

The Household.

How One Woman Keeps Servants.

She pays them liberally and promptly, recognizing the fact, true the world over, that the employer who beats down wages always suffers from the inferior quality of work done and from lack of interest on the part of the employed. Having a practical knowledge of the business of housekeeping she cannot be deceived, and knows how to direct the work properly, and, while insisting kindly, but firmly, that it shall be properly performed, she never fails to give a word of praise for all that merits her approval.

She never meddles with her servants' particular ways of doing work so long as good results are produced. She doesn't think it necessary to substitute her way for everybody else's way.

She never lowers herself by scolding. Her servants are respectful to her because she is respectful to them. No familiarity is tolerable or attempted. The private, domestic life of the family is never intruded upon. They have their own apartments, eat by themselves, and prefer to do so. And yet the mistress is not unmindful of their physical and mental well-being. She has fitted up a comfortable bedroom, with a good spring bed and toilet necessities, and adjoining every little sitting-room with a stove, table, rocking chairs, etc., where they can rest as women need to. And several times a week they are invited to the family sitting room for half an hour in the evening.

She realizes that as human beings they have desires for social companionship, and allows them to have a reasonable amount of company. She allows them as many church privileges as possible and gives them street car fare once or twice a week.

She takes a kindly personal interest in them, helping them to select their clothing and get it made neatly.

"Too much trouble to take for servants," is it? Well, perhaps it is; and yet she contrives to do it in the intervals of a busy day. She says that it isn't a quarter the trouble that it would be to change servants every six weeks. Those girls love her and look up to her, and work faithfully for her, and couldn't be driven away from her.

Choice Recipes

Crackers.—Rub four ounces of butter in one quart of flour, make it into a paste with rich milk, knead it well, and roll as thin as paper; cut them out by a small saucer, and bake quickly to look white when done.

Maple Cream.—One pound of maple sugar to half a cup thick cream; beat till minutely hard to make into cakes; turn into small cake pans to cool. An addition of one cup nut meats makes an excellent nut candy.

Dried Apple Cake.—Soak two cups of dried apples over night, chop and simmer in two cups of molasses two hours. One cup of milk, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, half teaspoonful of each kind of spice, sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in flour and mix pretty stiff. Is splendid and will keep three months. Good with cream or some pudding sauce in the spring instead of pie.

To PRESERVE RHUBARB.—One pound of rhubarb, cut in pieces two inches in length, three quarters of a pound of white sugar, and the rind and juice of one lemon; put all in a kettle and simmer gently until the rhubarb is quite soft; take it out carefully with a silver spoon and put it into jars. Stir up one hour and pour it over the rhubarb and put away in a cool place.

ONION CAKE.—Boil a pint of milk, melt one teaspoonful each of butter and salt, add a tablespoonful of sugar, rubbed in cold milk; pour this upon seven eggs which have been beaten three or four minutes; stir fast until well mixed. Pour into a hot buttered dish one quart. Bake twenty minutes until it has risen up very high brown color, and send to the table from the oven.

PIE.—Two teaspoonfuls of sour cream, two-thirds cup of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of salt; beat well together, add two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract. Fill with crust as for custard, bake, and bake until firm.

While the pie is baking beat to a stiff froth the white of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one-half teaspoonful lemon extract. When pie is baked spread frosting on top and slightly brown.

RHUBARB SAUCE.—After the stalks are washed, cut them into bits three-quarters of an inch long with a sharp knife, without peeling. This is an improvement on the old-fashioned way of stripping the stalks; the pieces keep in better shape. Sugar should be put on directly, and a very little water. Grate orange or lemon peel upon it, and bring it to a boil. It will cook in a very few minutes.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Peel and slice five sweet oranges, remove the seeds, and cut the slices into four pieces; sprinkle over them half a cupful of white sugar. Heat one pint of milk to boiling point. Beat the yolks of three eggs, and add to them one tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened with one tablespoonful of cold milk; add this to the boiling milk, and when it thickens, pour it over the fruit. Let it cool, then spread over it the well-beaten whites of the eggs, sweetened. Sprinkle over this grated or desiccated coconut. It may be browned if preferred, but is nice without.

FRANKLIN CUP CUSTARD.—One quart sweet milk; place on the fire to boil, with the fresh peel of a lemon; when it boils, remove from the fire and let it cool. When cool, remove lemon peel from milk and stir into it four well beaten eggs, ten tablespoonfuls granulated sugar, and a pinch of salt. Fill cups two-thirds full of custard, place in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and steam until custard is firm, turning steamer occasionally. If fresh lemon peel is not at hand a teaspoonful of lemon extract may be added to the custard before filling the cups. Cup custard, steamed in this manner, is much superior to the old-fashioned mode of baking in the oven in a pan of water.

Tough Meat Made Tender.—Take a thick slice of beef from the round, such as you can buy at the market for 10 cents per pound, with no bone and little fat. Get the butcher to split it almost open for you, so you have one large thin steak. No matter how tough, it will be tender as porter-house steak when ready for the table and quite as toothsome. Lay the meat out smoothly and wipe it dry, but do not wet it. Take a coffee cupful of fine bread crumbs, a little salt and pepper, a little powdered thyme or other sweet herb, and just enough milk to moisten to a stiff dressing. Mix well and

spread over the meat. Roll it up carefully and tie up with twine, wound to secure it well, especially the ends. Now, in the bottom of your kettle fry some fat salt pork till crisp and brown, one-quarter pound cut in thin slices (cost three cents.) Into the fat that has fried out from this pork put the rolled meat, brown it on all sides, turning it till it is a rich color all over, then put in half a pint of water and sprinkle over a little salt. Keep closely covered, adding a little water if it cooks away too much. If one likes the flavor of onion, add the half of a small one chopped fine. When ready to serve, unwind the string carefully to preserve the shape. Lay it on a platter with the gravy poured over it. Cut the meat in slices, through the roll as jelly-roll is cut by the bakers. The toughest meat is made tender and nutritious cooked in this way, and is equally nice warmed over next day.

Hints.

Once in awhile let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

The newest color for table decoration only out about a week or two, is a vivid crimson. All kinds of flowers are produced in this color to be used together. The crimson is relieved only with green, and the white tablecloth forms the ground. It should only be ventured upon in a dining-room furnished in a soft and neutral tint, and the color with which the lights are shaded has to be considered. Trails of flowers laid on the tablecloth are still a favorite form of decoration.

It seems, says the *Lancet*, that the little toy balloons or India-rubber bladders which children inflate with the breath may be readily reversed by inspiration and even drawn into the air passages. In two instances recently death has occurred by suffocation, a balloon of the sort being drawn into the opening of the glottis. This is a matter of danger which ought to be recognized. Parents and nurses should be on their guard.

The craze of table-turning has absolutely gone out of fashion, and it is quite a long time since we heard of our old friend planchette. A new thing—much more wonderful than planchette—is now coming into vogue. It consists of a rectangular board, two feet long by eighteen inches wide, on which are placed all the letters of the alpha-

bet. A miniature three-legged table on small rollers is placed on the top of the board. Two persons sit down with their finger-tips on the table in the old fashion suitable for table-turning. A question is asked and the table forthwith moves about, and with its legs pointing to successive letters of the alphabet spells out the answer. There is something novel about this, though it is not likely to succeed in reviving the excitement which once gathered about moving tables and revolving hats.

Drawing the Lino.

Rastus: Mistah Smif I wan's ter ox yo' er question.

Mr. Smith: All right, Rastus.

Rastus: Ise gwine ter git married nex' week an' I wan's ter know what am de correct thing 'bout payin' de minister. Yo' see, Mistah Smif, de lady 'pon whom Ise 'bout to confer de honah ob my han' am werry high toned in her dep'tment, sah, an' I wuddent wan' ter do nuffin' what wurzent in de latest style. What I wan's ter know is, should I han' de minister de money myself, sah, or dispuite a fren' ter do hit fo' me?

Mr. Smith: I see; anybody going to stand up with you, Rastus?

Rastus: Yes, sah. Sam Johnsing am ter be my best man.

Mr. Smith: Well, put the money in an envelop and let Sam hand it to the minister.

Rastus: What I let S m Johnsing handle dat money? No, sah.

Mr. Smith: Why not?

Rastus: Cos I wuddent da' risk it. I has de utmost confidence in Sam as a gentleman, sah. Sam am a good fren' of mine, an' he am a great ladies' man, an' worry poplar in samociety an' wif de fa'r sex, an' eberything ob dat so't, sah, but ef I should let him handle dat dellah bill de minister would nobber see it, 'deed he wuddent. I has de utmost confidence in Sam, Mistah, Smif, 'cept when it comes ter wealth. Sam ain't yuse ter wealth.

A girl's heart will palpitate and her breath come short and quick at the very thought of getting up to recite a verse in the Sunday-school concert, but she will sit calmly up in the choir and fit with the handiwork of all through the service in the face of the whole congregation without experiencing a single tremor.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Elsie (at house wedding) NURSE, WHAT IS AUNT KATIE'S WEDDING? MAMMA SAYS IT'S A DINNER, AND PAPA SAYS IT'S A CIRCUS.