

one pint wheat flour; saleratus sufficient to sweeten the milk and ferment the molasses—the whole to be mixed quite soft with warm water. Bake immediately. You will observe there is no yeast in this bread, consequently it can be made at any time, without the usual preparation of making yeast and waiting for it to rise.

A Receipt for Steamed Brown Bread.
—Two cups Indian meal; two cups rye meal; one cup flour; one pint sweet milk; one spoonful of salt; one spoonful of saleratus; steam three hours.

A Form for Steamer for Brown Bread.
—A round tin vessel, holding three quarts, smallest at the bottom; cover to set down on outside; rim of cover one inch deep; a hollow tube five inches long, one inch in diameter at bottom, one-half inch at top; the tube to run from centre of steamer upwards; the top of tube to be made tight. The bread to be put into the steamer, and when covered, the steamer to be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Bread cooked in this way is excellent, if eaten while warm.

COFFEE VS. BRANDY

"We shall have to give them a wedding party," said Mrs. Eldridge to her husband.

Mr. Eldridge assented.

"They will be home to-morrow, and I think of sending out invitations for Thursday."

"As you like about that," replied Mr. Eldridge. "The trouble will be yours."

"You have no objection?"

"Oh, none in the world. Fanny is a good little girl, and the least we can do is to pay her this compliment on her marriage. I am not altogether satisfied about her husband, however; he was rather a wild sort of a boy a year or two ago."

"I guess he's all right now," remarked Mrs. Eldridge; "and he strikes me as a very kind-hearted, well-meaning young man. I have flattered myself that Fanny has done quite as well as the average run of girls."

"Perhaps so;" said Mr. Eldridge, a little thoughtfully.

"Will you be in the neighborhood of Snyder's?" inquired the lady.

"I think not. We are very busy just now, and I shall hardly have time to leave the store to-day. But I can step around there to-morrow."

"To-morrow, or even the next day will answer," replied Mrs. Eldridge.

"You must order the liquors. I will attend to everything else."

"How many are you going to invite?" inquired Mr. Eldridge.

"I have not made out a list yet, but it will not fall much short of seventy or eighty."

"Seventy or eighty!" repeated Mr. Eldridge. "Let me see! Three dozen of champagne; a dozen of sherry; a dozen of port; a dozen of hock, and a gallon of brandy,—that will be enough to put life into them I imagine."

"Or death!" Mrs. Eldridge spoke to herself, in an undertone.

Her husband, if he noticed the remark, did not reply to it, but said, "Good morning," and left the house. A lad about sixteen years of age sat in the room during this conversation, with a book in his hand and his eyes on the page before him. He did not once look up or move; and an observer would have supposed him so much interested in his book, as not to have heard the passing conversation. But he had listened to every word. As soon as Mr. Eldridge left the room, his book fell upon his lap, and looking towards Mrs. Eldridge he said in an earnest but respectful manner:

"Don't have any liquor, mother."

Mrs. Eldridge looked neither offended nor irritated by this remonstrance, as she replied:

"I wish it were possible to avoid having liquor, my son; but it is the custom of society, and if we give a party, it must be in the way it is done by other people."

This did not satisfy the boy, who had been for some time associated with the Cadets of Temperance, and he answered, but with modesty and great respect of manner,

"If other people do wrong, mother—what then?"

"I am not so sure of its being wrong, Henry."

"Oh, but mother," spoke out the boy, quickly, "if it hurts people to drink, it must be wrong to give them liquor. Now I've been thinking how much better it would be to have a nice cup of coffee. I am sure that four out of five would like it a great deal better than wine or brandy. And nobody could possibly receive any harm. Didn't you hear what father said about Mr. Lewis? That he had been rather wild? I am sure I shall never forget seeing him stagger in the street once. I suppose he has reformed. But just

think, if the taste should be revived again, and at our house, and he should become intoxicated at his wedding party." Oh, mother, it makes me feel dreadfully to think about it! And dear Cousin Fanny! What sorrow it would bring to her!"

"O dear, Henry! Don't talk in that kind of a way! You make me shudder all over. You're getting too much carried away by this subject of temperance."

And Mrs. Eldridge left the room to look after her domestic duties. But she could not push from her mind certain uneasy thoughts, which her son's suggestions had awakened. During the morning, an intimate lady friend came in, to whom Mrs. Eldridge spoke of the intended party.

"And would you believe it," she said, "that old-fashioned boy of mine, actually proposed that we should have coffee, instead of wine and brandy."

"And you're going to adopt the suggestion," replied the lady, her face lighting up with a pleasant smile.

"It would suit my own views exactly; but then, such an innovation upon a common usage as that, is not to be thought of for a moment."

"And why not?" asked the lady. "Coffee is safe; while wine and brandy are always dangerous in promiscuous companies. You can never tell in what morbid appetite you may excite an unhealthy craving. You may receive into your house a young man with intellect clear, and moral purposes well balanced, and send him home at midnight, to his mother, stupid from intoxication! Take your son's advice, my friend. Exclude the wine and brandy, and give a pleasant cup of coffee to your guests instead."

"O dear, no, I can't do that!" said Mrs. Eldridge. "It would look as if we were too mean to furnish wines and brandy. Besides, my husband would never consent to it."

"Let me give you a little experience of my own. It may help you to a right decision in this case."

The lady spoke with some earnestness, and a sober cast of thought in her countenance. "It is now about three years since I gave a large party, at which a number of young men were present,—boys I should rather say. Among these was the son of an old and very dear friend. He was in his nineteenth year—a hand-