

With the Poets.

The Ideal Husband to His Wife.

We've lived for forty years, dear wife,
And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all bowlders from our
path,
That we in peace might toil along,
By always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were
wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee,
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas of me.
And thus it is, through weal or woe
Our love for evermore endures,
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds and make them
yours.
And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong.

And when our matrimonial skill
Strikes snags in love's meandering
stream
I lift our shallop from the rocks
And float as in a placid dream.
And well I know our marriage bliss
While life shall last will never cease,
For I shall always let thee do,
In generous love, just what I please;
Peace comes and discord flies away,
Love's bright day follows hatred's
night,
For I am ready to admit
That you are wrong and I am right.

Dear wife, when discord reared its
head
And love's sweet light forgot to
shine,
'Twas then I freely would permit
That thy will should conform to
mine.
In all things, whether great or small,
In all life's path we've wandered
through,
I've graciously let you perform
Just what I wanted you to do.
No altercation could destroy
The love that held us sure and
strong,
For evermore would I admit
That I was right and you were
wrong.

Sweet wedded love! O life of bliss!
Our years in peace have flown along,
For you admit that I was right,
And I admit that you were wrong.
No dogged stubbornness of soul
Has ever wrenched my heart from
thine.

For thy will ever was my own—
Because thy will was always mine.
So sweet forgiveness crowns our years
And sheds on us its tender light;
For I admit that you are wrong,
And you admit that I am right.
—Sam Walter Foss.

The English Girl.

A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,
In her magnificent comeliness,
Is an English girl of eleven years two,
And five foot ten in her dancing shoe!
She follows the hounds, and on she
pounds—
The "field" tails off and the muffs
diminish—
Over the hedges and brooks she
bounces
Straight as a crow from find to
finish.
At cricket her kin will lose or win—
She and her maids, on grass and
clover,
Eleven maids out—eleven maids
in—
And perhaps an occasional
"maiden over"!

Go search the world and search the sea,
Then come you home and sing with me
'There's no such gold and no such pearl
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
For prudery knows no haven there;
To find mock modesty, please apply
To the conscious blush and the down-
cast eye.
Rich in the things contentment
brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,
For body and mind are hale and
healthy.
Her eyes they thrill with right good
will—
Her heart is light as a floating
feather—
As pure and bright as the mountain
rill
That leaps and laughs in the High-
land heather!
—W. S. Gilbert in "Utopia."

White Violets.

I send you violets, violets dim and
white;
Fragrance and brilliant hues they
cannot claim,
Yet keep they of their scented sisters
bright
The semblance and the same.

Such is the love that lingers sad and
pale
Within the heart, though conquered
by the will;
Love that by kiss and smile tells not
its tale,
Yet ever love, love still!

Some of Stead's Sayings.

The Radical Editor Tells the People of
Toronto Some Plain Truths.

"Nearly all of you joined in repeat-
ing the Lord's Prayer just before I rose
to address you," said W. T. Stead to
the large audience at the Metropolitan
Church. "Is the will of God done in
Toronto as it is in heaven? If it isn't,
there's precious little use of praying the
Lord's Prayer until you set to work to
answer your own prayer by reforming
civic and other abuses. There's much
too little realization of political duties
by Christians."

"You have got to organize for the
Kingdom of God as energetically, as
persistently, and as steadily, as the
political rings organize for the triumph
of their own candidate."

"It is putting too much on God Al-
mighty to pray that the best men may
be elected to office if those who pray do
not go out and seek to influence and
guide the electors in their choice."

"You might as well call upon the
Creator to make wheat grow in your
fields and neglect to plow or sow the
seed."

"The same common sense and busi-
ness principles have to be used in rid-
ding communities of sin and vice and
crime as are used in connection with
ordinary, every-day affairs of life."

"In the spiritual and moral realm,
seeing that it is only souls that are lost,
we all think we can play tricks with
God and fool him into the belief that
we are doing our best to better the lot
of suffering humanity. But we only
fool ourselves, and when the reckoning
day comes to some of us a dictionary
will not supply words enough for us to
square ourselves with him."

"Is it not perfectly true that while
we have done good to those who are
amenable to church influences, we have
neglected the uncouth and vicious? If
it is, then we ought to make a survey of
what we have to do."

"The first thing you have to do is to
ascertain what you want to get rid of.
Have you what may be called the in-
dispensable minimum of evils? I row
not. There are plenty of abuses to
rectify. Have you all the libraries you
need? Are there places of recreation
within five minutes' walk of every man's
home?"

"Jesus Christ will not be the least
bit displeased if you cut short some of
your prayers to provide playgrounds
for the children."

"Instead of being the mild, sym-
pathetic, loving friends whose sole idea is
to confine people within four walls on
Sunday to sing a few hymns and tell
God lots of things I fancy he has
heard before, you should go out into
the highways and byways and seek
out the suffering and distressed. The
curse and shame of misery is that it is
permitted to exist. Let shibboleths go
and buckle down to the work of
correcting evils."

"You can no more drive the devil
out of Toronto on the little-missie,
highly-degledy, go-as-you-please plan
which prevails among the churches
and other associations than you can
carry on your city government without
any officers, or mayor or council. In
a vague kind of a way we all know
that there are evils in the city. Also in
a vague kind of way we are all more or
less enlisted against them. But there is
no concerted plan of campaign, no
central intelligence department, and
there is no real head of the church of
Toronto. There are heads of sectional
churches, but there is no one
who is bishop of the whole city, unless
it be your chief of police, who may be
said to be in a kind of way a bishop,
although his province is limited to
dealing with vice and sin when they
have reached their comparatively su-
perlative degree."

"When bad men conspire good men
must combine, and if Toronto is to be
made the model city of Canada it seems
to me that the good people must join
hands all along the line and agree first
and foremost to common sense in the
prosecution of the immense work they
have in hand."
"Every community gets pretty much
the kind of government it chooses. Some
may thank God they are not aldermen,
yet they may be much worse in that
they are not striving to see to the
proper conduct of the affairs of the
municipality."
"Milleniums do not come, even in
Toronto, with a hop, step and jump.
Seeing that they don't, the most im-
portant thing to do is to bring into ex-
istence as speedily as possible an or-
ganization which would represent all
the better elements of the city,
churches, labor organizations, philan-
thropic and other movements, and
which would seat the government of
the city upon a more solid foundation
than that of the saloon."

"Such a representative board, which
you might call a progressive council or
any other name that pleased you,
would, if founded on non-party lines
and devoted to secure the amelioration
of the condition of the people and the
elimination of all elements of evil which
abound, would make Toronto the
model city of Canada. A council,
voluntarily elected, representing the
best men and women in the city, would
see to it that the whole moral affairs of
the community are thrown in the way
of good government and against
rogues."

"Don't say things. What you are
stands over you all the while and
thunders so that I cannot hear what
you say to the contrary."—Emerson

Latest Discoveries.

Electrolytic Painting.

A remarkable illustration of the
progress of electrical appliances is
electrolytic painting. Hitherto, if
copper or other metal were to be
deposited electrically, a bath of
solution was necessary. Now this is
changed, and a technical journal says a
ship's hull can be plated as easily as a
spoon or teapot. Instead of a bath, in-
soluble salts, ground to a fine powder
and mixed with water, is used. This
mixture is painted on the metal to be
plated by a fine wire brush, to which
one pole of a dynamo conductor is at-
tached, the other pole being connected
with a plate. Not only pure metal, but
all sorts of alloys can be used.

To Color Leather.

In place of the ordinary method
which has been pursued in the coloring
of leather, namely, first to tan the skins
and then to dye them, a new process
has been brought forward by a German
inventor, by which, it is claimed, both
time and labor are economized; that is,
briefly, instead of first tanning the skins,
as commonly practiced, this new sys-
tem consists in placing them in the
color bath, and, after remaining there
some 24 hours, they are treated in the
ordinary way with alum and salt. The
preference claimed for this plan over
that which is at present in vogue is that
it saves the washing, treating with acid,
and the various methods resorted to
for restoring to the skin the suppleness
it loses by the washing.

New Talking Apparatus.

According to the claims of an English
inventor, he has produced a talking
apparatus which will entirely supersede
anything yet produced by Bell or Edison.
His machine talks right out, so
that the receiver of a message through
it will not have to be continually shout-
ing: "What's that? I don't hear you.
Stand a little further from the tele-
phone, please. That's better," and
other like interruptions to the easy flow
of conversation. The new talking ap-
paratus says all that has to say in a
tone loud enough for all in the room to
hear, and without the aid of any ear-
receiver. All the recipient of a mes-
sage will have to do will be to sit at his
desk and listen, while the holds in his
hand a transmitter into which he speaks
his replies to the person at the other
end of the wire who is conversing with
him.

Important to Railway Men.

Successful use appears to be made
of the novel automatic device lately
introduced on some of the German
railways for ascertaining and definitely
indicating defects existing in the track.
The principle of the apparatus, as ex-
plained, is based on the fact that every
low point, or other similar defect, on
the line of the track causes a shock of
greater or less intensity in a car passing
over it. The arrangement of the ap-
paratus in the inspection car is such
that, if the shock exceeds a certain
degree of intensity, a squirting device
is brought into operation, and from
which either a red or a blue liquid is
sprayed over the roadbed, making
strips from one foot to seven feet long
and about two inches wide—the track
sections requiring any attention being
thus very plainly marked. Such an
apparatus, it is said, locates defects not
ordinarily detected by a track walker,
and affords early and timely evidence
of imperfections in the roadbed.

Smoke-Consuming Apparatus.

One of the most interesting series of
experiments lately made in regard to
the best methods and principles to be
observed in the construction of
smoke-consuming or smoke-preventing
arrangements has been made by Mr.
Sennett, the well-known naval engineer.
His conclusions are that, first of
all, an adequate volume of air must al-
ways be injected above the fuel; that
the gases from the coal and the intro-
duced air must be thoroughly agitated;
the gases from the coal, after admix-
ture with the air, should be depressed
and distributed in contact with the in-
candescent mass of fuel; contact be-
tween the gas from the coal and the
boiler plates should be prevented as
much as possible until after admixture
with the injected air, adequate space
being also provided for the expansion
of the gases; when average coal is used,
the volume of air injected upon the top
of the fuel should be equal to at least
one-half of the volume admitted
through the bars; and, finally, con-
siderably more steam should be present
in the furnace than can be obtained
from the hydrogen of the coal. To
carry out these requisitions an ap-
paratus has been contrived, according
to which steam from the boiler is first
superheated and then passes to an in-
jector; from the latter the steam and
air pass to a deflecting plate just inside
the fire door, and in this way the cur-
rent is completely distributed over the
surface of the fuel.

Belts of Paper.

Paper belting for the purpose of
transmitting power is the next thing
which is going to astonish the manu-
facturing fraternity. The inventor was
five years assistant to the superinten-
dent of power of one of the great fac-
tories in Lowell, Mass. It was while
in this position, in which he had much
to do with lacing and tightening belts,
that he conceived the idea that belting
made of paper could be made to do
better work than either leather, rubber

or cotton. He argued that as a thick
piece of pasteboard can be made to
take on a firm, smooth and durable
surface by holding the same against an-
other moving surface for several
minutes, a larger piece of paper made
in the form of a belt and permitted to
run upon the surface of a pulley day
after day would soon create upon its
surface a firm, hard, shining coating
that would last a long time. In mak-
ing the belt links made from paper
pulp are used. As soon as a belt is
put into working order a hard, shining
coating appears upon the surface next
the pulleys, and this becomes harder
and harder and harder as the months
slip by. It becomes so hard finally
that only the cold chisel can cut into
it. Such a surface works well on the
pulleys.

The Bishop and the Ghost.

The following remarkable incident
of the life of the late Samuel Wilber-
force, bishop of Oxford and afterward
in Winchester, is related as absolutely
authentic, and the good bishop himself
is said to have many times rehearsed
the story to his friends. Bishop
Wilberforce was most prominent
among his contemporaries of the Eng-
lish clergy, and was once a leader of
the High Church party. He, however,
frequently found time to devote to the
social side of life, and was sometimes
styled the "bishop of society."

On a certain occasion the worthy
bishop had accepted an invitation to
stay at a country house not far from
London. Entering the drawing-room
previous to dinner, on the evening of
his arrival, he noticed a priest—evi-
dently of the Roman communion—
sitting by the open fire and taking no
part in the general conversation. The
bishop was somewhat surprised at not
being presented to the priest, and his
astonishment was great when, a few
moments later, dinner being announced,
the guests retired, leaving the priest at
his place by the fire. The hostess
having assigned Bishop Wilberforce
the seat of honor at her right hand, as
soon as an opportunity offered he re-
marked:

"I beg your pardon, madame, but
may I inquire who was the priest we
left sitting apart in the drawing-room?"
"Ah, you have seen him then," re-
plied the lady. "It is not every one
who has that privilege. I cannot tell
you who he is or from whence he
comes. For many years this spectre
has haunted the house and grounds—
it has, in fact, been a tradition in the
family. He seems to do no harm, and
although he appears only occasionally,
we have become quite accustomed to
our friendly ghost."

"How very singular," remarked his
Lordship. "But have you never ad-
dressed your priestly spectre?"
"Indeed, I have no opportunity,
nor the desire, for that matter," re-
sponded the hostess, growing pale.
"May I take the liberty now?" in-
quired the dignitary.
"With all my heart, your Lordship,"
replied the lady. The bishop arose
and, returning to the drawing-room,
found the priest where he had left him
a few minutes before. Having no fear,
the bishop said kindly:

"Who are you, my friend, and why
are you here?"
The spectre seemed to sigh deeply
and say, as though to itself, "At last!"
Then, in a hollow voice, addressing
the bishop, he continued: "I am the
spirit of a priest who left this world
some 80 years ago, and I am here to
impart to anyone who will receive it a
secret which died with me. I could
not rest in my grave while a great
wrong was being done which it was
in my power to right. I have been re-
turning all these years in the hope
someone would address me, for it was
not given to me to be the first to speak.
All men have shunned me until now,
and it is your mission to do my bid-
ding. I was a priest of the Church of
Rome, and was called to this house
80 years ago to receive the confession
of a dying man. He was the sole pos-
sessor of a secret, the knowledge of
which would alter materially the entail
of this vast estate, and in his death
this man wished to repair the terrible
wrong he had brought upon his kin."

"At his request I wrote down the
confession, word for word, as he gave
it to me, and when he had finished had
barely time to administer the sacra-
ment of the church before he expired
in my arms. It was very important
that I should return to London that
night, and in passing through the library
to leave the house I concluded it would
be safer not to carry the paper on
which was written the confession away
with me, but to place it in some secure,
unseen spot, where I could obtain it
the following day and deliver the docu-
ment to the person for whom it was intended.
Mounting the steps to the book-shelves,
I took out a copy of Young's 'Night
Thoughts,' which was the first book
upon the uppermost shelf nearest the
last window, and inserting the paper
carefully between its leaves, I replaced
the book and departed. A horse was
awaiting me at the door, but ere we
reached the entrance of the grounds he
took fright; I was thrown and instantly
killed. Thus died the secret of my
confessor with me. No one has dis-
turbed that book in all these years, and
no one has had the courage to address
this messenger from the unknown. The
paper will be found as I have stated,
and now remains for you to correct the
injustice which has so long been upon
this noble family. My mission is over
and I can rest in peace."

At the close of this remarkable

speech the spectre faded gradually from
sight, and the bishop was left gazing
into space. Recovering from his
astonishment, Bishop Wilberforce went
at once to the library and found the
book exactly as indicated by the
spectre. In its secluded corner, upon
the top shelf, thick with the dust of
ages, evidently the book had remained
unmolested many years. There was
the document just as described, but
now faded and yellow. The secret of
the confession never became known to
the world. The good bishop regarded
it as a confidence from the spiritual
world, and always ended the story with
the assurance that the priestly spectre
was never again seen. It is a fact,
however, that about the time of this
extraordinary occurrence the magnifi-
cent estate in question passed into
possession of a remote member of the
family, who, until then, had lived in
obscurity.

Gems of Thought.

Much wealth is not much wisdom.
No man can make another's religion.
Love teaches us the pleasure of pain.
A woman's smile can make a burden
light.

Not so much comes to us that we
wait for, as that we go after.

A man wants to be that which he
doesn't want to make himself be.

No man is so high that some hand
does not reach up to pull him down.

When a man begins to make money,
he begins to learn how money makes a
man.

The merest tyro can break what the
most accomplished expert has taken
years to make.

Men are naturally tempted by the
devil, but an idle man positively tempts
the devil.—[Spanish proverb.]

Heart Poems.

There are some poems that possess
the subtle, undefined quality that
touches the tenderest chords of our
being, and wakes "the better soul that
slumbers" to a sense of the ineffable
pathos of life.

Some one has said, "our sweetest
songs are those that tell of saddest
thoughts." Yet it is not the sadness
only that produces the effect upon us,
for there are many poems describing
the direst miseries, disappointments,
and sorrows of life, that lack the
peculiar quality that cannot be defined
—that flies before the touch of
analysis.

It is the very soul of the poet in
communion with our own. Tennyson
wrote many lines that are heart-poems.

What touches us more than his
"Break, Break, Break?" The waves
breaking on the "cold, gray stones,"
the shouts of happy children in con-
trast with the "voice that is still," and
the safe return of the ships—the hope-
less absence of the "vanished hand."
How vivid are they all!

"Break, break, break,
At the feet of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me!"

How we are thrilled with certain
passages of Locksley Hall!

"Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted!
O, my Amy—mine no more!
O, the dreary, dreary moorland!
O, the barren, barren shore!"

The words are few and simple, yet
we seem to feel for a moment the deso-
lation of a hopeless love—the despair
that comes "in the dead, unhappy
night, when the rain is on the roof."

Did the great master ever write any-
thing more beautiful than "Crossing
the Bar," written a short time before
his death?

"Sunset and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.
For tho' from out our bourne of time and
place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Some of our own Longfellow's
stanzas find an echo in every heart:

"How often, oh, how often,
I have wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide;
For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

Have we not all known such
moments? I think we have, and often
without reason.

Who has not read with quivering
voice Miss Mulock's "Too Late?"
"Stretch out your arms to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart to your dead heart,
Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

How clearly we see the one face
white in death, and the other pale with
a futile anguish!

In reading N. P. Willis' "Absalom"
we realize the depths of parental love:
"Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter
thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in
prayer!"

James Russell Lowell wrote nothing
sweeter than "The First Snowfall":

"Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow."

Among many other favorites, which,
in my scrap book I class as "heart-
poems," are: "In the Firelight" and
"Exiled," by Eugene Field; "The
Valley of Silence," by Father Ryan;
"The Aftertime," by Frank L. Stanton;
"No One Comes Home to Me," by

Josie Frazee Cappleman, and James
Whitcomb Riley's little poem, "Just Be
Glad."

There are grander poems, replete
with the wisdom of great minds and
glowing with sublime pictures of nature,
but can they touch these human hearts
of ours as do these simple, sweetly
melodious songs? Truly

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."
Marshall, Mich. —Albert Henry.

In the Kitchen.

"Use boiled water to mix bread,"
says an expert on sanitary cooking.

A DISH OF SNOW.—Grate a cocoa-
nut, leaving out the brown part. Heap
it up in the center of a handsome dish,
and ornament with fine green leaves,
such as peach or honeysuckle. Serve
it up with snow cream made in this
way: Beat the whites of five eggs to a
stiff froth, add two large spoonfuls of
fine white sugar, a large spoonful of
rosewater or pineapple. Beat the
whole well together, and add a pint of
thick cream. Put several spoonfuls
over each dish of cocoanut.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—Beat separately
and very thoroughly the yolks and
whites of three eggs. Add gradually to
the yolks three tablespoons of powdered
sugar. Beat until the mixture is thick
and smooth. The whites should be
beaten until they are stiff enough to cut
with a knife. Add the juice of half a
lemon to the yolks and a little grated
lemon peel. Stir the yolks and whites
lightly together, pour into a warmed
and well-buttered dish and bake in a
quick oven for a few minutes.

A KITCHEN REMINDER.—A wooden
marketing card to hang on the kitchen
wall is a great convenience. It con-
sists of a light frame and a number of
dark slips, each one labeled "tea,"
"sugar," or some other storehouse
supply. These slips are set in slots and
are not in sight each day, but when any
supply is nearly out the wooden slip is
pushed into place and "tea," "coffee,"
or "mustard" confronts the house-
keeper when giving her grocery order.
In this way nothing is ever forgotten.

BOSTON CHIPS.—These are easily
made. Pare the potatoes, throw them
into cold water for an hour, then cut
them into thin slices the long way of
the potato. Do not wet them after the
slicing. Have a kettle of fat at moder-
ate temperature. Put the chips into a
basket, dip down into the fat, let them
stay for a moment, lift, put down
again, lift again, and allow them to
dry until golden brown, turn into a
colander, dust with salt, stand in the
oven for a moment, and they are ready
to serve.

TO TEST AN OVEN'S HEAT.—To
judge of an oven's heat there are no
better rules than Gouffé's. "Try the
oven every ten minutes with a piece of
white paper. If too hot, the paper
will blaze up or blacken; when the
paper becomes dark brown (rather
darker than ordinary meat pie crust),
the oven is fit for small pastry. When
light brown (the color of really nice
pastry), it is ready for vol au vent tarts,
etc." When the paper turns dark yel-
low, you can bake bread, large meat
pies or large pound cakes; while if it is
just tinged, the oven is just fit for sponge
cake, meringues, etc.

ROAST WILD DUCK. (An Old Vir-
ginia Recipe.)—Mince the livers of a
pair of wild ducks with a tablespoon-
ful of scraped bacon; mix with an
ounce of butter a slice of onion
chopped fine, a little salt and cay-
enne; fill the bodies of the ducks with
the mixture, lay them in a baking-pan,
cover with thin slices of fat bacon,
wrap in letter paper, and set in a hot
oven. When the ducks are brown,
take up, garnish with slices of orange,
and pour over sauce made by adding
the juice of an orange, two minced
shallots, with a teaspoonful of butter,
a pinch of cayenne, and a little salt to
the gravy in the pan.

FISH CROQUETTES.—They may be
made very much like a meat croquette,
from almost any cold fish. Fry half an
onion, minced fine, in a tablespoonful
of butter until it is a good brown.
Moisten the whole with a cup of strong
white stock, adding a seasoning of salt
and pepper, and if you like, a dash of
cayenne. Put in a pint of cold fish,
minced fine, add two eggs and stir all
for two minutes over the fire. Let this
mixture become cold; then shape it
with your hands in the form of cylinders
or pears as you choose. Roll these
croquettes in yolk of egg and then in
fine breadcrumbs. Fry them in hot
fat for two or three minutes till they are
a delicate brown.

GRILLED SIRLOIN STEAK.—Cut a
steak an inch thick from the sirloin.
Brush it over on both sides with warmed
butter, season with salt and pepper and
grill from fifteen to twenty minutes.
When sufficiently cooked, lay the steak
on a very hot dish, place under a spi-
der or some dainty little pats of epi-
curean butter, surround it with a
border of smoking-hot potato cro-
quettes and serve at once. To make
the epicurean butter, put about two
ounces of perfectly fresh butter on a
plate, and work into it thoroughly and
patiently, with the point of a knife, a
rather high seasoning of cayenne,
mushroom powder, mixed herb
powder, lemon juice and minced
parsley, with a pinch of salt; then set
the butter in a cold place, and when
quite firm stamp it out in tiny shapes
and use.