

Choice Literature.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE. BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNESE. CHAPTER XIX. HOLFORD AGAIN.

Jack found the old shepherd in his accustomed seat on the hillside with Bevis lying at his feet. He could not but think that Thomas had grown visibly more infirm during the few weeks of his absence. 'I have been quite well!' he said in answer to Jack's anxious inquiries...

me that Father Barnaby is to go to Rome on a mission from the Cardinal. I am sure I hope his Holiness will make him a Cardinal or better still, a bishop of some good Bishopric on the other side of the world. Jack smiled. 'Perhaps the Pope will keep him in his own family!' said he. 'So much the better, so much the better!' said Father John heartily. 'I hear no ill will to Father Barnaby I am sure, but his merits are too great for such an obscure station, and we are a deal more comfortable without him, that is the truth.'

edy for the headache, and ended by giving him a silver piece. At another time Jack might have resented being treated like a school-boy, but just now he was too full of interest and compassion to harbour any such feeling. In the course of half-an-hour, the party were on the road, riding at the best speed of the Knight's good horses, the pony being left to rest and regale himself in Sir Thomas' stable. 'You said my son was very weak and low!' remarked Sir Thomas after riding some time in silence. 'Has any physician or priest been to see him?'

have been welcome to my best bed all the same, and as long as he needed it, if he had been the poor sailor we all thought him.' 'Some folks have all the luck!' crumbled Dame Higgins. 'If I had taken in all the poor vagabonds in the port, they would never have turned out anything but vagabonds!'

(To be Continued.)

Juvenile Column. THREE ANGELS.

TRY say this life is barren, drear, and cold, Ever the same sad song was sung of old, Ever the same long weary tale is told, And to our lips is held the cup of strife; And yet—a little love can sweeten life. They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed, Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void Which Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed, Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife; And yet a little hope can brighten life.

Courtesies to Parents.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which our lips may quaff, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and make her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Scientific and Useful.

WHITE CAKE. Two cups butter, four cups sugar, six cups flour, whites of sixteen eggs, one cup warm water on the butter; stir it to a cream; put the sugar in and beat it well; put three teaspoonsful of baking powder in the flour; mix well; beat the whites of eggs and put in last.

CORNMEAL PUDDING. Two pints meal, one pint grated bread, one of molasses, one of brown sugar, one of sour milk, two table-spoonfuls butter, a half teaspoonful of ginger and two of cinnamon, three eggs, half a teaspoonful soda; slice soft, juicy apples and add one teaspoonful, if liked; bake half an hour. Sauce—cream and sugar.

BEEF'S KIDNEY. Cut one kidney into neat slices, put them into warm water to soak for two hours, changing the water two or three times, then dry them, lay in a frying pan with some melted butter, and fry them a nice brown; season each side with pepper and salt, and put them round the dish; put in the centre a teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-half teaspoonful of powdered sugar, pour upon these a small quantity of strong beef gravy, and serve very hot.

BOILED SWEETBREADS. The best way to cook sweetbread is to boil them thus: Parboil them and then put them on a clean gridiron for broiling; when delicately browned take them off and roll in melted butter on a plait to prevent their being dry and hard. Some cook them on a griddle, well buttered, turning frequently, and some put narrow strips of fat salt pork on them while cooking.

MOTH PREVENTATIVE. The following recipe for keeping moths out of clothing is a favorite in some families: Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle and shake before using. The clothes and furs are to be wrapt in linen, and crumpled up pieces of blotting paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them so that it smells strong. This requires renewing once a year.

DANGER OF PROTRACTED SLEEP. But here, as in many other cases, the evil of deficiency has its counterpart in the evil of excess. Sleep protracted beyond the need of repair, and encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers. This observation is as old as the days of Hippocrates and Arantius, who severally and strongly comment upon it. The sleep of infancy, however, and that of old age, do not come under this category of excess. These are natural conditions, appertaining to the respective periods of life, and to be dealt with as such. In illness, moreover, all ordinary rules and measure of sleep must be put aside. Distinguishing it from coma, there are very few cases in which it is not an unequivocal good; and even in comatose state the brain, we believe, gains more from repose than from any artificial attempts to rouse it into action.—Edinburgh Review.

CRAPS. Few people give themselves the trouble of inquiring into the origin of the custom of placing craps on the door of a house where there has been a recent death, and many suppose that it is a local custom of recent introduction. It has evidently had its origin in the ancient heraldic customs of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is as old as the time of Henry I., of England, who reigned from A. D. 1100 to 1135. Even at that period, Hatchments, armorial bearings, were placed in the front of houses when the nobility and gentry died. These hatchments were of a diamond shape, and contained the family arms, quartered and colored with sable, in such a manner that the spectator, at a glance, could tell what branch of the family was dead, whether young or old, married or single, widow or widower.

A PERPETUAL PASTE. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on a dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water in a suitable vessel, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. In a few minutes it will be of wash. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel, let it cool; lay a cover on, and put in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion, and soften with warm water.—Paste thus made can be kept twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written on.

HOW TO COOK BEEFSTEAK. Some time since a complete encyclopedia of useful knowledge, in human form, became an inmate of a family. When this learned guest came among them he was constituted an oracle in many respects, and was asked one morning, 'Would he tell or show them a better way to cook the steak for breakfast?' He took the thin, long-handled frying-pan from its nail, and, putting it on the stove, heated it quite hot. In this he put the piece of steak previously pounded, but to their surprise did not put a particle of butter in the frying-pan, and did not salt the steak. He allowed the steak to merely glaze over, and then turned it quickly to the other side, turning it several times in this manner until it was done. Four minutes were not employed in the operation, but a juicier steak was never eaten. It was, when done, laid on the platter, previously warmed, and was buttered and salted and set a moment in a hot oven. Allowing the steak to heat but a moment on each side, helped it to retain all its sweet juices, and putting the salt on at the last moment, after it was on the platter, drew out its juices.