

to be the greatest woman poet of her age. Jean was one of eleven children, and was from her earliest days a quiet, timid child; retiring always from the gay frolics of the children to sit in some sequestered spot and dream dreams. She was born a poet, and her early life was such that her fancy and imagination were aroused. Her natural ability was developed by careful culture, and thinking much and speaking little, her years passed away.

She was not at all a precocious child, but had a retentive memory and a calm, well-balanced mind, capable of deep thought and profound meditation.

Until 1863, her life was quiet and uneventful, even prosaic in its absolute peacefulness. She gazed upon the great church tower, she watched the ebb and flow of the tide, and ever in her ears the waves whispered thoughts to be afterward produced in forms that should move the world. She studied and thought, and finally gave the result of it all to the world in her first volume of poems.

This, her first publication, secured her instant recognition as a poet of high rank. It became popular at once, and Jean Ingelow found herself famous. The London papers gave flattering notices of her productions, and the sale of her works, both in this country and in England, was marvellous. In America alone her various poems have reached the unprecedented sale of over 100,000 copies, and her combined prose writings, comprising "Studies for Stories," "Stories Told to a Child," and "A Sister's Bye-House," over half that number.

Everything is interesting in the life of a talented woman, but Jean Ingelow still shrinks from notoriety, wishing, as she says herself, "to be known only as a name." She resides in London with her mother in a quiet street, where all the houses are gay with window boxes, full of flowers, and devotes a great part of her time to charitable work among the London poor.

Three times a week she gives what she calls a "Copyright Dinner" to the sick poor; those just out of the hospital and unable to work.

Concerning this work of hers she says: "We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. It is such comfort to see the good it does. I find one of the greatest pleasures of writing, that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women. I call this 'a copyright dinner.' We generally have six children as well as the grown-up people each time, and it is quite pleasant to see how the good food improves their health. We only have this dinner three times a week, and let each person dine six or nine times as it seems desirable."

Those who wish to become more intimately acquainted with the poet must find for themselves her image reflected in her words. The *Saturday Review*, of London, said of her early writings: "The most cynical readers will allow that Miss Ingelow is a very clever young lady with a great talent for writing verses. More enthusiastic critics may go so far as to assert that she is the 'coming woman' of the realms of rhyme."

How can I better close this little sketch than in the words of a writer who pays a beautiful tribute to the great talent and beautiful character of Jean Ingelow. He says: "It is her own loving heart which seeks to guide the clouded intellect to a comprehension of the right, and patiently labors to give amusement and instruction for the lonely hours which are brightened by no intellectual life. It is the deep sorrow of the heart over the loss of the brother who sleeps in his inland home beneath the Australian sward, which lends its power to the last of the Songs of Preludes. It is the sound of a woman singing her own joys and sorrows which speaks from the Songs of Seven. It is her wonderful ear and lyric facility, it is her eye for the beauty and significance of nature, which are seen in the first verses of her poems, and are skilfully interwoven through the whole. It is her tender pathos, her deep religious feeling, which pervades the whole structure of her poems, and which show the woman of large brain and deep heart, of wide sympathies and exquisite sensibilities."—*Beatrice Presswood, in The "Woman" Magazine.*

THE HOUSEHOLD

THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

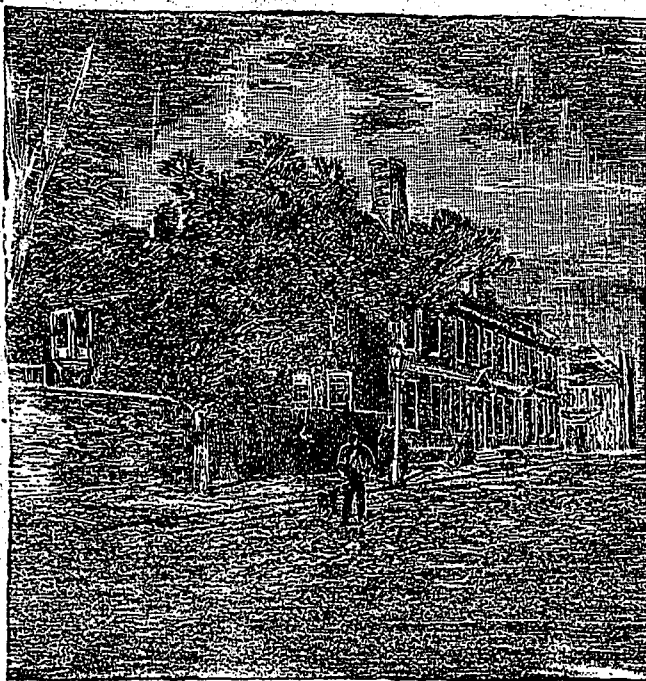
TEACHING THEM THE CARE OF CHAMBERS AND CLOTHING.

"Be sure and shut the closet doors before you stir the beds," was the charge our mother called after us when she heard the warped back stairs creaking under our loitering steps as we were sent to put in order the chambers of the wide old farmhouse that was our childhood's home. A full quarter of a century has swung past since then, and we now are trying to teach our own little girls the wise counsels we sometimes so unwillingly heard from our mother. If every housekeeper would insist that the occupants of her sleeping apartments,—children, help, boarders and visitors,—should air their beds and throw open windows each morning before leaving their room, unless beating storms made this impracticable, we should have less ailments of lung and liver and nerves in our midst. To breathe, night after night, unclean, vitiated air is enough to poison and disease the soundest lungs and undermine the strongest constitution created.

Children, unless weakened and undone by unwise corseting, love pure, bracing air, and we find it easy to teach them to toss back blankets and quilts after rising and to remember to throw open the windows of

swinging "right side out," on a closet hook or on a jagged headed nail in the chamber wall, caught at some point of the rich drapery when heedlessly flung hook-ward, a muddy gossamer brushing their clinging folds, and carefully laid plaits and delicate ruchings ruined with their deep creasings and gray siftings of dust and lint. Nowhere does slovenliness so quickly tell of itself as in the shabby wrinkles and crumpled folds and drapery of a lady's wardrobe. Our little girls and boys should early be taught habits of neatness and method, that they may not be left to form such undesirable traits of character. It is easier for a child of seven than one of seventeen to learn to take proper care of her clothing. Our little daughters of six and seven years can readily learn to keep their corner of mamma's closet in nicest order.

With careful and constant example and now and then a warm word of approval these little home makers of the next generation soon take healthy pride in keeping their dainty dresses and wraps neatly shaken out, turned on their linings and carefully hung or folded away from clinging lint and sifting dust. Give them pretty boxes for their prized, lace-trimmed aprons and dainty collars and bonnets; an elaborately embroidered shoe bag for the smart little button boots and leggings, and these little folks soon learn to delight in keeping their corner of mamma's wardrobe in neatest order.—*Good Housekeeping.*



HOME OF JEAN INGELOW.

their chamber; but it is not so easy for an adult, who has lived and slept in a heated atmosphere heavy with impurities till he shrinks and shivers in currents of fresh, breezy air waves, to adopt the rules or requests of the house.

When a housewife has a set of farm-hands or workpeople to board, to make sure of well-ventilated chambers it is generally necessary to go through the sleeping rooms each morning as soon as the help is out, airing beds and closets and opening windows.

But teach your girls to close all closet and chamber doors before commencing to make beds and to put rooms in order, else dust and lint will puff and settle over garments in closets and needlessly litter hallways and landings. Maybe half their wardrobe is not neatly hanging in smooth, well-shaken folds on their hooks, but is lying in tumbled heaps on the closet floor, crushed under shelves along with blacking brushes and lather lipped shaving mugs, or scattered about the chamber, rumpled, dusty, creased, hopelessly injured with their slovenly care.

And other wardrobes than those of the men folks quickly grow shabby because of shiftless care taking. We have seen dainty suits, the work of painstaking loving mother hands, grimed with dust and crumpled with wear and their last toss and flop on to chair back or foot-board, their pretty ruffles and plaits spoiled with careless crushing. We have seen elegant wraps and velvet and lace-trimmed garments

SAVE YOUR FEET.

We should make it our aim to lighten our daily toil in every way possible—doing all things well. All the work possible should be done in a sitting posture. Save your feet. The high stool cannot be praised or recommended too highly for this purpose. I have the pleasure of being the possessor of one, a present from my husband. Furniture and cooking utensils should be light but strong. Chairs with perforated seats are an improvement on the solid ones, and granite iron ware ahead of all other ware. Make the best of everything, and be happy while you may.—*Household.*

RECIPES

RICE GEMS.—One cup of boiled rice, one egg, one cup of milk, one cup of flour and a little salt. Bake in hot gem pans well buttered.

OMLET.—Take three eggs and beat the yolks lightly, add three tablespoonfuls of milk to each egg, a little salt and pepper. Bake in a hot, buttered pan; when done, beat the whites to a stiff froth and spread over the omlet, and brown in the oven.

BAKED POTATOES.—Cut a pint of cold potatoes into dice, put them in a pudding-dish with a little salt and pepper, one tablespoon of butter and one egg, with teaspoonful of flour beaten in. Cover with fresh milk, and bake until brown and stiff like cottage pudding.

WAFFLES.—Four eggs beaten separately, one pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder and a little salt. Beat the yolks and one tablespoon of melted butter with one and a half cups of milk, then add the flour, and lastly the whites. Bake on well greased waffle-irons.

SODA CAKE.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of currants, one-fourth pound of raisins, one-fourth pound of butter, six ounces sugar,

two ounces orange peel, two ounces almonds, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, flavor with essence of lemon; add milk enough to make cake rather stiff, and put in one-half a nutmeg.

MARBLE CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, three spoonfuls of butter, half a cup of cold water, two eggs, two cups of flour and two spoonfuls of baking powder; divide the mixture, and put half a cup of grated chocolate into one half of it. Put some of the plain into the mould first, then the chocolate, and so on until it is all used. Steam one hour. To be eaten with fruit sauce.

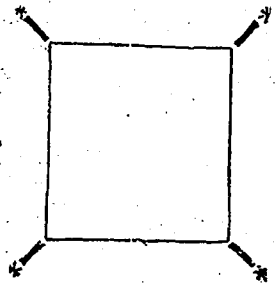
HOMINY CAKES.—Two tablespoonfuls of fine hominy, half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of butter, and half a cup of boiling water. Set this on the back of stove until the hominy absorbs the water. Pour one cup of boiling milk on one cup of corn-meal, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the hominy. When cool, add two eggs and one heaping teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in hot buttered gem pans twenty minutes.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE.—One quarter pound of butter; rub with it two teaspoonfuls of flour. When well mixed put into a saucepan with one-half pint of water; cover it and set the saucepan into a larger one of boiling water. Shake it constantly till completely melted and beginning to boil. Season with salt and pepper. A sliced boiled egg may be added at pleasure, and is nice when served with fish.

YELLOW CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—These are the ingredients needed for a dozen and a half of muffins: A generous half pint of yellow granulated corn meal, three gills of sifted flour, a scant pint of milk; two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and two eggs. Mix all the dry ingredients and rub through a sieve and into a bowl. Melt the butter in a hot cup. Beat the eggs till light. Add the milk to them and turn this mixture into the bowl containing the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter, and beat quickly and vigorously. Pour into buttered muffin pans and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Should a larger proportion of meal be liked, half a pint of flour and three gills of meal may be used.

PUZZLES.—NO. 1.

THE SQUARE FIELD.



There was once a square field with a tree at each corner as shown in the diagram. The man who owned the field wanted to make it as large again; but he wished it still to be square, and the trees to be on the outside. At last he contrived to add the quantity of land required, and still preserved its square shape, and his trees on the outside, without moving them. How did he do it?

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. I had one million units.
2. Put that big pan there.
3. Is Isaac at the mill?
4. William are you hungry?
5. He dug oats out of the barrel.
6. We went as soon as possible.
7. The monk eyed him sharply.
8. I see that he is naked.
9. Place those boards for me.
10. I saw on the hill a mad dog.
11. It is hotter than usual.
12. What is that man drilling?
13. I came late yesterday.
14. I gave the mocha moisture.
15. Ahab is on his throne.
16. The breeze brawled all night.
17. He speaks bad German.

ROBERT A. VIRTUE.

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

All mortal men that live must surely die,
But how, or when, is hid from human eye;
Consider then thy few uncertain days,
Delay no longer to amend thy ways;
Engage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,
For all his ways the ways of comfort prove;
Grant to thyself no time for vain delight,
Hate all that's wrong and love to do what's right.

In all thou ever dost act in God's fear;
Keep thoughts of death and judgment ever near;

Learn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin;
Mind what reproves or justifies within;
No net is good which doth disturb thy peace,
Or can be bad that makes true joy increase.
Prevent the loss of time; be timely wise;
Quench not the spirit, all his teaching prize,
Rely alone upon that power that can
Subdue the pride and haughty looks of man.
This heavenly power is that which sanctifies
Unto the Lord the heart that's truly wise.
Wait for it, then; in it such wisdom is,
Xenophon's wisdom folly was to this;
Yea this, if 'tis obeyed, will give the youth
Zeal for the Lord, and lead unto all truth.

CHARLES ARTHUR MACK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 26.

CHRISTMAS ANAGRAM.—Star of Bethlehem.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC—

J U L I A N
A D V I C E
N A R R O W
U N E A S Y
A V E N G E
R E T I N A
Y O N D E R

- HIDDEN HEATHEN DEITIES.**—1. Achilles. 2. Ato. 3. Bellona. 4. Belus. 5. Anacreon. 6. Diana. 7. Erato. 8. Erabus. 9. Eris. 10. Entorpe. 11. Fides. 12. Flora. 13. Gorgons. 14. Hebe. 15. Helena. 16. Hero. 17. Leander. 18. Hylas. 19. Ino. 20. Io. 21. Irene. 22. Tithis. 23. Venus. 24. Minerva. 25. Pales. 26. Pan. 27. Perseus. 28. Solon. 29. Vesta. 30. Mars. 31. Mintho. 32. Nestor.