

erature. Then either let us read them at home, or, what I think would be a more interesting way, have a reading circle and meet one evening a week, when a good reader would be selected to read aloud, then all could get the benefit of the book at the same time and also have the opportunity to talk it over, and discuss it with the other members of the circle. I think such a circle should be a source of pleasure to all who would take an active part in it. I think it would not be wise to have more than eight or ten members in such a circle. Now as this would only take one evening of the week what shall we do with the rest?

We might give one evening, at least, to the home. Where can we find so much real happiness as at home? If there are not enough members in the home circle to admit of playing any of the quiet evening games, invite a friend or two to join with you and make the evenings so pleasant that they will be remembered by all as some of the happiest times in their lives. If there is any musical talent in the home so much the better. Use it to good advantage and make the old home nice with happy song and laughter, always remembering to keep all conversation of the purest character.

One evening a week should be given to the weekly prayer-meeting, Christian Endeavor meeting, or whatever religious meeting may be held during the week, as we must never forget that from God our Father comes every good and perfect gift, and we cannot truly enjoy ourselves unless we know Him.

Now if we give one evening a week to self-education along some line that is likely to be of use in years to come, we will have nearly all the time occupied, and any leisure time we may still have can always be filled with the occasional concert or tea-meeting, or spending the evening with your friends in having a good time playing games, chatting and being sociable all round.

Now, girls, I want to say a word to you. Be careful of your influence, for remember, in all these ways of spending the winter evenings I think the young people of both sexes should meet together, and you have a great influence, whether you know it or not, so be very watchful.

And boys and young men be kind, be pure, be true, and each one try to attain the height of perfection in manhood.

And in closing I would say, however we spend our time, let us each try to benefit those around us, and not give all our time to self, for in helping others to have a good time we find true happiness.

John Quarterdollar and Nancy Nichol were married at Providence, R.I., the other day. How like 30 cents they must feel.—*Denver Post*.

### Cooking Oysters.

*Oysters (Broiled)*—Choose large, fat oysters; wipe them very dry; sprinkle salt and cayenne pepper upon them, and broil upon one of the small gridirons sold for that purpose. You can dredge the oyster with biscuit dust or flour, if you wish to have it brown; and some fancy the juices are better kept in this way; others dislike the crust thus formed. Butter the gridiron well, and let your fire be hot and clear. If the oysters drip, withdraw the gridiron for a moment, until the smoke clears away. Broil quickly and dish hot, putting a tiny piece of butter, not larger than a pea, upon each oyster.

*Oysters (Fried, to garnish boiled fish)*—Make a batter of flour, milk, and eggs, season it a very little, dip the oysters into it, and fry them a fine yellow-brown. A little nutmeg should be put into the seasoning, and a few crumbs of bread into the flour.

*Oysters (Stewed)*—Drain the liquor from two quarts of firm, plump oysters; mix with it a small teacupful of hot water, add a little salt and pepper, and set over the fire in a saucepan. Let it boil up once, put in the oysters, let them boil for five minutes or less—not more. When they "ruffle," add two tablespoonfuls of butter. The instant it is melted and well stirred in, put in a large cupful of boiling milk, and take the saucepan from the fire. Serve with oyster or cream biscuits, as soon as possible. Oysters become tough and tasteless when cooked too much or left to stand too long after they are withdrawn from the fire.

*Cream Oysters on the Half-Shell*—Pour into your inner saucepan a cup of hot water, another of milk, and one of cream, with a little salt. Set into a kettle of hot water until it boils, then stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter and a little salt, with white pepper. Take from the fire, and add two heaped tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, rice flour, or corn starch, moistened with cold milk. By this time your shells should be washed and buttered, and a fine oyster laid within each. Of course, it is *selon les regles* to use oyster shells for this purpose; but you will find scollop shells more roomy and manageable, because more regular in shape. Range these closely in a large baking-pan, propping them with clean pebbles or fragments of shell, if they do not seem inclined to retain their contents. Stir the cream *very* hard, and fill up each shell with the mixture, taking care not to spill any in the pan. Bake five or six minutes in a hot oven after the shells become warm. Serve on the shell. Some substitute oyster liquor for the water in the mixture, and use all milk instead of cream.

*Oyster Patties*—Make a rich paste, roll it out half an inch thick, then turn a teacup down on the paste, and, with the point of a sharp penknife, mark the paste lightly round the edge of the cup. Then, with the point of

the knife, make a circle about half an inch from the edge; cut this circle half way through. Place them on tins, and bake in a quick oven. Remove the centre, and fill with oysters, seasoned and warmed over the fire.—*Ideal Cook Book*.

### How a Balky Horse was Conquered by a Girl.

A sound, young horse to be had almost for a song—but a worm lurked in the peach—the worm of balkiness. "Not cannot always make him go, sometime not having pulling empty wagon, and dot sometime coming down hill before coming up," patiently explained the honest old Finn, who owned him.

Elsie looked at the horse thoughtfully. In some points he resembled her mental picture of Black Beauty.

Yes, she would buy him and trust to kindness and patience to overcome his balkiness.

All went well the first week. Elsie drove to the village several times and the horse behaved so well his new mistress began to think he had been maligned.

"I'll be back in two hours, mamma," said Elsie one afternoon as she drove out of the yard, but this time she had reckoned without her horse.

When about half a mile from home, Jet, without any provocation, threw up his head defiantly and refused to take another step. In vain Elsie coaxed and urged. Jet remained obdurate. Elsie took him by the bridle to lead him, but he planted his feet more firmly, tossed his head and drew back his lips in a fiendish grin. After an hour of soothing and fondling Jet started off sulkily, prancing and jumping sidewise. The mode of treatment was new to him. His former master had always whipped him soundly during these little exhibitions, but in the end Jet had triumphed, for, having exhausted his master's patience, he would be released from the wagon and returned to the stable.

Elsie had many exhibitions of Jet's contrariness, and she learned by observation to read the signs of a storm before it broke upon her. Twitching and drooping of the ears, the light, high lifting of the feet were unfavorable omens. When these symptoms were noticed in time, a few kind words and a little fondling often exorcised the evil spirit possessing the horse.

Elsie's brother urged stronger and more heroic measures, but Elsie wished to triumph through kindness, if such a course were possible.

"I should like to go to the village this afternoon, but my wheel is broken," said Frank one sultry day.

"Take Jet; he has been in the best of humor lately," said Elsie.

"Keep on the right side of him," she cautioned, laughingly, as Frank drove off.