

boiler or saucepan of water, to prevent the possibility of their burning. It also saves more costly tin utensils; for this method of boiling in water is hard on the tin-ware. One can may be kept for onions; others can be used for baking or steaming Rye-and-Indian bread, and some kinds of pudding.

They are also convenient for pantry use, for holding articles to be used in cookery, or in the laundry; for garden seeds, for paint-pots, and for many other things that will suggest themselves to every housekeeper, and for which indeed they would long ago have been used, but for the untidy jagged edge made by the common method of opening them. If covers are wanted for them in these capacities, discarded rims and lids many be put together with a little solder.

If there are tin shears at hand, and any one to use them, the cans may be made into very passable scoops. Take several of them at a time to a tinner, and he will cut them into shape for a trifle. It saves time to have a scoop in every meal tub, flour barrel, sugar pail, and starch box. In short, old tin cans are far better for many purposes than for street-organs, or for ornaments to dogs'-tails. Suppose we change the tune, and have better economy, more taste, and a higher grade of music.—*Science of Health.*

### GRAHAM GEMS.

I can make them with water and flour alone, but they are more to my fancy if one third sweet milk is used, as they brown more nicely, with less heat, and are usually lighter; though this morning, lacking batter to fill my gem pan, I stirred up two cups with water alone, and they fairly overtopped their companions, and were perfect honey-combs—made not from meal, but fine, bolted flour.

For twenty years Graham gems have constituted our principal bread diet, and we can make them sweeter and lighter with milk and water alone than we can with aid of soda or yeast.

Now for the *modus operandi*: First, your oven can scarcely be heated too hot; if coal is used, your gems should be baked with a freshly-lighted fire, at least twice as hot as would be required for yeast bread. Your batter should be nearly the thickness of stir-cake (this is a nice matter to get just right to one not used to it). All the stirring required is merely to get the batter free of flour lumps.

Let your gem pan heat on the top of the stove or range, dipping your batter in after it is well heated. Let it remain thus for a short time, when place it in the oven and quickly close the oven doors. A shovel of some kind should be used if you would be

saved from burns. A common shingle answers very well to run under the pan and lift it into the oven. Graham flour for gems should always be ground from white flint wheat, if possible; good gems cannot be made from poor meal.

Fine flour gems can be made so light and puffy, and in appearance so like a honey-comb, in this way, that a novice can scarcely believe it possible. I never use the finest grade of bolted flour, but that which is sweet and freshly ground. Fine flour gems I have only made during the past year, and freely acknowledge that they are yet a wonder to myself.—*Cor. Hearth and Home.*

### THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

One day, as I wandered, I heard a complaining,  
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom;  
She glared at the mud on the door-step ('twas raining),  
And this was her wail as she wielded her broom:

"Oh! life is a toil, and love is a trouble,  
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee,  
And pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,  
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet,  
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;  
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,  
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is muddy, it's slush in December,  
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust,  
In fall the leaves litter, in muggy September  
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,  
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies—  
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,  
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and it's dusting at seven;  
It's victuals at eight, and it's dishes at nine;  
It's plotting and planning from ten to eleven;  
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,  
Forever at war and forever alert,  
No rest for the day, lest the enemy enter—  
To spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night in my dream I was stationed forever  
On a little bare isle in the midst of the sea;  
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor  
To sweep off the waves ere they swept off poor me.

"Alas! 'twas no dream—again I beheld it!  
I yield, I am helpless my fate to avert."  
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,  
Then lay down and died, and was buried in dirt.