

Lessons in Housekeeping.

A Chapter of Stale Bread.

[From Harper's Bazar.]
'Whenever it is possible to economize I'm sure I do so,' said Mrs. Palmer, a little surprised at her aunt's suggestion of economy in household matters.

'You mean whenever it has seemed possible, Fanny; and you have made just the mistake thousands of women have made before you. You probably thought it was economy to make that bread pudding yesterday, although neither you nor Fred cares for it.'

'Yes; I disliked to throw away that plateful of bread, and didn't know what else to do with it.'

'Do you always eat all the pudding?' 'No, auntie; I always have to throw part of one away,' Fanny replied, a little ruefully.

'Now,' said Aunt Ruth, 'how much bread had you—half a loaf?' 'Nearly—it was a small loaf.'

'Count it at four cents, then, at the usual price for baker's bread. How much did you use of other material to convert that in to a pudding?'

'I see what you are aiming at, auntie,' Fanny exclaimed, laughing a little. 'I used a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, two eggs, a little spice and salt. I wanted to use another egg and a cup of raisins, but I thought it would be extravagant, although I really think we should have eaten more of it if I had done so.'

'Mistake number two, counting the making of the pudding at the first. The milk was seven cents, the sugar four, the eggs four: the spice and salt we will not count. That, with the cost of the bread—four cents—makes nineteen cents which you wasted instead of four, had you thrown away the bread in the first place, besides the time spent in making the pudding and the dissatisfaction of having made something no one wished to eat. Now, although I do not advise any one to throw away a plateful of stale bread, it is sometimes the most economical thing to do with it, especially in hot weather when it is very apt to mould. At other times I should advise you to cut off any brown crusts, break it in small pieces, and dry—not toast—it in the oven when the fire is very low. Then pound or roll it rather fine, and put it in a paper bag, which should be hung in a cool dry corner of your pantry. You will find it very convenient to use in preparing a dish of scalloped oysters, meat, eggs, or tomatoes—for all of which it is far nicer than cracker crumbs—for bread sauce, and many other things. The bread may be used in various ways. If the slices are not broken or too thick, they make delicious browned sandwiches, which I make very often. Chop very fine pieces of cold meat—roasted, boiled, or broiled. A smaller quantity than will suffice for anything except a meat omelet will be sufficient to make a plateful of these. Put the chopped meat into a saucepan with sufficient cream, milk, or boiling water to moisten it; season well with butter and salt, add a tiny bit of Cayenne pepper, a little dry mustard, and a drop or two of celery extract. It is impossible to give the quantities, as tastes differ, and the quantity of meat is so small, but it should be well seasoned. Let it heat thoroughly, taking care it does not scorch, and remove from the fire. Beat two eggs well, and add to them a tea-cupful of milk and a half a tea-spoonful of salt. Cut the dry crusts from the slices of bread—the above quantity of egg and milk will be sufficient for eight slices—and if they are thick, split them with a sharp, thin knife. Spread a slice with a thin layer of the chopped meat, cover with a slice of bread, and press together. Proceed in this manner till the meat and bread are used, and cut each sandwich in halves. Place them on a plate, and pour the milk and egg over them slowly, dipping it with a spoon from the plate, and putting it over them until it is all absorbed.

'Many a youth who starts out to "paint the town red" paints nothing but his nose.—Philadelphia Call.

The Liars' Club Discuss Eggs.

At the meeting of the Liars' club held at the residence of Struckdum Tinkins last evening the subject of eggs was broached.

Saphirus Elkins remarked that he once owned a Cochin China that had been on his fathers' farm for twenty-five years and held the belt as champion eggster of the coop.

'Why,' said he, 'that hen could lay twenty-four eggs a day and not half try, but she had one great fault. In summer she suffered from the heat so much and was so cold and tough that her eggs were all hard boiled when she laid.'

Having delivered himself of this story Saphirus leaned back in his chair and gazed calmly at the medal on the table.

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'What Hurt Him.

He was hopping mad about it that he had to swallow the lump in his throat three or four times before he could speak English. When the other had patted him on the back and lead him around in a circle, he began with:

'Of course, if I make a debt, I expect to pay it.'

'Of course.'

'I'm worth \$20,000 and I don't owe \$200 in the world.'

'Of course not.'

'Well, I was sitting in the office about 11 o'clock this forenoon, when in came a stranger. He introduced himself and took a chair. I was smoking, and it was only courtesy to offer him a cigar. He said he had frequently heard my name mentioned, and I suppose he was some gentleman from the interior of the State who wanted my written legal opinion.'

'Certainly; your luminous legal opinion.'

'He seemed rather diffident and embarrassed, and as he had not made his wants known up to noon I invited him home with me to dinner. He readily accepted.'

'I see.'

'After dinner I showed him all over the house, played billiards with him for half an hour, and then brought him back to the office and gave him another fifteen cent cigar and asked him to come to the point.'

'And he came?'

'He did—bless him! He handed me a bill of fifty cents from a tin shop here in town for mending the wash-boiler and putting a new nose on the tea-kettle?'

'Free Press.

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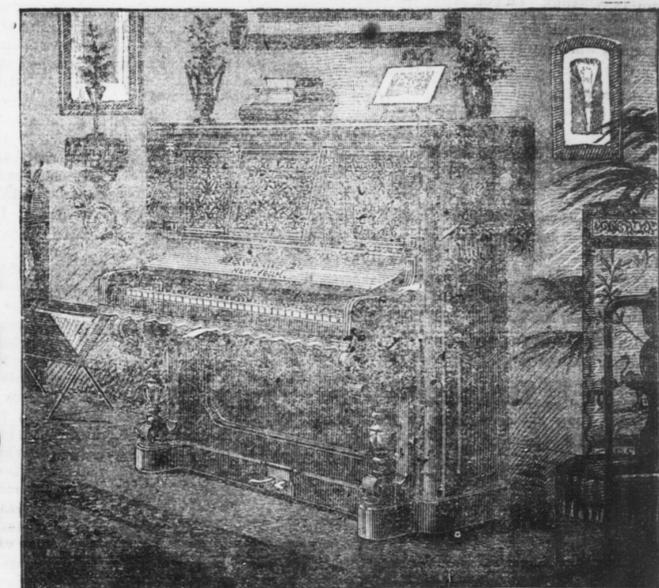
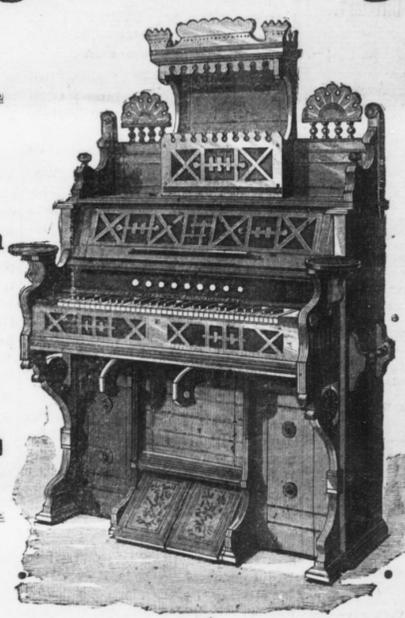
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