

and said "it scratched the mahogany, and this bedstead had belonged to great-grandmamma." Then she said:

"What is it, Len?"

"When you ask sixteen to dinner they must all come, and no less and no more?"

"Certainly."

"If they were sick, one or two of them, couldn't one or two others come instead?"

Just then Ellen came to take him to bed, and he protested that he was going to sit up till half-past seven. However, Ellen carried him off with:

"Please be quiet, Lennie. The little ones is sleepin', and Mary, the laundress, sitting with them against they wake up."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

It was my good fortune recently to meet one of the women whose work in behalf of suffering humanity deserves at least creditable mention.

She didn't look much like a "reformer" of any kind—in fact, she looked just a tolerably pretty, intelligent, rather stylish little country girl; but I happened to have heard of her "maiden effort," and resolved to learn further.

"Oh, it's only in the bud, as yet," she said blushing, in response to my inquiry; "and it may never be a very extensive movement, but I'm convinced it is of some little benefit. It was suggested to me partly by a friend of mine—a doctor, with whom I have corresponded for some years. [I

verily believe she's an infant yet, in the eyes of the law.] You may have seen some of his letters in the different periodicals of a year or two ago, giving a full description of the inhuman sweating system. Well, when I read the horrible details of that infamous system—details all the more horrible because strictly true; when I learned of the wretched condition of hundreds of sewing-women in our great cities, and then looked around on the country women about me, it struck me that something might be done.

"In my neighborhood at least (in richer localities it may be different, but I'm speaking of a comparatively new settlement) the average farmer's wife is overworked. She has to be cook, laundress, seamstress, and general housemaid for the whole family. Well, I visited a number of such, and found that they would only be too glad to have help with their making and mending and knitting, if it could be managed without drawing upon the good man's purse. This, of course, was impossible if they took their sewing to a fashionable town dressmaker (and much of it was not in her line)—impossible too with the average country girl who sews from house to house—neither of them have any use for 'trade' or barter.

"But with the other class it is different. They have everything to buy; and 'trade' or barter, up to a certain point, is as good to them as cash.

"Well, I mentioned my plan to the doctor, and he promptly fell in with it, and sent me a family of four—a mother, two daughters, and another child dying of consumption; in fact, the whole lot of them looked like animated corpses. They settled in a tiny house on my father's farm, agreeing to pay the rent in work. One condition of their coming was that they should, as far as possible, take their pay in produce. Almost from the first they had as much as they could do. They take milk, butter, eggs, meat, flour, vegetables, fuel—everything, in fact; the farmers' wives even turn in duebills on their accounts.

"You should have seen the change in that family. Instead of slaving early and late for a few miserable pence; living in a foul attic, packed together like herrings in a barrel; and with barley enough of the poorest kind of food to keep body and soul together, they have pure air, wholesome food, and plenty of it, too. Since that time I have placed about thirty women in various parts of the county, and the work is only beginning."

"Undoubtedly it is a benediction to those poor creatures," said I; "but how about the other party to the contract? Then, too, political economists would tell you that by introducing a body of workers into any field of labor you lower the earnings of the laborers already there."

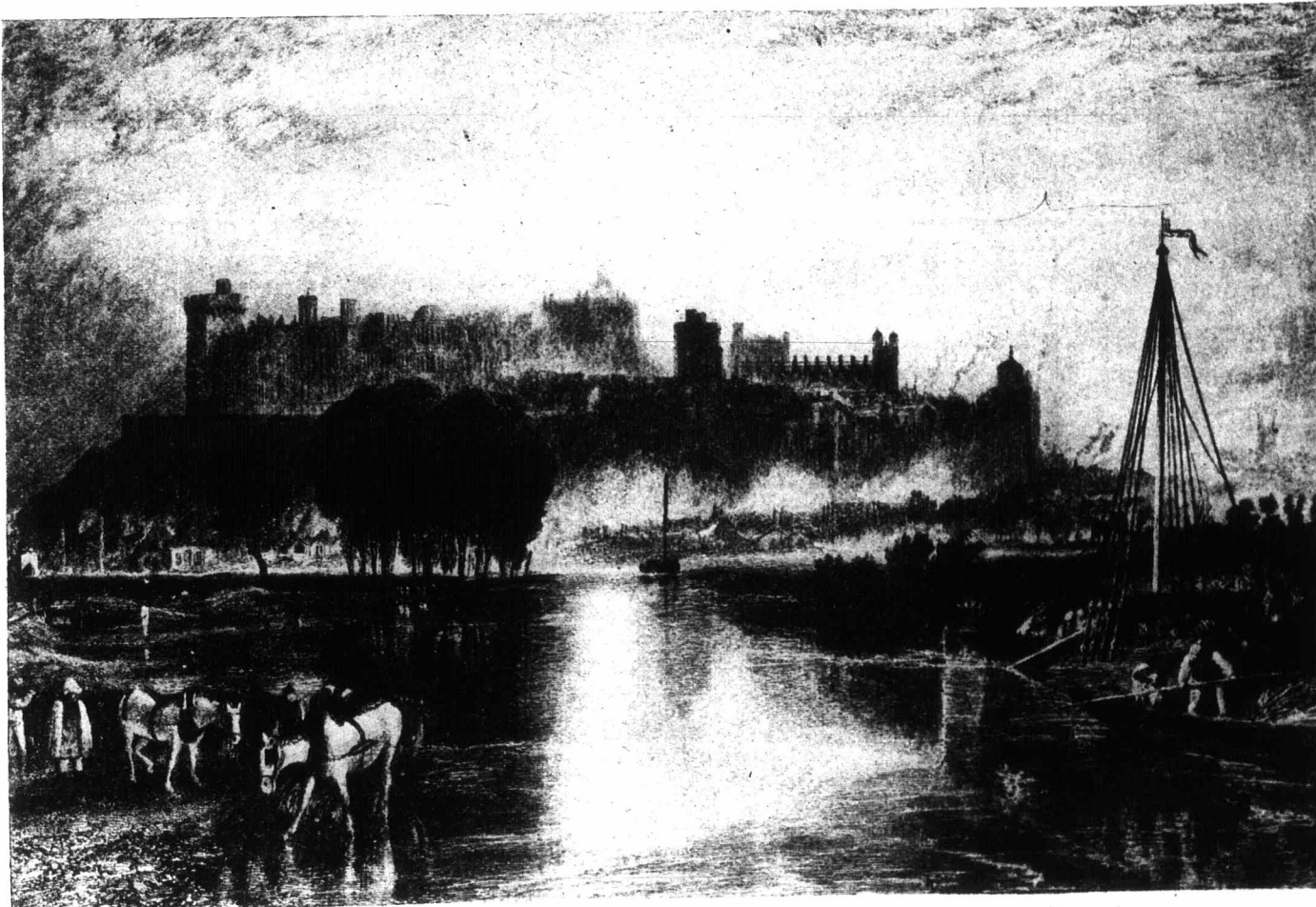
"Well," she replied, good-naturedly, "I know little about political economy, and I have yet to find any positive disadvantage from the experiment. In theory, of course, the country woman might as well pay in cash as in produce that she can dispose of for cash; but not so in practice. It takes both time and trouble to convert the produce into coin, and by this plan she is saved the necessity, without any inconvenience to the other party. As to the laborers already there, they are not crowded out; for the work, in the majority of cases, which these women do would not have found its way into their hands, anyhow. I don't claim that both parties are *equally* benefited; but it is an easy charity for the country woman. And when it comes to pure benevolence, you will find that the country woman is pretty well to the front, even when there is no prospect of advantage to herself."

To this last, we all say—Amen.

MINNIE MAY.

Windsor Castle.

Who has not heard of Windsor Castle? Not to know of it stamps a man as not of the English race. It is intimately associated with all the most august and gracious memories of our Queen; with receptions innumerable, of men of every rank and nation. Every part of the British Empire claims,



WINDSOR CASTLE.

through some favored son, a memory connected with this the greatest of the homes of English regality. Canada has several, and the most exceptional, perhaps, of any, in the sad death there of one of her leading statesmen. It will be long before the tragic incident of Sir John Thompson's death will be forgotten. Indeed, so numerous are the modern associations with Windsor Castle that its long history is scarcely thought of. Yet, as we go over the records of the past, what stirring scenes it brings to mind. What grand pageants in the days of old! A modern writer thus eloquently sums up the leading points in its history:—"How the world has changed since William the Conqueror first built his hunting-lodge in these wild woods, and since he laid the foundation of that grand old donjon, from the top of which is unfurled to-day the same noble flag that flaunted in the breeze high above its battlements eight hundred years ago. The sons of William contributed their share to its enlargement. All the Henrys, Edwards, Jameses, Charleses, and Georges added their contingents, as did the Hebrews under Nehemiah to the walls and towers of Jerusalem. Here kings and queens were born, married, and buried. Hence the royal histories of the British Empire radiate, and higher they converge. The luminous haze of centuries of romance and legendary chivalry haloes this high place of kinghood and knighthood. The outside face of its walls registers the rising tide of English civilization through a score of ages, and shows transformations of religious and political institutions, the gradual upgrowth of the British Constitution, and the rights and the recognition it brought in with it at different stages of its development. Here lived James

II., and Charles I., and Cromwell—not divided from each other by long intervals of time, but sundered like the poles in ideas that have shaken the world in their struggle for the mastery. It is a wonderful, grand junctive station of the ages past and present—a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead."

Recipes.

CORN SOUP.

One pint of corn (about six ears), one pint of milk, one teaspoonful each of sugar, salt and flour, one-half saltspoonful of white pepper, and one tablespoonful of butter. Cut the corn from the cobs.

BAKED CORN.

Cut the kernels from six ears of corn. Place in a buttered baking-dish. Add one-half cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt, and one tablespoonful of butter cut in small pieces. Bake for one-half hour, until brown.

ESCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER.

The remnants of the cauliflower served on Monday are used for this dish. Pick the cauliflower apart with a fork. Mix it with a cupful of cream sauce and place in a buttered baking-dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake about one-half hour, until brown.

GRANDMOTHER'S APPLE SAUCE.

Fill a small stone crock with sour apples that have been pared, quartered, and cored. Turn over them a pint of sugar, dissolved in a cupful of water. Cover the crock closely and place in the oven, when tea is over, and let remain until the next morning. The flavor and color of the apples are quite different to those stewed over the fire.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.

Pare and core six apples and place them closely together in a buttered dish. Sift over them half a cupful of sugar, adding a cupful of water; cover and bake until tender. Remove, and when partly cool, pour over them a batter made of five large tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together. Into this mixture stir one tablespoonful of melted butter and a pint of milk, afterwards adding three well-beaten eggs. Pour the mixture over the apples, return to the oven and bake quickly. Serve with a liquid sauce.

ELDER WINE.

Pour four quarts of water upon eight quarts of elderberries, and let it stand two days; then boil it for half an hour, strain it, and put three pounds of moist white sugar to every gallon of wine; then add one ounce of cloves, one of cinnamon, and two ounces of powdered ginger; boil it again, dip a piece of toast in yeast, and work around the liquid with it; then bottle.

GRAPE WINE.

When the grapes are quite ripe bruise them well, and to each gallon of grapes add a gallon of water, and let it remain a week without stirring. Then draw off the liquor carefully, and to each gallon put three pounds of white sugar. Place it in a cool situation to ferment, and when fermented, stop it up tight. It will not be ready for bottling for five or six months.

PRESERVED CRAB APPLES.

Allow one-half pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and one pint of water to three pounds of sugar. When the sirup is boiling, add the apples and cook them until they can be pierced with a broom straw. Fill into jars.

PRESERVED PLUMS.

Prick the skins with a large needle; prepare a sirup, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, and one cupful of water to each pound of sugar. Cook in the boiling sirup until tender. Fill into jars.

CREAM PUFFS.

Six ounces of flour, one-fourth of a pound of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of water, five eggs. Boil the butter and water and stir in the flour.