

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ORDERING THE HOME.

"My dear," said Charlie to his wife, as they sat in their cosy parlor one evening soon after they had taken possession of their new home, "you are to keep house, of course, now that you have a house to keep, but I don't want you to be a mere house-keeper."

It was one of those domestic conferences which the parties, when newly married, find so delightful, and which for many do not lose their flavor through long years of wedded life. The room was not expensively furnished, but it was bright and cheerful and pretty. But to Charlie's eyes, naturally enough, the chief ornament was the sweet little lady with a bit of embroidery in her hands so that she might be employed while he read aloud. But he had not begun to read yet, for he had something on his mind which he wanted to say.

"You speak like a sage, Charlie," was his wife's answer; "but, as with other sages, your utterance is not as clear as such an ordinary comprehension as mine as you might wish. Aren't you making a distinction without a difference? How can I keep house without being a housekeeper?"

"Well, my sovereign, let your humble servant proceed to enlighten you," said Charlie. "One keeps house when she sees that the wheels of the domestic machinery roll smoothly. She controls their action so that they produce the result of a cheerful and happy home. She has system and order in her management, and the end is peace. She makes a home, and the most joyful hour of the day to her husband is when he enters it at nightfall as a harbor of refuge from the turmoil of business."

"Very pretty, profound sir," said the little wife, who was a bit of a tease, only too tender-hearted and sweet to carry any teasing to the point of wounding any one; "very pretty; but how does this wonderful woman differ at all from a housekeeper, and why are not the ends attained by a housekeeper just as good?"

"Because, madam, they are just as different as can be," the young husband replied. "The woman who keeps house makes it a means, not an end. The mere housekeeper makes it an end, not a means. Do you see?"

"Perhaps I will when you explain a little more," said Nellie, roguishly.

"Well, let me make the matter personal, as Dominie Sparks used to say," continued her husband. "You have been doing very well at keeping house since we set up our establishment—"

"I am profoundly glad to receive your commendation," interjected Mistress Nellie.

"Don't interrupt me," said the husband with mock dignity. "It would have been strange if, under the circumstances, you had not at least done tolerably well—there now! But seriously, Nellie, what I mean is that while you have had the house in order and everything as it should be, you have not been absorbed in your domestic matters so as not to care for other things. And what I want you to guard against is the danger of taking the opposite course and of thinking that everything you have to do is wrapped up in keeping your house in order. Some women are absorbed in mere household routine. They never appear to have a thought above carpets and curtains, raiment and meals. Their house exists, not as the place where a home is to be established, but as a structure containing so many rooms that are to be decorated and furnished and then kept immaculate. Their life is spent in a round of petty cares, and they never take a view of a wider horizon than that which is limited to their household. They are domestic machines, that is all; mere housekeepers, and nothing more."

"How did you find out so much about them, most respected sir?" queried the young wife. "You talk like one of large experience."

"For one way, by keeping my eyes and ears open," was the answer. "I have seen more than one home that was really ruined as a home just because the mistress was so bent on housekeeping. The furniture seemed to exist for the sake of being taken care of. One must walk in perpetual care lest something be disarranged. The house-mistress is perpetually careful and troubled about many things, and can never get her mind off from servants and sweetmeats, children and clothes, larder and mending-

bag long enough to really think about anything else. She narrows till she ceases to be an intellectual companion for her husband, and then woe to them!"

"A sad picture, indeed, Charlie," said the wife. "I will try, while I take care of your house, not to degenerate into merely your housekeeper. But, lest I may, suppose you read to me as you intended when we sat down. I want to 'keep my mind agoing,' as old Aunt Betsey used to say. But really, Charlie, you have given me an idea that I am not sure I had thought of in just that way before. I am really obliged to you, dear."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TEACH THE BABIES.

In studying the cases of young criminals, it happens with appalling frequency that the beginning of the criminal career may be traced directly to an improper family training—or to the lack of any training. Young criminals coming from the so-called better classes, show that in many families the spirit of obedience to parental authority is entirely wanting, that the boy is father to the man, in a new sense; and the fond father yields to the son's wishes and whims in a way that is perfectly sure to blunt all regard for parental law. I once heard Warden Brush, of Sing-Sing, say: "I never hear a son refuse to obey, but that I say in my heart, the son is on the way to State prison." If I were asked by a father to say what principle before all others he should teach his son, to save him from a criminal life, I should say, teach him obedience. Dwell upon it as the fundamental principle of law and order—human and divine—unquestioning, instant obedience. But, says many a parent: "I have taught obedience always. I have punished my boy often and often for disobedience, and yet he has gone wrong." Let us see, dear disappointed mother and father, if you have taught the spirit of obedience in your family, or whether you have merely taught the letter of its law. How about the babyhood of that boy? There were books and other pretty things upon the parlor table. Mamma said: "No, no; baby mustn't touch them," if baby did touch them, there was no swift-following punishment, certain and sure enough to quicken the memory. There is no law without its penalty, no law in nature, no law upon our statute books—it is a law of law, that penalty follows disobedience. But in our families we every day see mothers and fathers teaching falsely as to this supreme truth. We see punishments promised and not inflicted; and a parent who does such a thing as that, not only weakens the child's regard for law, but writes himself or herself down as a liar in the heart of the child.

It often happens that parents, who have nipped every bud of obedience in the youth of their children, wonder, with groans of agony and tears of shame, why their children have gone astray. It often happens that boys go to prison and to our reformatories, when it should have been the fond and indulgent parents that were made to suffer the penalty of the law; since by their acts they taught their boys that disobedience was a trivial thing, while perhaps they harassed their children to distraction by teaching them the precepts of the law. Men commit crime because they won't obey law, and because they have no faith in the certainty of punishment. These things become part of the moral nature, when they are children, and often enough through the teaching, or lack of teaching, in Christian families. *W. F. M. Round.*

HOMELY HINTS.

Women dread nothing worse than the monotony of washing dishes three times a day, and it is singular that it never has occurred to any one that nothing in the moral law or the constitution of the universe compels washing them oftener than once a day, with a well stocked china closet. Do not lift up hands of horror or doubting, for I tell you this is not only practicable, but practised a long time in some families. Being rather a busy woman, with a good deal of study and gardening to find time for, beside my house-work, I had had to contrive how to do the most with the least effort, and while I do give seven strokes of the broom to every foot of carpet in the weekly sweeping, and thirteen where it is most used, and wipe the tops of window casings and baseboards with a kerosene cloth every time, I don't find it necessary to wash dishes oftener than once a day, nor always that. After

each meal the knives and silver are washed in a quart pail of warm suds, and wiped, which is a minute's work, then the dishes neatly scraped and piled in a tub of cold water with a little potash in it, the cups have all grounds rinsed out, and are snugly piled with the rest. All stoneware is filled with water as soon as the contents are taken up and it is brief work to wash them with a chain-cloth, fastened to the wooden handle of an old dishmop, rinse and set to drain in the sun. Pans are washed and whisked through clean water, and set to drain. I never take time to wipe such things when the sun will do it so much better. Outside the window is a broad bracket shelf five feet long, which serves handy uses for cooling baked food and sunning ware. It does not take ten minutes to clear table and wash everything that needs it. The next meal, dishes are added to those in soak, the table and pantry is neat, sweeping and dusting done, and the only thing out of the way in the whole economy is that inoffensive tub of china. Next morning, with a fresh pan of warm suds and white mop, the dishes for perhaps four meals are washed, rinsed and put to drain on the out door shelf in five minutes. When the sweeping is done, they are dry, and are put away. The finest porcelain is dried in this way to suit the most fastidious senses.—*The Congregationalist.*

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Never put any greasy substance into jars which are to be used for preserves. Jars in which fat is kept should be used for no other purpose.

Honey is now being extensively used in place of sugar in curing hams. It is claimed to give a better and sweeter flavor to meat, and it is believed that honey-cured hams will some day take the place of "sugar-cured."

To revive carpets by sweeping, strew fresh-cut grass over the carpet and let it remain a few minutes before sweeping, which should be done with a tolerably stiff broom. Fresh grass prevents dust from arising, and imparts to the carpet a bright and fresh appearance.

To renew stale bread, spread a good-sized cloth at the steamer and lay in any dry biscuit or slices of light bread you may have. Cover closely with the cloth, which will absorb superfluous moisture, and steam ten or fifteen minutes. The bread will be almost as fresh as when new.

If the necessity of cutting hot bread be imperative, the moist unpleasantness may be avoided by using a warm knife for the purpose. The heating of the steel prevents chill, which causes the sodden look so well known to those who have been compelled to cut the warm loaf. A doiley should be laid upon the plate upon which the slices are placed.

Iron or steel immersed for a few minutes in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda will not rust for years, even when exposed to a damp atmosphere. To preserve polished iron-work from rust, mix some copal varnish with as much olive oil as will make it greasy, to which add nearly as much spirits of turpentine, and apply. To clean rust off iron or brass (when the latter is not gilt or lacquered), mix tripoli with half its quantity of sulphur and lay it on with a piece of leather, or emery and oil will answer the same purpose. If steel be rusty, oil it and let it remain two or three days, then wipe it dry with clean rags and polish with flour-emery, pumice-stone, powdered or un-slacked lime.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

RECIPES.

COOKED CELERY.—Cut the celery into small pieces and boil it until soft. The patient should drink the water in which it is cooked. Serve the celery hot on toast. It is said to be a specific for rheumatism.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Select flank or rump steak for this dish. Cut the meat in two-inch pieces about an inch wide; season them with salt, white pepper, and minced parsley, dredge with flour. Wash, peel, and cut in long, thin pieces half the quantity of potatoes. Line a baking-dish with paste; add one long, thin strip of bacon, then the steak alternated with layers of the potato; add gravy or broth enough to keep the contents moist; cover with a top crust, brush a little egg over it, and bake until quite brown on top.

FRIED CHICKEN, CREAM SAUCE.—Select a spring chicken, clean it nicely, and divide it into four pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a frying-pan, and when hot add the chicken, which should have been seasoned with salt and pepper, and roll in or rather dredge with flour. Fry the chicken to a golden brown; arrange the pieces neatly on a dish, pour the following sauce round

them, and serve; dissolve a tablespoonful of flour in a gill of cold milk, and add to it half a pint of lukewarm milk. Slightly melt an ounce of butter; add a little salt and pepper; whisk the milk into the butter, and when thick serve with the chicken.

MINCED TURKEY WITH POACHED EGGS.—A very appetizing dish is made of cold boiled or roast turkey. Trim off all skin and most of the fat, especially that on the back; pick out the little tid-bits in the recesses. Cut off all that will not look neat when sliced cold. Season with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful or two of minced celery, chop up the meat, put it in a pan with a little butter or turkey fat to prevent burning, and just a suspicion of onion. Moisten with a little broth made from the turkey bones. Poach one or two eggs for each person; arrange the minced meat neatly on slices of buttered toast, place the egg on top and serve. The above mode of preparing a breakfast-dish is not only economical, but produces one of the most delightful dishes that can be made. Almost any kind of boiled or roast meats and poultry or game can be utilized in this way.

BROILED SHAD.—There is no article of food that is so easily and completely ruined by ignorance on the part of the cook as fish. A male shad is always superior. If you are fond of the roes buy them separately. The first essential is that the fish should be fresh; if the eyes are clear, the gills red, and the fins stiff, you are safe in purchasing. Use a double gridiron, heat it, and rub the bars with a bit of suet before laying on the fish. Broil them ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size. If you turn the fish frequently it need not be scorched in the least. It is done when the bone will lift readily from the flesh. Of course a shad must be split down the back for broiling. Fry the melt and mash it with a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful each of lemon-juice and chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Raise the bone of the thick half of the fish, and spread half of the sauce over the fish, replacing the bone; spread the remaining sauce over the thinner half and place in the oven for a moment. Asparagus, in season, is always the proper accompaniment of shad.

SPICED RHUBARB.—Some one asks for my recipe for spiced rhubarb, and now that it is in season others who are fond of spiced relishes, may wish to prepare some to serve with meats during the early summer months when it is not always possible to procure fruits, etc. Peel and slice the rhubarb, and weigh it. Put it in porcelain kettle, and place where it will heat very gradually, until the juice flows freely. No water should be added. Then bring forward on the stove and boil gently for half an hour. Dip out about half the juice in a dish (not tin) which should be kept warm. Now add to the cooked fruit one half pound of sugar for each pound of rhubarb used, and also to each pound allow one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir well and if you like it stronger add more spice, but this amount makes it sufficiently spicy for most tastes. Should it be too thick, reduce with a little of the warm juice, the mixture should not be quite so thick as jam. Simmer for ten minutes and pour into glass fruit jars. Screw on the tops closely, and when cool wrap each jar in thick paper and keep in a cool, dry place.—*Household.*

PUZZLES.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in simple, but not in neat;
My second in beauty, but not in sweet;
My third is in May, but not in Lillie;
My fourth is in Max, but not in Willie;
My fifth is in beat, but not in whip;
My sixth is in brig, but not in ship;
My whole is a time when children play,
And sit on the grass and sing all day.

SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

1. The mother of Joseph and Benjamin.
2. The prophet who was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire.
3. A strong man.
4. A city famed for its purple dye.
5. The prophet who spoke most of our Saviour.
6. A city where our Lord lived in childhood.
7. The orator who accused Paul.
8. The Jews' enemy who was hanged on the gallows he made for another.
9. The young man who fell asleep when Paul was preaching.
10. The father-in-law of Jacob.
11. Naomi's daughter-in-law.
12. The city where Paul was put to death.
13. The good man thrown into the lions' den.

CONUNDRUMS.

When I have taken a needed meal why am I like Iris leaves? Because I am glad I ate (glad-dint).

If every particle of moisture be removed from the letter N, what great man will it make? Dryden (dried N).

Why is an onion like an apothecary? It will make your eye water (eye-water).

What two letters are like grist-mills? F and L, for they make our flour.

Why is a school teacher like a man who was formerly a carpenter? He is an explainer (explaner).

If I lend you five water pitchers, why is it right for you to claim them as your own? They are all ewers (yours).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

- BURIED CRIPES.—1. Troy, 2. Saratoga, 3. Paris, 4. London, 5. Athens, 6. Venice, 7. Dover.
- CHARADES.—1. Plum pudding, 2. catalogue, 3. Blackberry.