

## HOUSEHOLD.

## 'Never Too Old to Learn.'

(Laura E. Hutchinson.)

'Wal, I must say that corn o' yours looks fine, considerin' it,' exclaimed the old farmer, who furnished our weekly supply of butter and eggs, as he entered the back yard of our city home, and viewed the little 'patch' that had been set apart for raising a few vegetables.

'Considering what?' came from the lady, who was busily at work among her flowers.

'Why, considerin' it's corn that grows in the city, and is raised by city folks,' was the reply she received.

'You must remember, Mr. Dean, that "city folks" may have lived on a farm some time in their lives, and learned how to make a garden. But that corn does look fine,' she added, as she turned toward the mass of waving green, 'and more than that, it is sweet and delicious, too.'

'Sweet!' ejaculated the old farmer, 'wal, I wish I could git some real sweet corn. Jist seems as if there ain't any taste to it. We seldom eat it, anyhow, my wife says it's a nuisance, for it takes so long to bile it.'

'How long does your wife boil her corn?' queried the lady.

'Oh, an hour or so, jist as it happens.'

'Then I don't wonder you never have any sweet corn, for you cook all the sweetness out of it. I expect you'll not believe me when I tell you I never boil my corn over eight minutes.'

'Eight minutes!' exclaimed he, incredulously, 'you might as well eat it raw and done with.'

'It isn't raw at all, but is as thoroughly cooked as corn needs to be. Now, Mr. Dean, jist to please me, I wish you'd try some to-morrow my way, and see if your corn isn't sweet, too.'

'I'll do it,' was answered, as he followed her into the house, 'if you'll tell me jist how, for it ain't fit to eat I can give it to the pigs.'

'The pigs won't get a mite of it, I'm sure,' was the laughing reply, 'and I am more than willing to tell you my way, which is very simple. You put the corn in a large kettle, and pour over it boiling water enough to cover, then put on the lid of the kettle, and when the water comes to a boil let it boil for jist eight minutes, when your corn is ready for the table.'

'I'll try it jist as you tell me, and report next week,' replied the farmer, as he pocketed his cash and departed.

When the week was over, and he again made his appearance, it was not necessary to inquire as to his success, for his first words were:

'We're eatin' corn twice a day to our house now, and it's sweet corn, too.'

'Doesn't it taste raw?' was the irresistible query.

'No, ma'am, it certainly don't,' replied the farmer, as he removed the cloth from a crock of golden butter, 'but I must tell you my experience in cookin' that corn the first time. When I went to the field that mornin' I told my wife to have the tea kettle full of bilin' water at a fifteen minutes before twelve. She didn't ask any questions, supposin' I knew my own business, but said she'd see to the water, and I knew it would be ready and waitin'. At the hour I went to the house carryin' a basket of corn all husked, and when she saw it she exclaimed:

'What are you bringin' that corn in here now for, when you know dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes?'

'I'm goin' to have it for dinner, Maria, and it'll be ready to eat time the rest is,' said I, as I put the corn in the big kettle. She looked at me as if she thought I'd gone crazy, but only said, 'If you want to eat raw corn, you may fur all me.'

'It won't be raw,' I said, though all the time I didn't believe a word I was sayin', an' then I told her I was a goin' to cook that mess o' corn as city folks did. She laughed kind o' scornful, and said:

'To think that I have cooked corn for thirty years, and now to be taught how by city folks.'

I could see that she felt sort o' hurt that I should think some one else knew how to cook it better than she did, so I said, 'It's jist an experiment, Maria, and I don't expect it'll be fit to eat, but I promised a lady I'd try her way, and so I'm a doin' of it.'

She didn't say anything more, but I knew

'twasn't laid up again' me, for she helped to take up the corn fore she called the men to dinner.

I could hardly wait till I helped 'em all, I was so anxious to try that corn, and my wife jist sat and waited while I put on salt and butter and took a bite, then she said, 'How do you like raw corn, Nathan?'

I kept mum, but passed the platter o' corn, and insisted that all try it. Maria wouldn't take any at first, but after the others tried it and said it was the nicest corn they ever tasted, she took an ear, and after tasting it, was obliged to admit that even after thirty years' experience she had but jist learned how to cook corn—and from "city folks," too.

'Which goes to prove that the saying, "Never too old to learn," is really true,' said the lady, as she fingered the fresh laid eggs.

As the farmer took up his basket to leave, he said:

'I am much obliged to you for telling me this, Miss Parsons, and I hope to be able to do as much for you some time.'

'Oh, you can make it all right by passing this information on to some of your neighbors.'

And I pass it on to the readers of this paper, hoping those that are in the habit of cooking the sweetness all out of their corn will be induced to try 'Miss Parsons's' eight-minute plan.—'Christian Work.'

## The Saving of Strength.

Women are apt to confine their idea of waste of things tangible and material. We spoke lately of the waste of emotion and nervous force of which many who pride themselves on being economical are guilty. There is also a foolish expenditure of physical power on the part of the best housekeepers, which might easily be conserved. What is the use of standing to perform tasks which might be done quite as well sitting? Dressing one's hair, usually a tiresome process, regulating bureau drawers and boxes, mixing cake, even washing dishes and ironing, can all be done satisfactorily in a sitting posture. 'But it looks so lazy!' exostulates some energetic housekeeper of the type of Miss Ophelia in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Is it worse to look indolent than jaded or cross? Going up and down stairs is far more fatiguing than necessary if only women would practice ascending properly, that is, at a moderate gait, with chest erect and the foot planted squarely on each stair. By a little attention to these details women can do much to lessen the daily waste of tissue and prevent physical bankruptcy.—'The Congregationalist.'

## Selected Recipes.

**Pumpkin Pie with Raw Pumpkin.**—Mix one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful ginger; add one beaten egg, one cup of grated raw pumpkin and milk enough to fill the plate.

**Pumpkin pie.**—Cut a small pumpkin in quarters, remove the seeds and place it skin side down in a granite baking pan and bake in a moderate oven until soft. Then scoop out the pumpkin from the shell and sift it through a fine colander. Thicken one cup of boiling milk with one heaping tablespoonful of flour wet in a little cold milk, cook five minutes and stir this into one pint of

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the sifted pumpkin. Mix one saltspoonful each of salt, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg with one cup of sugar, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, then the whites beaten stiff, and stir this all into the pumpkin. Taste and add more sugar if needed. Line a deep plate with rich paste, put on two rims notched, and fill with the pumpkin. Bake slowly until it puffs and is brown.

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