

quite delightful, for each one tries to add something to the happiness of the others. They are never idle and never overworked. The house is filled with pretty ornaments of their designing, simple, but novel and beautiful. There is a magic about the family that impresses the most thoughtless observer. The house is a workshop, an art union, where the most delicate designs are originated, and where genius is both stimulated and applauded. Then, you observe, they are all well fitted to go out into the world as independent laborers, should they be reduced in circumstances, or quite competent to manage houses of their own, whether they marry the humblest or the wealthiest."

"I see," said Mrs. Warren, thoughtfully, and there was a new light in her face. "One is never too old to learn."—ALMA.
—*Watchman and Reflector.*

BREAD AND ROLL MAKING.

EXTRACTS FROM "LETTER TO A YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER," IN "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

"It is not always that there is as much genuine joy in a novel as one may get out of bread-making. This is quite too scientific and interesting to be left to a domestic. It is really among the most exciting experiments. Try it every week for two years, and it seems just as new an enterprise as at the beginning—but a thousand times more successful, we observe. Working up the light drifts of flour, leaving them at night a heavy path and nothing more—waking to find a dish flowing-full of snowy foam. The first thing on rising one's self, is to see if the dough be risen, too; and that is always sure to be early, for every batch of bread sets an alarm in one's brain. After breakfast, one will be as expectant as if going to a ball in lieu of a baking. Then to see the difference a little more or less flour will make, and out of what quantity comes perfection. To feminine vision, more precious than "apples of gold in pictures of silver" are loaves of bread in dishes of tin. If one were ever penurious, might it not be of those handsome loaves of hers?

After compliments, however, to come in with the cash down of the practical, here is a veritable bread-making recipe, well tested and voted superior. Take a quart of milk; heat one third and scald with it a half-pint of flour; if skimmed milk, use a small piece of butter. When the batter is cool, add the remainder of the milk, a teacup of hop-yeast, a half-tablespoon of salt, with

flour to make it quite stiff. Knead it on the board till it is very fine and smooth; raise over night. It will make two small loaves and a half-dozen biscuits.

This recipe ought to give good bread, week in and week out, so saving you from the frequent calamity of soda-biscuits. These may be used for dumplings, or as a sudden extempore, but do not let them be habitual. True, you will occasionally meet people who say that they can eat these, when raised ones are fatal. But some persons find cheese good for dyspepsia, many advocate ice-cream, others can only eat beans, while some are cured by popped corn. Yet these articles are not likely to become staples of diet. They would hardly answer a normal appetite; and any stomach that can steadily withstand the searchingness of soda and tartaric acid seems ready to go out to pasture and eat the fences.

But probably the greatest of all bread wonders are the unleavened Graham cakes. These are worth a special mail and large postage to tell of. So just salt and scald some Graham meal into a dough as soft as can be and be handled. Roll it an inch thick, cutting in diamonds, which place on a tin sheet and thrust into the hottest of ovens. (Note this last direction, or the diamonds will be flat leather.) Strange to say, they will rise, and keep rising, till in ten minutes you take them out quite puffed. One would never guess them innocent of yeast. An inch thick is the rule; but there is nothing like an adventurous courage. It is at once suggested, if they are so good at an inch, will they not be twice as good at two inches? And certainly they are. The meal will not be outwitted. It is the liveliest and most buoyant material. Its lightness keeps up with the upmost experiment. Finally, it may be turned into a massive loaf, and with a brisk heat it will refuse to be depressed.

The morning when were produced these charming little miracles remains a red-letter day in our household. Who ever tasted anything, save a nut, half so sweet, or who ever anything so pure? We ate, lingered, and revelled in them, thus becoming epicures at once. It seemed as if all our lives we had been seeking something really *recherché*, and had just found it. I hastened with a sample to my best friend. She, too, tasted, exulted, and passed on the tidings to others. Now, indeed, was the golden age in dawn. Already we saw a community rejuvenated. Before our philosopher-cakes, bad blood would disappear, and already the crowns