

a mystery they don't seem to have the desire or ability to understand. Yet, when properly made, there is nothing more palatable and wholesome. Among the well-to-do proportion of every community it forms a very important part of the dinner, and there is every reason why it should not be so generally discarded as it is by the poorer classes, for it is not only nourishing, but can be made to constitute a large portion of their diet, with quite as much if not more economy than is possible in the use of other dishes.

Every utensil used in the cooking should be scrupulously clean. The saucepan covers should be looked after, and their rims, and even handles, not neglected.

Watch your fire, and should there be the least smoke, always remove your saucepan to a safe distance when you have occasion to lift the lid.

The meat should be lean, and used as soon after killing as possible.

Avoid purchasing a piece of meat that would require any washing before going into the pot.

Do not put the bones in until they are first pounded into small pieces.

If your meat and bones are fresh, that is, uncooked, they should be put into cold water. On the other hand, when they have been previously fried or browned, boiling water only is the proper thing, and this should be added a little at a time.

Make your soup the day before it is wanted. Let it stand till cold, and then remove all the fat that has risen to the surface.

Beware of a hot fire. Simmering is the life, as boiling is the death, of any good soup.

If your soup is to contain vegetables, let these be boiled a little while in separate water before adding them.

In seasoning, bear in mind that it is much safer to have too little than too much, a precaution especially needful when you are adding the salt.

Do not add cream or milk without first boiling them separately and straining them. And when added they should be boiling hot.

Whenever an egg is to be added, do not put it directly with the body of the soup; put a little of the latter in a cup, and after allowing it to cool for a minute, mix the egg thoroughly with it, and then pour it into the soup.

Keep your soups always in stoneware or china, and, when stirring or skimming them, use a wooden spoon.—*The Caterer.*

AMMONIA.

Ammonia is cheaper than soap, and cleans everything it touches. A few drops in a kettle that is hard to clean make grease and stickiness fade away, and rob the work of all its terrors. Let it stand ten minutes before attempting to scrape off, and every corner will be clean. It cleans the sink, and penetrates into the drain-pipe. Spots, finger-marks on paint disappear under its magical influence, and it is equally effective on floor and oil-cloth, though it must be used with care on the latter or it will injure the polish. There is nothing to equal it in cleaning the silverware, and it gives a higher polish and keeps clean longer than anything else. If the silver be only slightly tarnished put two tablespoonfuls of ammonia into a quart of hot water, brush the tarnished articles with it and dry with a chamois. If badly discoloured, they may need a little whiting previous to the washing. An old nail brush goes into the cracks to polish and brighten. For fine muslin or delicate lace it is invaluable, as it cleans without rubbing the finest fabrics. Put a few drops into your sponge bath in hot weather, and you will be astonished at the result, as it imparts coolness to the skin. Use it

to clean hair brushes, and to wash any hair or feathers to be used for beds or pillows. When employed in anything that is not especially soiled, use the waste water afterwards for the house plants that are taken down from their usual position and immersed in the tub of water. Ammonia is a fertilizer, and helps to keep healthy the plants it nourishes. In every way, in fact, ammonia is the housekeeper's friend.—*Annie L. Jack.*

THE WAY AND THE END.

Oh, Thou who only art the end,
Thou art the only way;
And in our suffering Master's track
Through many a weary day,
I've journeyed on, and oft have said,
Enough! Lord, let me die;
But quickly Thou hast answered me,
Fear not, My help is nigh.

How long, Oh Lord, Oh Lord the End,
Wilt thou be but a way?
Frail, sinful men, my fathers were,
Not better I than they;
Oh, take me to Thyself, I said,
Enough! Lord, let me die;
But Thou again hast answered me,
Fear not, My help is nigh.

Shall I, who chose Thee for the end,
Refuse Thee as the way?
Thou, too, wert watched by evil eyes,
Men sought Thee for their prey;
I'm weary of the strife, I said,
Enough! Lord, let me die;
But Thou once more hast answered me,
Fear not, My help is nigh.

THE JUDGMENT OF AN EAST INDIAN SOLOMON.

In "A Fly on the Wheel; or, How I Helped to Govern India," by Lieutenant Colonel Thomas H. Lewin, the author tells this quaint story:

"I was sitting with the Rajah on the raised platform in front of his house, drinking tea in the cool of the evening. Suddenly our peaceful, silent smoking was disturbed by a young and very pretty girl, with flowers in her hair and silver ornaments on neck and arms, who rushed up the ladder and threw herself at the Rajah's feet in a passion of tears. After her ascended slowly, one by one, a number of villagers wrapped in their long homespun mantles, who quietly sat down on the platform to the right and left of the chief.

"The Rajah smoked on silently, until the woman's sobs had grown somewhat less violent, when he remarked quietly: 'Weeping is good for women.' A few more puffs of fragrant tobacco, and, as the sobbing still continued, he added with solemnity: 'Three conditions are to be avoided: First, not to be able to weep; second, to weep without knowing for why; third, to weep too much.' The last condition was pronounced with impressive distinctness, and an assenting murmur went round the assembly. The girl raised her head.

"My father! I cannot live with Tawngey. I hate him!"

"What has he done? Has he beaten you?"

"No; he has not beaten me; that I should not have minded. He suspects me. He watches me, and I will not endure it. I demand to be divorced. Oh, my father, be it on your head!"

"Tawngey, come forward, thou son of foolishness! What is this I hear?"

"Tawngey appeared, slinking shamefacedly from the depths of the crowd. First making a lowly obeisance, he sat down before the chief. 'My lord,' said Tawngey, 'I saw her flirting with—'

"It is false—it is false!" vehemently cried the girl, dashing away her tears. 'I went with the other girls to draw water in the stream, and Adal's sweetheart Pawthee came and began laughing, and so we splashed him with the water. Then this man, (pointing with a scornful

trated scorn at the wretched Tawngey), this man was spying behind a tree, and he came and dragged me by the arm and abused me before them all. I have never suffered such shame. Release me, oh my father! I will not live with him.'

"Here she again prostrated herself at the Rajah's feet. A dead silence ensued, broken only by the girl's sobs. Tawngey looked as though he wished the earth would swallow him, but he said not a word. Suddenly the Rajah spoke again and gave orders.

"'C you and you' (pointing to two or three elders among the spectators), 'take away these two wicked ones, who did not obey the holy law. Strip them of all their clothes, save one cloth—only to the woman, and shut them up together in the great empty guest-house. In the morning I will hear them again. Enough! I have spoken.'

"So the young couple were hustled off and shut up in a bare empty house, with but one garment between them. The night was very cold, and as I pulled my thick wadded quilt over my shoulders before going to sleep, I admired the shrewd wisdom of the Rajah.

"In the morning, when their clothes were handed in to them, and the door was opened to conduct them before the chief, they quietly slipped away hand in hand, and departed peacefully to their own abode."

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the shell's ring bars
Upon to-morrow.
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

RAWLINSON'S "Seven Great Monarchies." 3 vols., 12 mo., cloth, extra gilt top. (New York: John B. Alden.) Even in this age of cheap literature, the above edition of "The Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World" may be looked upon as a marvel of cheapness, excellence, and typographical art. Rawlinson's is undoubtedly one of the greatest works on ancient history. It covers the ground more completely and yet in a more readable style than any other similar history. Speaking of it the *Kansas City Times* says:

"A masterpiece of history. The reader almost feels that the author has walked hand in hand with the heroes of almost prehistoric periods, so familiar is he with the facts of olden times. When he describes an Assyrian sunset, or a Chaldean home, the reader is led to forget the long centuries that separate these scenes from modern times. The deepest antiquity is imbued with the freshness of a bright and living present, full of realities, shrouded in the gloom of defeat, or made radiant with the glories of some Babylonian king. Remoteness of the times treated of has not obscured the author's work, but has invested it with the elements of romance. When he brings the bloom of health to the cheeks of those who perished 2,400 years before Christ, and analyzes character, describes cities, pictures battles, and sanctions all with the matchless accuracy of a vast erudition, his book leaves a telling impression on the mind. His reserved knowledge is wonderful, and substantiates the main narrative in excellent annotations and accurate references to original sources of historical information. It is the greatest historical work of the times."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

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