

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A YOUTHFUL COOK'S SOLILOQUY.

When sister Sue was married,
Not quite three years ago,
She couldn't make a single thing,
Nor boil, nor bake, nor stew.

She looked like any angel,
In her pretty wedding dress;
And Fred looked gay and happy,
And felt so too, I guess.

But when they went to keeping house,
And Bridget ran away,
She couldn't get a breakfast,
And Fred looked glum all day.

Their pretty home with gloom was filled,
She cried till her nose was red,
And all the things she tried to cook
Were fit for pigs, she said.

So things went on from bad to worse,
Till Charity Jones came in
And stayed and showed her day by day
How and where to begin.

And all Fred's smiles came quickly back,
And all his pleasant ways;
And Sue can cook like mother now,
Whether Bridget goes or stays.

But one thing sure I'll settle at once—
I will never risk such a chance:
I'll learn to bake, and broil, and stew,
And everything else in advance.

I'll make some cookies this very day,
And a merry tune I'll hum:
And if Jimmie don't flatter the others girls
May be I'll give him some.

—Selected.

INDOOR AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

The woodbox will afford one if it is full of sticks, split and round, of different kinds of wood. Let the little folks take out the sticks, one by one, and bring them to you to name. Oilnut, oak, maple, birch, beach, elm, hemlock, and ash wood may be in that pile in the box, and even the little six-year-old can easily be taught to detect and correctly name some of the varieties. The smooth, mottled bark of the beach, the ragged shreds of the yellow and grey birch, and the color and crystal beads of pitch gum of the pine and hemlock when in round sticks. Sections of limbs are sure guides of their kind, and easy to name, but not so always when the wood is in split sticks, without a telltale half-inch of bark surface.

Perhaps you cannot tell a chip of maple wood from one of elm or beach. If so, you can study the contents of the wood-box and chip basket with your children. Tell them elm wood and sound rock maple and oak wood, whether in split or round sticks, seldom snap when burning, and are comparatively safe for night fires in open, deep fireplaces. Tell them if they want to burn big holes in mamma's carpet and rugs to lay butternut and poplar and soft-wood pine, cedar or hemlock on the open fire and then let the sticks pop live coals right and left, as well as straight ahead from the grate.

Tell them an old nurse, many years ago, burned a house and several poor people in it one night because she could not tell one kind of wood from another. She rolled a great back-log of butternut wood on to the andirons of the big fireplace one evening for a night fire to keep warm a little new baby and its mother, believing the log was of elm wood, and when they were all asleep a live coal snapped out and burned and smouldered away in the floor till it blazed into fierce, lapping flames that roared and rushed so terribly swift, all the people up stairs were burned in their beds.

I once saw a woman camp down one night, on a thick cotton comfortable spread before an open grate, while watching with a sick child. She knew so little about wood she thought one kind was as safe as another, and did not think the poplar sticks she had just laid on the fire would snap and throw coals, but they did, and if the child had not roused with the dense smudge of burning cotton, no doubt the smouldering puff would soon have blazed and done terrible mischief.

I know a little boy who has a boxful of sections of different woods. He is always on the lookout for a new specimen and has a bit of every kind of tree or shrub he can find in his father's fields and woods. When visitors come, he delights in showing them his collection of woods, and in having them

puzzle over the pretty cubes and cylinders of wood, and if they mistake a kind he is quick to know it.

This indoor study of chips and wood brought in to replenish winter fires will amuse the children when time hangs heavy, and by close notice of bark and fibre and grain and smell and color and silvering of wood they will soon learn to detect the common kinds from each other, and, perhaps, wake to such an interest in the study, that when summer time again comes, they will commence a collection of native woods, and the green, growing trees and shrubs will bear to them new, keen interest.

Some day, when the drifting, packing snow banks the window ledges, and the children are shut indoors, restless and miserable with nothing that interests to occupy their thoughts and hands, and every nerve in your much enduring frame seems ready to unstring with the noise of whining, fretful, clamoring little voices, bring in from the shed—where you stored it last fall for just such an occasion—the long, round-bottomed little trough that wind or a leaky knot-hole has disabled from present use as a gutter under the eaves of the barn roof. The slender spout reaches nearly across the room. You elevate both ends, one much higher than the other, to give a steep slant to the trough. Then you start your eager, watching little folks on the new, delightful task of rolling balls, marbles, beans and buttons, and shooting boots, books, toys, anything that they can lawfully seize upon to roll and shoot and slide and trundle down the long sluice-way of the old gutter spout.

Great fun they think it to hear the rattling beans or sliding shuttle of some big rubber boot go clattering and thumping and bumping into the basket or pail placed under the nose of the spout to catch all such down-coming freight, and then to clear the pail and scamper again to the head of the gangway to take turns in starting off another cargo of mixed merchandise.

You can count on uninterrupted hours, perhaps till bed time, for nothing amuses the children so completely as "something that will go," and go it will, the rolling, shooting freight they start on the down grade track of the old eaves-gutter.

A bag of dried pumpkin seeds holds resources of solid enjoyment for the little people who are experts in stringing buttons and beads, and can count. The fore-handed, good man of our house and fields always dries and stores away many more such seeds than he possibly can use in planting time, and he knows it, so he makes no complaint when the children have a saucer of pumpkin seeds about, of which they are making mats and baskets. The oddest table mat I ever saw was made of a circle of paste board covered and bound with stout, bright flannel, and on the flannel were sewed scores, yes, hundreds of small, white, earthen buttons arranged in circles about the outer edge of the cardboard, and within in wild confusion. Next in oddness is one of pumpkin seeds, and children in the home, of both first and second childhood, enjoy making both mats.

To make a mat of pumpkin seeds, string at their points, on stout linen thread, nineteen seeds resting on their sides; draw snugly into a circle and fasten and break thread. Between each of these nineteen bases, string the points of two seeds. Again draw into a circle, and tie thread. Between each of these nineteen pairs of bases string at their points three seeds; draw close and secure thread as before.

So far, mat and basket of pumpkin seeds are made alike. If the work is for a mat, continue increasing one seed to those strung at their points and placed between the bases of each succeeding circle. If you find the mat is ruffling, getting fulness too fast, omit increasing the number of seeds strung at points for a row or more, to insure a smooth, flat mat. Finish outer row with a stout thread run through bases of pumpkin seeds, and then wind the edge with a bright ribbon passed over and between the groups of seeds.

A pumpkin seed basket is made by continuing stringing seeds in triplets between bases of each preceding row till three rows are made besides the row of double seeds placed between the bases of the nineteen seeds of the first circle. This forms a flat base for basket with rounded sides.

A pretty bail is made by stringing on two wires, face to face, thirty-eight seeds;

wires to run through bases and points, alternately, till a flat web is made the width of a pumpkin's seed length. Fasten ends of bail wires to opposite edges of basket and then wind between each pair of seeds on edges of handle—the windings not to come opposite—with narrow ribbon. Finish the basket with pretty ribbon knots placed over the points where the handle is fastened to the basket.

In that bright, glad time of "when I was a little child," we built ingenious houses and laid out famous grounds with acorn cups and saucers, from which I think we derived more pleasure than children nowadays can from their patented, smartly painted building blocks. Acorn cups standing on their bases was our building material; the soft, warm hearth rug before the dining-room's open fire, as near as possible to mother's rocker, was our field of quiet enjoyment.

We grouped the acorns in a big square for the outer walls of the ground floor of our house, then filled in partition walls, leaving loop-holes for doors to our double parlors and cosy kitchen and bedrooms, with narrow walls between two long acorn rows for halls and corridors. Similar long, winding lanes led to our capacious barns and outbuildings, with cunning gateways opening into farm yards and outer fields. They were made of little cedar posts that would stand upright on their smoothly whittled bases, with lengths of tough rye straw for bars that needed continual letting down and putting up that the cattle might pass.

Watering troughs we had along every driveway and fence and wall. Flat-bottomed acorn saucers they were, filled with water. And our cattle? Well, they were queer little blocks of cedar, with rounded heads and rumps, and four fat legs that were as uneven as the stanchions of broken-headed darning needles stuck in the floor, to which our cattle were tethered by means of a cotton thread looped round their chunky necks.

We then thought that it was the happy game, the cosy fire, the warm, bright sunshine flecking the carpet that made the room so sunny and pleasant and our play and life so rich with happiness, but we know now, after all these long years, that it was mother's presence, our nearness to her, and our safe trust in her for everything that made our child life so full of comfort and sunshine.—Clarissa Potter in *Good Housekeeping*.

A GOOD IDEA.

It is stated that the highest marriage rate for women is among trained nurses. The *Canada Health Journal* commenting on this fact expresses the opinion that trained cooks would take the precedent if institutions similar to the schools for training nurses could be established in which should be taught with corresponding thoroughness the science of preparing food in an attractive, healthful, and economical manner. At present the culinary affairs are left almost entirely in the hands of ignorant, wasteful servants, and the results are deplorable from every point of view, emphatically so from the standpoint of health.

Undoubtedly this suggestion will sooner or later be carried into effect, thus establishing another profitable and desirable profession for women. The popularity of cooking classes has opened the way for something more substantial to follow,—a regular institute where thorough knowledge can be had of the art as applied to health.

Imagine what it would mean to many a woman the care of whose servants is now wearing her out, if she could secure a competent, intelligent person trained to it as an honorable profession, who would relieve her mind of this weary burden and know how to furnish the table with wholesome, appetizing food. Once established such schools would prove as indispensable as are the training schools of nurses at the present time, and for the very excellent reason given by the exchange referred to:

"Were good, wholesome cookery universally practised there would soon be an enormous reduction in the sickness rate, with a vast increase in comfort and pleasure. We do not mean schools for teaching the preparation of fancy compound dishes, but plain, nutritious food. Not only is the bad cookery now common a

prolific cause of disease, but it is most destructive and wasteful of the nutritious properties of food.

"In England there are a number of training schools of cookery. At South Kensington, London, there is one which has a world-wide reputation. It was the outgrowth of the London International Exhibition of 1873, a division of the exhibition having been devoted to food and its preparations. Ladies, young and old, many of whom are representatives of nobility, meet there not only to study, but to learn by actual practice the preparation of soups, meats, and dishes of all sorts, which shall render appetizing and healthful the future dinners of the people, rich and poor."—*Lancet of Life*.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

RECIPES.

LEMON SAUCE.—Six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, beaten until smooth.

SARDINES.—Open the box carefully with a can opener, remove the lid and set the box on a china plate, providing a silver fork to serve them with.

TO PUT UP EGGS in the simplest and most practical way it is only necessary to beat them thoroughly to dislodge any concealed moth worms, and examine them carefully for deposits of eggs. Then wrap them in tissue paper, afterward in newspaper and then tie the various parcels up in a bag made of thick muslin or linen.

PUZZLES NO. 18.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A weapon David wielded in the fight
With skillful ease?
What blows away, it is so small and light,
Before the breeze?
What creature scorns the horse, and wins the race
Across the sand?
What did the lordly king of Egypt place
On Joseph's hand?
That which the Saviour bade a weary crew
Let down once more?
A most tempestuous wind that rose, and blew
A ship ashore?
What blessing waited for a prophet's call
In Ahab's days?
It was withheld to punish him for all
His wicked ways?

Initials tell who must be driven forth,
If strife would cease;
Contention dwells with him, and pride and wrath,
But never peace.

RYHMED WORD-SQUARE.

1. Vessels of any sort under the sun.
2. To snatch away, or a kind of gun.
3. Later in time, or behind in place;
The name of a song of sweetness and grace.
4. Troublesome insects, agile and fleet.
5. Concise and elegant, polished and neat.

BURIED CITIES.

(Three in each sentence.)

1. Last Monday, Tony and Isaac were over in Macon cording up some goods when Tony got a bang or a blow from one of the workmen.
2. Tell Carlos we got in Bert Royal's wagon through a prolific, level, and well cultivated piece of land.
3. The nomad is on the hill, and he told Tom a happy life is that of a wanderer and is a congenial one to him.
4. Esau burns the brush, Nebo stones cats, while Lew is to nail down the carpet.
5. The pncal Al saw in Peru he has talked so much about I can almost see, myself, from earnest listening.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

A Highland clan, a Scottish king,
A tale fictitious you may find,
Within a town whose name doth bring
A famous violin to mind.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Abraham and Rebekah.—Gen. xii. 4, 5; xxiv. 67.

A biatha R	1 Sam. xxii. 22, 23.
B ernic E	Acts xxv. 23.
R uba B	Joshua ii. 16-21.
A bilen E	Luke iii. 1-4.
H abbaku K	Hab. iii. 17, 18.
A si A	Acts xvi. 6-10.
M anasse II	{ 2 Chron. xxxiii. 9; 2 Kings xxi. 11, 12.

SCRIPTURE QUESTION.—See Num. xxxvi.—ii.
CHARADE.—Sail-or.
RIDDLE.—S.