

Winnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES,—As the season is here for our city friends to visit their country friends, a few hints concerning it will not be out of place.

Some country people put themselves to a great deal of trouble to give their city guests the style to which they have been accustomed at home, and the effort to do so only makes all parties ill at ease and can never be quite successful.

The luxuries of city life are by no means to be despised—soft couches, bath rooms, gas light, early fruits in the markets, attendance of servants, etc. But city people are often glad to turn their backs upon all their home luxuries as the warm weather approaches, and go in search of simple comfort. Let country people who take such tenants into their families for a time remember that comfort is only required, and not every luxury. Some people will allow and receive any amount of trouble, with little or no appreciation, and it is no easy matter to please them; but when you have done all that it is reasonable for you to do, be as deaf and blind as possible to any unreasonable discontent on the part of your guests. People who must have luxurious carpets and furniture, and several courses at meals, should go to the fashionable places of resort where these things can be had and roundly paid for. The comfort which sensible people are in search of is pure air, coolness, natural scenery, good milk for the little ones, and quietness. Those who go into the country for comfort should wear plain, strong clothing, so that they may ramble about the hills and bushes without constant fear of spoiling them.

The hearty food that suits working farmers will not always satisfy city boarders. But there is the nice sweet bread and butter, sweet cream and rich milk, which are always a treat to them.

City people who put on airs of superiority when among country people show their own inferiority, and persons of good sense can only pity them. But generally the daily intercourse between country hosts and city guests is very pleasant and socially profitable to both parties. MINNIE MAY.

RECIPES.

ONIONS AND CAPER SAUCE.

Boil a dozen large onions in milk; do not press them, but simply drain them; put them immediately into a vegetable dish, and pour over them a good caper sauce made quite hot. This is the proper way of serving onions with a dish of boiled mutton.

ESSENCE OF CELERY.

This is prepared by soaking for a fortnight a half ounce of the seeds of celery in a quarter of a pint of brandy. A few drops will flavor a pint of soup or broth equal to a head of celery.

TO BOIL PEAS.

They should be young and of a good sort. Must not be overdone, nor in much water. Boil some mint with them and chop it to garnish them, and stir a piece of butter in with them. If either too young or too old, a little sugar boiled with them is an improvement. HOUSEWIFE.

SALAD DRESSING WITHOUT OIL.

Take the yolks of two fresh eggs, boiled hard, mash them in a plate with a silver fork; add a saltspoonful of salt and two spoonfuls of mustard; rub the whole well together. Add by degrees three spoonfuls of fresh cream and two of good vinegar, stirring all the time until quite smooth.

AMBER PUDDING.

A quarter of a pound of suet finely chopped, a quarter of a pound of fine bread-crumbs (or two ounces of bread-crumbs and two ounces of flour), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, the finest possible rind of a lemon chopped very small; boil or steam in a mould for three hours; serve with marmalade sauce—viz., take half a pot of marmalade, add to it a wineglass of water, warm it on the fire, add a wineglass of white wine, strain and pour round the pudding.

SALAD.

Look over carefully the tender, half-blanchéd leaves of head-lettuce, and cut them slightly. Make a dressing of the yolks of hard boiled eggs, mixed mustard, black pepper, butter and vinegar. Slice three hard boiled eggs, lay them upon the lettuce and pour the sauce over the whole.

SPINACH—FRENCH FASHION.

Boil as usual; when tender, drain in a colander, and let cold water run over it for a moment—this makes the flavour very delicate. When well drained, put it into an enamelled saucepan; stir it until it is pretty dry; beat it up with two or three spoonfuls of cream, or, failing that, some fresh butter and a pinch of salt—it must be very dry when finished; heap it on a hot plate; toast a slice of bread a delicate brown, cut in little slips, and insert at regular distances. To be eaten by itself. Keep it hot till served.

ALMOND PASTE FOR BRIDE-CAKE.

Half a pound of bitter almonds, half a wine-glass of gin, a little orange-flower water, a little white of one egg. When all these ingredients are pounded add as much honey as may be deemed necessary.

HOW TO MAKE A HAGGIS.

A lady sends us the following quaint piece of housewifery, saying: "In looking over some old papers, that belonged to my grandmother, I found this receipt, with its accompanying 'remarks,' and thinking some enterprising housekeeper might like to try a dish that has called forth such enthusiasm, as well as excited the poetic inspiration of Burns, I copy it for the benefit of your readers." Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef suet half the weight of this mixture and mince it with half a dozen small firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown color and perfectly dry. Less than two teacupfuls will not do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it with a little seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little cayenne well mixed. Have a haggis-bag, perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your labor may be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat with as much good beef gravy or strong broth as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little vinegar, press out the air, and sew up the bag; prick it with a large needle when it first swells in the pot, to prevent it from bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. W. N. Merritt.—Wash your ceilings and walls with clean cold water, with the brush, before white-washing.

If "Mary Mayflower" wishes her geraniums to bloom in the summer, she must not allow them to bloom in the winter or early spring. To make geranium slips grow, put them in light sandy soil and plant close to the edge of the pot, keeping in a shady place and always taking the young shoots.

My Husband.

Who in my youth said, "Dearest, come,
Forsake your precious childhood's home,
And with me o'er the wide world roam?"—
My husband.

Who gently led me in the way,
And caused my heart to bless the day
That took me from my home away?—
My husband.

Who at first sounding of alarm
Would fold around me his loving arm,
To shield me from impending harm?—
My husband.

Who at first token of distress,
Exhibited by restlessness,
Oft soothes me by his fond caress?—
My husband.

Who, if long, watchful nights there be,
When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come to me,
Will keep awake for company?—
My husband.

Who, when I, with each nerve unstrung,
Next morn move round my cares among,
If I should fret, would "hold his tongue?"—
My husband.

When, if in haste, to mar our bliss
One word is thoughtless said amiss,
Who asks forgiveness with a kiss?—
My husband.

Who through all changing scenes of life,
The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife,
Would call me naught but "precious wife?"—
My husband.

When on the couch of suffering laid,
With throbbing pulse and aching head,
Who anxious watches round my bed?—
My husband.

Who, when of kindred dear bereft,
And my sad heart in twain is cleft,
Proves that my dearest friend is left?—
My husband.

When overwhelmed with grief and fears,
And through the gloom no star appears,
Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears?—
My husband.

Who, when I've done with all below,
And death's dark waters round me flow,
Would fain with me o'er Jordan go?—
My husband.

My Wife.

IN RESPONSE TO HER STANZAS, "MY HUSBAND."

What maiden, in the days of yore,
Smote me with most tremendous power,
Inflicting pangs unknown before?—
My wife.

Who pitied me in my distress,
And, by one simple little "Yes,"
Changed all my woe to blessedness?—
My wife.

Who did, with look almost divine,
My soul in cords of love entwine,
And gave her priceless heart for mine?—
My wife.

Who to the altar went with me,
Our hearts aglow with ecstasy,
And my good angel vowed to be?—
My wife.

Who, since I to the altar led
My blushing bride, and vows were said,
Has naught but blessings round me shed?—
My wife.

Who in our pilgrimage below
Has cheered with smiles the passage through,
And ever faithful proved and true?—
My wife.

When pressed with sorrow, toil, and cares,
Who all my grief and trouble shares,
And half at least my burden bears?—
My wife.

When tempests rage and billows roll,
And human passions spurn control,
Who calms the tumult of my soul?—
My wife.

When storms are hushed and skies are bright,
And shadows dark are changed to light,
Who joys with me in sweet delight?—
My wife.

Who was in youth th' admired of men;
But now, at threescore years and ten,
Is far more beautiful than then?—
My wife.

As down life's rugged steep I go,
With careful, trembling steps and slow,
Who clings to me and helps me through?—
My wife.

Who, when my toilsome days are o'er,
Will meet me on blest Canaan's shore,
And sing with me for evermore?—
My wife.

—Harper's Magazine.