

HOW A GIRL HELPS HER MOTHER.

I have come to the conclusion that every girl at some time or other gets a scolding. Mother says I am the worst girl she ever knew. One day I felt so disconsolate at being in such a predicament, that on reaching school I immediately quizzed some of my school chums on the matter. To my great relief I found that they, too, were subjected to the same compliments from their mothers.

As we were going to move into a new house last fall, I left the district school, or, as I jokingly called it, I graduated to help mother in the turmoil of moving. After we had settled down in our new home the kitchen department was assigned to my care; for mother intends to make me a good cook and housekeeper. Having hot and cold water in the kitchen, I found it quite an easy though constant task. But after a month or two the novelty of cooking, even in a new house, wore off, although I had been honored with the name of cook.

One bright December morning I arose feeling anything but in sympathy with the weather. I had a headache and felt quite miserable. Mother came in when I was getting breakfast.

"Now Mary," said she, "I see that you are not capable of doing the kitchen work alone. I have a plan which I think will be worth trying. We will change work once a week." This suited me better than I can tell.

"Why, is Mary sick?" asked father as he came into breakfast.

"No," said mother, "but we are going to change work once a week, commencing this morning." Father said he thought it was a very good plan indeed.

"You will see how the men will long for my week to come after this," said mother at breakfast time. I laughed and replied that I thought I would long for it as much as they did.

Mother always thinks she can do everything so much better than I can, and takes every opportunity to point out my failures and her successes. I tell her that when I have a success I am too modest to boast about it, and therefore she thinks I have all failures. I found my new duties quite refreshing after my former ones. They consisted of the week's washing and ironing, several beds to make and some sweeping. I hurry through the washing and ironing the first two days of the week, and except for about an hour each for the days following I have nothing to do until Saturday but what my fancy dictates. Then I have my company and play company myself. Send in my orders for dinner, and have nothing to do but to eat it when it is ready. I take real comfort knowing that after a meal I have not to get up and clear the table and wash dishes.

At the end of the week I again took my place in the kitchen. As I was cooking the breakfast my sister and brother came in.

"How do you like cooking, Mary, how do you like cooking?" they asked. I had to laugh. One would suppose that it had been years since I had been near a stove instead of cooking on one the week before. Though mother would not confess it at first she now says she is glad when her week in the kitchen comes to an end. —*Mary J. Carter, in Pacific Rural Press.*

DISCIPLINE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—"The mistress of a household," says Caroline E. Stephen, "has, before all things, to rule. I can believe that a mistress who was not loved might yet, by a firm, wise and just rule, maintain a wholesome moral atmosphere in her house; but a mistress who was not obeyed, however personally winning and popular, would, as mistress, be a mere disastrous failure and cause of failure in others. In practice we all know that fear and love can scarcely be altogether separated; a reason the more for giving fear its proper place."

It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year-old who buries his head under the clothes and sings: "Now I lay me down to sleep, Pop goes the weasel."

THE DOG 'LYON.'

Mr. J. J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., has a dog, Lyon, which, according to the stories told of him, is a wonderful dog.

Lyon is called a St. Bernard, but his body is white while his head is black; which, of course, renders pure blood impossible. However, in build, size, carriage and intelligence he is out and out St. Bernard. He carries himself with great dignity, trots right along, paying no attention to the most alluring whistle or call, further than to turn for a moment a reproving eye on the wicked interloper. Lyon's chief business is to take care of the cows; it is a business he himself has assumed, and he spends the days lying on the hillside, keeping them in full view, and should any intruder approach, his deep bay informs his master. He spends the night in the barn sleeping in front of them, varying the monotony by occasionally kissing the cows, when they in return kiss him. The going to or coming from pasture is frolic time, when he runs bounding ahead with loud barks of joy, and woe be to any other animal, dog, cow or oxen, that happen to be along the route, for Lyon rushes at them with the greatest fierceness, and though never doing any real injury, with loud bark keeps them imprisoned in some corner until his herd has safely passed. So much for a general introduction to dog Lyon; now for anecdotes illustrating his great intelligence:

A neighbor, well acquainted with the dog, was passing along the public road near by where the cows were pastured, when Lyon came bounding up to him with a whine. The man patted the dog on his head, calling him by name, and walked on. The dog followed after, continuing to whine, and after a minute or two seized the man by the coat and gently led him. The man stopped, when the dog dropped his hold on the coat, ran back a step or two, looked around and whined. Struck by the singular actions of the animal, "What is it, old fellow?" said he, and turned and followed him. The dog ran bounding forward with every demonstration of joy, led the way over a wall and down a precipitous ledge of rocks, to a piece of bog. Then he ran barking to one of the cows of his herd that in some way had strayed from the flock. The bog was almost inaccessible, and the man found a good deal of difficulty in getting the cow out and back to her pasture. When he had succeeded, Lyon leaped upon him with great joy; "he almost knocked me over," the man said.

A man called to deliver a load of coal at the barn. The man used his own shovel, and Lyon looked quietly on while the coal was unloaded. The teamster, having driven his cart from the barn, on looking back noticed that some coal had fallen between his cart and the step; he jumped out of the vehicle, and running back to the barn, entered, and glancing around for a shovel found one, and catching it up walked hastily towards the door, Lyon following close after. Just as he was about to step outside the dog quietly seized him by his pants, and held him fast and firm, and would not let him go until he dropped the shovel, when the dog instantly let go his hold. The driver then went to his cart, took out his own shovel, returned and threw in the scattered coal, at which Lyon made no objection.

While the dog was eating his dinner, a two-year-old child kept tormenting him. Lyon bore with the little one for some time with commendable patience, but finally looked up, and without either snarl or growl, quietly lifted one of his huge fore paws, pushed the baby gently down on its back on the grass, and with one paw used to pin the young tormentor to the earth, went on eating his dinner.

"FOREGOES" was the word given out at a written spelling exercise recently, and one little boy handed in, "Go, go, go, go."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

STEWED BEEFSTEAK.—Dissolve some butter in a stewpan, and brown the steak on both sides, moving it often, that it may not burn; then shake in a little flour, and when it is colored pour in gradually sufficient water to cover well the meat. As soon as it boils, season with salt, remove the scum, slice in onion, carrot and turnip; add a bunch of sweet herbs, and stew the steak very gently for about three hours. A quarter of an hour before you serve stir into the gravy two or three teaspoonfuls of flour mixed with cayenne, half a wineglassful of mushroom catsup and a little seasoning of spice.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of milk, six eggs, flour enough to form a stiff batter, a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a teaspoonful of cream tartar; then slice some sour apples rather thin, and mix in the batter; fry in hot lard, browning them nicely on both sides. They are nice made of raisins or currants instead of apples, delicious, if made of canned peaches, and the juice of the peaches, well sweetened and poured over them when served, for sauce.

ROCK CREAM.—Boil a teaspoonful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweetened with powdered loaf sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay on it, in different places, square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with either orange-flower water or vanilla; add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow. This will be found to be a very ornamental as well as delicious dish for a supper table.

SNOWBALL PUDDING.—Boil one quart of rich milk, and then thicken it with a tablespoonful of flour or arrow-root. Beat up the yolks of four eggs with three tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Then pour the milk slowly into the eggs and sugar, stirring all the time. Pour this custard into a pudding dish and brown it slightly. Beat up the whites to a stiff froth, adding four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavoring with lemon. Drop it on the custard (when browned) in the form of balls as large as an egg. Set it back in the stove to brown a little.

BEEF LIKE GAME.—Cut some slices of beef in square pieces, put on each a strip of bacon, dredge flour over them, skewer them into a rolled shape; fry them in butter; when brown, add shallots, a slice of lemon-peel, a spoonful of capers, two bay leaves, salt, spice, a wineglass of vinegar, and a glass of wine and a little water; stew still tender.

ESSENCE OF CELERY.—This is prepared by soaking for a fortnight a half ounce of the seeds of celery in a quarter pint of brandy. A few drops will flavor a pint of soup or broth equal to a head of celery.

BROILED POTATOES.—Parboil large potatoes, peel, and cut them into thick slices. Broil the slices on a gridiron over a clear fire until brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish with pepper, salt and butter.

THE NOISE OF THE FINGER.—In the current number of the *Medical Record* Dr. Hammond says that when you poke the end of your finger in your ear, the roaring noise you hear is the sound of the circulation in your finger; which is a fact, as anyone can demonstrate for himself by first putting his fingers in his ears and then stopping them with other substance. Try it, and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy workshops that they roar like a small Niagara. The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital processes together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in every living body from conception to death.