

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

WEIGHTS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.—Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than seven pounds. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that age the boys acquire a decided preponderance. Young men of twenty average one hundred and thirty-five pounds, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and ten pounds each. Men reach their heaviest weight at about forty years of age, when their average weight will be about one hundred and forty pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty years of age, when their average weight will be one hundred and thirty. Taking the men and women together, their weight at full growth will then average from one hundred and eight to one hundred and fifty; and women from eighty to one hundred and thirty. The average weight of humanity all over the world, taking the ages and conditions, working men and women, and gentlemen and ladies without occupation, black and white, boys, girls, and babies, is very nearly one hundred pounds avoirdupois weight.

LIVING OUT SORROW.—Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow—over-leaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

EVEN TEMPER.—An attribute so precious that, in our consideration, it becomes a virtue, is a gentle and constant equality of temper. To sustain it, not only exacts a pure mind, but a vigour of understanding which resists the petty vexations and fleeting contrarieties which a multitude of objects and events are continually bringing. What an unutterable charm does it give to the society of a man who possesses it! How is it possible to avoid loving him whom we are certain always to find with serenity on his brow, and a smile on his countenance?

"LITTLE CONJURERS."—"I am fond of children," said the late Doctor Binney. "I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurers, with their 'natural magic,' evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child!"

EXPERIENCE.—The best education one can obtain is the education experience gives. In passing through life learn everything you can. It will all come in play.

HOPE.—A strong mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

MISTAKES.—Let not mistakes or wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is a precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong.

OPENNESS AND DISGUIST.—Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

VIRTUE.—Epicurus says "Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.

SEEMING DECEITFUL.—It is far easier to feign respect when we do not feel it, than to express it when we actually do; for which reason frank, straightforward people always appear hypocritical to suspicious ones. The very fear of seeming deceitful makes us seem so.

TELL MOTHER.—Her advice is worth having. When you are inclined to flirt with some gay, unknown Don Whiskerando, ask her opinion concerning the matter. If she check the untimely flirtation, so much the better. School-girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be bruised off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And, above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is said that indifferent persons know more about her fair young daughter than she does herself.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight in your course, and let their back-bitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of fretting over a piece of gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddling busybody who

has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them and in combining them give them character and standing.

If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all back-bitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

KNIFE AND FORK.

The science of cooking is unknown in this country. One reason is that we have more good meat than we know what to do with. We buy lots of it for a comparatively small price, throw it over the fire, and let it "do" itself as it likes. If we had less meat, and if we had to pay high for it, as in Europe, we should be more careful in our preparations. We should then study to make it go a long way, and every piece would be dressed so as to make it palatable.

There is the beefsteak. We can get the best for ten or twelve cents. No food is like it, and yet how few housekeepers know how to make it. O memories of boarding house breakfast tables, with their cold plates, their screeching knives, their sticky gravy and the leathery slab that one does not eat, but must tear like a carnivorous beast! Women complain of cantankerous or capricious husbands, but who can blame these if they fret or growl when the succulent rosy steak which they selected in the morning on their way down town, is served up to them dry, hard and tasteless?

And yet nothing is simpler than the operation of cooking a steak properly. Let women pay attention and I will teach them once for all. First, a good bright fire topped with charcoal, or in default thereof with coke. This will produce the intense heat absolutely necessary to cook a steak to perfection. Next, use a gridiron, never a frying pan or odious saucepan. Let the bars of the gridiron be thoroughly heated and then rubbed with a little fat. You may slightly pepper the steak before putting on, but never salt until it is cooked, as this causes the juices of the meat to flow. The steak should be turned, and only once turned, with a pair of tongs or a couple of spoons, and should by no means be prodded with a fork. All hammering of steaks with cleavers or cutlet bats should be avoided, and the use of hideous contrivances resembling gigantic "back-scratchers," for punching and clapper-clawing the meat to make it tender, should be eschewed.

Turned only once and broiled for about ten minutes over a clear fire, the steak is cooked, and should then be sprinkled with salt and served on a tremendously hot dish garnished with horseradish. Confirmed steak eaters insist that nothing beyond pepper, salt, mustard, and horseradish is needed with a steak, except a mealy potato and slice of stale bread; but the dicta of these rigid purists are often set aside in these degenerated days, and oysters sauce or fried onions are often served as accompaniments. Many like their plates rubbed with a shallot, while others cover their steak with shallot finely minced. Hot horseradish sauce is also frequently eaten with a steak, and is an excellent companion to it. Mushroom catsup is also liked by many, but should always be made hot. The sight of a human being deluging a prime hot steak with cold catsup arouses stormy emotions in the bosom of a true eater.

The practice of cutting steaks from the sirloin prevails in America as well as in France; but, although the upper and under portions are often divided into "sirloin steak" and "tenderloin," the truly national practice is to cut clean through the bone and serve both in one piece, which is then called a "porterhouse steak." There is a story current "on the other side" to the effect that, on landing in New York, a gentleman of the Hibernian persuasion endowed with the lightness of heart and of luggage often enjoyed by the "Irish emigrant," was enthusiastically received by a jovial compatriot who, having enjoyed the free air of Manhattan for about six months, and being already a thriving citizen and a "good democrat," invited the "new chum" to eat a steak with him forthwith. Rushing into a restaurant he ordered a "double porterhouse," and was quickly served with that very agreeable species of the genus steak. "By the powers!" yelled the new comer, "to think that my mother's son should cross the salt sea to eat a mutton chop made of beef!" This Hibernian definition actually gives a perfectly clear idea of the famous "porterhouse steak." These handsome cuts are broiled, and often served with mushrooms, making a capital dish for at least two persons. It must, however, be admitted that in America exist persons depraved enough not only to fry these magnificent steaks, but, like the man who ate asparagus at the wrong end, to pretend that they like them best that way.

Then there is mutton. You may search every hotel, every restaurant and every household kitchen before finding that old wholesome chop, which wept succulent tears under the sharp action of the knife, the chop whose borders rustled under the teeth, while the heart remained

firm and marrowy. Now, under the guise of chops, some stuff or other is presented you which resembles so much sponge dipped in tallow. The famous French writer and critic, Roqueplan, used to say in his inimitable manner, when such were set before him:

"Waster," showing his plate, "if this is a chop, you are making fun of me. If it is a candle-grease, you have forgotten a match!"

A chop must be swiftly, hotly done, so as to retain all its juice. Use nearly the same process as with a steak, and you have a dish fit for king.

FOURCHETTE.

THE GLEANER.

A word about the literary habits of the late Canon Kingsley: "His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing-desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils—two in number, and treated like his own sons—were working in the dining-room, his guests perhaps, lounging on the lawn or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife—who was far from strong—or a romp with his children."

Another word about the personal appearance of the Poet Laureate: "He lives in great luxury, in a poetically picturesque country mansion rich in its architecture and lavish and tasteful in its adornments and knick-knacks. There are about it terraces and fountains, greeneries and flower parterres, avenues and lawns; it is the mansion of a rich man of high taste and culture. He is tall, gaunt, shaggy-haired, with a ragged-looking beard and long, straggling locks of a light brown, very much tinged with grey. He wears a big slouch hat and cloak, and were it not for a pair of deep, large, dreamy eyes, there would be nothing in the least poetic in his appearance. Indeed, he is almost shabby to the outward eye; his manner shy, and his apparent endeavor is to pass hither and thither quite unnoticed."

A reverend lecturer has been giving some amusing comments on the incongruities of certain psalm singing: For instance, "Love thee better than before" was divided, "Love thee bet-"; "My poor polluted heart" became "My poor pol-"; "We'll catch the fleeting hour" was sung "We'll catch the flee-"; "And take thy pilgrim home" became "And take thy pil-"; "And in the pious he delights" was "And in the pi- and in the pi-"; "Send down salvation from on high" became "Send down sal-"; A soprano in one case sang "Oh for a man-"; and the chorus responded "Oh for a mansion in the skies." In one case the soprano modestly sang "Teach me to kiss"; the alto took up the strain "Teach me to kiss," while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing "Teach me to kiss the rod."

The great and wonderful Liszt has been giving a concert in Rome. He was dressed as an abbe. His hair, which has become quite white, is still very long. The eye-glass with which he followed the notes was constantly falling. His touch is still a prodigy, and the keys seem to fly to the ends of his fingers. The ladies in particular were rapt in admiring astonishment as they were forty years ago.

A very touching exchange of presents has just taken place between the Queen and the Empress Eugénie. Her Majesty sent to the widow of Napoleon III., immediately after her return to Chislehurst from her visit to Windsor Castle, the first volume of Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*; and this week the Empress Eugénie has presented to Queen Victoria a superbly-bound copy of the first two volumes of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's *Life of Napoleon III.*

Our theatrical readers will be pleased to read the following classification of the more famous Parisian actresses, the greatest in the world: "Theo is the prettiest, Angèle, of the Gymnase, is the most beautiful, Rousseil is the most tragic, Alphonsine the most comic, Croizette the most bizarre, Sarah Bernhardt the most poetic and refined, Lia Felix the most emotional, Marie Laurent the most maternal, Emilie Broisat is the sweetest, Schneider the jolliest, Celine Chaudmont the 'chippiest,' Judic the most bewitching, and Angèle Moreau the most touching. Angèle has the most beautiful figure; Lloyd, of the Comedie Francaise, the loveliest neck and shoulders, Sarah Bernhardt the most expressive eyes, Judic the pearl teeth, Clotilde Colas the prettiest profile, Peschard the most beautiful legs, Schneider the daintiest hands and feet, Blanche Pierson the most beautiful hair, Marie Laurent the biggest and blackest eyes, and Angèle Moreau the most plaintive voice."

The number of London and provincial managers of theatres who have been attracted to Paris by M. Ernest Blum's *Rose Michel* at the Ambigu is legion. The melodrama has excited the Parisians to fever heat. It is a "one-part piece," and the character is a lady and a mother. Accordingly, enterprising Englishmen thought it would be a good thing for them, and crossed the Channel in spite of sou'-westers and chopping seas. The mail train from Charing Cross on one Saturday night conveyed four of these gentlemen, and as luck would have it, three of them travelled in the same carriage to Dover. At first they each tried to cover themselves in wraps and avoid recognition; all, however, were aware of their companions' identity, and at last con-

versation became general. The secret could no longer be kept, and it was remarkable how fluently the various reasons for the journey were explained. One was going to visit his daughter who was at school, another intended to meet his father-in-law at Marseilles, whilst the third declared himself bilious and thought that a toss on the Channel might set him up. The question, however, as to the right of *Rose Michel* in English has been settled. Mrs. Mary Gladstone has, through her agent, bought the coveted drama for a large sum.

Marshal Canrobert has been pushed forward of late as the successor of Marshal MacMahon in case he resigned; of course so noted a Bonapartist was only advocated by the Imperialists. Canrobert is a good fighting soldier, but nothing more; Parisians well remember his energy on the Boulevards, in the execution of the Coup d'Etat. He is married to an English lady, Madlle. Flora Macdonald, whose acquaintance he thus made in 1856 at a Tuileries ball. "Marshall," said she, "will you treat me as a Russian and make me dance?" "Impossible," Mademoiselle, there is an armistice proclaimed," but he called a young officer, and ordered him to be her *vis-à-vis*, remarking that a Marshal of France envied a sub-lieutenant's good fortune. A few years later Mademoiselle became Maréchale Canrobert.

HUMOROUS.

JOSH Billings says: "If you are going to give a man anything, give it to him cheerfully and quick, don't make him get down on his knees in front of you, and listen to the ten commandments and then give him five cents."

COLONEL PRALL, of Lexington, Ky., says an old lady on his pension-roll, now living in that city, was one hundred and one years old last October. But the old lady is killing herself smoking a pipe. She has been at it now for the last half century, and he thinks she can't stand it many years longer.

MILLIONAIRES are called "rich men" in New York, and no others may expect this felicitous title. A half millionaire is said to be "well off and independent." A \$250,000 man is "very comfortable." Place that figure at \$100,000 and the owner is a "small man;" under \$50,000 he is "poor," while a \$25,000 man is such a poor devil as to be unworthy of mention.

"You jist ought to have been over to our house, last night!" shouted one small boy to another on the Campus Martius, yesterday. "Why—making pictures?" inquired the other. "Not much! Humph! No, Sir; our folks went away, and we had pop-corn, two kinds of sweetened water, milk and camphor, drew the dog around in the table-cloth, and the hired girl told us eight ghost stories."

WHEN the Duke of Newcastle was on this continent, a citizen of Cincinnati, who had managed to get introduced to the Duke, thus introduced his wife at Pike's Opera House: "Duke, let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Judge—, the daughter of Major-Gen. — of Kentucky, who was brutally massacred by the British and Indians while gloriously fighting for his country at the battle of River Raisin."

ONE of the boys just before returning to Cornell, the other day, sent a young lady friend of his, a cake of Lubin's finest variety of toilet soap, with the request that she would draw no inference on receiving such a gift. The next day, the young man was somewhat astonished when he received a letter from the young lady containing the present of a fine-tooth comb, with the request that he would draw no inferences therefrom.

SEVENTEEN years ago, a Louisville young woman was told by a clairvoyant that she was destined to marry an auburn-haired young man with blue eyes and a heavy mustache; that he would soon be rich, and that they would have two children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children now, the auburn hair has disappeared from the top of the husband's head, and he is getting fifteen dollars a week.

How, would you feel, my dear, if we were to meet a wolf?" asked an old lady of her little grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road. "Oh, grandmamma, I should be so frightened!" was the reply. "But I should stand in front of you and protect you," said the old lady. "Would you grannie?" cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. "That would be nice! While the wolf was eating you I should have time to run away."

BISHOP AMES tells a story of a slave master in Missouri, in the old time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel: "Pompey, I hear you are great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, do you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "Ise mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied: "You see, massa, dat wouldn't never do, cause 'twould ruin such a col'ness over de meetin'."

"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO!" (A fascinating young Irish lady, with a lovely brogue, is warbling characteristic popular ditties in the Neapolitan dialect, encouraged thereto by the consciousness that her enraptured audience doesn't know a word of even ordinary Italian.)—Enthusiastic Youth: "How awfully beautifully your sister sings, Mr. O'Dowd! How awfully vividly she recalls to one's mind the—the—Chiusa, you know—and Vesuvius—and—the deep blue Italian sky!" Mr. O'Dowd: "Ah! th'in doesn't she, sor! Ye've been in Italy, sor!" Enthusiastic Youth: "A—a—a—no—no!" Mr. O'Dowd: "No more!—No more has me sister!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THEODORE THOMAS will go to Europe next summer, to engage singers for his promised opera-season.

MADAME RISTORI is said to have conquered the English language so thoroughly that almost any Italian can understand her.

VERDI is said to be engaged upon a new opera, the subject of which is taken from Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

M. BRESSANT, of the Théâtre Français, has received from the King of Holland a gold medal, worth 2,000 fr., in recognition of his talent as an actor.

A PROPOSAL is being made to place in Westminster Abbey, over the spot where Sterndale Bennett was buried on Saturday, a "musicians' window," which will serve not only as a memorial of the composer of *The May Queen*, but of the other musical worthies who lie around him.