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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MOTHER'S CARES.

Oh, who can tell a thousand cares a mother only knows,
From earliest dawn of morning light till even ing's glad repose?
The stitches and the steps she takes there's no body can count.
Or number all her busy thoughts, and tell us the r amount;
But this I'm sure—from morning's dawn til evening's silent cl se,
A mother has a thousand cares a mother only knows.

Just see her little family, suppose it numbers nine,
Who, eighteen seores of times a year, must breakfast, sup and dine;
So often must the snow-white cloth upon the board be spread,
For self and husband—daughters four, two sons, and kitchen maid,
So often must each dish be washed, each fork and spoon and knife;
Who wonders if the mother fades amid the cares of life.

I said her little family,—'tis not so very small,
And yet 'tis hers to wash, and bake, and brew and mend for all.
She may have help. But who knows not most modern help removes
No very heavy cares, except "the fishes and the loaves"?
So week by week and year by year, to "manage" her affairs,
She meekly toils to guide the house amid a thousand cares.

She's not a moment's time to waste, but steady as the clock,
She knits the boys their winter hose, or darns a daughter's frock;
She's waiter to a thousand wants and hears a thousand pleas,
From hungry ones just come from school, or babe upon her knees;
And not a bruise does one receive, but, oh! she shares the smart,
With all the deep, warm sympathy that thrills a mother's heart.

'Tis she that rocks the cradled babe with kind and patient heart;
The earliest at the couch of pain, the latest to depart;
She toils and toils the livelong day and when she seeks repose,
Her busy thoughts will scarce allow her weary lids to close.
Whose ears like hers the whole night long attends each painful noise,
The croupy breathing of her girls, the coughing of her boys?

Nor will she from the Summer's heat or winter's coldness shrink,
But rises in the sultry night to give her children drink;
And when the wintry wild winds howl and urge the drifting storm,
She'll rise and spread an extra quilt to keep the children warm.
There's none so full of cares as she upon the wide, wide earth,
And yet a mother is not prized one-half a mother's worth.

Forgive me, then, this fond attempt, from thoughts of other days,
To rear to mothers' memories a monument of praise;
For one yet lives upon the earth for whom my heart doth swell
With filial gratitude and love as words can never tell.
That one is she who gave me birth, who, 'mid a thousand cares,
Poured out, and still pours out, for me a mother's yearning prayers.

—*F. P. Dyer.*

AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

I wonder if anybody reads Washington Irving nowdays. His name is placed among those of our "eminent men of letters," his writings among our American classics, the elderly people among us remember when a new book by Irving was an event in the literary world; but, do the "young folks" read his "Alhambra," his "Sketch Book," his Knickerbocker's History? And if they read them, is it with the keen pleasure and the appreciation with which the youth of fifty years ago welcomed him? I'm sure I don't know, but I have an idea that the more rapid movement of modern fiction, the books which "tell stories," are in more favor with the rising generation than the deliciously subtle humor, the pathos, the genial wit and simplicity of this friend and contemporary of Scott and Southey, Sidney Smith and Tom Moore.

What pleasures they miss, these young people, who gallop through books at the rate of one every day, vote The Duchess and George Eliot, Rose Nouchette Carey and Mrs. Whitney alike "perfectly lovely," and cannot tell you to-day what they read last week! Sometimes I think the abundance of books and their cheapness should be considered detrimental rather than an advantage, since so much chaff and cheat is mingled with the literary grain, and young people seem to have an unhappy facility in selecting the former. To read a book which leaves the impress of its ideas upon the mind is fatiguing, compared with the mental effort required to comprehend one which gives milliners' and upholsterers' descriptions instead of thought.

But I started to tell something about Irving, whose writings were very widely read, both in this country and in England, during the first half of the present century. Born in 1783, youngest of a family of ten children, and under the strict rule of his father, a Presbyterian clergyman of the "old school," brought up to believe everything pleasant was wicked, he early developed a taste for reading, and excited the envy of his companions by the ease with which he performed the tasks incident to that day so dreaded by schoolboys—"composition day." He was writing for publication at nineteen, under the pseudonym of "Jonathan Oldstyle," and at twenty-one went to Europe, the voyage being undertaken for his health. His tastes led him to take great interest in whatever was ancient and legendary; and during this journey he collected much material which he afterward made available in his writings. His descriptions of the Alhambra are famous for the purity and elegance of literary style, in that seeming simplicity which is the perfection of art.

At twenty-five he was engaged to be married to Miss Matilda Hoffman, whom he loved with all the ardor of his warm-hearted, affectionate nature, but his dream of happiness was cut short by the death of his betrothed after a brief illness. His sensitive heart never fully recovered from this affliction; everything he wrote afterward was more tender and touching in its pathos. Months ran into years before he could resume his literary work; and so deeply had his heart been stirred that he remained faithful to her memory and died unmarried. If "all the world loves a lover," surely we ought to love one so devoted as this, who so beautifully says, in the "Sketch Book:" "The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of the object, but the love that is seated in the soul can live in long remembrance. Truly spiritual affection rises from the tomb, purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor."

At last he was able to gather the shattered threads together, and resume his pen. Soon after, he went to England and associated himself in business at Liverpool with his brother, but the war of 1812 forced the firm into bankruptcy. Irving took the disgrace of this failure deeply to heart—commercial disasters were not so numerous or so lightly looked upon then as now—but it had at least the good result of inducing him to devote himself to literature. In 1813 he returned to America, after seventeen years of residence abroad, bought a cottage and a few acres of land below Tarrytown on the Hudson, a locality made famous by his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," where he proposed to spend the remainder of his life. The place is now called Irvington, in his-

honor, and "Sunnyside," his home, became the Mecca of his many admirers. He took great delight in embellishing the grounds about "the little stone mansion made up of gable ends and as full of angles as a cocked hat," saying: "A pretty country resort is like a pretty wife; one is always throwing away money beautifying it." The pictures of Sunnyside always show the magnificent growth of English ivy which completely covered one side of the house, and which grew from a slip taken from that on Melrose Abbey and given Irving by the heroine of Burns' "Blue-Eyed Lassie." And to this quiet retreat he brought his two brothers and his five nieces, for though he loved quiet, his affectionate nature demanded companionship.

Like nearly all literary geniuses, he was subject to "moods." Sometimes he wrote with wonderful rapidity and facility; sometimes his pen was untouched for weeks. Whatever he forced himself to write was invariably thrown aside as worthless; he must wait for inspiration. He was peculiarly sensitive to praise, not because he was vain, but because his finely wrought nature required encouragement. He was quiet and reserved, modest and unassuming, and shrank from all attempts to "lionize" him. In nine years he earned about eighty thousand dollars by his pen, quite a fortune in those days, but most of which he lost by unfortunate investments, and three hundred and fifty thousand copies of his books were sold in that time. Yet his "Sketch Book" was "declined with thanks" by the publishers, and issued by its author at his own risk.

He had said, "I do not fear death, but I would like to go down with all sails set." And so it was ordered. His health had been gradually breaking, yet no speedy end was anticipated. While he was thus in a semi-invalid condition, an "autograph fiend" called one day with her autograph album. His friends tried to fight her off by giving her a loose sheet on which was his signature, but no, she must have it in her book, and so he was roused, and, still half asleep, traced his name on the page.

The last day of his life, Nov. 28, 1859, was closed by a remarkably beautiful sunset, as if the day's decline was associated with the close of that goodly life. He had watched the evening glow fade out, and a little later prepared for rest. While his niece was arranging his pillows, he gave a little cry and fell forward, lifeless. "All sails were set," and the ship had gone down.

The path which leads to his grave in the little cemetery at Tarrytown is worn deep by the feet of those who go to visit his last resting-place, and relic hunters so break and chip the plain marble slab which marks it that frequent renewal is necessary, a profanation which a loving biographer has declared a tribute to the beauty of his character and the extent of his fame more enduring than a monument of brass.

It is impossible in the brief limits of a HOUSEHOLD letter, to give more than the most cursory review of the life and work of any writer. But to those who have no acquaintance with this gifted star in the galaxy of American authors I would recommend a perusal of the "Sketch Book," and "Deidrich Knickerbocker's History of New York" at least. Of the latter, Charles Dudley Warner says that for "spontaniety and freshness it belongs to the springtime of literature;" and the caricatures of its *soi disant* history so displeased the descendents of the first settlers, who now compose Mr. Winthrop's "select four hundred" of New York's *creme de la creme*, that to this day some of them will not admit Washington Irving's writings into their libraries In the Sketch Book are to be found many beautiful thoughts; and by no means least, the character of "Rip Van Winkle," which Joe Jefferson has made immortal by his admirable personation, is adapted from the hero of one these sketches. BEATRIX.

THE FALL HOUSE-CLEANING.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some quiet spot, where wives c ean house no more?
Some lone, sequestered, leafy dell, some island ocean girt
Where l fe is not one ceaseless war with cobwebs and with dirt;
Where only Nature's car et spreads beneath the tired feet,
And wretched men are ne'er compelled its emerald folds to beat?
The cool breeze fanned his heated face
And said "Beat on! there's no such place."

I always feel a sincere sympathy for those great, splendid specimens of humanity we call men—when they respond to the call twice a year to beat carpets. Somehow the thought comes, when I see them take their respective "corners," bend and bow in the effort to shake evenly, or when the carpet is suspended from a pole and the "beaters" are called into operation, that it is a little beneath their dignity, that they are not in their proper pl ce. And I do not blame them a bit for kicking, once in a while. We know all about human nature, it is pretty much the same the world over; there are lots of things we can do with a "good grace" and lots that drag. I am going to say right here that I particularly dislike the house-cleaning season; sometimes it goes off "shoust like the baper on the wall" and again it has its drawbacks. I never like to clean too early, it is best to wait until the flies are gone, then every one is busy about it, and misery likes company.

"I know by beauty's token
The crimson and the gold,
The wayside aster nestling
It's silken purple fold,
The radiance amber colored,
In air and sea and sky,
The dewdrop's lustre showing
Her frosty lover nigh.
The forest leaves now falling,
Fast thro' the songless air—
I know by all these tokens
House-cleaning's everywhere."

I usually go through the house in September, sort over the piece baskets and rummage closets, shelves, boxes and drawers. I found one large box which contained pieced blocks for several quilts, one or two not completed. So I set them together and made comforters of them. It looks foolish to me, this quilting business, and I wonder if as much of it is done as years ago. When I looked at some of these marvelous creations at the fair, I congratulated myself on never "hankering" after these flower bed affairs. I am afraid my tulips would turn out cabbages. They certainly are never put to practical use, but shown on festive occasions as specimens of skill and patience.

The batting I used came in five pound rolls; I opened it and laid it by the fire, and in a short time it was as light as down; the heat seems to loosen every fibre and it makes a much lighter comforter. I cut the old garments up into carpet rags, I cut enough for one ball and keep the rest out of sight. I never can work so fast if there is too much ahead of me. The balls are stored away in a bag, the paper rags gotten ready for the rag man; yes, I know some women burn up their rags and papers, or throw them out around the wood pile, but I don't do it. I will plead guilty to having a place where broken china and the like is consigned—I tell you it has grown "amazin'" within the past few years—and as "Philander" cannot be induced to haul it off and dump it in the creek, it remains, if not a thing of beauty 'tis mighty convenient.

I had not intended to mention Philander's name, I should not if the matter of house cleaning had not come up; he is there every time, beating carpets, moving the piano and so on with his usual serenity of manner, but when it comes to putting up stoves and fitting the stove pipe, oh! he is found wanting in all those attributes which make a "perfect man." "Tis true, 'tis pity, pity too, tis true," he actually uses profane language at times. You can tell when it's coming, there are signs and symptoms, he puts all his strength on the two pieces of pipe, and be it remembered he is not one of those diminutive souls—he tips the beam at —well, most two hundred —and just as you would think the blood would burst from his face, and he thinks it is a fit, off flies the elbow, his good temper and equanimity are demoralized, and all that extra enthusiasm is blown off in a few well executed sentences; but then I overlook it in him, for I know that there are so many times that the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak; and I feel so glad too that I am a woman, for it is given me to meet all the disagreeable things in life with composure. We have a reserve stock of patience that can be brought out in trying occasions. Yes, we ought to be thankful for the small favor of being women, for the still larger favor of having undisputed sway during house-cleaning. EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

PREPARING FOR LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

"It is the unexpected that always happens." How many calamities I have averted from me and mine by expecting them and worrying about them in advance, I shall never know. But to-day, as I contemplated the back of my head with the aid of a hand mirror and decided that the grey hairs—"dawn of another life" as Longfellow called them—were getting so thick that it was useless to pull them out any more, it struck me that old age is the one calamity that expecting will never avert. Here is the programme which I have laid out for my own fourscore years, if by reason of strength I live to see them. Almost any one in our country can, after a life of industry and reasonable economy, have a roof of their own over their heads, whether

it be high or low, slate or shingle; also other property that can bring in a sufficient income for the limited wants of two old people. That being my case I shall not, after I am past active life, sell, rent, or give away my home, and live with my children. One's children may be loving and dutiful, glad to do all they can for their parents. But they may be married, and your daughter's husband or your son's wife will not be bound to you by the ties of parent and child, and it is not reasonable to think they should have the same love for you. You did nothing for them in their helpless infancy and childhood that they should return loving care now. Still they may freely give it. But if I lived with my son I should know that the work and care of my last sickness would come far more on my daughter-in-law than on him, and I shall have enough to think of in my last hours without that extra worry on my mind. No, let my old age be spent if possible by my own fireside.

Are we getting ashamed of economy that we never tell of our household doings, unless we have all that money can buy to work with? I am so proud of my latest economical streak that I must air it. I made a nice pair of black gloves out of the least worn parts of an old jersey jacket. Took an old glove for pattern, which I improved on a little, made them small enough so they were stretched when on my hands, and they fit nicely.

When we first lived up here in the woods one afternoon a gentleman, an old friend, stopped to stay over night. There should have been cake for the tea-table, but I was just out of sugar, and only enough butter for table use, and the nearest grocery fifteen miles away. But I made cake, using maple syrup made from our own trees for sweetening, and because there was no "shortening" in it, it had to be roll jelly cake. Just as I put it in the oven it occurred to me that there was no jelly, either. So I took three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, some water, some more maple syrup with nutmeg for flavoring, a little flour to thicken it, boiled first and spread it on the cake, rolled it up, and it made the right finish for a meal of venison steak, mashed potatoes, raised biscuit and a can of our wild berries. Luckily the gentleman did not take sugar in coffee, or I should have had to cheered him with the anecdote about "long and short sweetening" as I put in the maple syrup.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

DIFFERENCES.

"Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. were such firm friends, you know."

"Yes, and are. What do you mean?"

"No, they are at swords' points now. I have just come from Mrs. B.'s, and you should just hear her take on! Why Mrs. A. must have broken nearly every commandment of the decalogue."

"I cannot understand how this can be. I saw them both last week, out walking together as friendly as usual."

"Well, Mrs. A. had a party to tea and to spend the evening last Friday (unlucky day), and for some cause Mrs. B. was not invited. Saturday, Mrs. Curious called on Mrs. B. to ferret out the reason. Getting no satisfaction she gave rein to some of her imaginings, fired Mrs. B.'s sensitive heart, already sore over the supposed slight, and in consequence she indulged in a few phrases that needed only Mrs. Curious' deft treatment and rehearsal to Mrs. A., whom she lost no time in interviewing, to fix as pretty a quarrel as a neighborhood need care to see. True, Mrs. A. declared she sent an invitation to Mrs. B. by one of the children, but if Mrs. B. had not known her long and well enough to come to her for the explanation, that the child had failed to find her at home, but must go to Mrs. C.—of all women—with such an outburst of foolish stories, and untruths too, why she may take it out in lying, she'll not truckle to her;" and Mrs. C. is provided with a new grist to carry to Mrs. B., and to retail, with variations, to sympathizing friends of either party.

I wonder if any student of human nature can fathom the secret spring of the average human heart, that inclines us to forget the friendship of a lifetime in the moment we discover ourselves the victim of a real or imaginary wrong from our trusted friend? No matter how many proofs of kindly feeling have been shown, no matter how close the intimacy, it all vanishes like mist before our rising wrath, and our friend of the moment before stands forth arrayed in a suit of foibles, faults and vices, none of which ever before obtruded themselves on our partial vision.

I once read of a young boy going to his father, and in an excited manner relating some unpleasant remarks he had heard of a near neighbor making concerning himself, and which hurt his self-love. The father was wise. Gently restraining the boy, he bade him recollect how many kindnesses he had received from the same gentleman, and try fairly to balance the account. The boy became calmer, but declared he would never go to the offender's house. But good seed was sown, and although no more was said, the boy was ready to accept the father's invitation, given in a few days, to go with him to the neighbor's. Said he: "Yes, I'll go, father; I guess after all what he said was not so far out of the way, or it wouldn't have made me so mad. I'll try to do better." Is it not true that if before resenting any unpleasant remark we may hear spoken, we will take a little trouble to examine closely for possible cause, and then put ourselves in the other's place, we might pardon instead of blaming?

There is a manifest unfairness shown when conditions are reversed. We do not at once become charmed with a person that we have looked on with unfriendly eyes, if by chance they do us a kindness, or we hear of their speaking approving words. Suspiciously we listen, watching for the motive that induced such act or word. Cautiously, carefully, slowly will we be convinced of any such change, and time and repeated proofs are necessary to convince us that the change is radical and disinterested.

I wonder if any reader of this letter will take its lesson home, make a personal application and not think it hits "the other fellow!" If so, may the work of reformation commence then and there. It is unjust to one's friend, and to one's self as well. Things are not always what they seem, and moderation in feeling, and friendly seeking after truth, will often give a very different color to circumstances. We often like our friends because we believe them to be what our fancy makes them; sometimes we like them in spite of faults, and sometimes for their faults. It is wise to look for the best in all we meet, help their weakness, ignore as far as possible what cannot be mended; and with a sense of our own weakness and imperfections, spread wide the mantle of charity over the defects of our friends, conscious of how much we need the like protection.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

A UNIQUE WEDDING PRESENT.

Once upon a time there lived in this city two young ladies who entertained a Damon-and-Pythias friendship for each other. Their happy companionship was to be broken by the marriage of one, whom we will call Margaret. The other, Beth, greatly desired to offer her beloved friend a gift which should be commensurate with the loving regard in which she held her. But alas, she was dependent upon her own exertions for support and had in addition the care of an invalid sister; a present costing much money she could not procure, her offering must represent the work of her own hands. She had little time at her disposal, and she could not paint or draw, or embroider, or pound brass, or decorate china. But this is how she solved the riddle:

She wrote to all her friends who were experienced cooks, begging for some of their best, tested recipes for preparing all dishes known to housekeepers. And when the returns begin to come in, she classified and arranged them into departments; then she ordered at a stationer's a quantity of medium thin bevel-edged cards, the size of an ordinary 18-mo book, and on these she wrote out in legible text (she was a beautiful writer) the recipes, one to each page, assorting them into departments and preparing an index. When the work was completed—and it consumed a great deal of her precious leisure—she took them to a job printing office and had two holes punched at the left side of the pages, and ran narrow ribbons through them. A handsome crimson silk plush cover was made, lined with pale pink satin, a couple of white satin flyleaves were inserted, on one of which an artist friend daintily inscribed an appropriate dedication with gold paints, and the leaves were fastened inside the cover by passing the ribbons through narrow slits in it, crossing them perpendicularly and tying in bow knots.

Thus was completed a most unique cookbook, every recipe in which represented the experiences of a practical housekeeper. It also represented much more than the average wedding gift, which is more frequently an alms extorted by custom than the tribute of love, in that the wishes and needs of the one for whom the work was undertaken were studied with careful attention, and many affectionate thoughts went out to the recipient during the long evenings devoted to its preparation. Margaret, who was to go from the teacher's desk to

her own house, where she would reign instead of "the girl," was delighted with the gift, which promised to be so helpful to her inexperience, and Beth did not feel the worth of her tribute lessened by contrast with the more elaborate and expensive gifts of other friends.

But Margaret, two years later, speaking to an acquaintance who was not supposed to know the story of that cook book, said, in referring to some of her early experiences in the culinary department: "I have a very excellent book full of very valuable recipes. But I found when I came to use it, that I needed directions how to put things together quite as much as proportions and ingredients. I dare say an experienced housekeeper would not have felt the lack, but I did, and ascribe many a failure to not knowing how to do that part."

Remember this, when you furnish recipes to your friends or the public. The new beginner likes to know exactly how to put things together. B.

A MAN'S GREATEST TRIAL.

The *New York Graphic* says: "If there is one thing more than another which will disgust a man it is to see his trousers begin to 'bag' at the knees. Every man hates to see this, but to a fastidious man the sight is almost unbearable. Better have a crumpled shirt or a shiny coat than 'baggy' trousers. A pious observer once remarked: 'If men would only spend one-half the time in saying their prayers that they spent in trying to take the kink out of their trouser legs, Heaven would be full of males.'"

The *Graphic* tells how this great masculine sorrow can be avoided. But as no man would ever have the patience to practice the directions, but would put the task of "taking out the kinks," upon the wife, it is eminently proper that the instructions should find a place in the HOUSEHOLD, where wives may profit by them, although, as evident, they are addressed to the sex to which the article of attire belongs:

"Every night when you remove your trousers spread them out flat from front to rear, making the front fold turn on the first suspender button, and bring the front and rear crease in each leg together in such a way that the inner seams in the leg will lie one over the other. Then, having done this, make another fold just at the knee, and throw both legs back so that the bottom of the legs almost touch the waistband just below the buttons. Then lay the trousers away, and, if possible, place another pair upon them, or better still, a clean-surfaced board. Change as often as you can if you have several pairs, for trousers worn every day must get out of shape. This is a sure cure for 'bagging.'"

BY an error in "making up" last week's HOUSEHOLD, a bit of "Hints for the Holidays" was interpolated in El See's article on "The Vinegar Barrel." The five lines at the bottom of the third column on the second page, should be inserted after the twelfth line of the third paragraph of "Hints for the Holidays;" with these five lines abstracted El See's article reads correctly. Election is over; the smoke of the battle is cleared away, and the mistake will not be repeated.

THE USES OF GLYCERINE.

J. S. Charles, D. D. S., in the *Scientific American*, says:

"Few people realize the importance or the uses of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one part of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odor, so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

"For bunions and corns *Cannabis indicus* and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, adding a few drops of the liquid to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore to health.

"As a face lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

"As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

"In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumptives, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine in pure rye whisky or hot rich cream will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with the proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

"For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum, and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying."

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

BESS says: "Thanks for information received. I would like to ask M. E. H. if the members of the Literary Society are farmers' wives and daughters, and what are the duties of the president."

"ROB'S WIFE" asks: "Will not some of the mothers who have young children attending school, tell us what to prepare for healthy, palatable lunches. I find it very hard to secure the variety the children like without too much of the pie, cake and pickle element, and would be glad to know what other mothers fill lunch baskets with, to satisfy the demands of three growing, healthy youngsters who seem to have been born hungry."

"A YOUNG COOK" puts her plaint before the HOUSEHOLD family as follows: "I should be glad if those ladies who have used steam cookers would kindly tell us how they like them, whether they will do all that is claimed for them; and particularly whether the food all 'tastes alike;' the idea being, I suppose, that the steam in passing from one compartment to another, conveys the volatile principle of the vegetable cooked in one into that occupied by another, thus to a certain extent injuring the flavor."

IT is said that the cork dust in which Malaga (California) grapes are packed for shipment, is just as good for packing our native grapes as for the imported fruit, and preserves them equally well. It has no commercial value here, and is generally burned or thrown away. It may therefore be obtained of almost any grocer for the asking, and good, perfect grapes of any well keeping sort well packed in it and kept in a low temperature will be found in good condition as late as the middle of January.

Contributed Recipes.

CANNED PUMPKIN.—To can pumpkin successfully, peel and cut up as for ordinary stewing; boil until perfectly soft, then dip into cans, juice and all, same as fruit. Two quart cans are best. When wanted for use, empty into a kettle and stew until dry and brown, and you have the genuine article, good as new. BESS.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Three cups cornmeal; stir into two cups of boiling sweet milk; when cold add one cup molasses, one cup of wheat flour, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and one-half teaspoonful salt; steam three hours.

LIQUID SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Boil one-half cup of sugar and one cup of water together. Add the rind of one-quarter of a lemon. Moisten one heaping teaspoonful of corn starch with a little cold water and add. Cook five minutes, and add one-quarter cup of fruit juice of any kind preferred.

LEMON SAUCE.—Yolks of two eggs and one cup sugar, beaten till light; add the grated rind and the juice of one lemon; one-half cup butter; one tablespoonful cornstarch. Stir this together and then stir into three gills of boiling water and cook until it thickens sufficiently for use.

PLAIN PUDDING SAUCE.—Four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one tablespoonful of flour. Stir to a cream, add the beaten white of one egg, well stirred in, then pour in a gill of boiling water, stirring very fast, and flavor with lemon or vanilla.

MISS PARLOA'S CORN CAKE.—For this cake a short handled frying pan is needed. Mix together one and two-thirds cups of cornmeal, one-third cup flour, one-quarter cup sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs till light and add to them one cup sour milk, and one of sweet milk, in which a small teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Mix all thoroughly. Have the frying pan very hot, and after greasing it with two tablespoonfuls of butter pour the batter into it. Now pour into the mixture another cup of sweet milk, but do not stir the cake. Place frying pan in a hot oven and bake half an hour.