

HOUSEHOLD.

In Grandmama's Kitchen.

In grandmama's kitchen things got in a riot; The cream in a pot on the shelf. Where everything else seemed peaceful and quiet. Got whipped—for I heard it myself. And grandmama said—such a queer-thing to say— That it made some things better to whip them that way.

Some bold, naughty eggs, that refused to be eaten. On toast, with their brothers, maybe. Were stripped of their clothing and cruelly beaten.

Right where all the dishes could see; And grandmama said, though the poor things might ache, The harder the beating, the lighter the cake!

The bright golden butter was petted and patted. And coaxed to be shapely and good; But it finally had to be taken and spat out. Right hard with a paddle of wood.

When grandmama carried the round balls away. The buttermilk sulked and looked sour all day.

The water declared that the coffee was muddy. But an egg settled that little fuss; Then the steak and the gridiron got in a blood.

And terrible broil—such a muss! And a flat iron spat at grandmama in the face. And I ran away from the quarrelsome place.

Sarcasm.

There are a great many ways of killing love, trust and kindly feeling, but people who indulge in sarcasm seem to favor the slow, sure and torturing method which gradually smothers every sentiment that tends to make life profitable and happy.

It takes a great deal of heroism and Christian grace to live in the same house with a sarcastic tongue—to hear day after day unjust criticisms and caustic sentiments and to realize that there is no hope of escape from the chilling oppressiveness that shadows a home where every spontaneous expression is ridiculed and every good motive misconstrued.

People who live in an atmosphere of this description are often strengthened by the hope that time will grant them immunity from trials that are almost unbearable. A hopeless apathy sinks deep into many hearts, while others rebel against injustice and inaugurate a siege of open warfare which destroys forever the prospect of restoring domestic peace and harmony.

We hear of fathers who oppose everything that savors of hilarity. The joyous expressions that fall from the lips of sons and daughters are quickly suppressed. The iron hand of parental authority crushes aspirations, cherished plans are ridiculed, and youthful minds are filled with the pessimistic sentiments that nurture sarcasm.

The boy who declared that he was afraid to breathe when father was around, enfolded his life in the state penitentiary. The light-hearted innocent girl whose thoughtless actions drew forth harsh reproof instead of loving sympathy and advice, drifted away from home and was lost in the "maddening crowd."

Kindness, consideration, and affection in the home are more important than the offering of meaningless compliments and courtesies to those who are comparative strangers to us. We have no right to demand, detest or criticize when we fail to correct our own faults and neglect to study the art of making others happy.—[Prairie Farmer.]

A Shelf for Repairs.

There are few things of greater use to a house keeper who has to study economy than a shelf with materials for repairing and renovating. First of all she should have two or three small cans of paint and two good brushes of different sizes. Paint preservers as well as decorators.

By far the most satisfactory method of keeping a house clean is to keep it painted once a week, or once a fortnight, or even once a month, according to the way it is used—it will be needful to retouch it. If you use black or the dull Pompeian red, it makes a beautiful background, or rather framework, for the fire, throwing into fine relief the shining brass and the fire glow until the whole hearth is like a visible welcome to guest and friend. Besides the beauty of it, it is invaluable in lessening the burden of daily labor.

In papering a room be careful to keep remnants to repair cracked or torn places. It is never easy to match. When you are upholstering furniture, it is better to use pieces of a yard or so in making cushions. These always give a room an air of comfort and completeness. It is not wise to store up remnants, for which any one can find immediate use. House room is usually worth more than an accumulation of useless odds and ends.

A little can of white paint and a bottle of liquid gill will change the old, battered wooden picture frames into neat, pretty ones in white and gold, which are particularly pretty for bedrooms and sitting rooms, where everything should be bright and cheerful. The liquid gill is invaluable in another kind of repairing. A friend of mine had a large and costly Japanese vase broken by accident. It could be mended with cement or glue, and she did this with the greatest care, but there were the ugly lines where the fracture had been. An inspiration of genius seized her; her smallest brush dipped in the liquid gill was drawn along each crack, and not only hid the line of cement, but enriched the quaint, zigzag Japanese pattern, with which the fine lines of gold happily blended. It would be almost impossible to detect any breakage from the outside of the vase. There are different ways in which you can yourself make a cement or broken china; the white of an egg and flour made into a paste, or half an ounce of gum arabic dissolved in a wine glass of boiling water and thickened with plaster of paris.

Gilt may be nicely done by using a mixture of alum, one part; nut, two ounces; salt, one ounce. Dissolve in a gill of water. For furniture use turpentine and sweet oil, and rub vigorously. There is nothing like dry rubbing with flannel for keeping the beauty and polish of wood. After all it is only half the chapter to acquire beautiful things; by far the most important part is keeping them beautiful.

Practical Receipts.

Muffins.—Break two eggs in a bowl, add salt in a pint and a half of flour, a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a teaspoonful of salt; add sweet milk and butter. Drop in spoonfuls

in well-greased muffin-irons, and bake in very hot oven.

Fried Liver.—Cut liver into slices, pour boiling water over and let stand five minutes, drain and wipe the meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Fry in boiling fat, brown first on one side and then on the other. When done, take up on a heated dish, pour over melted butter and serve.

Hash.—Chop any cold cooked meat with half as much cold potatoes and one onion. Put a frying-pan on the stove, let heat, add the flour, stir until brown, put the potatoes and onions in, and cook for five minutes; add the meat, season with salt and pepper, and stir until the whole is well browned, pour over a pint of boiling water, stir until mixed and the gravy is thick. Serve in a heated dish.

Bean Soup.—Wash a pint dried beans and let soak over night. In the morning drain and cover with boiling water; add half a pound of ham and let boil for two hours. Take up the beans, press through a sieve, return to the kettle, let come to a boil, season with salt and pepper and serve with toasted bread.

Fish Cutlets.—Take cutlets from any large fish, dip first in beaten egg, then in grated cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Arrange in a circle on a heated dish, and serve with sauce piquante.

Sauce Piquante.—Put a tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan and set over the fire until brown, add a tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth, thin with a cupful of stock, and stir until it boils. Have two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped onions, one gill of vinegar, one tablespoonful of capers, a sprig each of thyme and parsley cooked low in a small saucepan, add to the sauce, season with salt and a pinch of cayenne, stir all together well and serve.

Braised Beef.—Trim a six-pound round of beef, and lard. Lay thin slices of fat pork on the bottom of a braising-pan, set over a brisk fire; when hot, lay in the beef; brown it by turning. When well browned, sprinkle with flour, ground cloves and allspice; add one small, white onion, half a carrot and one small turnip, all chopped with a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme and a bay leaf. Let stand over the fire until the vegetables are browned. Pour over a cupful of wine and a half a pint of stock, cover the pan and set in a hot oven for two hours. When done, take the beef up on a heated dish, strain the gravy, season with salt and pepper, thicken with browned flour, and serve in a gravy-boat.

Lettuce Salad.—Take two large heads of lettuce, pull the leaves apart, wash, and shake them dry. Put in a salad-bowl, pour over plain salad dressing, mix with a fork and serve cold.

Mashed Potatoes.—Pare and wash half a dozen large potatoes, put in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, and let boil until done; drain and take up, mash, season with butter, pepper and salt, beat until light; serve very hot.

Cauliflower.—Take off the outer leaves and break apart, wash and let stand in cold water for half an hour. Drain, put in a kettle with stem down, cover with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, and boil until tender. Take up carefully, and pour over a teaspoonful of cream sauce.

Salsify Fritters.—Scrape, wash and boil a dozen salsify roots. Take up, mash and add to a pint of egg batter, season with pepper and salt. Drop in spoonfuls into boiling fat, let fry brown and serve very hot.

Ambrosia.—Pare and slice half a dozen sour oranges, lay in a glass bowl, sprinkle with sugar and cover with a layer of grated cocoanut, over which sprinkle more sugar.

Silver Cake.—Take three cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of butter, beat together, add in three cupfuls of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; add a cupful of sweet milk and the beaten whites of five eggs; flavor with lemon and turn into a greased pan. Bake half an hour.

Light Biscuit.—Scald a pint of sweet milk, add two ounces of lard and set aside to cool. When cold mix in a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, a quart of sifted flour and half a cupful of yeast, beaten well, and set in a warm place until light. Add sufficient flour to make stiff dough, knead, roll out, cut with a biscuit cutter, set by the fire until light, and bake in a very quick oven.

Oyster Salad.—Take three dozen oysters and set on the fire to scald in their own liquor, add a pinch of salt. When done, drain and let cool. Put crisp lettuce leaves in a salad-bowl, lay the oysters in, pour over a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with celery tops and serve very cold.

Where Weeds Come From.

The origin of weeds has long been a matter of question among meditative farmers. The majority of weeds which infest our fields and pastures are not natives of the soil. Botanists who have given the matter careful study assure us that the weeds in great part come from the old world and are not indigenous to the country. The probable cause of these imported weeds being in existence is that their roots have been mixed with grass and other seeds from foreign ports, or that the germs of the plants were hidden among the seeds of imported plants. English florists and horticulturists complain that they get no roots or earth from this country in which the seed or the embryo of the troublesome "Jeinson" weed does not exist and in the same way our early farmers imported the English and French weeds in obtaining their necessary seeds and roots. There is still another way in which seeds travel. Our farmers sometimes express wonder at the rapid growth of poisonous weeds in their pasture lands while there may be no similar plant for miles about. It is probable that the cattle when pasturing in the woods have brushed against the weed or that the seed has been blown against their hairy or woolly coats, where it has remained until it has been rubbed off on the pasture soil. A farmer in buying new cattle frequently purchases a variety of weed life for which he has little use, and cattle which in the past we have sent to the British markets have done their best to return to the mother country the gift of weeds with which she endowed us in the early days of settlement.

Dancing and card-playing were condemned by a majority of the members of a church in Nevada, Mo. The persons who were outvoted at once seceded, and started another church.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Kazenkichi, the Man With the Well-Snuffing Nose.

A LEGEND OF JAPAN.

[NOTE.—This amusing legend was translated from memory by a young Japanese student. It contains some appalling errors in grammar, but then he was only seventeen, and had studied English just four years in a Japanese college whose curriculum includes Chinese, mathematics, French and German, besides the usual native studies. In view of the vast, almost diametric difference between his language and ours, it is simply marvelous that he expressed himself so intelligently, and maintained the thread of the narrative so well. The favorite English book in his college is Washington Irving's Sketch-book, and all through the compositions of the students its influence is discernible. They are eager to grasp idiomatic expressions, thinking that they give ease to their style, and their use of such terms as "Thank God," and "God bless me," are adopted ad libitum as a special attention to their professor of English.]

A good years ago their lived in the utmost recess of some province a poor and ancient man.

His occupation was a mere laborer. As all laborers do, he must spend for food and house the whole money he got in the daytime by flowing perspiration and aching bone.

Thus he had no saving, though his head became already white and his arms and legs decay.

The time had come even now that he could not work any more as he pleased.

One night he made a mournful sigh and said: "Ah! Ah! Even the animal when he dies leaves his fine skin for memory."

"I, a man, the head of all beings, am shameful not to leave no honor after the death."

"Can a man not get good honor, he must get stain honor, and thus defend from oblivion."

Just at that time there was great preparing of a garden at the court of Daimyo of that province. He was one of the feeble laborers to carry small stone from place to place. He live great distance from the court, so he must rise in midtime of night to start his going.

When next time he go, "My wife," he said to his wife, "you must burn this house to-day when the sun reach the top of heaven."

"Why," answered the wife, trembling at him, "what do you mean? Will you like to burn this house? Why, where will we live since now?"

"You must oblige me," said the old man. "Don't be doubt of it. We will get the large money to day and will remake new house."

So he start off with singing, leaving his wife perplexed in tear.

He went to the court of Daimyo and worked as usual.

At the time of the hiru-gezen (midday meal) his face was filled with an unpleasant appearance and he did a heavy distressed sigh.

All other laborers fall their rice to look at him.

He raise his head and cried, doing a snuffing with an earnest carefulness: "The smell of fire! The smell of burning house! God bless me, it is the house of mine! Alas! What will I do? Ah! All of you do me the favor to reclaim it from burning!"

Then the crowd laugh loud at his foolish and said at the same time: "What do you mean? Your house is two and half (seven miles) distant from here. You cannot snuff it smell."

"It is my house," the old man cry. "Now the tree in my garden are shrivel. My pond is scorch up!"

"You cannot smell your house at such distant," they say again. "Although you feel some smell it must be the fire more closer. Totu! Totu! Old dead man! Don't say such foolish!"

The old man wept with heavy tear.

"We will lay wager with you," said the laborers in a joke. "Will you lay?"

"Yes, yes. With utmost certainty," said he.

"Hundred yen?" said they.

"Yes, easily. A thousand yen," replied he.

They look to each other in the face with snapping eye.

"Well, well! A thousand yen," they said. "You must remain, while we shall run to witness." And they start, laughing and talking at the foolishness of the old man.

Odd! When they reach, the burning house was truly his house. They are disappointed very much, and frightened at his art.

And he received the thousand yen from them as they promised, and were admired very much.

The Daimyo, hearing it, surprised greatly and gave him more yen, and the name Kazenkichi, which means a well-snuffing nose, for honor.

Some days after the Daimyo, having been stolen from a noble, a very old sword, the cost of which might be a million yen, summoned Kazenkichi and commanded him to search it by his snuffing power.

At this Kazenkichi became very anxiety, because all that he passed was a lie. He thought that if he say he cannot find it his pretension might be knew and he would be killed.

When the night came he determined to flee away and drown his sorrow. Now he came near a river and walked in thick bush when he heard two robbers whispering to each other.

He listened carefully.

Oh! Bless God! They were that very robbers.

They were saying that, "There is a man called Kazenkichi, and he can find anything by snuffing its odor."

"If we still have this sword we will be smelled, doubtless, and caught as prisoners very soon."

"We had better throw th's sword into the river and run away in some directions." And they threw it into that river.

Kzenkichi seeing this state, returned home in happy.

The next morning he told the Daimyo that he smell the sword very weak, it must be under some water.

Then he go with Daimyo and many other to the river.

"Here—here are an odor," he cry, fingering at the river.

"No, here is most strong odor," he say quickly after, and thus he found the sword.

He got also very large money as fee, and were admired and respected by every man at that age.

The Daimyo asked for curiousness how he got so sensible nose; then he assured that he received it from God.

Next day, when all were sitting admiring his art, he began to wept in a most sorrowful tone suddenly.

They asked why he wept so mournfully.

"God deprived by smelling air. I can not smell again some more. Alas! what can I do?"

All, hearing this, became sad and disappointed.

Yet he lived with a perpetual revel afterwards, and when he die, many pilgrims come to honor the tomb, and thus he received the better honor even than fine skin of animal.—[Worthington's Magazine.]

STREET CLEANING.

Facts as to the Work in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Manchester and London.

An ingenious Frenchman has just published a number of valuable facts about the street work of Paris, the cleanest city in the world. Every morning 2,600 male and 600 female scavengers, divided into 149 brigades, turn out to perform the toilet of the capital.

The men work from 4 a. m. to 4 p. m., less two hours off for meals, or ten hours a day, earning, most of them, from 2 shillings 6 pence to 3 shillings. The women are engaged in the morning only, and being paid 3 pence an hour, make only 1 shilling 6 pence a day at the outside.

Night work in Paris is, it seems, unknown—at any rate, to the regular scavengers. Should a shower occur in the evening, reserves are sent out to clear away the slush and make the streets clean again.

In our large English cities, on the other hand, states Cassell's Saturday Journal, much sweeping is done about midnight.

As with us the Paris administrative has direct control of its scavenging arrangements, which cost £240,000 a year. In Vienna, where the same work is admirably done, it is otherwise. Each town contracts for a number of years with the transport gesellschaft, the chief carrying company, for the cleaning of its streets in all weathers.

The company finds both men and materials, in abundance, as is shown by some statistics relating to a snowstorm of a short time back. In one day there were in use twenty snow plows, twenty sweeping machines, 200 two-horsed wagons, and 3,000 hands.

Berlin, however, is made presentable much more cheaply than Paris, the cost of sweeping the streets there being only £80,000 a year. This sum, again, affords a curious contrast with that spent in the same way by Manchester.

Eight years ago the cleansing of Cottonopolis cost £90,000 per annum; it now costs double that amount—£180,000—though, of course, the city has not increased proportionately. But it must not be forgotten that in our large towns the expenditure on street cleaning has of late years been abnormally heavy owing to the severe winters we have experienced and the consequent difficulty in clearing away snow.

What is the cost of London's toilet? No statistician has yet attempted to estimate it, and indeed the whole subject has been neglected. This is a pity, since there are some wonderful figures about cleaning the streets of the metropolis. The most startling perhaps are those relating to London bridge. It is computed that about 200,000 pedestrians and 20,000 vehicles cross that structure every day. Each leaves behind a little shoe leather or a little iron—just a trifle. But when litter and dust are added to these minuteloses the whole fills between three and four carts. The most surprising fact of all, however, is that the incessant traffic across the bridge reduces to powder about twenty-five cubic yards of granite every year. Where is there another bridge the annual loss of which is anything like half as much?

The Care of the Horse.

The main conditions of health for the London horse, when once acclimatized, seem to be the Sunday's rest and proper care of his feet. Experience only proves the truth of the evidence given by Bianconi when the whole mail traffic of Ireland was run on his cars. He owned more horses than any other man of his time, and declared that he got far more work out of them when he ran them only six days a week than when he ran them seven.

Mr. Gordon cites Lord Erskine's speech when introducing a bill dealing with cruelty to animals: "Man's dominion is not absolute, but is limited by the obligations of justice and mercy"; and, except in the case of certain unfortunate hackneys which can be used in carts on week days and serve in a cab on Sundays, most owners seem now to recognize both the justice and utility of allowing their horses a Sabbath rest. Hard work is terribly aggravated by any mischief in the horses' feet, most of the cases of "cruelty" being due to working them in that condition. The ponderous hoof of the dray horse crushes down upon iron or sharp stone, and at once drives the object deep into the foot. Iron nails inflict the worst injuries, and when "demolitions" are going on or masses of broken material are known to be about to be carted through the streets, drags and vans are often sent by circuitous routes in order to avoid the nail-studded pavements.

Proper shoeing is almost as important as daily foot examination for these bulky horses. "There is no animal more carefully shod than a brewer's horse," writes Mr. Gordon. "At Courage's, for instance, no such things as standard sizes are known. Many have a different make and shape of shoe on each hoof. The shoe is always made specially to fit the foot, and these are never thrown away, but are mended—soled and heeled, in fact—by having pieces of iron welded into them again and again. Some of the shoes are steel-faced; some are barred, the shoe going all round the foot; some have heels, some toes; some one clip, some two. In fact, there are almost as many makes of shoes as in a Northampton shoe factory."

Penny-in-the-slot gas fires are supplied in a Liverpool hotel. A lodger who needs a little warmth in his room, drops a copper in a convenient slot, and in an instant his grate is illumined with the fire, which lasts for fifteen minutes.

LORD LANSDOWNE IN INDIA.

His Valuable Services to the Empire During His Term of Office.

In Canada, the services of Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General were both acceptable and able. For this reason, our best wishes followed his Excellency to India, where he was to assume heavier duties on behalf of the Crown. Lord Lansdowne resigned his post on January 26 to Lord Elgin, the new Viceroy, and it is gratifying to know from the Calcutta press that, before leaving India, he received from all classes and creeds expressions of respect and of approval as the popular reward for his administration. The Governor-Generalship of India is the highest gubernatorial position her Majesty can confer. It is almost an absolute monarchy. But as the powers which appertain to it are great, so are its responsibilities. The Viceroy must surrender his charge unpaired, and must, if possible, add to the

SECURITY OF BRITISH POWER

in the East, and to the general happiness and contentment of the people over whom he has ruled. Lord Lansdowne, judging by the addresses he received on the occasion of his departure, has been eminently successful. The English residents, the Mohammedans, the Sikhs, the Talukdars of Oudh, the Hindus, all joined in doing him honor. Yet his work has been one of great difficulty. He has had to deal with international questions, with issues in which race and religion have been involved, and with economic matters, such as the currency and the commercial relations. With regard to the first the Mohammedans pointed to his triumphs. They say in their address that they congratulate his Excellency upon the firm basis upon which he has placed the alliance with Afghanistan, and the success with which he has secured the cordial friendship and co-operation of the ruler of that State. The Ameer is now

IN COMPLETE HARMONY

with British policy, and the northern kingdom in a bulwark against aggression. In the matter of religion, Lord Lansdowne had a difficult task to perform. The early marriages among the Hindus were evils as serious when dealt with, as suttee, a religious but inhuman rite now abolished. These marriages, prearranged as they were on the principle that women were no better than slaves, were stopped through the agency of a law affecting the age of consent. The enactment, with other agencies, produced riots. Lord Lansdowne's firmness here asserted itself. He said in a speech at this period: "Let me tell you in the plainest language, that the Government of India has no intention of permitting these exhibitions of lawlessness to be renewed: 'Our policy is one of strict neutrality and toleration, but that toleration does not extend to disorder and crime, and wherever is at the head of affairs in India, depend upon it that disorder and crime will be put down with a strong and fearless hand.' The intimation that strong measures would be resorted to put an end to the trouble, and as a consequence civil dissension is at an end. It was

A BOLD STROKE

that brought the silver issue to a head. That it will be productive of good is the universal belief. Lord Lansdowne has been a firm and successful administrator. He has surrendered the Indian Empire to his successor in a better condition than that in which he found it. As he went to India carrying Canada's best wishes with him, he returns to England standing higher than ever in the estimation of the people with whom he spent his first official term.

The Indian Money Lender.

The Indian money lender almost everywhere is a thorough Shylock. Rajah Brooke tells me that in Sarawak, where land may not be sold for debt, unless as a penalty for swindling, and where a limit is put on the interest that his courts will enforce, the Indian money lender has been found as hard and merciless as the Chinaman and Malay are fair and reasonable. With men like these, and an ignorant peasantry, one would have thought that English Judges would have done their best so to administer the law between the two as to give the debtor a fair chance, while allowing the creditor what was justly due. But they are so hide-bound, such slaves to the letter of the law and to English precedents, that not a helping hand can the debtor get, and the courts are mere machines which the money lender sets in motion or directs at his pleasure.

I remember a case in which a Mohammedan lady, one who never appears in public and the owner of a valuable village, was sued for something like 50,000 rupees, the money advanced being, so far as I could ascertain, not more than 2,000 rupees at the outside. The court of first instance, a native subordinate Judge, appointed a committee to examine the creditor's accounts, which reported them as very suspicious. Still, a bond for the amount sued for had been given, and, in the face of rulings by the High Court, the sub-judge had no alternative but to give a decree for the full sum. And an appeal to the High Court of Bombay, which was prosecuted by the lady's friends, met with no success. However much the lady might have been defrauded, they decided the bond was in order and the village must go.

Woman Crucified in Hungary.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Globe reports that an extraordinary and horrible drama has been enacted at the little village of Rekessey, near Temesvar, in Hungary. Therese Kleitsch, an old woman who lived in poverty, had long been alleged by the superstitious villagers to possess the power of a witch. Her alleged evil influence, and the outbreak of an epidemic among the children was declared to be her work. She was also supposed to have cast a spell over the stables, with the result that many horses and cattle recently died of disease, and this apparently incensed her neighbors. A plot was therefore formed in the village and a terrible vengeance carried out. The unfortunate woman was seized, gagged, and after being flogged was crucified. The police have opened an inquiry, but have not yet succeeded in discovering the authors of the abominable crime.

Herr Gatke, the naturalist, asserts that godwits and plovers can fly at the rate of 240 miles an hour.