

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Unexpected Company.

A volume could be written on this subject and many a housekeeper who has found herself in a tight place with an unannounced guest or guests would welcome its advent with great joy. Have we not each and every one of us, with company in the parlor and misgivings in our hearts, started for the pantry to find that like Mother Hubbard, when we "got there, the cupboard was bare," and dining and a good one too, a necessary of the near future.

The Canadian hen has done considerable for her country, and has never received a tithe of the homage to which she is entitled. The guest who cannot make a satisfactory dinner on scrambled eggs, or omelet and baked potatoes, is not the friend to be received with open arms. And if the ladder shows a half slice of ham, or some shavings of smoked beef left from a previous meal, the omelet is a little richer, and able to satisfy a good appetite the more.

The remains of a fowl may, at the time when the hungry guest sits in state in the best room, fill the eye of the beholder with regret. Not with sorrow for its loss, but that it is not as it was yesterday, crisp and whole.

Take courage—and a good knife—and strip the bones of all the remaining meat, and with the dressing, put it in the frying pan or "spider," with a little water and butter, and some gravy, if any was left from yesterday's dinner. Toast some slices of bread nicely, turn hot water over them, and turn off all that is not immediately absorbed, put the slices on a platter, covering them with the prepared fowl or chicken. A little meat will go a great way prepared in this manner, and the good dinner be an assured fact.

Or the quantity of meat may not be sufficient even for this dish, but may perhaps make enough croquettes to help out the dinner already planned for the family.

Chop or crumb stale bread very fine. Also chop onion, adding the chicken picked from the bones, and season with salt, pepper, and celery salt. Beat up an egg, add it to the chicken and bread crumbs, and mold with the hands into flat cakes, or rolls. Put some butter in the frying pan, and when brown put the croquettes in, letting them cook until the surface is browned and crisp. It is not a necessity to cook them in boiling fat, as so many receipts affirm, as the small quantities of butter renders them quite as good and much more digestible.

Both of these dishes may be prepared in a very short time, and have the merit of being a little different from what comes to the table every day.

The cans of salmon and lobster which so many housekeepers keep in the house constantly, are convenient, and many suppose them only suitable for suppers, as they seem rather cold for a dinner dish. Know then, that in croquettes they are called excellent, made in the same manner as the chicken above described.

An appetizing dish is made by opening a can of salmon and draining off the oil. Take a baking dish, put in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of salmon, until the salmon is all used, the bread crumbs making the top layer. Heat a large cupful of milk thicken it with a dessertspoonful of corn starch or flour, season with butter, salt, and very little, if any, pepper. Turn this same over the salmon and put in the oven, letting it remain until browned on top. This will make a good meal for seven or eight persons, and is an excellent substitute for meat.

We shall hope to give in succeeding issues more "emergency dishes," of which we think a housekeeper cannot possess too great a repertoire.

We shall be glad to receive additions to our own stock, which may be guaranteed to be good and in frequent use, as are those already given.

### Original and Tested Recipes.

**A GOOD PUDDING SAUCE.**—One-half cupful sugar, one-quarter cupful butter, or less, one egg. Flavouring, lemon or vanilla; table-spoonful of flour; beat all together. Pour on boiling water just before serving the pudding, and stir thoroughly. Excellent, almost equal to a custard.

**ORANGE SAUCE.**—Scant half box of gelatine, let it stand twenty minutes in cold water enough to cover it; drain off, then add one pint boiling water, whites of two eggs, juice of two oranges, and one cupful of sugar, beat thoroughly until it becomes a solid foam, set on ice to harden.

**LOBSTER SALAD.**—Chop, not too fine, the meat of one large or two small lobsters. Pour over this a generous quantity of the above salad dressing, and mix thoroughly. Serve in lettuce leaves piled in form of a pyramid. Garnish with olives, capers, and squares of cold beet. Be sure that it is very cold when sent to table.

**SAUCE.**—One pint of boiling milk, thicken with one table-spoonful corn starch, yolks of the two eggs, one-half cupful sugar. To serve, pour custard in a glass dish, and drop the snow on it. Peel two oranges, and remove from them all the thick, white skin, divide into the smallest sections, and place at regular intervals in the snow.

**AUNT MARY'S BROWN BREAD.**—One cupful Indian meal, one cupful graham flour, two-third cupful rye and fill up cup with white flour, one-half cupful molasses, one tea-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little hot water, three cupfuls of milk, one tea-spoonful salt, one tea-spoonful butter. Steam from four to five hours. See that the water does not stop boiling, or boil entirely away.

**SALAD DRESSING.**—Beat the yolks of eight eggs, and add to them a cupful of sugar, a table-spoonful each of salt, mustard, and black pepper, also a little cayenne pepper, and half a cupful of cream. Mix thoroughly. Boil a cupful of butter in one pint and a half of vinegar. Pour this upon the mixture, and stir well. When cold put it in bottles. This dressing will keep for weeks.

### Miscellaneous.

Sit down whenever you can find an opportunity. Many stand even when preparing vegetables for dinner, a work that is much easier performed sitting.

Do not attempt to dry calicoes and gingham out of doors at this season of the year. Freezing causes the colors to fade more quickly than anything else. Wash and hang up to dry immediately in garret or kitchen.

To renovate black silk, grate a large potato, add a pint of water and stir. Squeeze the silk with this, using a piece of black cloth to apply it. Do not iron the silk, but

roll it on old broom handles, or on round smooth sticks, very tightly, and lay aside until perfectly dry. It will have an appearance almost equal to new, and will not lose its stiffness much sooner than new silk.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

Bob Ingersoll's hat is white as snow. It is generally reported that Sir John Macdonald will be made an Earl this year. The princes of Wales play the zither well, and no other husband has taken on the banjo.

Sarah Bernhardt is now playing on the west coast of South America, and in Lima eight performances gave her \$30,000 receipts. Rosa Bonheur is at present in Nice. She has bought two lions from Bidel, to serve as models for a painting which has been ordered by an American and for which a long price is expected.

There is one decided peculiarity about Gen. Boulanger, the French Minister of War. All his speeches—and the moderate journals upbraid him with indulging in too many—are devoted to the promotion of peace.

Before Merlati completed his fifty days' fast, several sentimental ladies of Paris addressed a letter to Merlati's father in Italy asking him to exercise his parental authority to dissuade his son from continuing his work of self-destruction. Signor Merlati, Sr., replied as follows: "My son, that fool, is no longer a sucking, and I am no wet nurse who can force naughty children to eat. If the art of painting is so unprofitable that a man devoted to it must have recourse to such tricks in order to make a living, then per dio, I don't regret a single one of the whippings I gave my boy years ago on account of his dream of becoming an artist."

Canon Wilberforce evinced the broadness and charity of his views by preaching in the Albion Congregational Chapel, Southampton, at the monthly special service recently. There was no injunction from the Bishop, for the simple reason that the Bishop was not consulted. Canon Wilberforce felt it his duty thus far to break through the barriers of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, and he broke through them in the manner he thought the best. The Canon prayed that God's blessing might rest upon pastor and church, and upon the Church universal, and that Christian men might reach over the barriers which separated them. Afterward he preached a powerful Evangelical sermon.

Nils Haugen, the Norwegian who has been nominated for Congress to succeed the late W. T. Price, of Wisconsin, will be one of the great men of the Fiftieth Congress, so far as size goes. He is six feet four inches, and weighs 300 pounds. He owes his greatness mainly to America, as he is not much of a Norwegian. Like most of the prominent Scandinavians, he came to America when he was a baby, and was educated to be an American in speech and habits. Haugen is a graduate of the law school at Ann Arbor, Mich., class of '74. He is a fine stenographer, and made his living at court reporting for several years. He has been in the State Legislature several terms, and since 1882 has been State Railroad Commissioner. He has a big, round, moon face, and in very light complexion.

One of the heroines of this world unknown to fame, and of whom the world hardly hears at all, is by name Mrs. Laura Thomas. Left a widow with seven little children and an uncalculated farm of eighty acres, with a \$300 mortgage on it, in a bleak part of Wisconsin, as her legacy, she managed to exchange the land and log cabin for a home in St. Andrews, Fla. Without the means to convey her and her family thither by either steam or rail, this brave woman put her children in a wagon with the intention of driving all the way. She reached St. Louis last week—800 miles of her journey—and was there obliged to sell her ponies and wagon, but the \$53 which they brought, and which, it is said, was twice as much as they were worth, would not take her far on her way to the new home. But here the touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin came to her aid. The half-naked and hungry children were clothed and fed, transportation was furnished, and with a stout heart, undismayed by past suffering or prospect of future struggles she journeyed on. And she was not of the tramp order, either, but an educated woman, and withal something of a writer and a poet.

### The Romance of a Bank Note.

In the year 1720 one of the directors of the Bank of England, a man of unimpeachable honor, lost a bank note for thirty thousand pounds, under peculiar circumstances. It seems he had bought an estate for that sum of money, and for convenience sake obtained a note for that amount. As he was about to put it under lock and key, after he reached home, he was called out of the room, whereupon, as he thought, he placed it on the mantelpiece. Upon returning, a few minutes later, the note had disappeared. It could not have been stolen, for no one had entered the room, whereupon he concluded that it had been blown into the fire and had been consumed. He laid the matter before the officers of the bank, and they reissued a note for the same amount, he giving bonds to reimburse the bank if the note should ever be presented for payment. Thirty years after, when he had long been dead, and his estate distributed among his heirs, the supposed non-existent note turned up at the bank counter for payment. As the bank could not afford to dishonor the obligation, the money was paid out, and the heirs of the dead man were asked to make good the loss; this they refused to do, nor could the bank employ any legal machinery to force them to do so. The person who profited by the matter was supposed to be a builder, employed to pull down the dead man's house and build another in its site. He found the missing thirty thousand pound note in a crevice in the chimney, in which it somehow got lodged after being laid on the mantelpiece. It must have been kept many years, and its presentation to the bank was so arranged that the builder became a rich man by a sudden stroke of blind fortune.

### Equal to the Emergency.

"That is an elegant suit you have on," observed a Toronto animated fashion plate to a companion dude. "Who is your tailor?" "That question I must decline to answer, because I don't think that I need any help in ruining the poor fellow. That is one emergency to which I am fully equal."

## HEALTH.

### A Prevention of Consumption.

A contemporary tells of a physician's experience, in a certain hospital, with patients who coughed excessively. He was convinced that they were hacking much more than necessary or safe. By promising reward and punishments, he induced them to hold their breath when tempted to cough. He was surprised in a short time to see some of them enjoying a complete recovery from consumption. Constant hemming and coughing is just like scratching a sore, as long as this is continued the sore will not heal. When persons are tempted to cough let them draw a full breath, hold it until it warms and cases every air-cell and benefit will soon follow from this process. The nitrogen which is thus occasionally retained acts as an anodyne to the irritated mucous membrane thus satisfying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her effort to recuperate. It is very important to cure lung troubles in their early stage. Every cold can almost be cured if attended to in its incipiency. If there is any fear that a throat or lung trouble has been contracted, no time should be lost in consulting a good physician. It is remarkable how a thorough examination, and a welcome conclusion that there is necessarily no fatal trouble, will even save from consumption some persons who have become chronic invalids through a morbid fear.

### Rules for Living Well

The *Caterer*, in an article on "Good Living" considered from a culinary rather than a moral point of view, sums up the matter in the following sensible way:

If living well consists in living neither luxuriously nor expensively, in what, then lies the secret? And how many men of moderate means take advantage of it? The question is not a difficult one to answer. We will put the answer in the shape of a few short rules.

1. Buy with judgment.
2. Buy the best, for the best is always the cheapest.
3. Let your economy regulate the quantity, not the quality.
4. Let your cook be a cook, and one that knows how to utilize what is now thrown to the dogs, or otherwise wasted.
5. Study simplicity in the number of the dishes, and variety in the character of the meals.
6. Let the housewife be watchful enough to trace the leaks that are liable to spring in every larder.
7. Let the mistress be indeed the head of her own household and of her own kitchen.

### Oysters as Food.

It is all nonsense about a steady diet on oysters being injurious to the system. Many persons think so, however. It may be true that oysters do not produce the most pleasant results when cooked in a rich style and eaten just before going to bed. When taken with wine late at night, of course, if there is any bad effect next day the oysters are blamed for it. Oysters have excellent medicinal qualities, are nutritious and when plainly cooked, or eaten raw are very wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. Oysters never produce indigestion, and that is something that cannot be said of any other alimentary substance. During my experience I have found in several cases where oysters have been taken daily they have done much toward curing the patient. Invalids have discovered in oysters the required ailment, besides being far the most agreeable food to take. Raw oysters, too, are said to be very good for hoarseness, although I have never tested their merits on that point. It is my belief that the oyster is the most healthful article of food known to man.

### How to Prevent Diphtheria.

The first and most essential agents for preventing contagion are, cleanliness, pure air, and sunlight. These are nature's great antiseptics. For the first great essential, cleanliness, our local Boards of Health seem to have but little regard. If they would spend one half the time in cleaning the back alleys that they consume in magnifying the few isolated cases of diphtheria, the original invasion of an epidemic might often be averted. "Prevention is better than cure," but after the epidemic has once begun, the question naturally arises; how shall we limit its ravages? The first means to be thought of is isolation. The patient ought, if possible, to be placed in an upper front room that is light and airy, and all but adult members of the family excluded. No children should be permitted to be exposed to the contagion. All unnecessary furniture should be removed, and, as far as possible proper germicides should be freely used. The following rules for disinfection, as given in Gatchell's Key Notes, are very simple and perhaps as good as any:

### FOR AIR OF SICK ROOM.

Potassium permanganate, 1 dr.; Oxalic acid, 1 dr.; mix and moisten with twice the quantity (by bulk) of water; in two hours add a small quantity more of water. It will emit ozone freely enough for a large room, and it is an active disinfectant. For drinking water, add sufficient permanganate of potassium to render it slightly pinkish in strong light, then filter.

### For water-closets, drains, and water-pipes;

Hot water..... 2½ gallons.  
Coppers..... 4 pounds.  
Carbolic acid..... 4 pounds.

Especially useful in typhoid fever, dysentery, etc., as well.  
For drains, ditches, and sewers, disinfect with chloride of lime. One pound is sufficient for one thousand gallons of running sewerage.

### For washing clothing:

Sulphate of zinc..... 2½ ounces.  
Carbolic acid..... 1 ounce.  
Hot water..... 1 gallon.

Soak the clothes twelve hours, then wash. Heavy clothing, blankets, etc., to be disinfected, should be opened and exposed. Close the room as tightly as possible; stuff all cracks, and paste paper over the key holes. Place sulphur in iron pans; set on bricks in wash-tubs containing a little water. Ignite it by aid of hot coals, or a spoonful of alcohol poured over it and ignited with a match. Hasten from the room, and keep it closed for twenty-four hours; then open

windows wide, and air it thoroughly. For a room ten feet square, use two pounds of sulphur, and for larger ones a proportionate quantity.

### Health Notes.

Scraped potatoes applied to a burn are efficacious in relieving the pain and reducing inflammation. As fast as the scab begins to grow, take them off and apply freshly scraped potato.

Take plenty of out-door exercise. God's sunlight and the fresh air of Heaven are two of the best preventives of sickness known to man—add to these the healthy state of the circulation induced by exercise and the enlivening effect on the mind, and disease won't have much of a foothold.

Mme. Blavatsky, the famous leader of the theosophists, is as strict in her diet as the most rigid observer of the Mohammedan faith. She is, however, fond of sweet meats, fig paste and almonds. The one thing she dreads above all others is corpulence, and she takes every means to keep her weight from increasing.

EATING.—Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being the sign of good health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry, and feel best when eating; but as soon as they have finished eating they endure torments so distressing in their nature as to make the poor victim wish for death.

When one's clothing becomes damp from exposure to the weather, it is best to change it immediately. Rub the skin with a dry, hard towel until the body is in a glow all over. But if it is impracticable to change the garments, exercise moderately so that enough heat may generate in the system to dry the skin and clothing without a chill.

### Winter.

BY NOBA LAUGHER.

"Winter is here!" The sleigh-bells say  
As they gaily dash along,  
"Begone dull care! Be bright, be gay,  
Let life be like our song."

Would our lives be like the jingle  
Of the happy, merry bells,  
If sorrow nor crime could mingle  
Their sad and deep-toned knells?

Could our lives be pure as snowflakes  
O'er which the sleigh-bells glide,  
Could we of sin and sorrow know  
Naught on life's rough tide?

Could we, as the fairy snowflakes,  
Dance carelessly along,  
Heeding nothing but the murmur  
Of the sleigh-bells' happy song.

Dance carelessly along to where  
We find infinite rest  
In the clear, translucent loveliness  
Of a pure, snowflake-like breast.

If the wheels of vice and rankness  
Could not glide o'er fallen snow,  
Its beauty would be more complete  
Than high, now lying low.

Could the gilded sun of passion  
Never dart its poison gleam  
To melt the pure transparency  
Into a slushy stream.

Ah! then the merry sleigh-bells would  
Ring out a song of gladness,  
A true, true song, so bright, so long,  
With ne'er a touch of sadness.

### The Poor Editor.

She stood on the piazza steps,  
A creature young and fair,  
With the moonbeams softly shining  
On her bleached golden hair.

"Ma," she whispered, "has he come yet?  
My newest mash, I mean;  
He thinks I am the fairest girl  
That he has ever seen.  
I do not care for reading, but  
I now read all I can,  
And take such lots of trouble for  
He's an editor man."

"He is so very well informed,  
And so, I want to show  
That I'm well versed in Shakespeare, Burns,  
And all the rest, you know.  
Oh, there he's coming through the gate."  
She went and met him there,  
He kissed her, as he softly stroked  
Her wreaths of golden hair.

They talked of poetry awhile;  
Said Milton was a dove;  
And then the poets they forgot  
And whispered tales of love.

He whispered: "Oh, I love you, dear,  
Say, will you marry me?  
Say, will you marry me, my duck  
My darling and my pride?  
She answered, "Yes, I'll have you, dear,  
I'll be your little wife,  
And I'll stay with you forever,  
To the end of your life."

Poor editor, poor editor;  
She's got you safe and tight,  
And though you soon must pined be,  
It really serves you right.  
Upon him she tenderly gazed,  
That editor beguiled;  
They kissed each other once more  
And the moon looked down and smiled.

Toronto. MAUDE L. RADFORD.

### Where Can Peace be Found?

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD, AGED 14.

"Oh! Where can peace be found," I cried;  
"I've searched for it east and west,  
I'm weary of this world's trouble,  
I want to find peace and rest."

I asked the wild, mighty ocean,  
Whose murmuring never ceases,  
"You know many, many things; you  
Can tell me where to find peace."  
And the restless waves answered:  
"In forgetfulness there's peace."

I asked a bright, blushing flower,  
"You surely can tell me," I said,  
"You have watched many, many scenes."  
It modestly hung its head,  
Then softly, gently whispered:  
"In hope, in hope there is peace."

Then I turned to a little bird  
That sang near me on a tree;  
"You have seen many wondrous things,  
You've travelled by land and sea."  
And the bird sweetly sang forth:  
"In song, in song there is peace."

I whispered softly to my heart,  
"Thou knowest my secret well,  
Thou must know where peace may be found,  
Thou of all others can tell."  
And my heart softly answered:  
"In love, in love peace is found."

Then I spoke to my soul, and said  
"Of these things thou shouldst know best,  
Thou knowest my secret thoughts,  
Thou canst aid me in my quest."  
And slowly came the answer:  
"There's no peace save in Heaven."

And I knew that my soul was right,  
Of all that had been given,  
This answer was best. Peace abides  
In no place save in Heaven.

A certain philosopher, recently deceased, used to divide the poor into three classes—the *lunatic*, the *devil's* poor, and the *poor devil*. He claimed that the last class was the most numerous of them all.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### LITTLE JIM'S GOOD TIME.

Jim's parents had three children and he was one of them. The two that were boys were Jim, one of them nine years of age and the other eleven. Jim himself was five and there was so much mischief and mischief wrapped up within him that I am surprised he did not explode.

They lived—this family of five—in a pleasant, old-fashioned house in the country, and one day there came to visit them the children's cousin Annie—a girl about as old as Jim's sisters and one whom they both loved dearly; while as for Jim, he had once confidentially remarked that if he ever married anybody besides his mother, it should be Annie.

The girl's sleeping room was a big, airy chamber and Jim's a smaller one next to it. Both rooms opened into the wide hall and for ventilation's sake the doors were always left open. Soon after the children's bedtime, on the night of Annie's coming, Jim from his lonely pillow heard sounds of revelry in the next room—scampings and scurrying and wild creakings of the bed-cord and charming pillow-fights—and envy burned in his bosom. He even forgot the dignity that dwells in boots and ignored the high estate of trousers and wished in his heart's core that he was a girl.

But by-and-by, after a due display of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind," his father came to the foot of the stairs and shouted "All abed!" and directly Jim heard a great silence in the next room, and directly again he was asleep. But later he awoke and as he lay thinking of the good time which the girls had had and he had missed a very bright idea put its head around the corner of his mind and whispered: "Wouldn't it be fun to play a joke on 'em?" Jim never allowed a suggestion of this kind to pass unheeded. He rose with great caution, and arranging his bedclothes so that he could get into bed and be dreaming sweetly in the twinkling of an eye if he heard his father coming, he threw a sheet about himself and set forth.

He paused at the door of the girls' room and listened until he knew they were asleep, and then running lightly he made a flying leap and alighted on his hands and knees on the middle of the bed and straightway proceeded to hop about in the most extravagant manner.

Any girl in her right mind would awake under such treatment, and any kind of a girl would be frightened, even if she didn't awake, and before Jim had hopped many hops the quilt was drawn wildly up over the girls' terrified heads and held fast with a mighty grasp, while from beneath them, sounding muffled and far away, rose shrieks and wails and howls and appeals and protests, making night hideous.

Jim's father not being dead was awakened. He rose from his comfortable couch and put on his dressing gown and a pair of soft slippers and set out upon a tour of investigation.

Just as he reached the head of the stairs Carrie uncovered her head and shrieked in a way to ruin her voice: "Pa, there's something on our bed!"

He had a grave suspicion as to what that something was, and going to Jim's bed and finding it unoccupied he took up a quilt and went into the girls' room.

Jim, imbued with such feelings as a war-horse has in battle, would not have noticed the approach of three tribes of Indians, and so it happened that when a blanket was thrown over him and he was tipped over upon his side, and the blanket was gathered up at the four corners and he was borne from the scene of his triumph, he knew not whence his trouble came.

He submitted gracefully to being carried somewhere, thinking impartially the while of dog-catchers and ghouls; but when he felt himself hung up by the four corners and knew that "it" was standing beside him and looking down at him, or rather at the situation he was in, he lifted up his voice in three far-reaching yells.

Then the thing that had caught him went away, and soon Jim's father and mother in their own room had laughed much, but subduedly.

Jim dared not scramble out of the blanket, and he dared not try to arrange himself more to his liking, for he feared that the string with which his captor had tied the quilt corners together might slip off, and he knew not whether he should fall feet or miles, for he might be suspended from the strong hook in the play-room or he might be hung from a buckle on the sword-belt of Orion.

His legs were hanging up one side of his narrow space and his body up the other, and on the whole he would have given his hoarded fifteen cents if he had never been born. But shortly he fell asleep.

His mother, thoughtful as women always are for those they love, reflected when she had laughed as much as she liked, that Jim would be so cramped up he couldn't be happy, and two silent figures stole out and placed the small sleeper in a more long-drawn-out position.

The girls, when the dreadful thing had gone from their bed, lay with their heads close together under the covers, wondering in whispers what it could have been, since it was too substantial for a ghost, too awkward for a beast and too fiendish to be human. They had an uncomfortable impression that it was yet in the room ready to pounce upon them; but after a time Carrie uncovered her head and saw one of little Jim's slippers on the floor and forthwith assumed that the transgressor was Jim. The girls had just begun to remark vigorously upon the total depravity of boys when Jim's three shrieks reached their ears from the distance and they covered up their heads again, this time lastingly.

They went to Jim's bed in the morning and found that there was nothing left of him but the place where he had been, and remembering his loud cries of the night-time were much relieved when his father discovered him hanging in a blanket from a portiere pole.

Jim did not tell the harrowing tale of the good time he had had; he was in doubt about how to begin it. The girls told their's however, and Jim didn't laugh as he listened; he didn't even smile. But all day he had a dazed air like a grasshopper drowned in its own "molasses."

A man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestor is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.