

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES,—Do not try to appear in the eyes of the public any richer than your circumstances will permit. Whatever economy it is right for you to practice you should never be ashamed of. If at any time you find yourself trying to conceal your thrift, you had better pause and examine your motives; for either you are possessed of that absurd weakness—a desire to appear richer than you really are—or else the piece of economy in question is not necessary, and therefore it is that you are ashamed of it. There are in some houses such a difference between the things used every day and those kept for company, that a guest cannot be invited to dine or take tea without making a revolution in the whole table furniture. The best dinner-set is probably kept in the closet of a spare chamber; so piles of plates and armfuls of dishes are seen walking down stairs on company-days, and walking up again the day after. Where the things in common use are so inferior to those paraded before company, the family live in continual dread of accidental visitors, and meal-time is a season of secrecy. A knock at the door produces the greatest consternation; the mistress of the house snatches up a broken dish and puts it in the closet, tells one of her daughters to hide the pitcher which has lost its handle, and another to carry away the old plates and spoons, while she runs to the sideboard for better ones to supply their places.

Now, my dear nieces, would it not be far more refined and dignified, as well as more honest and more comfortable, to have better every day and parade less before company? A person should have too much self-respect to use anything when alone that is unfit for her condition. The greatest hospitality is generally shown by persons of small incomes who are content to live according to their means. As a general rule for living neatly and saving time, it is better to keep clean than to make clean. There are many ways of keeping clean, and saving labor and time, which it is well worth while to practice.

Do everything in its proper time. Put everything in its proper place.

MINNIE MAY.

RECIPES.

FRUIT-CAKE.

Take one pound butter and one pound sugar, beat until it looks like cream—say three-quarters of an hour; one pound of eggs well beaten; one and a half pounds of stoned raisins; one and a half pounds of currants, well washed, dried and floured; one-quarter pound each of lemon, citron and orange peel, shaved very fine; one and a half pounds of flour, into which one teaspoonful of soda has been rubbed; two teaspoonfuls extract of lemon. Put in each ingredient in the order here given. Mix thoroughly with the hand, as it is almost impossible to do so with a spoon. Bake for three hours in a moderate oven, and you will have a cake fit for the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne.

A. J. D., Kingston.

SWISS PUDDING.

Sift together half a pound of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one of salt; rub together four ounces of granulated sugar and two ounces of butter, and when they are well mixed so as to be granular, but not creamy, add the flour gradually until all is used; make a hollow in the middle of the flour, put into it one egg, half a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring and half a pint of milk; mix to a smooth paste, put into a well-buttered and well-floured mould, and set this into a large pot with boiling water enough to come two-thirds up the side of the mould. Steam the pudding three-quarters of an hour, or until a broom-

splint can be run into it without finding the pudding sticking to it. Turn the pudding out of the mould and send it to the table with the following sauce: Stir together over the fire one ounce of flour and one of butter; as soon as they are smooth pour into them half a pint of boiling milk, add two ounces of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and use with the pudding as soon as it boils up.

MISS J. C.

SHIRT-BOSOMS.

Get a polishing-iron at the hardware store for seventy-five cents or a dollar; starch and iron the linen in the usual way, then lay it over a smooth board covered with one thickness of muslin, pass a damp cloth over the linen, and polish vigorously with the polishing-iron. Try it on an old cuff first, and you will soon see how it's done.

WEAKNESS IN CHILDREN.

When a little one toddles weakly about, as if it had to make an effort to place one foot before the other, bathe its back in weak alum-water, and rub gently until there is a glow. Half a teaspoon of salt in three pints of water will do as a wash in summer, if care is taken to keep from getting cold. A teacup of water, a small pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of brandy is very strengthening to rub with.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

A cup of hot Indian gruel, taken at the moment of retiring, will make the nervous tension cease, occupies the stomach and the brain rests. Eat a light supper before it. Two teaspoonfuls of Indian meal, one of flour, and wet only to a smooth paste. Pour boiling water slowly upon it, beating it as you pour. Salt it, and boil half an hour. It can be made while tea is getting ready, and warmed over the gas at bed-time.

M. H. E.

CHEESE TOAST.

Take half a teacup of grated cheese—use crumbs and dry pieces—mix it with a teacup of grated bread, the yolk of an egg, a spoonful of butter, three spoonfuls of rich cream, pepper and salt, and a little mustard if liked; toast some slices of bread, spread the mixture on, place in a quick oven for three or four minutes and serve hot.

MARY B.

THE WASHING OF FLANNEL AND WOOLEN GOODS.

Use borax—a large tablespoonful in a pint of water; put some of this into the warm water in which the flannel is to be washed; put in no more than one piece at a time, and use some soap if necessary. From time to time add some more of the borax solution; rinse every piece in warm water, shake it well and hang up where it can dry quickly. Therefore it is best to wash flannels only when the air is dry. Some advise the adding of a little salt to the water in which they are rinsed the last time, and to use water just as hot as for cotton material, when, it is said, they will not shrink, and always remain white.

LINIMENT.

The following is an excellent liniment for rheumatism: One tablespoonful of salt, half a beef's gall, one ounce ammonia and four ounces of alcohol mixed together; apply to the parts affected. Rheumatism, like headache, is not to be cured in all persons by the same remedy, I know, but I have great faith in the liniment given.

MEALY POTATOES.

Select the potatoes so that they will be nearly of a size; do not put them into the pot until the water boils. When done, pour off the water and remove the cover until the steam is gone. Then scatter in a half teaspoonful of salt, and cover the pot with a towel. Watery potatoes will thus come out mealy.

CELERY, OR CARROT SOUP.

Procure six fine red carrots, scrape and wash well, slice very thin; also, two heads of celery, two onions, two ounces of ham, similarly; two cloves, one blade of mace, one sprig of thyme, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, half teaspoonful of pepper, one small bay leaf, if handy; place the whole in a stew-pan with three ounces of butter; stew gently for one hour, rub through a flour sieve, place the pulp in same stew-pan, add two quarts of "stock," or broth, and bring to a boil, stirring all the time; add a little plain boiled rice; in the absence of broth, add a little milk, or water, in Lent.

Procrastination.

Delays are dangerous, says the old proverb, and it is a very true one. It is not always best to act upon the moment's impulse, especially if it is an angry one; but in the moral state of mind, the impulses of an honest heart are worth hearing. And when one's conscience says suddenly: "This is best—do it," ten to one conscience is right.

"Strike while the iron is hot," is borrowed from the blacksmith's experience, and he knows how necessary it is to carry it out. So, in many things of this life, the moment at which hearts are melted and softened is the time for action. Wait, and those hearts grow cold, and other interests stir them, and it is all too late.

Better be rash than slow. It takes an immense capital to be slow upon; a little one will sometimes do, if used on the spot. In business this is certainly so. In almost all affairs of life at least one takes the chances of ruin or success, and that is better than to creep slowly to disappointment.

Life is not long enough for procrastination. Youth is not long enough; hope and energy leave us too soon to be trifled with. As for love, how many a man has lost the woman he wanted just because he did not ask her in time. How many a woman has trifled with an honest love, and feared and trembled until the hope deferred which makes the heart sick has turned it from her.

If you have a thing to do, do it; do it now if you can. Better fall with a crash than have the moss grow over you, and stand a desolate, useless ruin. We all know how a chasm, which slow, methodical, painstaking considerations would prove to us could not be cleared at all, may be crossed by a sudden run and leap. We all know how in a moment of excitement we have strength which surprises ourselves, and which we could not coolly summon. So with mental action. The quicker the better, as a general thing. At least do not procrastinate; do not pass hours that should be spent in action in idle dreaming. Take life in your hands, and, for weal or for woe, go on with it, fearing nothing, hoping everything, leading even its forlorn hopes with a soldier's spirit to the very end. And you shall have a brighter present, and richer draughts as you go on, and fewer dregs when the cup is emptied.—[Mary Kyle Dallas.

Some few miles from this city is a little village called Scottsville. Here not long since the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a dance, "and dance they did," said our informant, "with an unctious unknown to your city belles and beaux." One interesting young man having imbibed rather too freely became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to retire for a short rest.

A door ajar near the dancing hall revealed invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession, with a prospect of an undisturbed "snooze."

It happened, howbeit, that this was the ladies withdrawing room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of a tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of the "sex") which ran on in this wise:

"What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?"

"La yes, Sally? Jim Brown says he never saw you look so handsome as you do to-night."

"Have you heard anybody say anything about me?"

"About you! why, sartain; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest-dressed girl in the room."

Whereupon the dear things chuckled, "fixed up" a little more, and made off toward the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door, when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired: "Have you heard anybody say anything about me, girls?"

A little girl visiting a neighbor with her mother was gazing curiously at her hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried, "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me." Laura's mother didn't stay long after that.