

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The Devil came up to the earth one day,
And into a Court House he went his way,
Just as an attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the "points in the case."

Now a lawyer his Majesty never had seen,
For to his domains none had ever been
And he felt very anxious the reason to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his Majesty thought,
That none of the lawyers had ever been caught;
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave.
And the Devil was really greatly amused
To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

But as soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The council opposing them fiercely arose,
And he bowed such abuse on the head of the first
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they quarrelled, contended and argued
long,

'Twas hard to determine which of them was
wrong;
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of the
fuss,

Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:

"If all they have said of each other be true,
The Devil had surely been robbed of his due;
But I am satisfied now, it's all very well—
For those lawyers would ruin the morals of well."

"They've puzzled the court with their villainous
cavil,
And I'm free to confess they have puzzled the
Devil;

My agents are right to let lawyers along—
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my
throne"

MILK AS A BEVERAGE.

Milk is the one absolutely perfect food—the complete ration. It varies of course greatly in quality—the amount of water, of fat and of total solids, which of course includes fat, and yet there is probably no no kind of milk from well-fed cows which is not good for both adults and children and, slightly modified, even for infants. We do not make half the use of milk that we should in either city or country families. Its production is profitable, and its consumption is profitable and healthful.

In the country skim milk is common on farmers' tables. It is, however, seldom offered to guests, but children have all they want, for it is well known as good food.

In country towns whole milk is common as an article of drink. A pitcher of milk stands next to the water pitcher. It is pure (that is, whole milk), or nearly so. A little cream may have been taken off for the coffee or berries, and the rest is stirred in before it is brought to the table.

The use of cream as a beverage is really unknown outside of the large cities. It would, indeed, be difficult to drink a glass of good, thick pan cream; but the cream which we get to drink at the city "dairy" is taken at 10 to 12 hours from deep cans, and is sufficiently liquid, while at the same time it is well flavored and satisfying. It is food and drink combined, and, while it has not the refreshing and cooling effect of a glass of ice-water or lemonade, nevertheless it is a very pleasant thing to take, and with a piece of cake or a few crackers makes a good light lunch. We commend it to our country friends. Cream is especially useful in some cases of sickness and some people digest it more easily than pure milk.

Buttermilk, made from cream, and that made by churning whole milk after it becomes sour, are very different substances. The former is the buttermilk of the country, the latter of the town. Milk or cream agitated violently in contact with the air

becomes changed in character, the fat separates as butter, and this usually marks the conclusion of the operation. It is, therefore, natural, that it should be thought essential to the formation of buttermilk that butter should be produced. But this is not so. Skim milk, slightly turned and well churned, becomes buttermilk. Throughout the summer, or rather throughout the season of abundant milk, great quantities of milk are churned daily in the large cities, but only that which becomes sour. A considerable part of the cream is removed and the sour milk churned. This is, in fact, the common way of disposing of extra milk—that is, milk which cannot be sold while sweet. Its use in cooking seems very little known, but it is used to drink. People become very fond of it, and a most excellent and very refreshing beverage it is.

The fact seems not to have occurred either to buyer or seller, or to the police or Board of Health that this sale of churned skim milk is just as truly an infraction of the absurd law against the sale of skimmed milk as if the milk were sweet and not churned.

The controlled fermentation of skimmed milk produces koumiss, an article containing a small amount of alcoholic spirit and a considerable amount of carbonic acid gas, which causes it to sparkle and effervesce like champagne or bottled cider. The effort was made a year or two ago to popularize this beverage, but with little success. The public do not seem "to hanker after it."

I believe I have now enumerated all forms of milk used distinctively as articles of drink. To recapitulate, we have whole milk and cream, which are only partially adapted to allay thirst, but used as liquid food; skim milk and buttermilk, very refreshing, thirst allaying and at the same time strongly nourishing.

The two latter are sold, if sold at all, in New York in violation of law, which thus works to deprive the public of this city of a most valuable article of diet. Skim milk is produced in large quantities within the district which supplies New York and Brooklyn with milk. It is the milk from which cream is taken for shipment to the city, and this used in large and increasing quantities. Every quart of cream sent to or sold in the city represents at least ten quarts of skimmed milk. I is a pertinent question to inquire what becomes of all this. If it could be sold in the city at half the price of whole milk, here it would come in all its blue purity, and would be an almost unspeakable blessing to the poor—a nourishing, healthful beverage for poor children in place of the wretched poisonous tea and coffee which they drink.

What becomes of it? Who knows? Is it kept in the country and fed to pigs and calves? Is it made into skim cheese. No, no, no. It is mixed with other milk and sent to town to be sold at 7 or 8 cents a quart. That is what becomes of it. Exactly the result which the law or regulation of the city government is made to prevent is consummated under the very eyes, as it were, of milk inspectors and boards of health.

The only cure is to abrogate the law and admit and welcome skim milk to the city that the people may be familiar with it and instruct themselves not only in its use, but in quickly distinguishing skim milk from whole milk. If our city fathers would authorize its sale at no more than half the price of whole milk, making it a punishable offence to sell skimmed milk or partly

skimmed milk, as whole milk, or for more than half the price at which whole milk is sold all would be accomplished. We should have our "pure" milk more generally pure, skim milk so well known that it could hardly be used fraudulently, and cream more abundant than ever. Would not these results surely follow?

A GERMAN VILLAGE WEDDING.

The Picturesque Ceremonies Attending a Marriage in the Fatherland.

The village church, where the wedding took place, is on the top of a little craggy hill. The church is very old, built of gray stone, with a square tower, and an odd-shaped belfry. The stony path led through the graveyard to the church-door. The chime of bells rang out with a delectable joy. "Let all things be done decently and in order," they seemed to ring; "not too fast; we are staid people and take time for all things." The interior of the church was cold and severe-looking, the walls whitewashed, but the galleries painted pink and blue. The long, narrow windows seemed set in stone arches, so thick was the wall. The pulpit above the altar was as high up as the galleries, so that the minister preached far above the heads of his flock. On one side of the altar hung a portrait of Luther; on the other of Melancthon.

The wedding took place at midday. First came a troop of little girls, each carrying in her hand tiny bunches of flowers. The little things, with their braided hair (no hats) and dresses almost touching the floor, looked as quaint and demure as the little women in the old-fashioned picture books. Next came the bride and one bridesmaid, the three bridesmaids walking together, lastly the groomsmen. The bride and bridesmaids then entered a pew to the left, the groom and party to the right. All knelt in prayer. Then the bride went by herself to the altar, laid on one side a white silk handkerchief, a sprig of rosemary and a lemon! I wondered to myself if the lemon was emblematic of the sourness of married life. She then returned to the pew. I noticed that there was on the other side of the altar another white silk handkerchief, a sprig of rosemary and a new Bible. The choir sang quite a long hymn. The minister went up in the pulpit and preached a sermon of about twenty minutes. The choir sang another hymn. A little boy placed a long, low stool before the altar. The minister descended, and the bride joined the groom at the altar, the bridesmaids and groomsmen remaining in the pews.

At the close of the ceremony the minister presented the groom with the new Bible. The choir sang still another hymn. Then the bride returned to her pew and the groom to his and said their prayers, after which the groomsmen left the church and were not joined by the bride until they were quite out in the churchyard. It seems the silk handkerchief, lemon, and rosemary on one side of the altar were for the minister. On the other the gift was for the organist.

WATCH THE LITTLE THINGS.

There is a barn upon the Allegheny Mountains so built that the rain which falls upon it separates in such a manner that that which falls on one side of the roof runs into a little stream which flows into the Susquehanna, and thence into the Chesapeake Bay, and on into the Atlantic Ocean; that which falls on the other side is carried into the Allegheny River, thence

into the Ohio, and onward to the Gulf of Mexico.

The point where the water divides is very small. But how different the course these waters!

So it happens with people. A very little thing changes the channel of their lives. Much depends upon the kind of temper we have. If we are sour and ill-tempered no one will love us. If we are kind and cheerful we shall have friends wherever we go. Much depends upon the way in which we improve our school-days. Much depends upon the kind of comrades we have; much upon the kind of habits we form. If we would have the right kind of a life we must watch the little things. We must see how one little thing affects another thing, how one little act takes in many others.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—One bowl meal, 1 bowl flour, 1 bowl sour milk, 1/2 cup molasses, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, salt. Steam or bake two hours. Eaten with honey, it is delicious.

CREAM CAKE.—Two cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, mixed with the flour; 1 egg, 1/2 of a cup sugar, butter size of a butternut, 1/2 cup sweet milk, with 1 teaspoonful soda stirred in. Bake in three layers. One cup of thick, sweet cream beaten to a froth, with 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, stirred in at the last. Flavor with vanilla. Origin unknown.

RICE PUDDING.—One-half cup of rice, boiled and sweetened, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful corn starch, 1 pint milk. Wet the corn starch with a little cold milk; add the beaten yolks of the eggs, and stir all into the boiling milk. When cooked, pour the mixture over the rice, covering it with the beaten whites of the eggs, and placing it in the oven a few minutes to brown slightly.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup water, 1/2 cup butter; boil water and butter together. Stir in one cup of flour while boiling. Take from the fire, and when cool, stir in three eggs, not beaten. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. Avoid opening the oven doors. Drop in large spoonfuls on tin. Cream—Five even teaspoonfuls of flour, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg. Beat egg and sugar together; and flour; stir all into the milk while boiling. Open cakes with knife and fill.—Mrs. Beach.

SPONGE GINGER BREAD.—In 2 cups of molasses sift 2 teaspoonfuls of soda and a dessert-spoonful of ginger, and one of powdered cinnamon. Stir to a cream; then add 1 well-beaten egg, 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup lard, melted; 1 cup of sour milk in which is dissolved 1/2 of a teaspoonful of soda. Mix all together, then add flour to the consistency of pound cake, 2 teaspoonfuls of raisins or English currants are a great improvement. Chop the raisins.—Lal. s. de Cook. B. de. No. 1.

LEMON PIE.—One cup of sugar, 1 lemon, 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of butter. Grate the yellow rind of the lemon on the sugar, then squeeze all of the juice on the sugar too. Add the yolks of the eggs. Dissolve the corn starch in cold water, then pour over it 1 cupful of boiling water. Mix with the sugar and eggs, then add one 1 tablespoonful of melted butter. Line a pie plate with nice crust and pour in the mixture. Just before taking the pie from the oven, spread over it the whites of the two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Brown slightly. The origin of the above recipe is unknown, but it is unequalled.