THE HOUSEHOLD.

Notes for Housekeepers.

"Pork and beans" do not of necessity go together. Beans can be made very palatable cooked with other meats, particularly corned beef.

A TEST FOR DRINKING WATER.—A hygienic writer says that the purity of water can be tested in no better or simpler way than to fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of water and dissolve in it a half-teaspoonful of the purest sugar—loaf or granulated will answer—cork the bottle, and set it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four or forty-eight hours the water becomes cloudy or milky it is unfit for use. People in doubt as to the purity of the water they are using easily decide the matter by making this simple test.

CREAM OF OYSTERS.—Put a quart of oysters and their liquor in a porcelain kettle over the fire, and watch them until they are on the verge of boiling. Then take them off and pour into a colander over a bowl, leaving the oysters in the colander. Chop the oysters as fine as possible, and pound them well in a thick bowl. Now put in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and when it bubbles throw in a generous tablespoonful of flour, stir it well with the egg-whisk so as to cook the flour without allowing it to color. Now pour in the oyster liquor and when well mixed over the flour, add the pounded oyster pulp and a pint of good cream. Pass this all through the sieve, season it carefully with salt and cayenne pepper; return it to the fire to heat without allowing it to boil, and just as it is about to be served add a half-cupful of fresh cream and a piece of butter the size of a small pigeon's egg. Whisk it well with the egg-beater, keeping it hot, without boiling, over the fire for a minute. Pour into a warm tureen and serve immediately.

BAKED EGGS.—Break eight eggs into a well-buttered dish, season with pepper and salt, one half cup of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, set in the oven and bake twenty minutes.

CORN BREAD.—Put two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour into a quart measure and then fill it with Indian meal. Turn this into a sieve, adding two teaspoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar and one teaspoonful soda. In place of the cream tartar and soda, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be used. Sift all into a bowl and mix with one quart of milk, one egg and two teaspoonfuls of melted butter; beat thoroughly and pour into a medium-sized dripping pan well greased; bake in a good oven. When done cut in squares and serve hot for breakfast.

CUMBERLAND PUDDING.—Two ounces of butter, four ounces sugar, three eggs, two ounces flour, four ounces breadcrumbs, a gill of milk, three ounces lemon peel, three ounces dried cherries, a little essence of lemon, and some apricot jam. How to use them: Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, then the eggs one at a time, stir in the flour, add the breadcrumbs and milk; mix gently together; then add three drops of essence of lemon, and the lemon-peel and cherries chopped fine; pour the mixture into a well-buttered mold, twist paper over and steam one hour and a half. Dissolve a half pot of apricot jam in a tablespoonful of boiling water. When the pudding is cooked turn into a dish and pour the jam over. Serve at once.

Ill-Mannered Guests.

In the matter of hours for meals, for rising and retiring, conform without hesitation or comment to those of the hospitable household. It is underbred and selfish to keep breakfast waiting, because you have overslept yourself, or dinner or tea, while you have prolonged a drive or walk unseasonably. If a meal is well cooked, it is injured by standing beyond the proper time of serving, and if our hosts' time is worth anything you are dishonest when you waste it.

It is quite as selfish in want of tactful regard for others' feelings, if less glaringly inconvenient, to present yourself below stairs long before the stated breakfast hour. You may not like to sit in your bed-chamber; the parlors may be in perfect order for your occupancy or the library tempt you to snatch a quiet hour for reading, but she is an exceptionally even-tempered hostess who does not flush uneasily at finding that you came down by the time the servants opened the house, and have made yourself at home in the living room ever since. The inference is that your sleeping room was uncomfortable, or that she is indolently unmindful of your breakfastless state.

I have an anguished recollection of a long visit paid to my family by an accomplished gentleman whose every intention was purely humane, yet who descended to the parlor each morning at an hour so barbarously early that he had to light the gas to see the piano-keys on which he strummed until breakfast was ready. There is a saving consolation in the knowledge that, if he is distinguishing himself in the heavenly mansions as a player upon instruments, there is no mother with a teething baby and a headache in the room overhead.

A Woman Kills a Panther.

Mr. George Greenleaf, accompanied by his wife, was returning home from Clayton, in the mountains of Georgia, one night. It was about nine o'clock and, as is the custom of the country, they both walked up of one the hills while the mules and wagen ascended, their little boy being the driver. Suddenly a rustle was heard in the bushes, and peering out in the darkness could be seen what looked like two balls of fire. It proved to be a large panther. As if by instinct Greenleaf opened his knife, and as the beast sprang at him he made a plunge, only to drive the knife into his wife's arm, she having thrown herself upon him at the sight of danger. He dropped the knife and fell under the second spring of the panther. The beast, evidently maddened at the scent of blood, was about to insert its teeth into Mr. Greenleaf, when his wife, who had picked up the knife, acting under the inspiration of desperation, made a clean cut at the beast's throat. The panther gave a pitiful cry, rolled over, and died. The cry reached the ears of some hunters near by and soon a number of them were on the spot, to find that a woman had accomplished what they had been six weeks trying to do.

Puzzled.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
  You ask me whether I'm Low.
I wish you'd tell the difference,
  For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
  And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
  And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
  In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in mother's Bible,
  And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
  Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelations
  Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, why, I'm generally praying.
  Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
  Till I fear He is all tired out.
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
  The Collect perhaps, for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
  So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
  And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the Prayer-book
  Will seem to come into my mind
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
  And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think now, that shows I ain't High Church?
  Do you think it means I am Low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
  'Tis years since God took him away.
I know he is safe, well and happy,
  And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
  Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the Lord to do for him
  What I would do if I was there.

Of course He can do it much better;
  But He knows, and He surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
  Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
  And I am sure that I shall till I die.
So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,
  And may be it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
  But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still his white head is shining in Heaven,
  I don't care who says that it ain't;
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions,
  That old man was certain to go.
And now do you think I am High Church?
  Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle.
  Too much for a body like me.
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
  And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir;
  For really it worries me so.
And I don't care whether I'm High Church,
  And I don't care whether I'm Low.

Auber.

Auber, the celebrated French composer, was one of the few people who seem able to perform a maximum amount of work, and yet to take a minimum quantity of sleep.

His public career was somewhat late in beginning; his first real success was attained when he was thirty eight years old, but he had won that recognition by years of previous labor patiently bestowed. He rarely slept more than four hours, and once declared to a friend that he had practically done without sleep since his twentieth year.

It once happened that Sainton, a young violinist, was invited to play at the French Court, and that he consequently asked of Auber the privilege of rehearsing the music before him.

"Come at six o'clock," said the composer

"In the evening?" asked Sainton.

"No, at six in the morning."

The young man was punctual, but on arriving at Auber's house, he was surprised to find the composer already at work at his piano.

"Ah!" said the latter, calmly, when Sainton expressed his amazement at such industry; "I have been at work since five o'clock."

Indeed, it seems as if this man was incapable of fatigue. His physician once informed him that he must leave Paris for a fortnight, for rest and change of scene. He at once set out for the country, remained there five days, working from morning till night in his room, and then rushed back to the city, having thought of nothing during his absence but the score which was to follow the one he had just finished.

He lived to the age of eighty nine, a young man to the very last, well deserving the title bestowed on him by a French critic, two years previously: "that adorable youth of eighty-seven." He never would admit that he was old. When some one showed him a white hair on his coat-collar,—"Oh," he said, "some old man must have passed me."

"Don't you think," a lady once asked him, "that it is very unpleasant to grow old?"

"Very," he said; "but until now it has always been thought the only way of living a long time."

He died during the siege of Paris, broken-hearted at being forced out of his habits and separated from his quiet ways of life.

Stained Hands.

Young men are sometimes deterred from pursuing a vocation to which they are inclined by the fear that, being "unfashionable," it will exclude them from "society." An eminent mechanical engineer began his life-work by filing iron in a machine shop.

At night, after his first day's work, he looked at his soiled hands and broken finger-nails, and thought, "How can I go into society with such hands as these? What will the young ladies think of my finger-nails?"

Then came the temptation to abandon the shop, and become a clerk. He resisted, gave up society, devoted himself to his trade, and in a few years was constructing ships. He had the courage to give up society that he might acquire skill in mechanics.

Ampere, the great French chemist, though one of the most intellectual of scientists, found that he could not be both in "society" and in his laboratory. He once went to dine with a fashionable lady, who made a point of gathering notable persons about her. His hands were stained by a harmless drug which blackens the skin for a few days. Ampere wrote to his wife,—

"She declared that my hands looked unclean, and ended by leaving the table, saying she would dine when I was at a distance. I promised not to return there before my hands were white. Of course I shall never enter the house again."

Ampere became great; the vulgar woman is unkown.

Marshal Bazaine's Life in Madrid.

Bazaine has been living in Madrid for many years, in comfortable circumstances, with the income of Mexican property Mme. Bazaine inherited from her mother, who died a short time ago, and she herself had some property in Mexico. Mme. Bazaine has stood by her husband and brought up her children, and she at one time mixed more with Madrid society than at present. She was to be seen, often accompanied by Bazaine himself, in balls and receptions of the Castilian nobility, and they were both until very lately at the Royal Opera House in two orchestra stalls—butacas, as they are called—every four days.

Bazaine was received in Madrid society on account of his wife's connections and friends and one of the houses where they were constant visitors was that of the last Mexican Minister, Gen. Corona, the very officer who received the Emperor Maximillian's sword at Queretaro, by the by. The presence of Bazaine in Madrid drawing rooms led to some fracas a few years ago with a French Ambassador, Admiral Jaures, who made it a point of instantly leaving any reception where he met the ex-Marshal, a scene of this sort causing much sensation one night at a ball at Duke Fernan Nunez's.

There is no foundation in the report that Bazaine lives in poverty or has separated from his wife; but she is, on the contrary, very much pitied in Madrid, because she, for her children's sake, overlooks much of which she has goods reasons to complain. The Bonapartists and the Empress Eugenie decline to have anything to do with him. His personal appearance has much altered, and he is so aged, so stout and bloated, so neglectful of his attire and outward appearance, that he is a wretched sight as he shuffles along the Recolitas promenade or a sidewalk in the Retiro, and this leads many people to fancy he is in worse circumstances than in reality.

His last efforts at intellectual work were a book on his Mexican campaign, and a lame defence of his conduct at Metz, upon which he worked for years. No one would recognize in this strange wreck the once-upon-a-time brilliant soldier of the second empire. The present income of Mme. Bazaine is estimated at £1,400 a year. Her eldest son is a volunteer in a crack "Cacadore" battalion in Madrid garrison, and she herself has still retained much of her dashing Mexican style and good looks. Bazaine is now 74 years old.

Dreading Dead.

Kaunitz, the Austrian Minister, who died, in 1794, had such a dread of death that everything which might remind him of dying was carefully kept in the background. No one was allowed to utter in his presence the word "death," to mention his birthday, or allude to small-pox. Ingenious methods were adopted to avoid the prohibited word, while communicating the fact of a death:

When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raidt, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: "Baron Binder is no longer to be found."

The news of the death of Frederick the Great reached him in this way; His reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's, with notifications of King Frederick *William*.

Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, showing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then said, raising his arms to heaven, "Alas! when will such a king again ennoble the diadem!"

When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the emperor was to have signed, with the words, "The emperor signs no more." The death of his sister, Countess Questenberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning.

In like manner he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from a severe illness, until the convalescent came in person to call on him. Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favorite dishes, four years after her death.

The Expulsion of the Poles.

By an order which went into effect recently, the alien Poles of Prussia were expelled from the kingdom. These people are natives of Russian and Austrian Poland, who settled in the neighboring Prussian territory without becoming German citizens. By the laws of the German Empire every subject capable of bearing arms is required to serve seven years in the standing army. This duty the Poles escaped by refusing to become naturalized, and the Prussian government decided that they should no longer enjoy the advantages of a citizenship whose burdens they would not share.

The expulsion of the Poles was accompanied by great loss and suffering. Many of them were old and poor, and had lived long in their adopted country; but the order was enforced against all alike. Whole families re-entered their native land homeless and penniless. Committees were formed in the cities of Russian Poland to relieve their distressed countrymen. In Austrian Poland the action of Prussia provoked an intense feeling of hostility to Germany. German shop-keepers were boycotted and German laborers dismissed. The Russian Czar issued a decree commanding all unnaturalised Prussians to leave his dominions at once.

Even in Germany the action of Prussia was considered harsh. No sooner had the Imperial Parliament assembled than this question of the treatment of the Poles came up. Thereupon Prince Bismarck, who is both Chancellor of the German Empire and Premier of the Kingdom of Prussia, bluntly informed the delegates that they had no right to interfere in a matter which concerned Prussia alone, and was not of national importance. The Poles themselves denounced the Prussian order as worthy of a place beside such cruelties as the persecution of the Huguenots and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

The edge of religious controversy has changed. It may be as sharp, but it has lost its saw teeth.—*John Miller.*

One of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from a skepticism of the elders and works up into small mythologies of its own.

A Warning.

It is apt to be too late to save a drunkard when his habits have driven him to *mania-a-pots*, but a New York paper tells of a shoemaker in Angelica, of that State, who minded the warning in time to escape. Going to his barn one day, he "saw snakes." One was a crooked stick, and the other a whiplash—but *they moved*. He tells the rest of the story as follows: The cold sweat of fear came out on my forehead. I wiped it off with my handkerchief, and sat down on the lower round of the hay-mow ladder, for I felt faint. Then I stared straight ahead at a corn stalk. It soon began slowly to wriggle and curve! With bursting eyeballs and all the strength of mind I possessed, I forced that corn-stalk back from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and then I staggered feebly out into the open air. I leaned against a fence, and for fear I should see more of those horrible twisting things, I clung to a post and closed my eyes.

"Time is called, Jim," I said to myself. "Whiskey and you part company to-day;" and soberer than I had been for many months, though with no more strength than a baby, I managed to get back to the house.

There was a fight, though! I didn't tell my wife, for I had made a good many promises that hadn't been kept, and I thought I'd go on alone for a while. I got up in the morning, after a terrible night, with the thirst of a chased fox upon me. Water wouldn't quench it, and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-room, slipped a straw into the edge of a cream covered pan, and sucked out the milk until only the cream was left, lowered smooth and unbroken to the bottom. Then I tried another, and another, until the fierce craving was somewhat dulled. It was a household mystery what became of the milk. No cat could lap it, my wife said, and leave the sides and cream untouched, and where did it go?

I let them talk, for the struggle was too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and I went on drinking the milk.

The road from my house to my shop lay by the groggery. When I left my gate in the morning, I took the road, and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made the distance. I ran hard all the way home to dinner, and back after that meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to walk or even take to the sidewalk for months. The cure was slow. I keep all the brakes hard set yet. A single glass of hard cider would undo the work of all these years, but that glass doesn't touch my lips while the memory of those little crawling black reptiles stays with me!

"And did your wife finally learn what became of the milk?" he was asked.

"Yes," and his voice broke. "I told her on her deathbed."

"'Jim, dear,' she said, when I had finished, with her hand clasped in mine, 'Jim, dear, I knew it all the time.'"

The struggle ended in victory, but who would be willing to enter upon a course that would impose upon life an experience like this?

Close Calculation.

If the population of different places could be estimated according to the pounds avoirdupois belonging to them, imagine the rows of figures to be set down against the names of certain health-giving summer resorts!

"Are you a native of this parish?" asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in court.

"Maistly, yer Honor," was the somewhat enigmatic reply.

"I mean, were you born in this parish?'

"Na, yer Honor; I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maist a native, for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?" continued the sheriff.

"Na, sir; I'm jist here aboot sax-year noo."

"Then how do you come to be nearly a native of the parish?"

"Weel, ye see, when I cam' here, sax year sin', I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane noo; sae ye see that aboot nine stane o' me belangs to this parish, an' the ither eight comes frae Oamlachie."

The Sacred White Elephant.

A correspondent writes from Mandalay just after the deposition of Thebaw: "Next morning I obtained admission to the palace, and for several hours wended my way through the endless succession of buildings. It is impossible to attempt here any detailed description of the mingled magnificence and squalor, filth and splendor which I witnessed. . . . I found myself in the Lord White Elephant house. He had been left without food or water. The magnificent silver vessels which held his food had been laying about unprotected. The royal monster seemed in a very bad temper (no wonder). He was chained by the fore feet to a massive pillar. Unless you were told that he was white you would not perceive it. In the dusky light he seemed much like any other elephant. On closer examination he seemed of light mouse color, with large white blotches." The same correspondent describes a most disgraceful scene of plunder. The crown jewels narrowly escaped.

A Peculiar Accident

Henry C. Davis, assistant general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific, who returned to St. Paul a day or two ago from the Pacific coast, tells of a rather remarkable accident which occurred near Palouse Junction. As the train, west bound, was passing Washtucna Lake a coyote started across the ice. A Mr. Maurits, who sat beside Mr. Davis in the car, saw the animal. He drew his revolver, a 45-calibre Colt's, and fired at the beast. The ball struck the ice and glanced fully a half mile, striking a Chinaman working on section 8 in the left shoulder and inflicting a serious wound. The unfortunate Celestial was taken aboard the train and sent to Walla Walla for treatment. Mr. Maurits paid all the expenses consequent upon the accident. Mr. Davis, on his return trip, inquired the condition of the Chinaman, whose name he learned was "Who." He was informed that the wound was not dangerous. The ball had entered the left shoulder to the scapula, and then glanced downward four or five inches into the muscles, where it was cut out. The Chinaman took chloroform as meekly as a child, and smiled blandly after the operation was performed.

The one answer to all criticism, the best test of all work is—result.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Ned's Choice.

She has not rosy cheeks,
  Nor eyes that brightly shine;
Nor golden curls, nor teeth like pearls,
  This valentine of mine!
But, oh, she's just the dearest,
  The truest and the best:
And one more kind you will not find
  In many a long day's quest.

Her cheeks are faded now;
  Her dear old eyes are dim;
Her hair's like snow, her steps are slow
  Her figure isn't trim;
But oh! and oh! I love her!
  This grandmamma of mine;
I wish that she for years may be
  My dear old valentine.

Moppet's Valentine.

"Oh! oh!" said Moppet, with a sad little sigh. "I wish *I'd* have one. I never had one 'long's I've lived—not an honest-truly one, you know."

"Yes, I know," said mamma, smiling. She had been reading Moppet a nice little valentine story from one of Moppet's own papers, which somebody was kind enough to send her—a story of a lovely valentine that one little girl sent another little girl to make up friends again.

"I shouldn't think she could have been mad any more, should you, mamma?" suggested Moppet, eagerly. "'Cause 'twas so pretty—all posies and everything! Don't you s'pose 'twas orfle pretty, mamma?"

"I wouldn't wonder, dear," mamma answered, putting down the paper and taking up her work. But Moppet wasn't through yet.

"Did you ever see one, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, a long time ago; but it wasn't like that, I guess."

Moppet looked sober.

"I didn't ever much as *see* one, only what you made, mamma," she said. "I didn't even see a boughted one."

That was very true, because in the little out-of-the-way town where Moppet had lived ever since she was a baby, people never thought of such a thing as sending a valentine. I don't believe, if you had shown one to Mr. Prime, who kept the village store, he would have known what it was, even.

So there were none to buy. If there had been, Moppet's mother would have bought one—one that didn't cost too much. And it was quite too late to send for one now.

"I guess you'll get one next year," said she.

But next year was a long time off, and the thought of what might possibly happen then wasn't much of a comfort to Moppet.

"I wish I could to-morrow," she said, soberly.

Mamma didn't believe she could, but you wouldn't have caught her saying so. She smiled, and began counting the stitches on the heel of Moppet's little red stocking.

Just then Mr. Frazer took his pipe out of his mouth. Mr. Frazer was a tin-peddler man, who often stopped for dinner, and sometimes for an after dinner smoke. He was a very pleasant looking man, Moppet thought, and he almost always brought her an apple or a piece of candy when he came.

"So you never had a valentine, eh?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Moppet, bashfully.

"And never saw one? Well! well! now that's a dreadful pity!"

Mr. Frazer's eyes twinkled. Was he laughing at her? Moppet wondered. But before she could quite settle the matter in her own mind, she heard a little tap at the window.

"Oh, it's Dovey Diamond!" she cried, forgetting for the moment everything but her pretty drab and white pet outside. "And he's come after his dinner."

So Moppet opened the window, and got a handful of crumbs, and fed the dove half of them, and left the other on the table.

And nobody but Betty, the cat, saw Mr. Frazer put those crumbs into his great-coat pocket when he was ready to start. And Betty didn't tell; though maybe she wondered what he meant to do with them.

"Good-by," he sang out to Moppet, after he had harnessed his gray horse into his red pung. "Look out for the valentine, now."

And then Moppet felt very sure he was laughing at her, and she hated dreadfully to be laughed at.

But the next morning she had something else to think about. Dovey Diamond didn't come to his breakfast.

He didn't come to his dinner, either.

"Where *do* you s'pose he is, mamma?" asked Moppet, the tears just ready to fall. "He's always come before every day this winter. O mamma! *do* you s'pose somebody's ec caught him, and baked him in a p-pie?"

"No, no, dear; I guess not."

"Then where is he, mamma?"

"I don't know, my child."

Then Moppet curled herself up on the lounge and had just begun to cry in good earnest, when "Tap! tap! tap!" came a sharp little beak against the window. She sprang up, almost wild with joy.

"Oh, it's Dovey!" she cried, flying to the window. "O mamma, come quick! What is that he's got on, mamma? Oh, look!"

Mamma didn't need to look—she knew without looking.

"I guess," said she, smiling, "I guess it's an honest-truly valentine, dear."

That is just what it proved to be.

Mamma let Dovey Diamond in, and untied a silken string which held the large white envelope under his wing. Then Moppet opened it, trembling with eagerness.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" she cried, too full of joy to do anything besides scream. "See the flowers, mamma! o-oh! and that little girl with a wreath on! Where did it come from? I never saw anything half so pretty! O mamma! mamma!"

And would you believe that that foolish little Moppet began to cry again with her arms tight round her mother's neck!

"I s'pose it's 'cause I'm so glad I don't know what to do," she said, beginning to laugh next minute. "O mamma, who do you 'spose sent it!"

Mamma knows, or think she does, which is quite as well. She thinks Mr. Frazer could tell more about it than any one else.

And Betty knows, too,—she knows what Mr Frazer meant to do with those crumbs.

But Moppet hasn't begun to guess yet.

"Whenever my wife scolds me," said a hen-pecked toper, "I go right straight and liquor.