



The ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

Individual plates for vegetables are not used much now. Only salads are separately served.

When recipes call for a cupful it means just half a pint; this amount in granulated sugar weighs just half a pound.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it.

A silver spoon put into a glass jar will temper it so that it can at once be filled with anything hot, even to the boiling point.

Make a list, in the order in which you pack them, of the contents of your woollen chest, and paste it on the outside. Then the articles at the head of the list will be in the bottom of the box.

It is a good plan to keep a quantity of sifted flour in the pantry, ready for the making of biscuits, cake or pie, so as to be prepared if they were wanted in a hurry, as in case of company coming and remaining to a meal.

For hard boiled eggs, cook them twenty minutes in water just bubbling. The yolk of an egg cooked ten minutes in rapidly boiling water is tough and indigestible; cooked twenty minutes it is dry, mealy and easily digested.

A croupy cough can often be loosened and prevented by swathing the throat with dry, warm flannels; a thick pack of them to sweat the throat and chest often helps so rapidly that it is not necessary to sicken the child with ipecac or to wake the house kindling fires or preparing hot packs.

To clean and remove stains from marble the following is useful: Two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone and one part finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve and mix with water; rub it well over the marble and wash off with soap and water. Polish the marble with a piece of flannel or old felt.

PEACH PYRAMID.—Cut a dozen and a half ripe peaches in halves, and remove the stones. Make a syrup of sugar and water, dissolve an ounce of isinglass and stir in; fill a mould half full of the syrup. Set in a cool place until thick, add the peaches and more of the syrup and when formed turn out, and serve with cake.

To wash draperies or curtains of art muslin successfully, lay them in cold water to soak out the worst of the dirt; then wash in tepid water with good soap, but no soda; rinse through cold water with a little salt if the colours are not perfectly fast, and dry quickly; fold before they are quite dry and iron lightly with a not too hot iron.

To prepare a whitewashed wall for papering scrape off as much as possible of the whitewash and sweep or rub the wall well to remove all dust; then with a whitewash brush give the walls a coat of sizing (a solution of half a pound of glue to about three gallons of water), and when this is dry hang the paper with paste in the usual way.

OLD-FASHIONED TOMATO CATSUP.—Chop fine half a bushel of green tomatoes, mix in a teacupful of fine salt, let stand over night; in the morning drain and press as dry as possible. Add a teacupful of grated horseradish, four to six onions, chopped fine, two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground cloves and the same of allspice; mix all well together and pack in a jar; pour on enough cold cider vinegar to well cover your tomatoes, etc.

Green tomato preserve is very rich and looks like preserved figs. Select those of uniform size and shape and prick each with a coarse needle three or four times. To eight pounds of the tomatoes add seven of sugar, the juice of four lemons, half an ounce of ginger and half an ounce of mace. Heat all slowly together till the fruit becomes clear. Remove from the kettle with a perforated ladle, and cool without breaking. Boil the syrup slowly till thick and then pour over the tomatoes in the jars. Do not cover till cold.

Fish, fried or baked a delicate brown, looks and tastes well with thin slices of lemon scattered over it, and the platter of cold meat or croquettes should have a little light green peeping out from the midst. If you cannot get parsley, take the tender leaves that sprout from turnips or carrots; or raise a pot of something among your house plants. One evening I had a friend drop in to tea, and in despair I had to take half a dozen rose geranium leaves to decorate my plate of cold tongue. It was praised as being "so unique and delicate."—*Effie Whipple Dana*.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Select the largest firm, ripe tomatoes for frying. Cut them in halves and put them in a frying pan that can be covered, having first melted two tablespoonfuls of butter in the pan; place the tomatoes with the skin side down, and on the top of each half put as much of bread crumbs as it will hold, seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover the tomatoes and allow them to cook ten minutes without removing the cover; then take out the tomatoes on a platter and set where they will keep hot, while you prepare a gravy for them as follows: If the butter has cooked away, add a little more to the frying pan; pour in half a teacupful of boiling water, then thicken with

a teaspoonful of flour wet with a little water. Stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the tomatoes.

PICKLES.—Of all the luxuries a housekeeper can have on her table, nothing surpasses home-made pickles, as they are not only superior in flavour to any that can be bought, but are so much more apt to be pure—alum, copperas and other ingredients of a doubtful nature being used by most manufacturers of pickles in large quantities. Nearly all country housekeepers understand the art of making pickles as their grandmothers and mothers made them, but there are a number of new and excellent recipes which give variety to the table. The following are from the best authorities on the subject:—*Cucumber Pickles*.—Wash and wipe five dozen small cucumbers and place in jars, cover with boiling brine, and let stand twenty-four hours; take out, wipe, place in stone or glass jars, and cover with hot vinegar well spiced. Set away for two weeks, and they are ready for use. These pickles are much more brittle than those put up in brine. *Pickled Spiced Cucumbers*.—Soak salt pickles from the brine until fresh; put in a kettle and cover with a gallon of strong vinegar, add half a cup of mustard seed, half a cup of celery seed, half a cup each of bruised ginger root and black pepper, half a dozen heads of garlic, two sliced onions, a fourth of an ounce each of turmeric, cloves, mace and allspice, one pod of red pepper, half a teacup of grated horseradish and a pound of brown sugar. Let boil, put in a jar and let stand all night; pour the spiced vinegar back into the kettle, let come to a boil, and pour over the pickles. Set away for one week, when they will be ready for use. *Pickled Cauliflower*.—Take good, white heads in small pieces and boil in salt and water. Drain; when cold, put in spiced vinegar. *Nasturtium Pickles*.—Gather the berries when full grown, put in a pot, pour boiling salt water over them, let stand three or four days; strain and cover with spiced vinegar. *Pickled Artichokes*.—Rub off the outer skin, lay in salt water for a day, drain, and pour over them cold vinegar, adding grated horseradish.

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING" MELODIES.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar.
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall,
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and *unseen* rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness;
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

HOUSE CLEANING.

Sing a song of cleaning house!
Pocketful of nails?
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails!
When the door is open,
Wife begins to sing,—
"Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one:
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there,
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"
And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle,—
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

Professor Forbes declares that the only types of under-ground cables apparently suitable for permanent work are either bare copper supported on insulators or else vulcanized india rubber, or perhaps okonite.

Chemical experts who have been analysing lager beer say that but comparatively little malted barley is now used in its manufacture, and that its ingredients are provocative of kidney disease and other fatal maladies when a person drinks much of the beer.

A HEROINE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Biddy. Thim fairlocks makes me trimble, sure,
Ony to see 'em whin the byes does drill.
Sergeant. You're but a coward! Now, I knew a girl—
A fine, strong, healthy wench, like you, she
was—
That saved her father's life with his own sword.
Biddy. Ugh! marcy! the horrid cuttin' things!
I hates to see 'em, they're so spiteful lookin'.
Mrs. Ross. How did that happen, Sergeant?
Sergeant. Well, ma'am, it was a lass
That loved her father well, and never slept,
She told me, when she thought he would be
fighting.
Her mother tried to keep what news she got
From Patty's ears, because she feared, the girl,
Devoured by constant dread, would do some-
thing
Unwomanly or rash if dreadful straits
Beset her father's corps. But 'twas no use.
And one day she was gone; nor could they
learn
A word about her till a sennight after
A low voice and a tapping woke the mother.
She, rising, let her truant daughter in,
A burden on her back, a precious load—
Her fainting father.
Mrs. Ross. Mercy! Where had she been?
Sergeant. The girl had learned by quick-set ears and
eyes
That Howe had reinforcements and would try
To cross the Plains and take Fort Washington.
There lay her father's corps. So, seized at
once
With such anxiety as palls the reason,
She started off, and by swift travelling
Just reached the spot to meet the thick of
battle.
Here, 'mid the din of warlike sound, she
learned
Her father's whereabouts, and hanging round,
With eyes love-strengthened, peered him out
Amid the throng, and watched him charge
and fight,
Her arms up, lab'ring with *his* every swing,
Her own voice added to the horrid din,
Until the ranks gave somewhat way, and he,
With many another, fell. Then, *then* she
sped,
Like to a deerhound, till she reached the spot
Where a tall Hessian stood in act to strike.
Her father, on one knee, parried his thrust,
But lost his weapon. Mad with pious rage,
She caught it up, and with a furious blow
Struck down the foreigner. By this
The storm of war had forward passed and left
Wounded and dead and dying on the field.
But she saw none except her father, prone,
Dead, as she feared. Taking the body up,
Much as we lift a heavy child, she bore
It quickly from the field to a small cave
Beside a rill, where she had passed a night.
And then she must have fainted, for no more
She knew until the gentle moon had cast a
beam
Athwart her face. Fetching her senses back
By one grand effort, she arose to find
Her father moaning, yet unconscious still.
To make my story short—by such wise care
As love and common sense devise
She brought him round, bound up his bleed-
ing wounds,
And next night, when the moon went down,
took up
The wounded man upon her back and started
home.
So weak he was from pain and loss of blood
He could not stand; yet by a thousand arts,
Only to be devised by love and dread,
She got them food, and kept him out of sight,
Not knowing friend from foe, or which side
won,
Until at five days' end she won him home,
And laid her precious charge on his own
couch.

Mrs. Ross. Brave lass! I'd give my Bob to such an one.
A girl like that deserves a worthy man.

Sergeant. She got one, ma'am, a U. E. Loyalist,
Though she was Yankee.

Biddy. I thought thim Yankees niver was no good.
Sergeant. You're green, wench, green. Some Yankees
save the rest
And she was of them.

Mrs. Ross. There's not a woman now
Could match her pluck and spirit that I know.
You're hasty, Sergeant, to misjudge us so.
'Tis but the ancient tale of courage roused
By love. Woman is still the same, I think.
What won't she do for sake of him she loves?
Father or husband?

S. A. CURZON.