

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

Fun and Fright.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GAETANO CHIERICI.
(ETCHED BY W. W. DUNBAR.)

Love of power is well-nigh universal. But power is often abused, and so the poet sarcastically sings:

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep.

This diminutive youth, dressed in his father's hat and a borrowed mask, finds himself an object of terror. This gives him power, and he at once begins to play such fantastic tricks as cause many juvenile victims—alleged "angels of the household"—copiously to weep. Elated by his Alexandrian conquests, the young hero seeks his homestead, and with fell designs upon the tranquillity of the household, enters there. In all his terror he confronts his baby sister, who stands at a chair, peacefully imbibing liquid aliment. Now, it would have been most appropriate for the child to have apostrophized this hideous shape, in some such words as Hamlet addressed to the ghost: "Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd?" or as Satan addressed to Death at the gates of Hades, "Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?" But for various and sufficient reasons the baby did not parley with the frightful apparition, in these or any other terms. A glance of wild dismay was followed by shrieks of terror and a retreat which caused the aforesaid liquid aliment to bestrew the floor and brought the fugitive prostrate at the maternal feet. The mother quickly responds to the distressed cries of her child, but as she beholds the pigmy monster at the door, even her courageous heart quails and her cheeks blanch with fear. It is the crowning triumph of the boy's life. His victory is so great he can afford to be magnanimous; so he removes the mask. The moment when the eyes of mother and son meet is one of peculiar interest. The boy's face is radiant with the joy of victory, qualified, indeed, by a faint doubt as to ultimate results. The mother's expressive countenance is somewhat ominous; fear has apparently yielded to anger. What if the form of the daring boy were suddenly to be reversed across the maternal knee, and the ladle (or slipper) were to descend with vigor upon his humiliated person? Then, indeed, might the youthful Alexander weep,—not that there were no more worlds to conquer, but that he had ever thought of conquering even one world.

Gaetano Chierici was born at Reggio, 1838. He is a distinguished painter of *genre* subjects, and especially excels in kitchen scenes. The original of this picture is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. The kitchen here delineated is that in which the artist lived in his early days, and the boy and girl are his own children.

Recipes.

BAKED RHUBARB.

Peel and cut into two-inch lengths three bunches rhubarb. Dredge with flour, and put in baking dish with one large cup sugar sprinkled over. Bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Very nice served hot as a vegetable, or cold as a sauce.

LETTUCE DRESSING.

One-half pint cream or rich milk, one-half pint good vinegar (weak), one small teacup sugar, three eggs well beaten, a lump of butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful ground mustard. Pepper and salt. Mix all together cold, and cook until thick as custard.

MINCED SPINACH.

Wash spinach carefully and boil until tender. Drain, and rub through a colander or chop fine. Then put in frying pan a good lump of butter, the spinach, and salt and pepper to taste. When hot, beat in three spoonfuls of cream. Garnish with sliced, hard-boiled egg.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.

Boil one quart of asparagus, cut in inch lengths, in one quart of water until tender; rub through a colander and return to the water in which it was boiled. Heat one pint milk, stir into it one tablespoonful butter rubbed with one of flour, and cook a few moments. Season and pour into asparagus. Let it get boiling hot, pour into tureen over toasted bread cut into dice. Serve at once.

SHREDDED CODFISH.

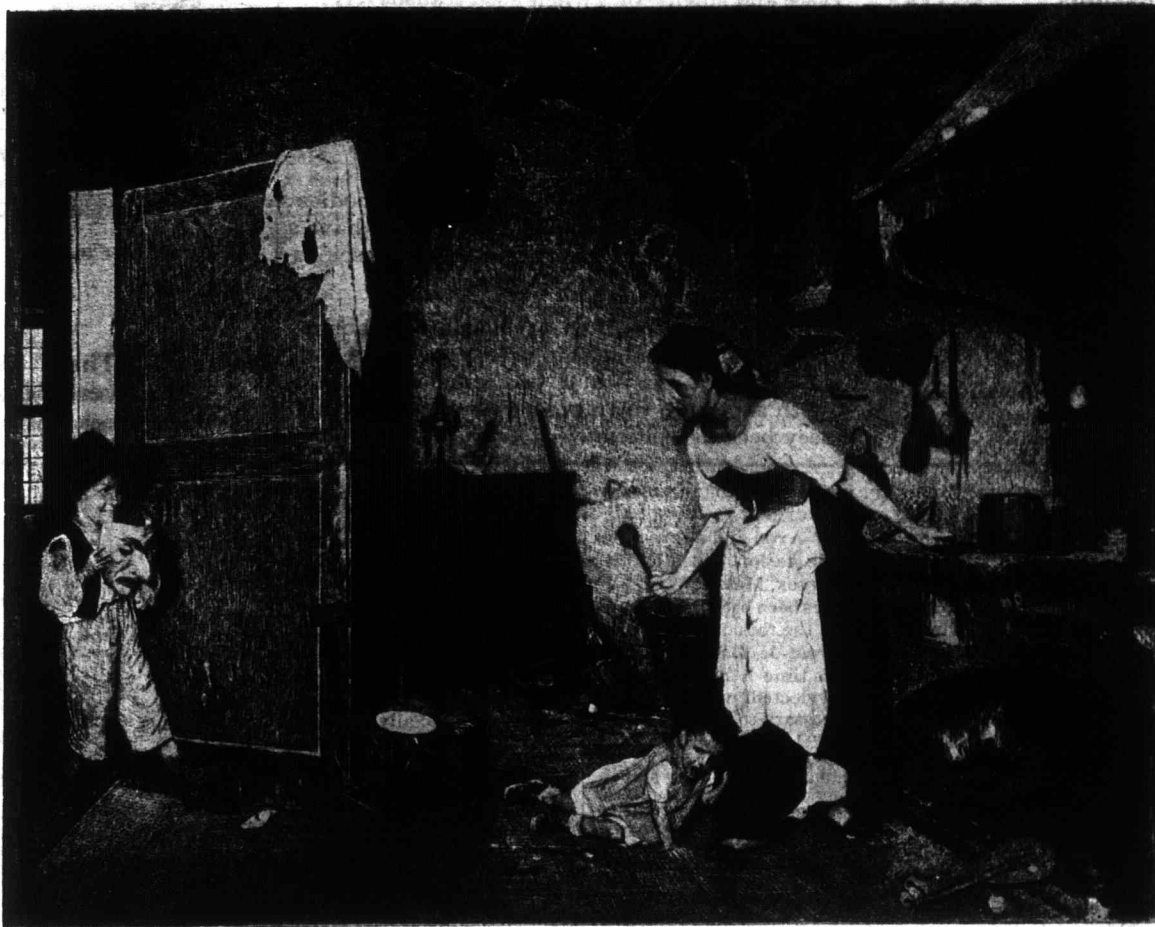
Two parts mashed potatoes, one part shredded codfish, large lump butter, a little warm milk and pepper to taste. Saturate the shredded codfish with cold water and squeeze in a linen cloth, melt the butter in the hot potato, add the fish, milk and pepper, beat very hard and light with a fork until perfectly smooth, make into balls, drop in hot lard like doughnuts, or fry in hot lard in the spider.

SPLIT PEA SOUP.

One pint of peas, washed twice in warm water. Put two tablespoonfuls of water and one tablespoonful of dripping or bacon fat in a saucepan which will hold three pints; put in the peas three hours before they are needed, and let stand on the back of the stove to swell. Add cold water as they continue to swell. Let simmer until twenty minutes before the soup is wanted. Shred some celery and one onion, very fine. When the peas are boiling, add one teaspoonful of salt, dissolve in water, throw in the vegetables and boil ten minutes. Strain through a colander, beating the thick part with a wooden spoon. Return to saucepan and simmer. Mix one tablespoonful of flour in cold water, add a little hot broth and throw in. Serve with dice of toasted bread.

The Queen's Reign.

It is a significant fact that the reign of the Queen has produced, with trifling exceptions, the whole work of Tennyson, the Brownings, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës, George Eliot, Kingsley, Trollope, Spencer, Mill, Darwin, Ruskin, Grote, Macaulay,



FUN AND FRIGHT.

Freeman, Froude, Lecky, Milman, Green, Maine, Matthew Arnold, Symonds, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, John Morley, to say nothing of younger men who are still in their prime and promise. Widely as these differ among themselves, they have characters which differentiate them from all men of the eighteenth century, and also from the men of the era of Goethe and Scott.—Frederic Harrison.

A Legend.

There has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in Heaven, at twilight,
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings;
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing,
That throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrust from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning.
My friend, to you and me,
Let us look in our hearts and question,
Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So then, let us ponder a little—
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me.

—Rose Osborne.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst learn a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

Such is Longfellow's advice, and putting it into practice one day recently, I was rambling through the woods, when espying a moss-covered log under a lovely maple I sat down to rest a while. The sun shone brilliantly and the air was warm and balmy, so dreamily closing my eyes I abandoned myself to the enjoyment of so rare a treat. Silence, disturbed only by the notes of the merry song birds, held sway, but not for very long, however, for soon I heard, or fancied I heard, voices quite close to me. Now, it is not honorable to play eavesdropper, so I opened my eyes and gazed about me, but no one could I see; the robin and blackbird chirped, the gray bird trilled its lay, and the drooping elm branches swayed gracefully under the gentle influence of the sweet zephyrs.

Coming to the conclusion that I had been mistaken I again composed myself to rest, but soon again I heard the voices, which I this time noticed were quite unlike human ones, so I kept very still, bent on discovering, if possible, whence they proceeded. Listening intently I heard a mournful voice say: "How inconstant are the people of earth! Only a few days ago they sighed and longed for my coming, and scarcely have their wishes been gratified when already they have tired of my company, and now, dear May, are praying for your advent. And yet I have labored zealously to makethem happy, creeping into the depths of forest and streams I have loosened the lingering frost-fetters, and river and brooklet sparkles and baffles under my touch. I have wooed the trees, till, filled to overflowing with love of me, they are bursting out into thousands of buds. These and countless other services have I rendered, and yet, like a child's plaything, I am ruthlessly cast aside to make place for a newer friend."

Then a voice, like the tinkling of a golden bell, sweetly responded: "Why, dear sister April, you have surely been looking through your very bluest spectacles to take such a pessimistic view of things. I am happy to say I possess two great blessings—cheerfulness and contentment, and as I try to impart similar sentiments to all with whom I come in contact, I find no reason to complain. Have you not noticed how gay the children are when I appear. And how even the little lambs can scarcely contain their exuberance of spirits, but almost gambol their very lives away?"

"The buds that sprang into light at your caress have unfolded into myriads of leaves, and every tree and shrub is robed in softest green. An emerald carpet, bespangled with lilies, cowslips, violets and many other beautiful flowers, covers our old mother earth, and all around is love and light—even the very sunbeams are warmer and more golden. And though I labor to have those things so, I know full well that my reign will be but short, and soon the queen of the year, fair June, will occupy my throne."

"And yet I grieve not—my task is assigned me and faithfully I strive to do it, and the consciousness that I have done my best, and left the earth better than I found it is recompense enough for me; and when the time comes I'll smile my very sweetest, and willingly resign my crown. Nor do I call my admirers fickle, who in my sunset leave me and turn to greet my radiant sister in her glorious morning."

"The wheel of time ceases not to revolve, and it will not seem long until it is again my turn, and then, I know, my dear friends of to-day will welcome me as lovingly as ever. There's a silver lining to every cloud, and I always try to find it."

"And now, dear April, let me advise you to try my remedy for discontent, and recommend it to those who need it; failure very rarely follows its conscientious use."

Then the first voice responded in a less dismal tone: "How glad am I, sweet May, to have met you, and what a load you have lifted from my heart! My glasses have changed from blue to rose-color, and I see now many things that the darkness of my own frowns hid from my view. The fact (which I had overlooked) that my next coming will be again welcome gives me courage to complete my task cheerfully and say adieu willingly."