

Recipes.

HARD SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, four cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one and a half cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; roll in sugar.

YEAST.—Grate raw potatoes, after being washed and peeled; pour boiling water over the pulp, which cooks into starch. Add salt and sugar in usual quantity, and when cool enough add a little good yeast.

SAGO PUDDING.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of sago in a quart of milk, add a pinch of salt. When cooked set it to cool, stirring it occasionally. Beat four eggs very light with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir into the sago and milk; add a small piece of butter and flavor with nutmeg. Bake forty minutes.

AMBROSIA.—Take six large sweet oranges, peeled and sliced (the seeds and as much of the core as possible taken out), one pineapple peeled and sliced, and one large cocoanut grated, alternate the layers of pineapple with grated cocoanut and orange, and sprinkle pulverized sugar over each layer. Oranges and cocoanut alone make a very nice ambrosia.

Try this for tea some night: Pick up one tea-cupful of codfish, let it soak in lukewarm water while you mix two cups of cold mashed potatoes with one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a good sized lump of butter, and pepper and salt if necessary; then add the codfish, mix all well, and bake in a buttered pudding dish for twenty-five minutes to half an hour; serve hot.

PRESSED VEAL OR CHICKEN.—Put four pound of veal, or two chickens, in a pot; cover with water; stew slowly until the meat drops from the bone, then take out and chop it; let the liquor boil down until there is a cupful; put in a small cup of butter, a tablespoonful of pepper, a little allspice and a beaten egg; stir this through the meat; slice a hard boiled egg, lay in your mould and press in the meat; when put upon the table garnish with celery tops or parsley.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Two quarts flour, one large tablespoonful of butter, one pint of milk, one large tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of yeast, salt; scald milk, then cool till lukewarm, make a hole in centre of flour, put in the milk and yeast and sugar. Previous to making the sponge, rub the butter into the flour, draw the flour over the sponge, let it rise till morning; then mix in the flour and let it rise till light; within two and a half hours of baking, knead about twenty minutes, roll out about an inch thick, cut out with cutter and lap a part over. If you wish the rolls hot for tea, put them to rise about noon instead of over night.

CARPET WORMS.—A sure way for destroying carpet bugs is to give them a good, thorough wetting down with benzine. We think it is sure. Give it a trial this summer.

"Thevallis noticed," observes Aunt Tabitha, "that the boy who lets his mother bring in all the kindlin' wood and build the kitchen fire is the mourner that bellers loudest at her funeral." And then she added thoughtfully: "Mebbe as not it is because he misses her the most."

To Clean Mirrors.

Take a newspaper or part of one, according to the size of the glass. Fold it small and dip it into a basin of clean cold water; when thoroughly wet squeeze it out in your hand as you would a sponge, and then rub it hard all over the face of the glass, taking care that it is not so wet as to run down in streams. In fact, the paper must only be completely moistened or dampened all through. After the glass has been well rubbed with wet paper, let it rest for a few minutes, and then go over it with a fresh, dry newspaper, folded small in your hand, till it looks clear and bright, which it will almost immediately and with no further trouble. This method, simple as it is, is the best and most expeditious for cleaning mirrors, and it will be found so on trial—giving a cleanliness and polish that can be produced by no other process.

Little Ah Sid.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day.
And braided his cue
As his father used to
In Chinaland, far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon
A bumble-bee flew in the spring.
"Melican butterfly!"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me catchee and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap—
This innocent bumble-bee—
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans;
For a pocket there had the Chinese.

Down on the grass
Sat the little sardine
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee um butterfly, sure."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress
"Ki-ya! Ki-yip-ye!"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from that spot,
"Ka-yi! Yuk-a-kan!"
Dam um Melican man—
Um butterfly belly much hot."
—[San Francisco Wasp.

A CAT LEGEND.—"Do you know why cats always wash themselves after a meal?" A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it when the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat was struck with this sage remark, sat the sparrow down and began to wash his face with his paw. The sparrow flew away. This enraged pussy, and he swore: "as long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterward." And cats have done so ever since.

The Little Ones' Column.

Tale of Twelve.

We are twelve sisters gay!
Our number isn't small,
But in our ample home
There's room enough for all!

In temper, and in taste,
We do not all agree,
So we have been arranged
In companies of three.

D. J. and F. lead off,
In wild and merry sport,
They skate, and slide and coast,
And build the snowy fort!

Two Ms. and A. come next.
They scold and sulk and smile!
And when they've done their work
They play a little while!

Then come two Js. and A. —
A sunny, happy crew!
Warm-tempered to be sure,
But loving, kind and true!

Then S. and O. and N. —
Most favored ones of all!
They play when nuts are ripe,
And when the apples fall!

Now, children, who are we?
Can anybody say?
We've danced and played with you
Full many a happy day!

My Boy.

"Mamma," shouts my little Harrie,
From the winding stair-case top,
"Mamma," and in same breath, "hurry,
Tum and dwess me now, I'm up."

"Mamma's coming," back I answer,
As I hurry through the hall,
"And she'll catch those little 'footsies'
Peeping out so pink and small."

With a bursting ring of laughter
Swift my darling patters back,
Climbs into his cot so tumbled,
Eager shouts midst bump and whack.

Dives he in 'twixt sheet and blanket,
O'er him pillows make a heap.—
"Wh— where's my boy?" I feigning wonder,
Lisps he slowly, "gone—to—seep."

Quick I seize the shapeless bundle,
Then draw out my pride and joy;
Kissing him I pray in silence,
"May he ever be my boy!"

Children's Etiquette.

Always say, yes sir, no sir, yes papa, no papa, thank you, good night, good morning.
Use no slang words.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and clean finger-nails, indicate good breeding.
Never leave your clothes about the room.
Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

Rap before entering the room, and never leave it with your back toward the company.
Remember this.
Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or table.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks.

Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or anything else.