

## HOUSEHOLD.

## Kindness to Hens.

If you would have your hens to be the very best of layers, there is something besides food which they need, and that is care about their nests and a recognition of their individuality. The maternal instinct is especially strong in almost everything of the bird kind. If the space is crowded they are liable to steal each other's nests, and then there is a great outcry and much indignation. And when they have the 'setting fever' they must not be harshly dealt with, for this is nature. You will discover that they have a genuine fever, and it is the height of cruelty to 'put them under a barrel,' or give them a cold bath and make them think they are to be drowned, or otherwise to abuse them, for by this time probably your hen has laid over a hundred eggs for you, before she has ever thought of her own pleasure. One woman who has thought much about the humanities of this subject, tells me that she invariably respects the wishes of every hen, and never disappoints them in their hatching propensities, and her hens are as productive at four and even five years as the first season, so that kindness is really the best policy. But how is she able to do this? you ask. Simply by a little care and judgment. When she finds a 'setting hen,' she takes a half a dozen glass eggs, and makes a preliminary nest in a quiet place, with surroundings safe from cats, rats, and other enemies. Then she removes the hen to this nest towards night, when it is too sleepy to take much heed, and if it is exceedingly desirous of setting, it will be quiet and keep on the new nest, but if not, then it will be entirely cured of the fever in a few days. In the former case the glass eggs are taken away and real ones substituted, but in neither case are harsh measures used. How much better is this than to 'duck' them to make them stop 'setting,' as the common expression goes, for it is necessary to their health that they have several unproductive months during the year, and if you wish to see perfect happiness look at a hen and her little chickens in a field of tender grass. She is doing more than helping her brood, she is laying up a store of health and tissue herself for the future. And you will be sure to feel the benefit of this in choice winter eggs. Meanwhile the one who has been easily 'put off' gives you no more trouble. She has had her chance.

Now, a word about keeping the chicks in limited quarters. This also can be done, always presupposing that you are willing to take the trouble. A clean box, several feet long, and as many wide, with a smaller box in one corner, for the night brooding, a little hay in the latter, so that the mother can work it into shape, a shallow can of water. This clean box, covered with an old window-frame, which has the most of the glass in it, and kept in a sunny corner of the yard, will make a good habitation for a month, if thoroughly cleansed now and then. The meals must be given with frequency, and not too lavishly, and must be constantly varied. A little finely cut up meat must take the place of the angle-worm, and dry oatmeal may be a substitute for the garden seeds they love to get hold of, and soft food, such as soaked bread or scalded Indian meal. They, like their elders, have also to be supplied with grass, lettuce or other vegetables, and as soon as they can bear it they also must have sand or gravel in which to disport themselves.—'Christian Work.'

## Without Tact.

'I should like to be liked; but somehow people don't seem to care for me,' is the plaint of a certain girl. She has good intentions, and finding herself regarded on all sides as a disagreeable companion, is sincerely sorry for it, and yet is blind to the source of her unpopularity. For instance she wonders why the Misses A. have not returned her last visit, made six months ago; but she does not take the trouble to remember that she yawned frequently and undisguisedly the last time they did call, and remarked that a country visitor seemed so dull after her visit to the city. She has at last become aware of the fact that Miss B.

has not only dropped her as a visiting acquaintance, but shows a disposition to give her the cut direct when they meet in public; this, however, has no connection in her mind with the other fact that she giggled audibly on one occasion when Miss B. broke down, in attempting to sing at a parlor concert. Perhaps she does not know that ridicule is the hardest thing in the world to forgive; perhaps she herself has forgotten the giggle, but it is not at all probable that Miss B. has done so. She is apt to affirm, as regards society in general, that her habit of speaking the truth is against her, and in consequence of this absurd fancy she is disposed to look upon herself as a martyr. She was never more mistaken about anything in her life. It is not her truthfulness, but her uncalled for and disagreeable candor, that makes some of her acquaintances speak of her (and a much larger number think of her) as 'that hateful old thing.' As she wasn't asked what she thought of Miss C.'s new hat, there wasn't the least occasion for her to inform the wearer that it was the most unbecoming thing she could have chosen, and made her look her full age (Miss D. being ten years older than herself, and a 'girl' only through courtesy). This was bad enough; but when she remarked to Miss E. that her awkwardness was very much against her in getting a position as governess, her candor was simply brutal, the remark being quite voluntary, as her opinion on the subject had not been asked. She is much given to contradiction, and yet wonders why she is so often silenced by the retort, 'Well, have it your own way.' She is not a cold-hearted girl, and she would really like to be liked; but she lacks tact and consideration; and as long as she neglects to cultivate these virtues, just so long must she be resigned to content herself with social endurance or ill-concealed dislike.—'The Classmate.'

## Selected Recipes.

Peach Sponge. — Half a box of gelatine, half a cupful of cold water, one can of peaches. Cook the peaches soft with the sugar and run through a sieve, add the gelatine and cool. When cool add the whites of three eggs which are well beaten. Mould and set on ice. Serve with a cold custard.

Russian Salad.—If one has salads in mind, 'an eye to a salad,' in most households enough material collects in a day or two for a good one, with but trifling outlay. Some cold potatoes, a sprig of parsley, one small onion, a little vinegar, oil and salt, put together in five minutes, by deft hands, make a simple, but most appetizing dish; or a few peas, drained, a few string beans, cut up with a few capers, one cucumber pickle, thinly sliced, a bit of cooked potato, one carrot boiled, cut in dice, or small, 'silver-skin' onion, raw, shredded finely, a bit of parsley, chopped, with a pinch of mustard and salt sprinkled over. All mixed carefully, so as to retain the shapes of the vegetables, piled on a platter, and ornamented with olives and asparagus heads all around the edge, alternately. Over all, vinegar enough to moisten. This is called Russian salad, and it can be varied indefinitely. It always seems to be acceptable.

A New Rice Pudding. — Boil for half an hour, in slightly salted water, four ounces of rice; then mix in a pint and a half of milk and the yolks of three eggs; add six ounces of sugar and a few drops of lemon extract. In a baking-dish set five small tart apples (one in the centre), whole, with the skins removed, and the cores taken out from the tops; the bottoms must not be broken. Pour the rice custard around them, but not covering them; leave their cups empty; drop in the custard a small handful of seeded raisins. Bake this in a moderate oven for about an hour. When it is done, let it



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get cold, and drop into each apple-cup a teaspoonful of currant, quince, or crabapple jelly; on top of each put a peak of meringue, made of powdered sugar and the whites of two eggs. Lay around the edge a border of the sections of a very juicy orange, from which every bit of skin has been removed.

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