

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Rub the tea kettle, coffee pot, etc., with paper while hot, and they will never need scouring.

Hominy.—Cut cold hominy or hasty pudding into thin slices, dip each piece into well-beaten egg and fry on a grid-iron.

Liver should be placed in hot water before cooking, after being sliced thin, and then broiled or fried.

A poultice of salt and the white of an egg is a powerful resolvent, and if applied in time will disperse a felon.

A solution of gum arabic will remove dirt and stains from marble. Let it remain till it dries, when it will peel off or can be washed off.

Cheese and Egg Sandwiches.—Grate the cheese, and to each cupful add the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, minced fine; rub to a paste with a teaspoonful of butter, season to taste with salt and pepper, and spread between buttered bread or crackers. These are nice made of Graham bread.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs, one cupful flour, one cupful sugar, three table-spoonful milk, one half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar; flavor to taste.

Dripping Pan.—Put a few drops of ammonia and a little water into the dripping pan after taking the meat from it. By the time that dinner is over, the pan will be as easy to wash as a teacup.

Polishing Copper Vessels.—A copper vessel, badly tinned, Miss Severn found in the kitchen, which had never been properly cleaned and was covered with that deadly poison, verdigris. She had it cleaned with vinegar, rotten stone and oil.

Scottish Shortbread.—Rub together into a stiff short paste two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, and six ounces of loaf sugar. Make it into square cakes, about a half-inch thick, pinch them all along the edge at the top, dock over the whole surface of the cake, and bake in a moderate oven.

Cure for Sleeplessness.—Eat an onion or two previous to retiring at night. Also a specific for all diseases of the kidney and bladder, if indulged in freely for some time, where other remedies have failed.

Corning Beef.—For one hundred pounds of beef take seven pounds of salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpetre, two ounces pepper, two ounces soda, dissolve in two-and-a-half gallons water, boil, skim, and let cool; when a scum rises after a few weeks scald the brine over, and by so doing and keeping meat entirely covered with brine, it will keep a year and more.

To Boil Rice as a Vegetable.—Wash several times in cold water, otherwise in cooking the rice grains will stick together. Let water boil very fast, say two quart in a quarter pound of rice, and throw in the latter, still keeping the water rapidly boiling; let it continue to do so for a little more; than a quarter of an hour, or till a grain will rub away between the finger and thumb; then throw the rice into a colander to let the water drain thoroughly away; then put it back into the saucepan, throw in a teacup of cold water, keep it covered for a few minutes; then turn it out, and every grain will separate, one from the other.

To make vermicelli-soup, take as much good stock as you require for your tureen; strain and set it on the fire, and when it boils put in the vermicelli. Let it simmer for half-an-hour by a slow fire, that the vermicelli may not break. The soup ought not to be very thick. Half-a-pound of vermicelli is sufficient for eight or ten persons.

## SPARKLES.

Some people are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, so they get trusted.

The single eye glass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.

Pat stole a watch, Mike a cow, and both were arrested. "What time is it?" says Mike. "Faith," answered Pat, "just milking time."

Domestic: What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house. Mrs. Youngwife: Dear, dear! That is too bad. I suppose you had better have toast.

We don't question the statement that George Washington never told a lie, but he certainly was never asked by a fond mother what he thought of her cute little baby.

An agricultural writer says: "Women have handled chickens and bees with profit." This may be a good way of handling chickens, but bees should be handled with gloves.

"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown. "Oh!" replied Fogg, who had been practising upon roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."

Mrs. Hayseed (whose son is at college): George writes that he is taking fence lessons. Mr. Hayseed: I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a-diggin' post holes when he gets home.

City Boarder (to farmer): This milk seems pretty poor. Farmer: The pasture here ain't what it ought to be. City Boarder: And yet I saw lots of milk-wed in the fields this morning.

"I love you with a deep and undying affection," he sighed. "Can I hope that that affection is returned?" "Why, certainly," responded the matter-of-fact young lady; "I have no particular use for it."

"Ma, de fiziology say yere dat de human body am imposed of free-fourth watah." "Wall, yo' bettah mosey off to school, an git outen dar hot sun, ur fusing yo' know yo' know yo' be 'vaporatin'."

"We all have our burdens to bear," said the minister. "There are many trials in this life." "Yes," I suppose there are," said the poor lawyer, ruefully; "but I don't seem to have much luck in getting mixed up in 'em."

## "NEED I GO TO SCHOOL?"

"O father! need I go to school?" said Johnnie one morning as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand books; I never shall. I had rather cut wood in the forest with you, and work ever so hard."

"Johnnie, how did we fell that big tree yesterday?" asked his father.

"A stroke at a time, and keeping at it," answered the boy.

"Yes," said the father. "A word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader; a syllable at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good speller, a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good in figures; an idea at a time, and keeping at it, will make you master the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping at it, Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

"Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but what I can do that," said Johnnie; and before six years from that time he stood first in the highest class in the school.—Selected.

## BEE AND THE BABY.

(By R. F. Knapp.)

Her whole name was Beatrice Florence Londley, but everybody called her Bee. Aunt Margaret was visiting at her home with little Robert, and Bee greatly enjoyed the privilege of taking him out to ride in his carriage.

One day several girls stopped at the door and asked Bee to go downtown with them.

"I can't now; I'm taking care of Robert," she answered.

"Bring him along," they suggested; and so he was put into the carriage, and they all started for the post office.

"There's Helen Slade," cried Bee, "and she's got her little niece out for a ride. Hello, Helen! Come along down to the post office with us."

Helen joined the party, and just as they reached the office a third girl with a baby-carriage appeared. The babies were all sitting in front of the building, while the girls went in to inquire for the mail. When they returned, Helen suggested that they all go with her to the grocery store, and on they went.

Each girl had an errand somewhere, and each time the babies were left out in front to wait. Sometimes one of the girls stayed with them, and sometimes, if the errand was a brief one, they were left alone. At last they all started for home, and at the corner they separated, saying their good-byes hurriedly, for it was nearly supper-time. When Bee reached home, Aunt Margaret came out and peeped under the parasol on the carriage. "Aying, 'Peek-a-boo, Robert; did you enjoy your ride? Did you—For mercy's sake!' and she stepped back and viewed the carriage, and then looked at Bee, and then at the carriage again. Finally she snatched the baby out and began to examine it.

"Why, Aunt Margaret, what's the matter for all this strange excitement."

"Why, Beatrice Londley, this isn't my baby at all. This is somebody else's, and where is Robert?"

"Why, that must be Robert, Auntie. I haven't—"

"Why, my dear child, don't you see! This child has golden hair and blue eyes, and you know Robert has black hair and eyes."

"But Auntie, I don't see—"

Just then Helen Slade came hurrying along wheeling a baby-carriage, and as soon as she could get her breath, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Bee, Caroline says this isn't her baby at all, and that I must have exchanged with you."

And, sure enough, that was Robert. Aunt Margaret began to laugh, and Bee looked very much ashamed as she said:

"Well, anyhow, the carriage are almost exactly alike, and I never looked under the parasol to see whether it was Robert or not."

"Neither did I," said Helen, as she took her little niece and started down the street.

## WHAT LAGER BEER CONTAINS.

The Philadelphia North American reports the following as having been told by a former brewer to Charles L. Brown, attorney for the Dairy and Food Commission. He said that lager beer brewed in this country nowadays contains sulphate of lime, as a "cleanser;" tartaric acid as a preservative; citric acid as flavor; benzoic acid as an antiseptic; tannic acid as a "bleacher;" salicylic acid and kolum metal sulphite as preservatives; glucose as a sweetener; juniper berries as an antidote for salicylic acid, and various other ingredients as unfit as these for human consumption. The brewer declared that there had been little or no pure lager beer made in this country for ten years or more.