

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Judgment.

Much is said nowadays about the necessity for exactness in giving a recipe, and yet every housekeeper knows very well that she cannot always follow her own excellent and well tried receipts to the very letter. If she did, her reputation as a first-class cook would be gone forever. The experienced cook knows that there is a great difference in flour. We have made a cake for which we have established quite a reputation, which calls for two cups of flour in the recipe. We make this when in the city, using the Western, new-process flour, and if we use over a cup and a half we spoil our cake, and make it tough and dry. When in the country, using the flour ground at the local mills, it takes the full two cups, and we often shake in a little more before the cake stirs "just right." Again, the eggs to be used are by no means of exactly the same weight, although the successful cake maker will always select eggs of a uniform size for her "company cake." If she uses large eggs, her "judgment" will tell her that she needs a little less water or milk for the wetting of her cake, or a trifle more flour, as she may prefer. And if the eggs are small, she may, if she is sure of herself, put one more in than the printed receipt calls for. As for salt, it is so easily forgotten, it is a good plan to put that in even if the receipt calls for none, except you know that the butter is saltier than that which you are in the habit of using. There are very few things that are harmed by the addition of salt, and so many are improved that the salt jar should be placed near the stove that it may be always within reach.

No rule will tell you the precise moment when your scrambled eggs will turn from golden solidity to whey, nor the exact time when your cake shall come forth from the oven, moist yet done, warranted not to fall, and all your fond hopes with it. Nothing but your judgment and experience will tell you the correct heat your oven must have for your graham gems, your bread or your pies, and should you make an error, and put your bread into an oven hot enough for succulent gems, or gems into a heat just right for pies, justifiable failure will overtake you. Good judgment is one of the primal qualifications of a housekeeper, and economy and good living come only in its wake.

### More "Emergency Dishes."

A good dinner from scanty materials is a genuine triumph of mind over matter. There is nothing very inviting in the appearance of a leg of mutton or a shoulder that has been well hacked up on its "first appearance." Cold meat is very well for supper, or even for dinner with a good soup preface, but as the principal feature of a dinner, a cheerless dish, around which it seems impossible for a family to be social and joyous.

A very good looking and good-tasting dinner may be made from the remains of the mutton, by cutting the meat that remains upon the bone into small pieces and putting them into a baking dish with some of the gravy which was also left from the previous dinner: lacking the gravy, take a little hot water, some small pieces of butter, and a dredging of flour, and you have a very good substitute. Cover the meat with a layer of mashed potatoes, and put into the oven and brown nicely.

Meat balls, made from any kind of cold meat, mutton, veal or even corned beef, are very good for a change, and present a better appearance than the scraps from which they may be made could possibly do.

Chop the meat rather fine, not so fine that it is like paste, but so that there are no large lumps in it. Mix with either potato or bread crumbs, form into flat, round cakes, and brown in a little butter or drippings on top of the stove. The dryness of bread crumbs makes a beaten egg necessary to make the cakes cook without crumbling, but if potato is used, they will keep their shape very nicely. Use sage or celery salt for seasoning if liked.

As a relish for these quickly prepared dinners, nothing may be in readiness sooner, except celery, than "cold slaw." Chop or shave part of a good firm cabbage very fine, and place them without further preparation upon the table, leaving each person at liberty to use what quantity of vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar or oil he prefers.

### Original And Tested Recipes.

**BREADED CHOPS.**—Take chops cut from the leg of a lamb or mutton, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in butter or drippings.

An excellent gravy to be eaten with the above, is made by putting a cupful of hot water into the frying-pan after dishing the chops, adding a cupful of stewed tomato and a small onion, chopped fine; season with salt and pepper, and pour over the chops, or serve in gravy dish, as preferred.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Put a quart of tomatoes on the stove in a porcelain kettle, and when boiling add one teaspoonful of soda, and boil thoroughly. Set the kettle on one side of the stove and add two quarts of milk. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and put two cups of fine cracker crumbs into theureen, over which the soup is to be poured when ready for the table. This may be prepared in less than ten minutes, and is an excellent addition to a cold-meat dinner.

**POTATOES BAKED IN MILK.**—Take as many potatoes as you are in the habit of preparing for a dinner for your family, pare and slice as thin as possible—so thin that you can almost see through the slices. Let them stand covered with cold water for a short time. Then put them into a porcelain or tin baking dish, sprinkling with salt, and pepper as the dish is filled, also placing little pieces of butter here and there. When the dish is filled cover with milk, heated while preparing the potatoes, or milk and water, if milk is not plentiful. Put into the oven and bake until the potatoes are ready to fall to pieces; a dish holding two quarts will cook in one and a half hours in a good oven. This is a most delicious way to cook potatoes, and always a favorite with children.

### Miscellaneous.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

**FURNITURE POLISH.**—Equal parts sweet oil and vinegar and a pint of gum arabic, well powdered; shake the bottle and apply

with a rag. It will make the furniture look as good as new.

Never set the lamp upon a red table cover; if you cannot find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green cardboard under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

**How to PRESERVE BUTTER.**—First work out all the milk thoroughly, then add with Rock Salt, according to taste, pack into Air-Tight Jars or Cans, and keep in a cool place. By observing the above rules you can keep butter fresh for years. Tie a bladder over the jar or can.

**How to PRESERVE EGGS.**—For every three gallons of water put in one pint of fresh slacked lime, and the same amount of common salt. Mix well and put into a barrel which should be half full of this fluid, then put in your eggs carefully so as not to break any, then cover the vessel over with a lid, on which also put lime and salt. This process will keep eggs from two to four years, if properly managed.

### A Husband's Trying (on) Experience.

Gentle reader, this is not a Warner's Safe Cure or St. Jacobs Oil advertisement, as you might suppose from the heading. It commenced at breakfast the other morning by my wife remarking, "what a lovely spring morning, and all the stores are having their spring openings this week."

"They are never shut, dear," I replied, "except on Sunday, and then they leave the blings up to dazzle the bait before your eyes."

"Oh, you know what I mean," she answered, "and I want you to help me to choose my spring jacket this morning."

"All right," said I, "be at my office at ten, sharp, and I will spare you twenty minutes."

"Exactly at 10.50 my amiable little wife sailed smilingly into the office under the pleasing delusion that she was frightfully punctual, and we went to the store together. I told my secretary, Mr. Jackson, as we went out that I would be back in twenty minutes, which my wife amended by saying, "better call it half an hour."

Entering one of our largest stores my better half went forward and made known her wants, while I kept modestly in the background. The first jacket tried on was too tight, next was too long; this wasn't a good fit round the neck and that was too slack at the arms.

After trying on seventeen different articles my wife was slightly mixed as to their respective merits, and I fear I did not help very much to soothe her by frequently remarking, "hurry up; its one o'clock. I really must go!"

"Well miss A—ah" (my wife calls everybody A—ah when she forgets their name), "I will not decide this morning, but will think it over."

I was about to make my way back to my office when my wife, with one of her winning smiles, said: "I am sure they have a much better selection in this next store. Do come with me and I will choose one in five minutes."

But I said, "why not get your friend Mrs. W. to go with you? She would enjoy it more than I would and could advise you much better."

"Well, you know," she replied, "Mrs. W. will be busy all this week choosing a dining room carpet or she would be delighted."

As it appeared that neither our jacket nor Mrs. W.'s carpet could wait until next week I surrendered. Well, jacket after jacket was tried on until 2.30 p.m. I was tired, hungry and desperate.

"How do you like this one?" said my wife as she buttoned on the twenty-seventh jacket.

"Oh, splendid," I replied, without looking at it. "Fits you like a glove. Take it and lets go to lunch!"

"But it is more than you wanted to give," said she.

"Oh, never mind that, have it sent home and come away," I replied in desperation. "No, dear, I won't decide in a hurry." Then (turning to the saleslady), "I won't settle this morning, but I am expecting a friend from Brantford who has great taste in jackets, and we will come down together and make a final choice."

If any lady wants my assistance in choosing a jacket the editor has my address. Fee, \$50 per hour.

### The Zones.

Teacher—"How many zones are there?"  
Boy—"Six."  
"No, there are only five."  
"Yes, there are six."  
"Name them."  
"The torrid zone, the northern and southern temperate, and northern and southern frigid."  
"That's five; what is the other zone?"  
"O-zone."

### Malaria at the South.

Rev. Mr. Johnson—"Mawna! Brudder Smif! How's all de folks wid you?"  
Mr. Smith—"Dey is all well, bres; Moses! One ob de chilluns was allin' yesterday, but hit died jurin' de night."

### A Question of Time.

"I see by the papers," he said, "that the agent of a clock company in Toronto has skipped out with a boodle."  
"Yes."  
"But the papers don't say whether he was running on standard or solar time."  
"Oh, that makes no difference; the officers are after him meantime, and sometime he will be caught."

### Why She Knew it Wasn't Right.

Little Dot—"Mamma, Dick is kissing me."  
Mamma—"I am glad he likes you so well, dear."  
"But it isn't w'ight."  
"Oh, it don't matter, pet. What makes you think it isn't right?"  
"Cause nuns told paps so."

### Complicated Anger.

Gilhooley—"You say your wife is in a bad humor?"  
Pennybunker—"Yes, you bet she is."  
"What is she mad about?"  
"In the first place, she got mad at the servant girl, then she got mad at me because I didn't get mad at the servant girl, and now she is mad at herself because she got mad at the servant girl. Do you understand?"

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I should like to speak a few words to Brudder Caravan Johnson if he am in de hall to-night," said the President as the triangle sounded.

Caravan slipped on his shoes and came forward and the President continued: "Brudder Johnson, I h'ar dat you am contemplating a journey down into Kaintucky?"

"Yes, sah."  
"Gwine down past Leweyville to see some of yer relashuns?"  
"Yes, sah."

"Dat's what I heard, an' I hope you a pleasant journey. As you will be representative of dis club while absent, I want to say a few words to you in a fatherly speerit. In the first place put on a clean shirt to start out wid. I believe dar am mo' battles won by clean shirts dan frow general-ship. A clean shirt commands public respect, eben if de wearer's boot heels am all run down. It's a sorter sign of de wearer's decency an' honesty. It won't pay yer way frow the tollgate, but it will make de toll man duck his head to you an' remember dat you wasn't a hoes."

"Purced on your way quietly. Yer doan' own de State of Michigan, an' you don't kerry Detroit in your vest pocket. De man who enters a town wid two brass brnds ahead of him an' a crowd of people behind him has got to be a good talker, a smooth liar an' a chap full o' promises or he will fall flat."

"Keep your money in de toes of your shoe in de daytime, an' at night hide it in de straw bed. A man may be eber so good, an' great, an' wise, but if he becomes dead-broke among strangers nine people out of ten will take him fur a sharper playin' his leete game."

"Only half de road belongs to you. De odder half am reserved by law fur de man gwine in de opposite direckshun."

"When you arrive at a fust-class hotel to put up fur de night, doan' seek to create de ideah dat you got dar' by speshul train, an' dat fried oysters, bananas-fritters an' champagne make you tired. You will simply be given de poorest room in de house an' charged de highest price when you set-tel up."

"Doan' start out wid a revolver in your pocket, an' as you work along frow Ohio an' Kentucky let politics alone, hev no disputes about religion, an' concede de fact dat de world wasn't created speshully fur your benefit. You may now take your seat, an' de hull lodge will jine in wid me in wishin' you a safe an' pleasant journey."

TOO EARLY YET.

The Secretary then announced a communication from Columbus, O., inquiring if the colored men of America intended to put a Presidential candidate into the field in 1888, and asking Brother Gardner if he would accept the nomination if tendered him. Sudden and lively interest was manifested throughout the hall, and there was deep silence as the old man replied:

"As to de fust query, it am too airly to answer definitely, but I ar' de opinyun dat our race will conclude not to put forward any candidate. It doan' appear dat de time am ripe yit. As to de second qeshun, a nominashun would be a great honor, but if dar' was any hope of leckshun I think I should decline it. I kin now go home arter my work an' eat supper in my shirt-sleeves, an' den sot down an' pop corn an' eat apples an' soak up an' pare down my co's an' bunyons. I couldn't do dat if I war' President, an' I reckon I shall decline to run."

IT FELL DOWN.

Trustee Pullback then sent to the Secretary's desk a preamble and resolution, the former beginning with:

"Whereas, Our present relashuns wid England am so strained dat one—"

At this point the Secretary had to stop to study over the next word, and the President said:

"De Secretary may boot dat paper under de table! Brudder Pullback when did you find out dat our present relashuns wid England war' strained?"

"I—I dunno, sah."  
"Who strained 'em?"  
"I can't tell."

"Somebody has made a fool of you, sah! De relashuns between America and England am as slick as a streak of grease, and dey will continue so until tom-fool statesmen upset 'em. You sot down, sah, an' de next break will result in purreedin's to make chills creep up your spine."

ELDER TOOTS SET BACK.

The Librarian secured the floor to remark that he didn't want to seem captious, nor did he like to lodge a complaint against any member, but he felt it his duty to say that Elder Toots was making an obstructionist of himself. He was the first one into the library after the doors were opened, and was the last to leave. He brought his corn-cob pipe and mouth organ with him, and when he wasn't smoking a mixture of cabbage-leaves and tobacco he was playing "Old Dan Tucker" on the organ. No matter who was reading, nor how much they

were annoyed, the Elder persisted in his conduct. It was hoped that some action would be taken by the club to bring about a change. The Elder was fast asleep in his chair as usual, but Samuel Shin noticed a dipper of water down his back, and as he got his eyes open Brother Gardner called to him:

"Elder, I's wantin' to remark a few ob- servashuns to you! If you want to visit de club library an' look over our work on pol- ity to see why your hens doan' lay billed sigs dat's all right, but de fust time I happen in dar' an' you has got a pipe or a mouf- organ I'll take de law in my own hands an' make you tired!"

The Elder sat down in a dazed way, shiv- ered a few times under the wet streak down his back, and then dozed off to sleep again.

THEY BALANCE.

The Chairman of the Committee on Finance reported that his books balanced for March, and that the general accounts for the last quarter had been looked over, audited and balanced up.

"I would also add," said the President, "dat all odder books about dis place also balance. Dey hes to. When dar comes a time in dis hall dat de cash doan' walk right up to fingers you am gwine to hear of somebody gittin' hurt. No one pusion am 'lowed to handle ober thirty-five cents at any one time, an' he can't be gone ober an hour at once wid dat. We believe all men am honest, but we believe dat nine out of ten of 'em can't stand temptashun. We will now embrace de opportunity to go home."

### Extradition Treaty between the United States and Russia.

It is the interest of all nations that criminals should not have a safe retreat the world over. Why should our country harbour the rascals of another? And yet there is more or less of this always going on. Extradition treaties are generally not comprehensive enough, and in this way the rogues get the advantage. A pretty straight extradition treaty between the United States and Russia was lately signed. Of course political crimes are always excepted. If Canada and the States had such a treaty it would be uncomfortable for the embezzlers, but honest men would rejoice. The following are the crimes covered by the Convention referred to:—

- 1—Murder and manslaughter, comprising the wilful or negligent killing of a human being.
- 2—Rape, abortion.
- 3—Arson.
- 4—Burglary.
- 5—Forgery.
- 6—The fabrication or circulation of counterfeit money.
- 7—The embezzlement of public moneys by public officers or depositors.
- 8—Embezzlement by any person or persons hired or salaried, to the detriment of their employers, when the value of the property so taken shall exceed \$200.
- 9—Piracy or mutiny on shipboard.
- 10—Malicious destruction of or attempt to destroy railways, trains, vessels, bridges, dwellings, public edifices, or other buildings when the act endangers human life.

To guard against any attempt at using these terms as means of securing political offenders the following provisions are added:—

If it be made to appear that extradition is sought with a view to try or punish the person demanded for an offense of a political character, surrender shall not take place; nor shall any person surrendered be tried or punished for any political offense committed previously to his extradition, nor for any offense other than that for which the extradition was granted; nor shall the surrender of any person be demanded for an offense committed prior to the date at which this convention shall take effect. The murder or manslaughter comprising the wilful or negligent killing of the sovereign or chief magistrate of the state or of any member of his family, as well as an attempt to commit or participate in the said crimes, shall not be considered an offense of a political character.

### She Will Succeed.

It is safe to predict that the young woman mentioned below will succeed with anything she may undertake. She is not likely to spend any time in search of "light work," and her example is a refreshing one of genuine pluck and perseverance. An Iowa paper says of her:

"Miss Marcia McDonough is teaching the winter term of school in Union Township, and she walks six and a half miles to and from her school every day. She has not missed a day this winter and is always on time. Her salary is thirty dollars per month, and her school is one of the best in the country."

Here is an example for a certain class of young men who "loaf" seven days in the week, complaining all the time that they can find nothing to do because of "hard times."

## The Value of Diamonds.

It is curious to notice the fluctuating value of diamonds. About 300 years ago they were quoted at \$225 a carat, and 200 years later we find them selling at \$100 a carat. A hundred and fifty years later the supply from Brazil had increased so largely that one carat stones sold for \$40, and shortly afterwards at \$4. From this point they rallied to \$31 per carat at the time of the French Revolution; then under pressure of the supply from exiled French noblemen they fell again to \$20. During the first fifty or seventy years of this century they rose steadily, and twenty years ago they were quoted at about \$100 a carat. Now, Mr. Henry D. Morse, of Boston, gives the following prices of diamonds at the present time:

Stones averaging one-half carat each, \$60 per cara.  
Stones averaging three-quarter carat each, \$81 per carat.  
Stones averaging one and one-quarter carats each, \$110 per carat.  
Stones averaging one and one-half carats each, \$125 per carat.  
Stones averaging one and three-quarter carats each, \$145 per carat.  
Stones averaging two carats each, \$175 per carat.

In other words, the value of the gem increases in the geometrical ratio of its weight. Four diamonds weighing together two carats are worth \$124, but one diamond weighing justas much is worth \$350. Stones weighing over two carats are about the same price per carat as two carat stones; they should be dearer, but they are not, simply because the demand for them is limited. If the demand for diamonds was as imperative as the demand for flour or beef the geometrical ratio would again come into play, and five carat stones would be valued in the thousands.

It is not likely that the diamond of moderate size will ever be much lower in value than it is now. In the words of a popular writer, The diamond is the very essence of property. It is riches condensed; too small to be seen by the midnight burglar; too easily hid to be seized by the tyrant; too quickly carried away to be wrested from the exile or the outlaw. A diamond is a portable empire."

Desperate Courage.

On the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny against the English, in 1857, shocking cruelties were perpetrated. The English residents of towns within the limits of the insurrection were massacred; indeed, all India was in a fever of excitement.

Colonel Leevin, in his *Fly on the Wheel*, says that the magistrate in charge of the town of Banda narrowly escaped with his life at the beginning of the excitement. When the storm burst, he was the only European left in Banda, the other residents having already sought refuge in Futtehpore.

The Nawab of Banda, although at heart in sympathy with the mutineers, yet preserved to the last an appearance of loyalty. The magistrate had been informed that a rising was imminent, and went to the Nawab to exhort him to use all possible influence to quiet the people.

Even as they sat talking, there reached them a murmur from the town without, swelling into a shout as the tumult came nearer. A dead silence fell in the room, and on looking up the magistrate saw that the Nawab was smiling.

He knew then that his only hope lay in prompt action; so, drawing his revolver, he seized the Nawab by the collar and placed the muzzle against his forehead.

"Is a carriage likely to be soon ready for me to depart?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, yes, Sahib; one is now ready," vociferated the affrighted attendants.

"Then we will go at once."  
Without relaxing his grasp of the Nawab's collar, they emerged from the palace, and the immense mob outside hushed their clamor, in terror for the life of their Nawab and in amazement at the daring of this solitary Englishman.

"Now," said the Magistrate to the Nawab, "Tell them that if I hear a hoot or an insult, or if any man's hand is raised against me, that moment will be your last."

The Nawab entered the carriage with him, and they drove off, no one daring to interfere. At twelve miles distance from the city, the magistrate had a horse waiting for him in case of a sudden emergency; so here he left the Nawab, politely thanking him for the pleasure of his company, and rode off unharmed to Futtehpore.

### Shoot the Tiger.

In lately pleading for high license and the consequent restriction of the liquor traffic, Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, made use of a very unfortunate figure. He said:—

"If a tiger were loose in the streets of New York, would it not be better to try to confine him to certain streets rather than have him to roam all over the city?"

A voice from the gallery very naturally and very promptly called out, "Shoot the tiger," and the Dr.'s argument and illustration went at once by the board. What man in his senses would ever try to keep a loose tiger within certain streets of a large city? What man in his senses would ever think of thanking God that the tiger did not kill above two or three children a day, and that only in the poorer parts of the city? Who would ever dream of calling that man a public benefactor who would merely drive away loose tigers from Jarvis street and confine them to Lombard or the low-lying regions about the Don? And yet this is exactly what some supposedly wise men, ministers of the Gospel, and pretentious philanthropists, want to do with the liquor traffic. Shoot the tiger" is the only effectual plan. Still, high license is far better than free trade in liquor.

### Qualified for Musicial Criticism.

"There's a piano recital I'd like to have you look after," said the city editor to the new reporter. "Do you think you can attend to it?"

"Sure."  
"Ever criticise a piano recital?"

"No, but I can tell good gymnastics when I see them, and when the lady wades in and takes both hands to it and hits the key board in seventeen different places all at once, you can bet I'll be there to say that it was one of the most brilliant performances ever attempted, executed with a brilliancy and color which stamped the lady as an artist without a superior."

He got the assignment.



THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.  
Policeman No. 157921: LOOK OUT BOYS, CLEAN AWAY STICK, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A RAID ON YOU.