

About the House.

peated his wife. "And he hates his school."

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said her husband, sharply. "I don't see how any boy of spirit could take much pleasure in that kind of a school. The boys are just wasting their time, and worse than that, they have lost all the old spirit. I must see to it that the policy of those close-fisted trustees is changed. I am not going to put up with those chits of girls teaching any longer."

"There may be something in what you say," said his wife, sadly, "but certainly Hughie is always begging to stay at home from school."

"And indeed, he might as well stay at home," answered her husband, "for all the good he gets."

"I do wish we had a good man in charge," replied his wife, with a great sigh. "It is very important that these boys should have a good, strong man over them. How much it means to a boy at Hughie's time of life! But so few are willing to come away into the backwoods here for so small a salary."

Suddenly her husband laid down his pipe.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "The very thing! Wouldn't this be the very thing for young Craven. You remember, the young man that Professor Grey was writing about?"

His wife shook her head very decidedly.

"Not at all," she said. "Didn't Professor Grey say he was dissipated?"

"O, just a little wild. Got going with some loose companions. Out here there would be no temptation."

"I am not at all sure of that," said his wife, "and I would not like Hughie to be under his influence."

"Grey says he is a young man of fine disposition and of fine parts," argued her husband, "and if temptation were removed from him he believes he would turn out a good man."

Mrs. Murray shook her head doubtfully. "He is not the man to put Hughie under just now."

"What are we to do with Hughie?" replied her husband. "He is getting no good in the school as it is, and we cannot send him away yet."

"Send him away!" exclaimed his wife. "No, no, not a child like that."

"Craven might be a very good man," continued her husband. "He might perhaps live with us. I know you have more than enough to do now," he added, answering her look of dismay, "but he would be a great help to Hughie with his lessons, and might start him in his classics. And then, who knows what you might make of the young man?"

Mrs. Murray did not respond to her husband's smile, but only replied, "I am sure I wish I knew what is the matter with the boy, and I wish he could leave school for a while."

"O, the boy is all right," said her husband, impatiently. "Only a little less noisy, as far as I can see."

"No, he is not the same," replied his wife. "He is different to me." There was almost a cry of pain in her voice.

"Now, now, don't imagine things. Boys are full of notions at Hughie's age. He may need a change, but that is all."

With this the mother tried to quiet the tumult of anxious fear and pain she found rising in her heart, but long after the house was still, and while both her boy and his father lay asleep, she kept pouring forth that ancient sacrifice of self-effacing love before the feet of God.

(To be continued.)

"Spending the holidays on a farm, I had a good deal with the gardeners, an old bachelor, thin, unshaven, dry as you know the type," said a gentleman. "Sam," I said to him one day, 'why don't you marry?'

"Sam only grunted. 'The world's first gardener,' I went on, 'are you married?'

"And he didn't keep his job long afterward," said Sam. "—[Scissors.]

"It is of the nature of wisdom to desist from anything,"—Masterlink.

Black Jack Cake.—One cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 square chocolate (1 cake Baker's), 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon saleratus, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt chocolate; stir in beaten yolk of egg, and half milk; stir, and boil until thick. Reserve white of egg for frosting.

Corn-meal Gems.—Put in sifter, 1½ cups corn meal, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ (small) teaspoon soda, 1 (large) teaspoon baking powder. Sift; then add 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 full cup buttermilk.

Sponge Cake.—Three-quarters cup sugar, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

(Contributed by) AUNT MAGGIE, London, Ont.

SEVEN WAYS TO SERVE POTATOES.

Many housewives know but few ways to serve the potato—the vegetable that finds its way to the table more often than any other. Try some of these methods of preparing them, and see if you do not conclude that the family meals are pleasanter on account of the change:

Quick Potatoes.—Slice raw potatoes thin and boil ten minutes or so in salted water. Drain, sprinkle with a dash of pepper, add small bits of butter, and pour over the whole about half a cupful hot cream. Serve at once in a heated dish.

Syracuse Hot Salt Potatoes.—Boil the vegetables in a rather strong brine, and drain on a piece of cheese-cloth stretched almost tight across the top of a pan. They will be covered with salt crystals, and will be very mealy inside.

Potato Baked with Cheese.—Slice thin four large, boiled potatoes, and arrange in a buttered dish in layers, sprinkling between the layers a little salt and pepper and three ounces of grated cheese. Over the whole pour two eggs beaten into a pint of cream. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

Delmonico Potatoes.—Chop cold boiled potatoes into bits the size of a pea. Make a white sauce of one tablespoonful each of flour and butter creamed, a dash of pepper, half a teaspoonful salt, and two cupfuls milk. When this has cooked until thick, add to each cupful of sauce a generous cupful of the potato and pour into a baking-dish. Sprinkle buttered bread crumbs on top, and bake in a moderate oven till they are a delicate brown.

Potato Puff.—Beat until creamy two cupfuls mashed potato, a little salt, and two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Stir into this two eggs, well beaten, and six tablespoonfuls cream. Pile lightly on a plate that will bear the heat of the oven and bake till light brown in color.

Potato Croquettes.—Season mashed potato with salt, pepper, and onion juice; shape into balls, brush with beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat or lard. Occasionally make a little space in the croquette, partially fill with peas, finely chopped meat or asparagus in a white sauce; cover with potato, shape, and proceed as at first described.

Crisp Baked Potatoes.—Peel and quarter the potatoes, place on pie-tins and sprinkle with salt. Bake in a very hot oven, and after arranging in a hot dish for the table, pour over them a little melted butter. —[Exchange.]

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Try using a little borax in the water in which white clothes are to be washed, and you will be delighted with the clear, sparkling color thus produced.

Frosting can be whitened with lemon juice. Raspberry will color it pink, and grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

When sour milk is to be used in

cooking, a few vigorous whisks with the egg-beater in the bowl or pitcher will mix the curd and whey so thoroughly that it can be poured as easily as cream, and will obviate the unpleasantness of finding the cakes or muffins interspersed with particles of curd. Soda used with sour milk should not be put into milk, but be sifted into the flour like baking powder.

Custard pies or puddings will require only half the usual time for baking if the milk is scalded before being stirred into the beaten eggs and sugar. Custard puddings and cup custards may be steamed instead of baked if the oven is not in the right condition.

To keep the yolk of an egg fresh when only the white is to be used. Make a hole in the shell large enough for the white only to run out, then stand the egg in an eggcup, and keep it in a cool place. The yolk will stay in color and be good for two or three days.

A pail of water standing in a room that has been newly painted will quickly absorb the disagreeable odor of the paint.

When knife-blades come out of their handles, they may be easily mended by filling the hole in the handle with powdered resin, and replacing the blade after making its shaft red-hot in the fire. When cold, the blade will be found to be firmly fixed.

Home.

Pleasure, like charity, begins at home. To a man or woman with no sweet memories of home, the world is, after all, but a battlefield or a wilderness. Some are too poor and some too rich to have a home. Lord Beaconsfield describes a duke who had many residences, and adds: "He had only one misfortune, and it was a great one—he had no home." Still sadder is the lot of the suffering poor, where the fight with penury and misery leaves no place for home pleasures or sanctities. With every complete sketch of happiness there must mingle the vision and the memory of a comfortable home.

Faraday, writing from Switzerland, says, "It is all very well to come away from home, and all very exciting to the imagination to talk of glaciers, lakes, and mountains; but the best effect of a departure from home is to make us value it as it deserves." Southey, too, hits a universal experience when, in the memory of his journeys to and fro, he says: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! there is such a comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and own fireside, one's own writing-desk and own library. 'Don't go to London, papa; you must stay with Edith!' And then how sweet is the return when the journey is over, and home is reached once more!"

Not without a reason is "home" considered the sweetest word in the English tongue, fraught, for all who ever had a true home, with ineffable music. The mother's welcome, the father's tenderness, the child's trust, the fond "What ails thee?"—[Selected.]

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds, and of a woman two pounds eleven ounces. A man's brain is twice as large as that of an animal of like size.

The weight of the circulating blood in the body is twenty-eight pounds. At each beat, the heart sends over nine pounds of blood through the veins and arteries, and makes four beats while you breathe once.

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