

ing pan of hot water. Ruth picked up the dishes. Mother sat in her raised arm chair, as she might sit making tea for company; she had her little mop, and three long, soft clean towels lay beside her.

After the china and glass were done and put up, came forth the coffee-pot and the two pans, and had their scald, and their little scour,—a teaspoonful of sand must go to the daily cleansing of an iron utensil, in mother's hands.

It was all dining-room work; and we were chatty over it, as if we had sat down to wind worsteds; and there was no kitchen in the house that morning.

Barbara and Rosamond were up stairs, making beds and setting straight; and in an hour after breakfast the house was in its beautiful forenoon order, and there was a forenoon of three hours to come.

We had chickens for dinner that day, I remember; one always does remember what was for dinner the first day in a new house, or in new housekeeping. William, the choreman, had killed and picked and drawn them, on Saturday; I do not mean to disguise that we avoided these last processes; we preferred a little foresight of arrangement.

We were tired of sewing and writing and reading in three hours; it was only restful change to come down and put the chickens into the oven, and set the dinner-table.

Then, in the broken hour while they were cooking, we drifted out upon the piazzas, and among our plants in the shady east corner by the parlor windows, and Ruth played a little, and mother took up the *Atlantic*, and we felt we had a good right to the between-times when the fresh dredgings of flour were getting their brown, and after that, while the potatoes were boiling.

"Mother," said Barbara, "I feel as if we had got rid of a menagerie!"

"It is the girl that makes the kitchen," said Ruth.

"And then the kitchen that has to have the girl," said Mrs. Holabird.

Ruth got up and took away the dishes, and went round with the crumb-knife, and did not forget to fill the tumblers, nor to put on father's cheese.

Our talk went on, and we forgot there was any "tending."

"We didn't feel all that in the ends of our elbows," said mother in a low tone, smiling upon Ruth, as she sat down beside her.

"Nor have to scrinch all up," said Stephen, quite out aloud, "for fear she'd touch us!"

I'll tell you—in confidence—another of our ways at Westover; what we did, mostly, after the last two meals, to save our afternoons and evenings and our nice dresses. We always did it with the tea-

things. We just put them, neatly piled and ranged, in that deep pantry sink; we poured some dipperfuls of hot water over them, and shut the cover down; and the next morning, in our gingham gowns, we did up all the dish-washing for the day.—*From "We Girls: a Home Story," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in Our Young Folks.*

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**LAMB PIE.**—Cut the lamb into pieces, and season it with pepper, salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, finely beaten. Make a good puff-paste crust, put the meat into it, with a few lambs' sweetbreads, well seasoned with the same as the meat. Then put in some oysters and forcemeat balls, the yolks of hard eggs, and the tops of asparagus, about two inches long, first boiled green. Put butter all over the pie, put on the lid, and let it bake for an hour and a half in a quick oven. In the meantime, take a pint of gravy, the oyster liquor, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix all together with the yolks of two or three eggs, finely beaten, and keep stirring it the same way all the time. When it boils, pour it into the pie, put on the lid again, and serve it to table.

**VEAL-LOAF.**—Three pounds of veal-cutlet, one quarter of a pound of fat pork, chopped fine as mince, meat, add bread-crumbs till it is stiff, break in two eggs, add one tablespoonful of salt, the same of black pepper, a teaspoonful of cayenne, and one nutmeg. Work it all together in loaf-shape, break an egg on top and rub it all over the loaf, sprinkle bread-crumbs over it, put into a baking-pan with water and bake three hours, basting frequently. It is not good warm, but it is to be eaten cold as a supper-dish. The bread-crumbs are made of stale bread browned in the oven and rolled fine. They are better than cracker for scalloped oysters, and many other culinary purposes where cracker-crumbs are generally used.

**LEMON PIES.**—The juice and grated rind of three lemons, three cups of sugar, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, whites to be added last; about two tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed smooth and boiled a few moments in about one pint and a half of water; add a small piece of butter while hot; bake with bottom crust.—This receipt makes three pies.

**VERY NICE ICE CREAM.**—One quart new milk, three, four or five eggs, half pound sugar, small tablespoonful of corn starch, wet with old milk, Make into boiled custard, strain, cool, and flavor, then freeze.

### *Improvements on the Above.*

Make the custard with the yolks only, reserving the whites until just before freezing, then beat them to a stiff froth and add to the custard, whipping them thoroughly through it; add a quart of sweetened cream, well-beaten in. This makes it very light and rich when frozen.

**NICE CAKE.**—"One cup of butter, two cups of pulverized sugar, one of sweet milk, one and a half of flour, the same of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one half the same of soda, the whites of seven eggs; flavor to taste."