

most excellent dinner is fused in each. Bad food is poisoning us as a nation. We ourself, who have bought seventeen cookery books in seven years, walk from dyspeptic bread and leathery steak to our desk and our duty. American wives cannot make calls, and entertain visitors, and retain the three languages they learned at school, and keep up their music, and look after the babies, and do the family sewing, and read the papers daily, and cook beside; simply because there are but twenty-four hours in the day, and no elastic management will stretch them into twenty-eight or sixty-eight, which would not be too many with the drafts they are expected to honor. The legs of the cooking-stove have crushed out fairer lives and gayer hopes than the wheels of Juggernaut. Our matrons, who should be be smiling, celestial, rosy-red, are weary and pallid, and find housekeeping a misery and a failure. We do not exhort them to labor one instant more. But their quick brains and clear executive power are quite adequate to the ordering of a well regulated kitchen were a few hints given them. All the boys in Scotland saw the tea-kettle boil, but only Watt condensed the vapor into a steam engine from which a hundred thousand mechanics caught hints and earned their bread. Only Monsieur Blot finds the kitchen an inspiration, and the flour barrel an unpublished poem. He sighs that the gods have not made it poetical as well—but he *can* appeal to our harder natures, and teach us to reduce our tyrants to vassalage, and force obedient and ready service from them.

Dear Angelina, go to No. 896 Broadway, and exchange \$10 for wisdom wiser than Solon's which shall more adorn you than the *point applique* collar which you resign; which shall more enhance your rich complexion than the pretty veil for which you sigh. You and Edwin shall no longer board, but have a shining home, and a table so well ordered that he may impetuously invite to dinner his cousin, the Hon. Senator from New Mexico, suddenly arrived in town, and raise no blush upon your cheek, and no agitation in your tranquil bosom.

"Ah," but you say, while your eyes brighten at this charming picture, "if I knew more than Brillat Savarin, and had edited the *Almanach Gastronomique* like Monsieur Blot, could I hope to make my exiled Bridget comprehend my fine instructions? And I must have that Island wanderer or nobody." Angelina,

"There's the rub!
* * * There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.

We never pass a sloop-shop where haggard women come bearing huge bales of underpaid sewing; we do not see the pinched toy-workers and doll's dressmakers; we never observe the little stores whose windows declare "ladies' linen made here;" we do not note pallid lines of weary girls, pining for fresh air behind crowded counters, without wishing that they would help us at our need—they or their sisters in lot—and cook our abundant dinners for excellent pay, rather than buy their own meager ones for half their wages. They *will* do it exactly when, in addition to the money, we offer them that absolute and hearty respect which *ability* demands—whether it be ability to cook or to build the Vatican.

Till that day, patient Angelina, try to graft Yankee ideas on a Celtic stem. One in a hundred will flourish. Meanwhile, go you to Monsieur Blot, and know that for every lesson you add something to the "daily beauty" of your life. For right housekeeping ceases to be a paltry thing when you remember that without it no perfect home can be; and cooking is no longer a common drudgery when you think that its fine chemistry keeps Edwin in the body, that he may the longer adore you. So persevere, even if you come from the Cooking Academy day after day with Portia's half sad, half merry on your lips. "If to do were as easy to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HOW TO ROAST A GOOSE.

GEESE seem to bear the same relation to poultry that pork does to the other domestic quadrupeds; that is the flesh of goose is not suitable for, or agreeable to the very delicate in constitution. One reason doubtless, is that it is the fashion to bring it to the table very rare done; a detestable mode!

Take a young goose, pick, singe and clean well. Make the stuffing with two ounces of onions (about four common sized) and one ounce of green sage chopped very fine; then add a large coffee cup of little bread crumbs, and the same of mashed potatoes; a little pepper and salt, a bit of butter as big as a walnut, the yoke of an egg or two; mix these well together and stuff the goose. Do not fill it entirely;