

Home Economics.

ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Make a drawn butter sauce and add to it two or three teaspoonfuls of anchovy paste. When it thickens remove it from the fire; you may add lemon juice if you like it.

ENGLISH POUND CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, twelve eggs, one pound of raisins, three pounds of currants, half a pound of citron, half a pound of almonds, a gill of brandy. Bake like Palmetto cake.

SOFT ICING.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually a half pound of best pulverized sugar, beat well for at least half an hour, flavor with lemon juice. To color a delicate pink, use strawberry, currant or cranberry juice, or the grated peeling of an orange or lemon moistened with the juice and squeezed through a thin cloth, will color a handsome yellow.

BEEFSTEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take a dozen ripe tomatoes, skin and scald them (canned tomatoes may be used); put them in a saucepan with half a pint of good beef gravy; season with salt and pepper, and put them to stew for an hour. When the steak is nicely broiled send it to table with the sauce in a tureen.

PARADISE PUDDING.—Pare, core, and mince three apples into small pieces, and mix them with one quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, three eggs, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants, the rind of one-half lemon, one-half wineglass of brandy, salt and grated nutmeg to taste. Put the pudding into a buttered mould, tie it down with a cloth, boil for two hours, and serve with sweet sauce.

CELERY SOUP.—Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until it will pass through a sieve. Grate the white part of three heads of celery on a bread grater; add this to the milk after it has been strained; put to it a quart of strong veal stock; let it boil till the celery is very tender. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and serve.

HAM.—To boil a ham, scrape and wash carefully in plenty of cold water. Put it to cook in boiling water enough to cover it entirely, hock end up; let it remain on the front of the stove till the ham begins to boil; then put it back, and let it simmer steadily for three hours. Take it off the fire, and let the ham remain in the water it is boiled in till cool enough to handle; then skin it, put in a baking pan and sprinkle with about three ounces of brown sugar; run your pan into a hot oven, and let it remain a half-hour, or until the sugar has formed a brown crust. This not only improves the flavor of the ham but preserves its slices.

RABBIT.—Cut up the rabbit, remove the breastbone and bone the legs. Put the rabbit, a few slices of ham, a few forcemeat balls and three hard boiled eggs, by turns, in layers, and season each with pepper, salt, two blades of pounded mace, and one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Pour in about one-half pint of water, cover with crust, and bake in a well heated oven for about one hour and a half. When done pour in at the top, through the hole in the middle of the crust, a little good gravy, which may be made of the breast and leg bones of the rabbit and two or three shank bones flavored with onion, herbs and spices. Rabbits, which are in the best condition in midwinter, may be fricasseed like chicken in white or brown sauce. To roast, stuff with a dressing made of bread-crumbs, chopped salt pork, thyme, onion, and pepper and salt, sew up, rub over with a little butter or pin on it a few slices of salt pork, add a little water in the pan, and baste often. Serve with mashed potatoes and currant jelly.

"He Needs It."

During the late political campaign, the friends of a man who wanted to be a candidate for the Assembly said, in urging his nomination: "He is a poor man, with a large family. He needs it."

As a rule, the pay of an Assemblyman hardly meets his current expenses at Albany. Therefore, it would be folly for a poor man with a large family to seek a nomination for the Assembly as a means of bettering his condition, if he intended to be content with his legitimate pay.

The inference is obvious. The impecunious candidate wanted to go to Albany for the sake of the stealings which he could "realize" as a member of the Legislature. That is what he "needed." And the friends who were urging his nomination on the ground that he "needed it," must have known that.

President Bontoux and Managers Feder, of the Union Generals, have lodged an appeal, which will be heard in February, against their sentence at Paris for acts in connection with the management of that institution.

Women's Work.

Mrs. Stanton speaks of "the individual sacredness that comes of a personal bank account," in a paper in the current number of the *North American Review*, and the remark is one eminently suggestive. The difference of having or not having, a little fund of money of one's own, is not only a question of finance but is representative of the atmosphere of ease and independence of personal inclination, or that of independence on the will and judgment of another. The woman who earns her own money and who spends it at her own sweet will has, to this extent at least, a degree of solid satisfaction in life. Every woman has countless ways in which she likes to spend money without talking the matter over with any one. She has her own little private charities, her gifts, her tastes.

Mrs. Stanton says the love of accumulation is as strong in woman as in man, but that is perhaps rather a sweeping generalization. A woman usually cares more for money as a present currency for what it will do and give to herself and others than for its hoarding or growth. Of remunerative employment Mrs. Stanton adds:

Next to freedom of locomotion and individual independence as element of health, comes the necessity of remunerative employment and pleasant mental occupation. Woman is now in the transition period from the old to the new, and is struggling to serve a higher purpose in life than she has heretofore known. All girls are not satisfied with the amusements society has to offer, nor all women with the position of wives, mothers, and housekeepers; and it is the want of congenial employment that makes the lives of women so vacant and their health so uncertain. The love of accumulation is as strong in women as in men. It is a great satisfaction to know that one has acquired the skill to make a livelihood; has the power to shape conditions; is free to gratify tastes; to choose surroundings; to enjoy a little of that individual sacredness that comes from a personal bank account. Statistics show that girls taking a college course are more healthy than those who lead listless lives in society; that women who do business are far more vigorous than those who are mere household dependents.

That the want of congenial employment is enough to make life empty few can doubt; yet, when one looks at things as they are it is a source of absolute astonishment to find so many women working in ways which are to them a burden, and at pursuits for which they have no vocation.

Some one has recently said that the great question which interests women at present is as to how they may obtain employment without becoming factory hands or being employed in shops. How do men obtain employment without recourse to these? The question for the one, as for the other, answers itself. People escape the lower by fitting themselves for the higher, and then by resolutely insisting on taking the higher. If a woman will allow herself to be shoved to the wall and stay there quietly she will doubtless find the way easy. But that there is the slightest necessity for her doing so is not true. A woman can do what she will, if she has the strength to will anything. A little staying power is a very good element in life.

It is not worth while to be discouraged and throw up matters which one has deliberately chosen. One obstacle in the way of successful work for women and the power of establishing the sacredness of a personal bank account is the false pride that exists among a certain class of women who are ashamed of having it known that they work for money. The decorative art societies and the Woman's Exchange are the principal markets for work that is done *sub rosa*. Such work is always under a disadvantage. The caution necessary to defend the reputation of the artisan against the possible suspicion of knowing how to do anything useful or ornamental results in sadly limiting her resources. The key to a great deal of satisfaction, if not of speculative happiness in life, is to discover that work for which one has a vocation, and then pursue it to remunerative ends, and the sacredness of the individual bank account.

Sir Peter and the Cow.

While in Montreal I heard a good story of Sir Peter Mitchell, member of Parliament from New Brunswick, of whom I spoke in a recent letter. He was an opposition member during the lamentable government of Sir John Mackenzie in the last decade, and was a constant and most uncomfortable thorn in the side of that unhappy premier. Sir John was a conspicuous railroad magnate, and just before the opening of Parliament one winter Sir Peter called on him to induce him to pay \$40 for a widow's cow that had been run over by the cars. "I can't believe there's anything in it!" ex-

claimed the premier, peremptorily; "It's probably a trumped-up case, but I'll inquire and you call to-morrow."

The gentleman from New Brunswick was not used to being treated so cavalierly, but he pocketed it and called in the morning.

"There's no justice in it. We won't pay for the cow," broke in Sir John.

"You won't; won't you?" rejoined Sir Peter, with a manner quite as bouncing as that of the leader of the government. "Have you been there or sent there and investigated it?"

"No, I haven't, but I won't pay for the cow. It's a mere trifle, and she ought to have kept off the track."

"Don't the law say you shall have a fence?"

"I won't pay for the cow, now; and that's all the answer you'll get."

"You won't pay for the widow's cow; won't you, Sir John Mackenzie?"

"I will make you pay for it," exclaimed Sir Peter, now thoroughly aroused.

"You will; will you! How will you?" growled the premier.

"I'll take it out of you during the session, as sure as you are a living man. The widow's \$40 isn't anything, isn't it? I'll take it out of you!"

It was an Irishman against a Scotchman, and both were angry. The sequel proved that Sir Peter took it out of him very thoroughly. He is a round-headed man, a hard worker, a pugnacious and redoubtable foe, an unforgiving enemy, bold and elegant in debate, no dilettante, but a hard hitter, and some of his onslaughts were furious. If he had not great tact he had great force, and he never forgot the cow. In the speeches he made every day against the measures and methods of the government, then under serious suspicion, he told the story of the cow and trotted her out with a frequency that must have seemed like cruelty to animals.

Finally the last day of the session dawned, and the consideration of Mackenzie's expense budget was resumed. It provided the appropriations for the coming year.

Sir Peter Mitchell took the floor and launched into a eulogy of the deceased cow and the propriety of making an appropriation for the widow. He was greeted with laughter and mocking applause, and then his auditors waited uneasily for him to finish. He continued. He told the story over again with embellishments and elaborations. He contrasted the stinginess of the wealthy ruler with the quiet endurance of the penniless widow.

He began to read from the Bible the commands to mercy, justice and charity, when the honorable members straggled out one by one to dinner. Sir Peter bit a biscuit, drank a swallow of water, and continued, impressing upon the empty chairs about him the tender duties and graces of humanity. Members straggled in again. He quoted the Song of the Shiloh. They appealed to him to draw his remarks to a close. He retold the story of the cow. Meantime, Sir John Mackenzie was perspiring with wrath and anxiety in the premier's apartment hard by. All his hopes were bound up in the appropriation budget. What if it should not come to vote! The honorable member from New Brunswick could not be stopped, for this was the one bill in the Canadian Parliament on which a member could speak as long as he wished. There was no way of cutting short the debate. No motion was in order while he was speaking, except the motion to adjourn—and that would be adjournment *sine die*.

The Government members were in consternation, as the orator delivered a speech on the blessings of vaccination, gave statistics on the cost of fences in the United States, passed an elaborate encomium on the superiority, for draft purposes, of Devon cattle, to which class the deceased domestic friend of the bereaved widow belonged, and then began to describe the religious ceremonies in which the sacred cow of Barmah takes part, when the bell rang for vesper. A short time more and the session would expire by law, and the Government had passed no appropriation bill!

At this critical juncture one of the Government members returned excitedly from the Premier's room, rushed to the orator's desk, and exclaimed: "In the name of God, what ails you, Mitchell? What do you want?" "—still," said Sir Peter, finishing the sentence he had on his lips, "not a cent has ever been paid for the widow's cow!" The member uttered a vehement exclamation about that animal, and added: "Sir John Mackenzie authorizes me to say that he will pay for the cow, if you'll let this bill come to a vote."

Sir Peter sat down rather tired, and the widow got her pay. The Government organs declared that the widow's cow had cost \$40,000. Her champion is still known in Canada as Bismarck Mitchell, on account of his boldness and shrewdness in outwitting a Cabinet and making himself long the adviser-in-chief of a vacillating Governor.

What is the difference between Solomon and Rothschild? One was king of the Jews and the other Jew of the kings.

Agricultural.

Without sheep English farmers could not keep up the fertility of their land. There are three sheep to four acres kept in England, while Americans only average one sheep to thirty-four acres.

One of the best disinfectants, says the *Poultry Bulletin*, is Condy's fluid, which is made by putting one ounce of potass. permanenate in a pint of cold water. For use one ounce of this fluid should be added to half a pint of water.

Ducks can be raised with profit, if kept under favorable conditions. An English farmer raises annually about 1200 for the London market. Many of them are hatched in winter and kept under cover till the approach of warm weather.

The *United States Veterinary Journal*, Chicago, recommends the following as a remedy for heaves: Powdered resin, two ounces; tartareous, two ounces; Spanish brown, two ounces, and Cayenne pepper, two ounces. Mix, and give two teaspoonfuls a day in soft feed.

In some parts of the West the large oat crop and deficiency in corn will cause the substitution of oats for corn as feed for hogs. A bushel of corn weighs nearly twice as much as one of oats. If ground together the mixture makes a better feed for growing pigs and breeding sows than either grain alone.

A correspondent of the *Breeder Gazette* is of the opinion that fattening hogs in large numbers under one management is not attended always with success, as they do not seem to thrive when many are fed and kept together. The same care cannot possibly be given them as is done with only a few, as cleanliness is indispensable to the health of the animals.

The following is stated to be a nearly correct rule for measuring corn in cribs: Having leveled the corn in the crib, measure the length, breadth, and depth, and multiply them together and deduct from the product one-fifth, and you have the number of bushels in the ear; for shelled corn take one-half of this. To be strictly correct, add half a bushel for every one hundred.

Harness should never be kept in the stable where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word, ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage more or less.

Regarding artificial incubators it may be safely stated that there are several kinds that work well, but only in the hands of careful, attentive persons. A beginner should try one of small capacity, for an occasional loss of a large number of eggs amounts to a sum sufficient to destroy the profits. The care of the young chicks is of more importance than the incubation of the eggs.

"The effect of a strong ray of light falling on milk" says the *Dairyman*, "is to develop the fermentive organisms that lead to the decomposition of the liquid. They are of a vegetable character, and need light as well as warmth to enable them to thoroughly do their work. It is best therefore to keep milk in the shade, not necessarily in a dark room, but away from the light of a window."

Of all roots, except potatoes, beets are most sensitive to frost. Carrots being mostly deep in the ground, will stand considerable freezing without much injury, provided they are left to thaw in the ground. Parsnips and vegetable oyster plants are better for being left out all winter, and of parsnips especially only enough should be put in the cellar for use when those out of doors cannot be gotten at.

A farmer writes to the *Ohio Farmer* that wheat lands need thorough working, and "then over again, and in a few days still again, and then it will pay you \$5 a day to work it again with the proper tools, although you may think it already cannot be improved on. This is not very hard to work, except for the horses, as the driver can ride while cultivating and rolling, and while harrowing, if you have an improved harrow."

Not enough difference is made in the price of chickens well or poorly fed. To many persons one chicken is just as good as another; but one who appreciates differences in flavor there will be as wide a range as between different fruits. The difference is partly in the breed, but much also depends on feeding. Fowls left to get their own living eat many things when hungry that a well-fed fowl would not touch.—*American Cultivator*.

Never apply pure hen droppings or any pure guano directly on seeds or plants; applied pure it will destroy the germ of most plants. Properly prepared fowl manure may be applied with benefit to any crop, field or garden, broadcast or harrowed in, but is more economically employed in the hill or drill. As good a plan as any, probably, is to gather the droppings as often as once a week, and mix with a twice their bulk of dry earth.

Kathy's Music Box.

"Well," said Kathy, trying to look cheerful, "we've got a good fire, if we haven't got any supper, and that's one comfort, this freezing night."

Mike spread out his little blue hands over the bright blaze with an air of satisfaction, but at the mention of supper his round face lengthened visibly, and he looked wistfully toward the empty cupboard.

"We might do without the supper very well, as we had prattles for dinner, but what shall we have for sitting in the morning, sure?" said thoughtful Johnny, with his little Irish tongue.

"I cannot tell," said Kathy, sighing, "but the saints will not let us starve. Perhaps Mrs. Arnold will be ready to pay me for my work by that time. Then we'll have a nice breakfast, if it is a late one."

"Hot cakes and sirup," suggested Mike, smacking his lips, as if he were already tasting the delicious compound. "You don't look as if you could bite that long without a morsel to pit in your mouth. You were after giving all the dinner till us, and didn't eat the full of a thimble yourself. You'll be getting the sickness again if you do that way, Kathy."

Kathy did feel faint. It was true that she had scarcely tasted a mouthful of dinner, and, as she had been ill, she felt the need of food more than she usually did in her days of fasting. It was no common thing for her to go without her dinner and supper both, but now it seemed as if she could not "bide" until the next day, without even a crust of bread.

"Shan't I go and see if Mr. Finn would trust us just this once, for a loaf of bread and a bit of tay? Tay is just the thing you need," said Johnny after musing awhile, with his grave eyes fixed on the fire.

"I don't know but you may, Johnny," said Kathy, hesitatingly. "He refused to do so once, though, and I'd rather do almost anything than ask him a cent."

"O," said Mike, dancing about the floor, "I'll be putting the tay-kettle on right away. Won't it be jolly if we have the bread and the tay; and his little freckled face fairly beamed with delight."

But Kathy looked very sad and anxious. "Tell him that we will pay him to-morrow if possible, and if not, then on the day after," said she to Johnny, who was buttoning his old threadbare coat, in which to brave the bitter night.

"The tay kettle 'll be boiling in a minute," said Mike, placing it over the glowing coals as soon as Johnny had gone. "Hark till you hear it sing, Kathy."

"Poor little fellow," thought Kathy, "I am so afraid he will be disappointed! O, what a dreadful thing it is to be so poor, and what will happen to us if I don't get some work pretty soon!"

"There!" said Mike, after a few moments of silence. "It is beginning to sing now, and don't it be jolly? It is singing for good luck. I know it is, for I never heard it make a noise that pleasant!"

It did make a pleasant noise, truly; but Johnny had been gone a long time, and Kathy began to feel anxious. At last his step sounded on the stairs, and Mike rushed to open the door.

"O dear! he hasn't got anything, Kathy? I suppose Mr. Finn wouldn't let him have anything. What a mean old man!"

"Mr. Finn says he isn't going to trust anybody any more; but he wants to know if you wouldn't be after selling that music-box of yours—says he'll pay you \$4 for it," said Johnny, all out of breath.

"Sell my music-box!" exclaimed Kathy. "What a strange idea! How did he know that I had such a thing?"

"He says he's heard it many a time when he's been after gotin' by the house, and he likes the tunes it plays."

"Indeed!" said Kathy, almost indignant that one should dare to propose such a thing as her selling the thing she prized most on earth, for it belonged to her sailor brother Jamie, who was lost at sea three or four years before. When he went away he told her never to part with it if she could help it. And though Kathy had been in sore straits before, and had been obliged to sell everything that they could possibly spare from their little stock of household furniture to procure fuel and bread, she never had thought of selling the music-box. Not only because it was Jamie's did she value it, but its music had always been a great comfort to her. It played sweet, plaintive old Irish and Scotch tunes, and she kept it wound up nearly all the time, and while she was at her work, it carried her thoughts away into pleasanter places. It was the chief delight and pride of both Johnny and Mike, and it was seldom that they were willing to let it remain silent for one moment.

Mike's disappointment was too much for him, and he began to cry in

spite of himself. The tea-kettle's merry song was unendurable now. It seemed spiteful and mocking, somehow, as it sent its fantastic wreaths of steam into the smoky air of the dingy old kitchen.

Kathy sat down, and, leaning her head on her hand, began to think. How much good \$4 would do them now, for there was no certainty that she could obtain any money to-morrow, and how could they live all that time without food? Then there was only coal enough to last until the middle of the next day, if the weather should be as cold as it was now. She felt as if she ought to part with the music-box, but how could she?

"What do you say, Johnny?" she said at last. "Do you think we had better sell the music-box?"

"Shure you know best," said Johnny, pulling confusedly at his coat buttons.

"Four dollars is a big heap of money! Wouldn't it buy plenty o' shuppers?"

"Not so very many, dear," said Kathy, doubtfully, "but I suppose we must sell it, after all. I cannot work and go without food, and if I should be sick again we should all starve."

But the tears came into her eyes when she looked upon the poor old music-box and thought it would be for the last time. Mike's tears began to flow afresh, and Johnny looked as if he was going to lose his last friend.

"Let's hear it once more before we part with it, anyway," said Kathy, winding it up and setting it to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

"It seems to me that it never sounded so nice before," said Johnny, placing it on the window-sill and leaning over it fondly.

But the music-box acted as if it were bewitched. It never had been known to act in that way before. Instead of playing "Auld Lang Syne" through its ordinary proper and sedate manner, all of a sudden there came a little snap, and dropped the plaintive old melody and struck merrily into "What's a' the Seer, Kimmie?"

Kathy looked frightened, it was such an extraordinary freak, for she was sure that she would get it up to its fullest extent.

"Shure," said Johnny "I never heard the likes of it! It must be a good sign." And he hummed the words:

"What's a' the seer, Kimmie?
What's a' the steer?
Jamie has lanced
And soon he will be here!"

"How did you know Jamie had landed?" broke in a blithe voice from the doorway. "Bless the old music-box, Kathy! I never should have found you if it hadn't been for that."

Kathy grew white to the very lips, and would have fallen if Jamie had not caught her in his arms. For it was the same Jamie whom they had so long supposed dead, and the sight of his face again overcame her entirely. But she soon came to her senses, and such a happy meeting as it was you never saw in all your life. Johnny and Mike fairly danced for joy when they came to realize who the stranger was, and the old music-box sang as it never sang before.

"I thought you were dead, Jamie," said Kathy, at last. "The papers said that the Fearless was wrecked, and all on board perished."

"I know that," said Jamie, "and the Fearless was wrecked, but two others of the crew beside myself were saved. We managed to cling to the wreck until a vessel came along and took us in. Six months after that I was at home once more, but you were gone from the old place, and though I spent months in searching for you I could find no trace of you. How did you happen to come to Boston, Kathy?"

"Oh, I heard that rent was cheaper, and that I could obtain work more easily here," said Kathy.

"But things look as if you had had a hard time, my poor little sister," said Jamie, looking about the bare, comfortless room.

Then Mike made haste to tell him that they hadn't anything to eat in the house and were going to sell the music-box.

"Sell the music-box!" exclaimed Jamie. "Why, I would as soon sell you, you little midget! I guess I can pick up money enough to buy some supper. The music box told me where you were. I heard it as it sat on the window-sill while I was going by, and knew its voice in a moment."

Jamie did pick up money enough to buy some supper, and a jolly one they had, such as the boys had not dreamed of for a long time. Afterward they found out that he had been in Australia, and had filled his pockets pretty well there. So they had a nice, cozy little house of their own; Johnny and Mike were sent to school as proud as two little princes, in nice new clothes, and Kathy gave up her sewing to be Jamie's housekeeper.

This happened a long time ago, but as Johnny, who cannot get the burr out from under his tongue, declares, "they have never been out o' shuppers since, and the music-box sits on the sitting-room table, and sings just as lively as ever, shure."