for supper."
"There's nuthin' here, ma'am, to speak of;

nuthin' to make anybody's meat."
"You shall see what I will do with it. There is at least a breakfast-cupful of scraps of meat, to which I must add one rasher of lean bacon. which you must mince together very small in the round bowl, and with the half round chopper, which hangs on yonder nail. Bring the bread and cut a thick round, two inches deep, completely pare off the crust, which you may butter and put away to be eaten for your tea, before any other bread is cut; now bring the before any other bread is cut; now bring the clean tin colander, which I use only for drumbling bread through. I like to do this myself, because it requires the cleanest hands; you see I break up the bread, and rub through the holes, and it comes out quite fine, the few hard pieces which are left you may give to the birds. To this I add a grate of nutmeg, and a little pepper and salt, and a tesspoonful of flour. Mix the bread and spice together, get a handful of parsley, wash if in a little warm water, then in cold and dab it dry m a clean cloth, now chop it small and mix it in with the bread, then to one cupful of meat add two of crumb mixture, then a tablespoonful or two of melted bacon fat, and as much mik—which will be very little.

as much milk—which will be very little indeed, to make into a mass; this will divide into six small cakes, which I form with my hand, dip them in beaten egg, then in flour, and then fry them in plenty of boiling fat. I take them up carefully with a tin fish slice, and lap them on some clean paper to dry. Then remove all the fat from the pan, put in a teaspoonful of flour: the pan is sufficiently hot to brown it, then a little salt and a small measure of water; stir it well; let it simmer, and strain it on a hot dish. Put the meat cakes on to this, and serve ery hot, and with these and some well-washed potatoes, roasted an hour in a hot oven, you see we shall have a hot and nice supper. Sometimes, Keziah, I add onions instead of parsley, and these are more savory, and instead of cakes, I form them round like sausages, and then call them rissoles. In the evening you must put on the small frying pan quite clean, and fill it half sull of dripping and when it boils, dip your rissoles in beaten egg, put them in the pan and fry them of a light "It's a comfort to know how to make a little

go a great way," was Kezian's remark. "I am sure I should have thought this meat of no account."
"Now for the bones for the soup. Every bit

of fat must be taken off. This would spoil the soup. Divide the bones, but not chop them, as the marrow makes it greasy; put it on the fire in an iron saucepan with three quarts of cold water, add to it the bacon rind which was scaped and washed yesterday, the little bones which I cut out of the bacon, and a large blade of mace; let this boil for eight hours, then strain it through a colander, and in the morning, underneath the fat, which you must take off and throw away, you will find the delicious jelly with which you can make twenty different things that are nice, and which will also make the most delicious gravy for any purpose. To buy beef for gravies is a great waste. Remember this, my girl, never to waste the smallest tritle; all can be converted to something or other. The clippings and trimmings of fresh meat will go to make soup and gravies; the lat can be melted for dripping. which is so very useful in the family for frying with, because frying requires a very plentiful supply; and after it is done for cooking purposes it can be sold. The bones can be made into soup and gravy, and can afterwards be sold. The bacon fat saved, so as to be clean and white, will make excellent pastry. The pieces of bread, of which there is sometimes an unavoidable waste made at the table by persons who do not consume all that is given. sons who do not consume all that is given to them, can be made into excellent puddings."

"But then they've been pulled about by the fingers, Keziah quickly remarked.
"But you will recollect that the hands of ladies and gentlemen were much cleaner, per-haps, than those of the people who made the bread; therefore, clean bread can be used in a pudding. If one were to think of all the disagreeable handling which food undergoes before it comes to the table, puddings made from the pieces of bread are very dainty and clean by That's true, so they be."

story of how a man got rich by putting to a proutable use the waste bread left from dinner-

"When I am more at leisure I will tell you a

"Thank you, ma'am, but couldn't you tell me

There is a time for everything, Keziah, and now is the time to make onion soup for to-day dinner; ten minutes will suffice for it. Peel three onions, and cut them into fine rings, chop them across so as to make them rather fine, Take as much of the jelly stock we made yesterday as will be necessary, and put it on to boil, add to it half a tumbler of milk. Now give me the dry toast that was left at tea last night, Observe that I butter it slightly on both sides, and cut it into small squares. When the stock boils, just add a teaspoonful of salt, and throw in the onions, let the n boil up quickly; and in eight minutes, not longer, they will be cooked. Mix, in a basin, a teaspoonful of flour with a little cold water, take a little hot soup and mix with it, strain it into the saucepan, then add a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg, stir it up well tull all is well mixed; throw in the teast, put the soup over the fire for an instant, then throw it into the hot soup-tureen, and serve now it as quickly as possible."

The next day we had carrot soup; two of the cold carrots that were left from the day pre-vious were grated on a coarse grater, that is, the thick end of the carrot was held in paper, and the carrot grated, not the long way, but the short way, then with the back of a knife it was further pressed, then mixed with a little cold soup, some pepper and salt added to further separate it; and then, when the soup was hot, the carrot was added to the whole, and simmered for two or three minutes, then the butter and flour added, and served, but without toast, unless there was any left from ten or breakfast.

The next day was a simple clear soup, made from jelly stock alone, flavored with onlon and a piece of the end of a refuse leaf of celery boiled in it for ton minutes; but on this day we had Jerusale n artichokes for dinner. Eome of these when cooked were put into a little milk and water, and laid away for our next use, digby some clever cook as Palestine soup. Perhaps I had more trouble in teaching Keziah to cook this vegetable than any other;

indeed, it ended in doing it myself. The artichokes must first be washed in tepid water to free them from dirt; then let them he in cold water; each one to be pared roughly at first, with a sharp and pointed knife, and each one be instantly thrown into cold water, or is will turn black. Then a fresh pan of water must be had, and each be perfectly pared and all the spots picked out. Have a large saucepan of boiling water ready, in which a tablespoonful of dripping or fat of some kind and a lump of salt has been put. When the water is rapidly boil-ing, drain the artichokes, throw them into a clean cloth, dab them well, and then throw them into the boiling water; let them boil quickly for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, as they may be young or old. They must not be taken out of the water to drain till the instant they are needed, or they will turn black; they may be either served whole with arrowroot sauce or melted butter over them, or they may be drained and mashed in a basin, with a wooden spoon; a spoonful or two of milk, and a piece of pork dripping or bacon fat to be mixed with them; the basin be covered with a saucer and placed in a hot oven, till the instant of turning them out send to table. The dripping will be better than butter for them. The reason that arti-chokes are often hard when cooked, and no amount of time seems to soften them, is that they require very soft water of a peculiar kind, and that which fat alone can give, or else milk, which is too extravagant to be used by persons having small incomes. The same rule as to putting fat in the water must be observed with carrots, parsnips, artichokes, and celery. Boiled artichokes when cold and laid away in milk and water will not blacken, and for the soup, beat them fine in the milk and water, add a little sait, a piece of butter the size of a wal-nut, a teaspoonful of flour and a cupful of boiling soup; mix it well together. Cut half a small onion very fine into the boiling soup; let it boil

terday; there is enough left on it to make a hash for supper."

"There's nuthin' here, ma'am, to speak of;

"There's nuthin' here, ma'am, to speak of; spoonful of Italian paste or vermicelli or macca-roni cut small and previously boiled in boiling water for twenty minutes, then strained and added to the soup. Some cooks use the yolks of eggs and cream in Palestine soup, but for digestion and wholesomeness the more simple

way of making it is the best.

Is it as well to say here, that if sufficient of the paste or the maccaroni or vermicelli be boiled for three days' consumption, and laid by in cold water, it can be used at any time, as it remains soft; but left out of water for half an hour it hardens. All these pastes for soup should be cooked by throwing them into plenty o boiling water, with a little salt, and a piece of butter the size of a nut (bacon fat or pork dripping will serve equally well), and be boiled for twenty minutes. Many parame will for twenty minutes. Many persons will use milk instead of water, which only curdler, and is expense for nothing.

CHAPTER VI. How a Great Fortune was Made Out of Bread Crusts.

The first afternoon that Keziah saw me disengaged, she begged for the story of the man who got rich by caring for the crusts of bread, and as it was one that could not fail to delight the children, she was given a tea-cloth to hem, and was asked to join them to hear the following true tale:-

"In Paris there was recently a man, called Pere Chapellier, who picked out of gutters what he could find, and sold the articles he found there—old iron nails, and such things that no one owns, but which he could sell for a few pence. Being ashamed of this employment-for Father Chapellier had been a soldier, and took pride in himself for having served his country, he had only resorted to it to keep himself from starving-an opportunity one day occurred of his entering a wholesaic rag-gathering business, and becoming a rag-corter. This was one step in advance, so he thought, because here he could be private, and was not obliged to go into the streets. But, alas! for the poor man, the smell from the rags and bones was so dreadful that he was nearly poisoned, and was obliged to go to the hespital! Of course after this he did not wish to go back, and fortunately, while sick, he made the acquaintance of a man who promised to find him a place with a poultry

"Now, what do you suppose he had to do?"
"Why, kill the ducks and lowls, to be sure," was Keziah's ready answer. "Oh, no, not to kill them, but to keep pigeons

Here my little Allen reached up his glowing

cheek to mine.
"Tell me quick, mamma—quick! quick!"
"He had to fill his mouth with grain or peas, and push them with his mouth into the young pigeons' throat, for they would not eat but when they were hungry, and they did not get fat quickly enough to please their owner, and the poor Chapellier, after a little practice, had to feed from two to three hundred pigeons an

hour, and for this labor he was paid is, 8d, a day. Of course this did not satisfy him, so he left, and then took to eradicating a prejudice about poultry-it may be called deception-to earn his bread.

"It seems that the feet of poultry and game, when freshly killed, are brilliant and black, at least some of them are, but they turn of a leaden hue as they get stale. Now Chapellier pendered over this, and invented a varnish which, when used, kept the color of the stale which, when used, kept the color of the same birds as fresh as the newly killed ones. This deception succeeded; the cooks and others bought second day's poultry for first day's freshly killed, without finding out their mistake; therefore the poultry was none the worse. As enormous quantities of poultry are sold in the French markets, our rag-gatherer made a great deal of money by his invention. The taste of wealth made him only the more ambitious. He sold his secret for forty pounds to a man who has since made his fortune, and Chapellier began to look about for some trade in which he could sole master. He went to his old employer the rag-merchant, and endeavored to enter into partnership with him, but the man asked £2000, and this our schemer could not obtain. As he was standing in the warehouse the rag-gatherers came in, and he was struck by the number of pieces of bread they brought, which they could not sell to the rag-gatherer, and which had been given to them out of pure charity; this, he observed, they carefully gathered up to take away. He asked them what they did with it, and ascertained that they sold them to private people for feeding rabbits and chickens. This was hint enough to a man determined to make his fortune. What these beggars and raggatherers did in a small way he determined to do in a large one, and the very day that the bright idea struck him, he hired a large room in a cheap neighborhood, and close by a saed. where he could place his donkey and cart, which he purchased on the same day. He then went to the different colleges and schools, and offered to buy all their waste bread, which these people had been in the habit of giving to the first eggar, or which they threw among their dust. His success with them was very great; so much as to induce him to monopolize all the waste bread of the taverns and cook shops in Paris, and he paid the rag-gatherers to bring all they could gather from private houses to him."

"Do you think the servants sold the waste bread, ma'am, to these men? because if they did, I dare say they made lots more pieces than the misses knowed of; for these pieces of bread do worrit a girl so, 'cos she can't eat 'em ali."

It was very evident Keziah had been think

ing what she should do with the odd corners and scraps which she dared not throw away. "No, they did not sell them; the men were too cunning to pay for what they knew could be got for nothing; so the servants did not benedt, whatever the beggars might; the master and mistress were the sufferers by these men being permitted to come near the servants. But isten to the story without further interruption. As soon as Chapeilier had accumulated a suffi cient number of pieces of bread, he appeared one morning in one of the most central markets of Paris, surrounded by a number of bags full bread, and several empty baskets. Round his hat was placarded, 'BREAD-CRUSTS FOR SALE.'

Numbers of the Parisian workmen keep pets of some kind, either dogs for amusement, rabbits, or fowls for eating; and as Chapellier sold his crusts at 3d, the basketful, for this sum many of these creatures could be fed for a week: so he soon had numerous customers. the end of a month this clever man had doubled the £40 capital with which he commenced, and which he had obtained by selling his secret of painting chickens' legs. Four months after he had commenced the business he had no longer a donkey and cart, but three horses and three carts, collecting bread from a very wide district, and thus he soon accumulated a large fortune, then sold his business, and retired into private

"Chapellier was miserable without employ ment; after a time he quitted his country home, returned to his old haunts, and invented a new industry, for the man who had bought his business, was, from small insttentions and a fre quent waste of time, losing his trade. France, bread-crumbs are sold either white or brown, ready the one for frying, the other, when baked, pounded, and sifted, tor sitting over fish and cutlets. It was as a manufacturer of bread-crumbs that Chapellier next established himself. He sold a quart piled up with the crumbs for sixpence; this was cheaper than any one else could do, and the waste pieces from this process he disposed of to dog-fanciers and

others. "The man sold his bread-crumbs so cheaply that his business rapidly increased; he had very soon to employ wagons and horses, and then for a trifle he bought back his old business from his successor, who was tile and unthrifty. In the bread there were always two kinds, good and indifferent; the best he selected to make baked crusts for soup, which is so much eaten in Paris. We toast bread and cut it in small squares, but there it is cut in larger and thicker pieces. So Chapellier set up ovens, which it is said are never cool, and which employ a number of men, women, and children, in the manufacture, though the bread is only the waste pieces, before this time thrown away. In baking,

the crusts frequently get burned black, and this, too, is made useful; children rasp it off, it is then powdered, sifted very fine, put into boxes, and sold to the chemists as charcoal tooth-

powder. "The warehouses of Chapellier are immense buildings, divided for each separate department of the business. In one place the wagons come in with the bread gathered from house to house, exactly as the boys in England gather coal sales for making bricks. In another place workmen separate the pieces, placing on one side those suitable to feed many a hungry family, on the other, those destined for animals.

"Then there is the cutting them into shape, the beking, and the sorting, the rasping, and finally arranging the perfect crust in proper bags, after which process they are ready for sale. Then there is the pounding and sitting through coarse sieves the brown pieces used in the cooking of cutlets and fish. The black raspings are further powdered and sixted

through silk steves.
"And lastly, in a separate part of the building, this once despised bread, now greatly changed in appearance and packed in dainty paper bags, is sold in large or small quantities. There are also carts standing ready to be filled with the commodity which is delivered at the different eating and soup-houses where the numerous workmen of Paris take their meals.

"Throughout the establishment the greatest order and cleaniness prevails, for the master is always present, and his eye, be sure, does more work than both his bands. He is by no means a stern man, he does not find much fault, but discharges the offender upon a second fault, after once reproving: he often jokes and laughs,

but rules by good temper.
"Pere Chapellier has made a great deal of money, and invested it so that it brings him in many thousand a year, and of his riches he spends liberally in charity. Now, Keziah, recollect what economy, observation, and in-dustry can do. He did not lie late in bed, waste his time in gossiping, and must have had a horror of waste, or this way of making money would never have occurred to

This man has done far more good in the world, though born so poor that none could well be poorer, by the exercise of the faculties God gave him, than thousands who enjoy a tortune as soon as they are born. He has not only enriched himself till he scarcely knows how rich he is, but by his means thousands of people are fed on wholesome food at the cheapest rate, and hundreds of men, women, young girls, and children are put in a way of getting their brend honestly, and that by gathering up what others throw away, and by observation and ract to put to use this hitherto despised

"I do wish I could find some way of using the bits o' bread, for they do worrit me so," was "You, Keziah, often make more pieces than

are necessary, by not eating up the remains of a loaf before you cut another."
"But, ma'am, there's the top of the loaf and the bottom too, which is never eaten in the dining-room; and then, when there's company there's so many little piece, which it goes agen me to throw away, and I can't eat 'em all; I wished Mr. Chapetier lived nearer here; I'm

sure he could do much good with 'em." Suppose we begin a manufactory on a small sle. Collect all the pieces for me to-morrow morning when I come into the kitchen: I mean those which have been left, as you say, from the company over night, for in the nursery the pieces shall be made use of, for none need be

CHAPTER VII.

What to do With the Piccas of Bread-How to Make Stale Bread New-Croutons for Cheese-Bread Pudding-Bread for Stuffing-Baked and Sifted Bread for Browning-Bread Crumbs for Game-Clarified Butter-How to Fry Soles -Crimped Parsley.

The morrow came, and when I went into the kitchen a large plateful of picces of bread mot my eye. I laughingly care:—

"If you cannot eat all the pieces, Keziab, you will have a little extra work to render them useful. In the first place, here is enough bread in one piece to serve you and nur e a whole day, it is almost a loaf; where could it have been to have escaped my notice?

"If you please, ma'am, 'twas left in the nursery combourd, and nurse dion't see it, 't's a week of the transfer out," "Cut it in two, get the milk b. sin of clear cold water, dip each piece quickly in the water, and put each on a separate clean plate in the

oven, if very hot; leave it there for half an hour, but don't shut the oven door." This was done, and I turned to the other pieces; one, the crumb of a very stale roll. This had been one of the hidden stores, but had been untouched and unharmed. I pulled it into six pieces, dipped them quickly in the water, and

laid them on the edge of one or the plates in the

Some other of the larger pieces went to make stuffing for the yeal we were to have that day for dinner; they were put into a basin, a very little boiling water was poured on, and a plate put on the basin, so that the steam softened the bread without making it wet. This was afterwards mixed with a teaspoonful of flour and a little nutmeg, then a tablespoonful of bacon fat, some finely chopped parsley, and lemon thyme or dry winter savory: and I then made it mto a ball, with a little milk, for the centre of a fillet of veal; I never used suctin

stuffings, and very rarely an egg; the milk and flour were sufficiently binding. There were now left some pieces which would serve for a pudding in the nursery. These were soaked in hot milk; a little ground allspice and sugar added, and then well beaten up into a stiff mass; a layer of this was placed at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a layer of slices of apples, and a spoonful of sugar, then again a layer of apples was on the top, on which was placed four or five bits of butter, each no bigger than a pea, then some moist sugar was slightly sifted over, and it was baked two hours. I used to vary this pudding by using, instead of apples, a quarter of a pound of Sultana raisins, well washed in warm water and dried, then laid in alternate layers with the bread only; in this instance, the bread came on the top, but, neither butter nor sugar were omitted, as this made a nice brown glaze, and looked tempting. It was nearly twenty minutes before Keziah took the bread from the oven, and feeling it,

exclaimed,-"Why this is new bread only a little toasted; ell, I never! How mice! What must I do with them nice little pieces of roll ! how beautiful they have browned. They must be sent to table to eat with the

"Well, this beats Mr Chapeilier; but here's all there little crumbs, I s'pose I may throw 'em

to the birds?" "No, no; you will put them on the plates in the oven till they are of a fine bright brown, which will be in a few minutes, then get the pettle and mortar, and when the crumbs are hot and crisp pound them well, sift them through a fine tin strainer, and put them into a dry pickle bottle or any other wide-mouthed bottle that has a well-fitting cork, and keep them on the chimney-piece in the kitchen in a dry warm place. Now I think all the bread is disposed of."

"But what am I to do with these brown crumbs?" "They are to be used for sifting over fried fish, or irled chops—not steaks, mind—over boiled calves' head, and over ham and bacon when the rind is taken off. Bread crumbs browned are served also with partridges and beasants, but then these must be rubbed through a colander, and have a little clarified butter rubbed into them before they are

browned.' "What is clarified butter, ma'am ?"
"Butter melted before the fire or in the oven, for a minute or two; there is nelther milk, water, nor flour mixed with it."

'I've seen cooks with such dirty hands grating bread crumbs," was Keziah's next remark.
"No doubt you have, and many people do not object to eat stuffing and forcemeat bulls made by these dirty cooks, but very much object to eat waste bread made into stuffing when only the clean fingers of visitors have touched it, for nobody bites the bread."

"Perhaps you'll tell me how I'm to fry soles and use these brown crumbs, ma'am?"
"You will not recollect, Keziah, but I will tell you. Clean the fish well by cutting them a little

you. Clean the fish well by cutting them a little lower down than the fish-mongers do, and with finger and thumb pull out the dark piece you will find there. If the soles have not been skinned, you will have to cut the dark skin just across the tail, and then pull the skin upwards from the tail to the head. The white side refrom the tail to the head. The white side remains unskinned. Then wash them well, and wipe them very dry. Flour them, and lay them on paper, so that it may absorb all moisture. Afterwards, put half a pound of dripping into a clean frying-pan. (Remember, this quantity will fry six soles, but you must have no less for two figh.) Put it over a clear but not fierce fire, and when the fat bolls, which you can see by throwing in a piece of br ad, lay in your fish with the skinned side downwards. Two soles should iry at one time. Do not shake the pan nor touch the fish for three minutes. Then, by putting the fish for three minutes. Then, by putting the knife under it—if it lies still over the knife —turn it over to the other side; in two min-utes the fish will be done. Take it up with a fish drainer on to a clean sheet of paper, that it may absorb the fat. When all the fish is fried, sift over the powdered bread crumbs, which will make the fish perfectly dry; for you must recollect that fish is ill fried if it be in the least gressy. There was a time when I thought nothing but lard or oil must be used for frying; it was a mistake; dripping is equally good, provided only the fish be made quite dry before sending them to table.

"Crimpled paraley is very good eating with either boiled or fried tish. You must pick the paraley from the stems, wash it in warm water, then in cold, dab it dry in a clean cloth; then after the fish is fried, and the dripping is thrown into a pan of clean warm water for use a second time, wipe out the pan while it is bot, so that no crease can be seen; throw in the parsley; stir it in the pan over the fire, but not too close to it; in three minutes it will be green and

crisp."
"I'll try to recollect it, ma'am, but I fear I shall torget."
"When you have tried fish once or twice it will

not be difficult, and you will always remember, practice makes perfect."

CHAPTER VIII.

Useless Anger—Servants' Manners—Bills of Fare— One Reason Why an Oven Will not Bake- How to Cook with it-To Make a Hash, a Curry, a Mince-Why Men are Frequently Cross-How an Estate Can Waste Away.

Like all servants and many mistresses, Keziah was very forgetivel. Day after day the greatest vigilance on my part was necessary. Some-times she was inclined to be restive or obstinate. I ever found that remonstrance availed nothing; that to be vexed and out of temper only made her my mistress. When a girl I had often read the morals of Epictetus with more attention and remembrance than I had supposed at the time. I had found the book in my father's library, having the appearance of being well read, for it was an edition of 1697. And when I was inclined to be angry, the toilowing lines always occurred to me:-

"Suppose you call your servant, he's at play; Or when he's present, minds not what you say; And is the quiet of your soul perplexed At this! He gets the better if you're vexed; He grows your master while he can torment. Give not such power to the vile negligent '

If one would only consider that, with brains trained by discipline of learning and reading, now soon and how irequently we lorget many things which should be remembered, we should have more forbearance with our servants. young woman of twenty comes into a house as cook, knowing as much about her duties as a child, for, like a child, she knows how to spoil things and "how not to do it." And she is rapidly or slowly told, as the case may be, all that will be required for dinner; and as for the necessary sauces which should accompany the meats, she has never before heard of them. One cannot but wonder how she gets on as well as she does, although her "get on" is nothing but a series of disappointments to her unfortunate and perhaps equally ignorant mistress. There is no royal road to cooking, to management, or to the acquisition of a retentive memory. All must have teaching and practice.

Mistresses will find it greatly to their comfort at they write our every day a bull of lare of dinner, no matter now few articles for this meal there may be. When they are written down, they are impressed on the girl's memory, if she can read; if not, some one must read it for her. I found it of great use to say:-

There are three, four, five, or six things (as the case might have been) to be cooked to-day -but even for my own satisfaction, I often tound a reference to the bilt of are for dinner frequently necessary; for, with the numerous cares of a family, and the many demands there are upon a mother's time, especially in the morning, and with a two o'clock dinner, my memory often failed me, which an instant's re ference to the written paper restored. Five minutes sufficed for writing out this, which saved me much weariness.

For all my little cookeries, whether hashes minces, curries, or stewed steak or chops, I never used saucepans. To be always looking into these was apt—in American parlance—to rite Keziah's temper, who, on the whole, kept these articles tolerably clean, but yet all the little messes not only required excessive cleanliness, but also a moderated degree of heat, which only an oven could give. All hashes, curries, stews, minces, and apple sauce were placed in pie or baking disher, and a flat dish, placed on the top of each, kept the articles moist and prevented their burning. Let it not be imagined that my oven, or the grate to which it was was one of the bran-new-fangled kind. It literally was, as I heard one of my brightest cooks call it, "a rascal of a range" for it could cook everything with a little fire, but was altogether a shabby, shattered affair, without a boilet, for that, it will be remembered, helped us to drink the black beetle The back was bricked, but space was left for hot air to penetrate round, and thus kept a dish warm over what had once been the excape-hole for the steam. The check of the range was fixed by a brick, so that on the over side no great waste of coal could take place, as the fire could be only large enough to roast a joint of meat; on the other side of the check fire was lighted only when fish had to be iried, or a ham to be boiled, or when any extra fire was needed.

The small oven did its work well at all times, provided that the tiny aperture at the back was kept tree from the fine dust of the aspes, which would settle there and become an impenetra ble mass, through which no heat could pene-

This ore little trouble, among many others, upon which depends the comfort or the progress of greater things, I could never get properly ione unless I made Keziah every morning rake it out in my presence. She was no better in this respect than all the unmanageable cooks that had been in my service. It was no trouble to see to this, but it was quite certain that the cooking would be spoiled by the oven being cold, if it were not done. Half the cookingranges in the kingdom, that "won't bake," may be made to do so by attending to this little matter. The large, unmanageable, and formi-dable affair called a kitchen-poker, isjuseless for the purpose; a small, and perhaps worn-out bedroom-poker, or crooked but strong iron rod, is the best to use for raking out the fine ash.

A great deal has been said about the indigestibility of baked meats, and with truth; but it is not because they are baked that indigestion comes from eating them; it is because while baking the oven-door has been shut, and the steam arising from the meat is burnt by the heat, and is absorbed again by the joint or other food. The first ten minutes after the meat is first put in, the even-door should be closed, and after-wards be opened half an inch. The ventilation in the open-door is a delusion, it is not suffi-cient. To put water in the bakingtin is of no use, and it soudens the meat, which there is no occasion to mount on a meat stand, but placed in a simple flatbaking tim is all that is needed. By cooking the joint in this way, the gravy is retained more uniformly in the meat, and all dust and cinders are kept out of the dripping.

Flour the meat an hour before it is to be served: then it will brown nucely. To make the gravy, take up the meat, put it on an old dish on the outside top of the oven, and cover it with a dish cover. Pour off all the fat which is in the dish cover. Pour off all the fat which is in the bottom of the cir. leaving the brown gravy be-hind; mix a small teaspoonful of flour into the

hind; mix a small teaspoonful of flour into the gravy, and add a cupiul of boiling water. Set the tin on the Bre, and let the gravy simmer, then strain it on to the very hod dish in which the meat is to be served, then put the meat on with two spoons; never stick a fork into it.

The object of putting flour into the gravy is that all fat is absorbed by it, and it thus becomes more digestible. Almost any quantity of gravy may be made, a desirable adjunct in a family of children. It the gravy should not be brown enough, as it ought to be, heat a long-hondled from spoon, but a nipeh of brown sugar ndied iron spoon, put a pinch of brown sugar in it, burn it and pour a little boiling water on it, or stir it into the simmering gravy while on the fire, and then strain the gravy.

Coloring for gravies and soups should be kept

ready for use. Take a deep tin can that will hold a pint—it can be bought for three-peuce anywhere—oil the sides and bottom of this, and put in two table-spoonfuls of water and a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, put it in the oven, where it will burn into a black, but liquid cake (waten that it does not boil over in the process of burning); now add a little water and a spoonful of sait, when wanted for use—a drop or two will be sufficient.

For a hash, whether of beef or mutton, I cut
the meat very thin—that near the knuckle of

mutton makes a hash delicious—and take a way all fat; then I floured the meat on both sides and shook the pepper lightly over, then laid the meat in layers in a pie-dish; when it was three parts full I cut a large onion in four and stock a clove in each pace, and put them on top of the meat; over the whole I poured the gravy left from the join; the day before, but through a tin strainer, to remove the fat which, it must be remembered, spous all cookery, when it is improperly used, as it would be in all hashes and stews (though the addition of a little bacon fat is always an exception). I then put a flat common dish that would fit the pie-dish over (the boliow side towards the ment), and then baked it three hours. When there was neither gravy nor stock—being without the latter was a thing of the occurrence-I mixed a tablespoonful of flour into a batter, poured boiling water on it sufficient to set it mixed in a piece of becon fat the size of a walnut, and a few drops of browning, then strained the whole over, and baked it the same time. Instead of the leathery meat one is accustomed to see under the name of hashed mutton, here was a rich gelatinous mass, tree from fat and all that could render it burt ul, and made appelizing without expensive sauces, which, like wine and spirits, make a hole in a

meagre purse.

A curry was made thus—but without any pretentions to make it resemble an Indian curry (which no two people ever agreed in commending when partaking of it out of India):-I had onions cut into thin rings, and put into boiling bacon iat, or pork dripping it I had either, in preference to other kinds, and a little salt. I found the nicest way of doing this was by using an empty preserve jar or old busin; but it can only be so done when the oven is very hot, otherwise a small frying-pau is equally good, and the onions tried over the fire. When these were sufficiently brown they were turned into a strainer to take away the lat. The meat was then cut into small thick pieces, the size of nuts. I then mixed one tablespoonful of curry powder with half the same measure of flour, and grated nutmeg; mixing this together with a spoon, I rolled the meat in it.

I then chopped finely a rasher of toasted bacon, or any pieces of bacon, however small, that had been left from breakiast, and of which not a scrap was ever wasted, although it was never placed *t breakfast a second time before my husband after it had been once cooked; but it did appear again, and was eaten with relish when we had roast yeal or towl or yeal cutlet But there were often pieces left which could not be called rashers; these were carefully put by for curries. When the meat, bacon, currypowder, flour, and nutmeg were well mixed together, I put the fried onions on the top, then some jelly stock or gravy, not to make at too then covered it over with a dish, and baked it three hours, then served it on a flat

The rice, which is always eaten with curry and which should be sent to table on a separate clish, was a trouble to Keziah, for the reason that it was so simply cooked. The attention which it required as to time was just what she would not heed-it ended by doing it myself. I washed tour ounces of rice three times in boiling water, to take off the fusty taste, then in a quart of fast boiling water, which had a tablepoonful of salt in it, I threw the rice, making it botl up very quickly. In twenty minutes I had it strained through a colander, and the steam all shaken out, then it was instantiv served. By these means every grain of rice stood separately, and it was not then the sodden mass one is ac-customed to see. The art here lies in having sait and water in the exact measure, of last boiling water, in making it boil fast after the rice is in in straining it at the proper time,—for a minute over will spoil it,—in shaking the steam out of it, and serving it the moment it is cooked.

For a mince, and minced mutton is equally as good as yeal, every scrap of meat can be cut from a bone, be minced fine in a round bowl and half-circular chopper, then floured, and a little nutmeg grated over. If there was any melted butter leit from a dinner (it would keep sweet for a week), this was used for minces by adding a little milk to it, and beating it up in a basin, then stirring in the meat, and placing an old place over the top, and baking it in the oven for half an hour, it turned out a delicious mince. It there was no cold melted butter, a little was added to the milk, and the meat having been floured, sufficiently thickened it. A slice or two of dry toast was often left from breakfast, which I put in a paper bag for use when wanted; and dipped in cold water, then laid upon an old plate in the oven, it came out new and crisp,

and well adapted for sippers round the mince.

Let no one imagine that all this using up of food is meanners or stingines, it is no such thing; it is using and not abusing God's gifts. People buy diet-bread and rusks, and pay dearly too; and yet, perhaps, many could not at all tancy cating good bread in this way. It only requires the mistress' eye, the wife's care, to keep all these things as free from dirt as they can be in a pastry cook's shop or elsewhere. Only where things cost much there is a tendency to like them best, but a small income gives no choice in the matter; and if one would obtain comfort-like happiness, it lies within oneself to make u-when a hard-working husband, whether he be mechanic, artesau, clerk, or mas-ter, is cross or sulky on his return from his employment, let not the wife fancy it is all his temper; let her look to her own shortcomings. The man has been all day working under the eye of another, or the curb of his own con-science, or, in the aspiration of his pride or ambition to be foremost in his work, he has been obliged to work neatly, deftly, and with economy as to his materials. He returns to see unthrit, untidiness, and all their train of attendants, in the management of his wife; more glaring to him from the neatness and order he has been obliged to exercise through the day, or what, from regular and long training, has be con e habitual and necessary to his own sense of respectability. What wonder such a man becomes taciturn or seeks society elsewhere?

I once knew a gentleman with many hundreds a year income, who could not endure to see even the crumbs from the table wasted, and his wife had perforce to set up chickens to eat up the pieces which would be made, and which there were no children to eat; and if bestowed on beggars, the first gap in the hedge received them. His wife asked him what could be the cause of his excessive watchfulness over the waste of such small things.
"In my boyhood's days," he replied, "my

father's estate vanished imperceptibly through want of care in small matters. I have seen whole stale loaves, broken rolls, tumps of bacon, and pieces of meat, which properly managed would have fed us children and the servants for a week, given to the animals instead of their own proper food. My mother was an invalid, and the bousekeeper, to keep prace with the servants, connived at this waste. My mother happily died before my father, and at his death ix children were penniless.

the first property of the prop

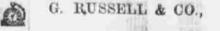
"After these days I ate the hardest, stalest crusts with relish, and so can others who are hungry. The beggars at the door are not half so famished as many we see passing in the street with good clothes on their backs. There would not be so much poverty if the poorer classes did not waste the little they have, and the rich cave more discriminately."

the rich gave more discriminately."

"And so this was George's story," said his wife. "I wondered very much one day why our bread bill was increased, and yet no increase in the family, and there were no pieces of bread to be found. After the departure of my servant, and before the other came, I was poking into corners, and was led to open the flue door under the washing copper. This was full of stale and mouldy bread, which even choked up the flue. This circumstance it was which led me to set up chickens, though I did not tell my husband my reason for doing so. I have since wondered the girl did not burn the bread, and so get rid of it; but with all servants' waste, they have a superstation about bread—they will not often destroy it, but they will make pieces, cut new bread, leave the stale, cut the crust and leave the crumb, or the reverse, and think this no destruction.

[To be continued to-morrow.]

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