraceful truth till she begins to "act queer," or till some emergency makes it impossible for her to get the drug. Then there is a state of affairs which can only be compared to delirium tremens. We know of just such a case. A tired out, hard-working farmer's wife became almost insane through the overtaxing of her vital forces. She became addicted to the use of the drug in the form of chloral, and after that there was no living with her if it was not in the house. Fortunately her children were nearly all grown up, and in a few years, death mercifully closed the scene. Naturally, she was a mild, pleasant industrious woman. What a cruel fate is this! And how can we help exclaiming against our present mode of life when there is not one woman in twenty who is not cruelly over-worked? What is the remedy?—*Editor Housekeeper*.

PUZZLES.—NO. 26.

CHRISTMAS ANAGRAM.

A harbinger blest is the theme of my song,
A message it sends all the ages along—
A message of pardon, of peace, and of love,
To children on earth from a father above.

Blessings come from thee, thou dweller afar,
Beauty and gladness thy followers are;
Hope for the hopeless, forgiveness for those
Who will the grace of acceptance disclose.

Now, in the season of feasting and joy,
Let us the pleasure of giving employ,
Sharing our blessings, our gifts, and our gladness
With lonely ones, drooping in sorrow and sadness.

Spirit of Christmas! abide with us yet,
Even should trouble our pathway beset.
There with the best helm of earth for our guide,
We will be blest whatever betide.

ROUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The calendar of years of war and peace.
2. A gift that oftentimes turns friends to foes.
3. To draw together with a sure decrease.
4. The poet's word for crowned heads' repose.
5. To punish where just punishment is due.
6. Where pictures numberless are daily made.
7. Though ever distant, ever still in view.
My whole midwinter brings—'tis no'er delayed.
In different ways, I pray you mark,
My meaning's twice conveyed.

HIDDEN HEATHEN DEITIES.

1. Such a chill, especially that which I had last night, I never felt before.
2. That hateful name has no mercy in it.
3. He rang the bell on a windy night.
4. They have no right to libel me in the paper.
5. She wrote anacreontic poetry.
6. I hear she has left for Indiana.
7. Her lover atoned for the wrong he had done her.
8. You will always find me where business requires me.
9. That hateful name should perish.
10. Is sit a verb neuter? Peter says it is.
11. I admire that promise in which he confides.
12. Such floral beauties charm the sight.
13. Has the famous Macgreggor gone South.
14. He became enamored with her beauty.
15. Said he, "Lena is the girl of my choice."
16. He romanced too much about her.
17. Little Anderson said they came to a tragic end.
18. I read Tupper's proverbial philosophy last week.
19. Such an inoffensive being should not have suffered as she did.
20. I often wonder at the strange assertions of the Greeks.
21. What you desire never can be had.
22. Let her go and enjoy herself.
23. She sang that song to oblivion us.
24. The miner values that nugget at a hundred dollars.
25. Is Palestine a pasture land?
26. Let us stop and rest.
27. The tyrants can't disperse us, they are not able.
28. So London is to be your future residence?
29. Will you wear that vest again?
30. That noxious weed grew in a marshy place.
31. Was it peppermint he gave her?
32. It was pleasant to hear him tell one story after another about his strange adventures.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 25.

ENIGMA.—New ark, Newark.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Heart-ear. 2. smile-mile. 3. ball-all. 4. lash-ash. 5. brow-row. 6. wink-link. 7. blink-link. 8. glance-lance. 9. stare-lare. 10. hair-air.

ENIGMA.—Search the Scripture.

A SPELLING LESSON.—TOBACCO.

PUZZLES HEARD FROM.

Correct answers have been sent by Mary. E. Sparrow, Percy Morrison, Hannah E. Greene.