

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

When seasoning soup use whole pepper and spices, putting them in after it has boiled up.

Cook fish well, for it is not only unpalatable but unwholesome if underdone. For invalids fish should always be served hot.

When soaking salt fish, previous to cooking, add a little vinegar to the water, as it improves the flavor of the fish.

Novelty Sandwiches—Cut some thin slices of brown bread and butter, spread lightly with honey, and then sprinkle with chopped Barcelona nuts or walnuts. Press the slices firmly together, cut into neat shapes, and serve on a dessert paper.

Farinaceous puddings require slow cooking to be good. It is only in this way that the starch grains have time to swell and thicken the milk thoroughly. Milk puddings for children should always cook for at least three hours in a moderate oven, adding more milk if it is required.

Apple cheese makes delicious cheese-cakes, and is a pleasant change from lemon curd. Cook one pound of peeled and cored apples to a pulp, then add to it two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the rind and juice of half a lemon. When well blended add two beaten eggs. Stir for a few minutes over a slow fire, and the mixture will then be ready for use.

Swedish Pie.—Grease a pedish and sift breadcrumbs over. Then put a layer of cold roast beef cut into small dice, then a layer of tomato slices, and a sprinkling of chopped onion. Three parts fill the dish in this way, and then cover with parboiled potatoes cut in thick pieces. Pour a little highly-seasoned gravy in, and bake for an hour.

Bacon fat should always be saved, as it is most useful in cooking. Put every scrap in a basin, and when you have a good quantity pour boiling water over it, and let it stand till cold. Then take off the fat, put it in a saucepan, and simmer till all the water is evaporated. Pour into a basin. When cold it can be used for frying, basting, and for plain cakes.

Macaroni a l'italien.—This is always popular, and is really an easily-made dish. Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni in salted water for twenty minutes. Drain off and put into a saucepan, with one ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of cheese, two tablespoonfuls of tomato-puree (in bottles), pepper and salt. If necessary, put in also a little good stock. Stir well over the stove for a few minutes and serve.

## A CURE OF IVY POISONING.

Make a stiff lather from common yellow kitchen soap. With a shaving brush work up the lather and paint it with the shaving brush, over the part affected. Put on layer after layer until you have a coating one-sixteenth to one-tenth of an inch thick, and there let it remain until the pain, swelling, smarting, or itching has disappeared. As a rule, it takes but a very few hours to perfect the cure.

This remedy is within the reach of every one, and means neither delay nor cost of a physician. The poorest and commonest (rosin) soap seems to be just as efficient as a better or more costly soap. The cure is doubtless effected by the potash or soda of the soap and by the coating of lather preventing the access of the air to the poisoned part. Ivory soap contains so little free alkali that it should not be used for this work.

"To feel that what one has can grow; that money well used will breed money; that in the process of gaining there is opened a path of delightful activity practically endless; this is, for many a young man in our day, the first seductive and perilous discovery of their lives."—J. Oswald Dykes.

## SPARKLES.

Eddie—"Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged a month ago, and now —" Else—"Ah! love makes the world go round—" Eddie—"Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to make me lose my balance!"

"Do all fairy tales begin with 'once upon a time?'"

"No, most of them begin with 'I was detained at the office, dear.'"

Little Girl (to Dad)—"When do babies begin to talk?" Dad—"Oh, I don't know; when they're about a year old, I suppose." Little Girl—"Oh, I've heard of a little boy who spoke sooner than that." Dad—"Who was he?" Little Girl—"Well, teacher was telling us about Job. She said he cursed the day he was born."

A colored preacher, in one of his pulpit flights, exclaimed: "Brethren, the sun may cease to shine, but I'll not cease to shine! The stars may cease to sparkle, but I'll not cease to sparkle! The ocean may dry up, but I'll never dry up!"

"So your daughter has gone to Europe after all?"

"Yes," replied the farmer, "she's been crazy to go since she got through that female college. Her mother and I never could see why she was so set on going. She don't know a soul there."

Tommy was at Sunday school in his first "real" clothes. A picture of a lot of little angels was before the class, and the teacher asked Tommy if he would not like to be one.

"No, ma'am," replied Tommy, after inspecting the picture.

"Not want to be an angel, Tommy!" reproached the teacher. "Why not?"

"'Cause I'd have to give up my new pants," said Tommy, sagely.

Blobs—Why don't you consult a doctor about your insomnia? Slobs—What! And run up more bills? Why, it's because of what I owe him now that I can't sleep.

"What," queried the young man, "is the difference between white and black lies?"

"White lies," answered the home-grown philosopher, "are the kind we tell; black lies are the kind we hear."

"Look! The corpulent gentleman at the other table has tucked his napkin under his chin without attracting attention."

"He must be rich."  
"And he is eating with his knife."  
"Gracious, he must be very wealthy."  
"And stirring his coffee with his fork."

"Great Jupiter! He must be a newly-made millionaire."

## CARE OF THE CELLAR.

Whatever else you do, keep the cellar dry, and scrupulously clean.

It is like the weakest link in a chain. If the cellar is unsanitary, the rest of the house cannot be pure and clean.

It is true that microbes and dust collect more quickly there than anywhere else.

A window or ventilator to the outside air should be open all of the time.

Do not in your effort to keep the cellar cool in summer time keep it shut up that it becomes damp and musty.

Keep a wary eye out for such damp spots, and remove the cause at once. Walls should be whitewashed frequently.

A little carbolic acid mixed in the whitewash is an excellent precaution. Microbes may be collected in a pile of ashes, as well as decaying vegetables.

The cellar should be as spotless as the drawing room.

## GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BED.

(By Hilda Richmond.)

"Well, it looks as if somebody would have to sleep in great-grandfather's bed," said grandfather rubbing his hands together. "Sam's folks are to come yet, and every bed in the house is full."

"Oh, let me!" cried Jay and Henry. "We'll see," said grandfather. "We'll see!"

"Where is great-grandfather's bed?" cried the little boys.

"Up in the garret," and away the boys rushed.

There was to be a family reunion in the big old farmhouse next day, and grandmother had to do a lot of thinking to find places for her guests to sleep. Five of the older lads were to sleep on the sweet new hay in the barn, and all the children would have liked going out with them, but the big boys did not want the little fellows. The little boys were much disappointed, but the next best thing was to sleep in the big clean garret, and they all hoped the beds downstairs would be needed for the grown people.

"Grandfather! there isn't any bed in the garret!" cried Jay and Henry rushing back to the sitting-room. "We looked everywhere."

But grandfather took them to the garret to show them a queer old half of a sycamore log with ends fitted in, and told them the story of it. "When great-grandfather was a little boy," he said, "there were savage Indians in the woods around here, for his father and mother were Ohio pioneers, and one day the Indians ran after great-grandfather when he was alone in the woods. He was frightened almost to death, but he ran down to the river where they kept the old canoe and managed to escape by drifting down the river. When his parents moved away from the river to this farm, of course they brought the canoe that had saved their little boy's life, and made it into a bed, as furniture was scarce in those days. See! here are the strips nailed along the sides to make it stand up, and when it was half filled with furs it made the cosiest little bed you ever saw."

The grown folks did have to have all the beds, and grandmother spread two pallets on the garret floor, but Henry and Jay wanted to sleep in great-grandfather's bed. So they were snugly tucked in after an evening spent in telling stories, and the old boat was long enough for both, sleeping feet to feet. Four larger boys also slept in the attic, and very soon all was quiet, as the lads were tired after their busy day.

"Help! Help! The Indians! I'm drowning! The canie's upset!" Such a screaming came from the garret that the grown people who had not gone to bed rushed upstairs as fast as they could. Henry and Jay were half covered with sheets and blankets, and the canoe was on its side.

"I'm killed! The Indians are coming!" cried Jay, while Henry sobbed in his mother's arms. The big boys laughed a great deal, but grandmother made them go back to the hay mow at once.

One of the old supports nailed along the side to keep the log straight had given away and spilled the boys out on the floor, with the canoe on top of them.

"I never want to sleep in great-grandfather's bed again," said Jay as his papa carried him down and tucked him into his own bed. "Never Never!" "Neither do I," said Henry. "I thought that big feather duster was an Indian's head."

It was a long time before the little boys could be joked about sleeping in the old log bed, but after a while they had as much fun as any one ever up to the garret by themselves to sleep in it to show that they were not afraid, but they looked first to see if both supports were secure before going to bed.