

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE USE OF CREAM.

There are very few people who have abundance of cream to use who make proper use of the advantage. All good housekeepers know, nowadays, that a cup of the best made coffee in the world is stale, flat and unprofitable without cream, unless, indeed it be drank after dinner perfectly clear and strong. It is a barbarism that only a few of our cheaper restaurants are now guilty of, to offer coffee with milk. On the contrary it seems to us that tea gains nothing, but rather loses some of its delicacy in flavor when served with cream, gaining a body that is inconsistent with its nature. There are none of the breakfast cereals that are not doubly delicious served with cream. A pasty, half-cooked dish of oatmeal served with thin milk is quite a different dish from the same grain when each kernel of the mush is swollen out to full distinct perfection, and it is served hot with ice-cold cream. There is something particularly delicious in whipped cream served with any kind of sweet fruit. Preserves of all kinds are excellent with whipped cream, yet what a comparatively rare thing it is to see them served in this way, except in families where there is a French chef. The use of cream in soups and meat dishes is only beginning to be understood in this country. There are few of the thick white soups that do not owe their perfection to the cup of hot cream added just before serving. Creamed chicken, or chicken served in a fricassee in which the yolks of eggs are freely used with cream, is especially delicious. There are few dishes of fried fish that may not be appropriately served in a la creme, or in cream sauce. Often a cream sauce is made of milk, and it is very nice made in that way, but by way of variety, make use of genuine cream and see how excellent the change is. Croquettes and many other dainty entrees of meat owe their supreme excellence to the use of cream. Thus far we have not touched upon the almost innumerable delightful desserts that may be made with a foundation of cream. Charlotte Russe becomes the simplest of desserts when once the art of beating cream is acquired. This can be done with an ordinary egg whip, but most persons can succeed better with a cream churn. The ordinary little churn of tin, a cylinder but two inches across, is of no practical value, and therefore a delusion and a snare. To be of use a churn should be a cylinder at least three and a half inches across, and about ten inches long. Cream can be rapidly beaten in such a churn. As the froth rises it is skimmed off on a sieve, which is placed over a pan to drip. There is always some cream in a quart that will not beat to froth, and this will drain into the pan and should be used to coffee or some other purpose. It is not necessary to beat cream to a froth in making ice cream, or in making desserts in which cream is used. Bavarian creams, beaten varieties of mousses, call for the Fro team. That grand treatise St. Honoré, rich chief, art, a gateau St. Honoré, is made with a combination of puff and cream, and the boiled paste used for eclairs and cream cakes. Whipped cream properly flavored and sweetened and a suitable decoration of candied fruit completes the dish. An ice or cold rice pudding made with the texture of whipped cream and boiled rice properly flavored is one of the best desserts we have.—*New York Tribune.*

SEASONABLE SOUPS.

Soups present an excellent opportunity, writes Mrs. Parker in the *Courier-Journal*, for the housekeeper to display good taste and judgment, in always selecting the most suitable kind for the particular occasion and season. The heavy meat or fish soup appropriate for a mid-winter dinner is wholly unsuitable for spring and summer, when a light soup should be served. Many of spring vegetables make excellent and healthful soups. The following recipes for preparing them will be found reliable and economical:

Sorrel Soup—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; set it on the fire and melt; put in a pint of sorrel and stir one minute; add a quart of soup stock, with salt and pepper; boil five minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs, put in the tureen, pour the boiling soup over; stir until well mixed. Serve with crutons.

Artichoke Soup—Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a saucepan; slice one small turnip, half an onion and half a dozen artichokes, with a slice of bacon, add all to the butter and stir over the fire for ten minutes; add a pint of starch, let boil together until the vegetables are cooked, then add a pint of water, season with salt and pepper, strain, stir in a tablespoonful of butter and the beaten yolk of an egg.

Clear Soup—Melt a quart of stock gradually, bring to a boil, season with salt and pepper. Serve with crutons, to make which, cut stale bread into thin slices, spread it lightly with butter on one side, and cut in small squares. Put in a pan and set in the stove until brown.

Julienne Soup—Scrape and cut one carrot, peel and slice half a turnip, one Irish potato, and put on to boil for one hour, then add a cup of shelled peas, a tablespoonful of (canned) tomatoes and rice cake, boil until tender, add pieces of stock, season with salt and pepper, and let boil two minutes and serve.

Turkish Soup—Melt a quart of stock, bring to a boil, add half a teaspoon of rice and let boil twenty minutes, strain and return to the kettle. Beat the yolk of two eggs and add a tablespoonful of cream, mix in the soup and stir over the fire for two or three minutes. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

Asparagus Soup—Take three large bunches of asparagus, cut away the hard, tough parts and boil the heads until tender. Drain; take a pint of the asparagus heads and set aside, rub the remainder through a colander and mix with two pints of light soup stock, set on the fire to boil; season with salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of sugar. Cut the asparagus heads in small pieces, put in the soup, let heat and serve.

GIRLS' NAMES.

Frances is "unstained and free;" Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;" Clara, "clear as the crystal sea;" Lucy, a star of radiant "light;" Catharine is "pure" as the mountain air; Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star;" Felicia is "happy girl;" Matilda is a "lady true;" Margaret is a shining "pearl;" Rebecca, "with the faithful few;" Susan is a "lily white;" Jane has the willow's curve and "grace;" Cecilia, dear, "is dim of sight;" Sophia shows "wisdom on her face;" Constance is firm and "resolute;" Grace, delicious "favor meet;" Charlotte, "noble, good repute;" Harriet, a fine "odor sweet;" Isabella is a "lady rare;" Lucinda, "constant as the day;" Marie means, a "lady fair;" Abigail, "joyful" as a May; Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;" Adelia, "nice princess proud;" Agatha, "is truly good and just;" Letitia, "a joy avowed;" Jemima, "a soft sound in the air;" Caroline, "a sweet spirit hale;" Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;" Selina, "a sweet nightingale;" Lydia, "a refreshing well;" Judith, "a song of sacred praise;" Julia, "a jewel none excel;" Priscilla, "ancient of days."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Comes high, but we must have it—The sun.—*Life.*

A dead heat must be the kind that is used in a crematory.—*Buffalo Express.*

A woman can say more with a few tears than a man can express in a book.—*Lam's Horn.*

"Was Byron a club man?" "Not all through. He had a club foot only."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

People are like base drums, the thinner their heads the more noise they make.—*Washington Star.*

When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Every one admires a man of push, but nobody wants to be the person pushed aside by the man.—*St. Joseph News.*

Up goes the price of horses' board. Every bit that goes into your horse's mouth must be paid for.—*Boston Transcript.*

De Jones—"I say, Van Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?" Van Brown—"Oh, just luck."—*Boston Gazette.*

Professor—"Gentlemen, the air is a substance which we cannot see, but it is by no means so simple a substance as it looks."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Head of Firm (angrily)—"Who is that smoking in the office?" Bookkeeper—"The office-boy, sir." Head of Firm—"Oh, all right. I thought it was one of the clerks."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Four witnesses—"Gentlemen, we have great cause for rejoicing that this stone which has so long weighed upon our hearts has been finally removed from our necks."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Rose (on the divan)—"I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore." Dolly—"But it's so much easier to love men than to respect them."—*Life.*

"Mr. Leupap," said the landlady to the new boarder, "do you wish to have your eggs for breakfast in any particular way?" "Yes, madam," he replied; "I prefer them fresh."—*Judge.*

Miss Physics—"Dear Mr. Physiology, you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in its upper story." Mr. Physiology—"You occupy my upper story, my dear Miss Physics."—*Rochester Times.*

A household journal says: "The toothsome mince pie has quite a pedigree." We knew there was something in it mighty hard to digest, but never once suspected it was a pedigree.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Amelia, darling," "Yes, Arthur." "You know we are soon to be married." "Yes." "And we should learn to be economical in small things." "Yes." "Haden't you better turn down the gas?"—*Sports Moments.*

"I have always taken pleasure in your presence," she said, as they were parting as friends and nothing more. "I beg your pardon," he said, reflectively, "but would you mind spelling that last word?"—*Washington Post.*

"What's this report about Smithers sending an infernal machine to you, Bronson?" "It's perfectly true. He didn't send it to me, though. He sent it to my boy. It is a music box that plays 'White Wings.'"—*New York Herald.*

With trembling voice, though ardent look, He faintly asked her could she cook. She owned she could, and bolder grown, He asked her if she'd be his own. "Indeed!" said she, with her nose a curl; "I suppose you were wanting a hired girl."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Dapper—"What is the greatest lie, Snapper, that ever impressed itself on your experience?" Snapper—"Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quartette perpetrated last night when they came around to the house and sang 'There's music in the air.'"—*Boston Courier.*

The Headmaster of the Girls' High School is describing to the class the beauty of the Alps, which he has visited during his vacation, and ends his lecture in these words: "And there, with one foot I stood on the ice of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Madam," said the tramp, "I was told by the woman who lives next door that if I would call here a charitable lady would donate to a deserving wayfarer some scraps of fried liver left over from breakfast." "She said that, did she, the mean, good-for-nothing!" exclaimed the woman. "Fried liver, indeed! Come inside, my good man, and I'll cook you the best porterhouse steak you ever ate."—*New York Herald.*

Strange Story of a Dream.

It was some time in the spring of 1866 that Jethro Jackson went to Resaca to look for the grave of his son, who was killed in battle. Like many others, he wished to find the remains, and to take them to Griffin and inter them in the family burying ground.

The comrades who laid young Jackson to rest gave the father a description of the spot where they had buried him, telling him about the rude pine coffin made from the boards taken from the bridge.

After many days of tireless search Mr. Jackson failed to locate his son's grave, and returned to his home in Griffin. A few nights after his return he dreamed that his son came to him and pointed out the spot where he was buried.

The dream was like a vision. He saw his son standing beside his bed, and heard him say:

"Father, I am buried under a mound which was thrown up after I was killed. You will know the mound when you see it by the pokeberry bushes growing upon it. Go and take me up and carry me home to mother."

So strong an impression did this dream make upon Mr. Jackson, that he returned at once to Resaca, taking with him one of the comrades who had buried his son.

The mound was found just as described in the dream, and the pokeberries were growing upon it. An excavation was made, and a few feet below the earth the rough pine coffin was found, and in it were the remains of young Jackson. He was fully identified, not only by the coffin and the shoes, which were present from the father, but by the name which was on the clothing.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Why a Ship is Called "She."

Lieutenant F. S. Bassett says there are many plausible reasons why a ship is always spoken of as "she" by Americans and some other nations. "The rule," he says, "is not universal. The word ship is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Even a man-of-war is 'she' to our sailors. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom back to the Greeks, who called all ships by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea.

"But the sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship is to him a veritable sweetheart, and it is a common thing to hear him ascribing to it vitality and intelligence. It is not to him

—a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

In support of his choice of a feminine name, the sailor is able to point to the possession by the ship of various feminine characteristics and belongings. The ship possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, combings, earrings, chains, watches, jewels and scarfs, and there is often considerable "bustle" about her. She is full of pins, hooks and eyes. She also possesses—four-head, nose, head, eyes, shoulders and more than one heart. The keeper of a ship in port is familiarly called the "ship's husband." If we add that she looks best when fully "rigged out," we may have enough of sailor logic to account for the feminine name."—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Spoon-Collecting Mania.

And now the mania for keepsake spoons has broken out in America. Of late years it has been the custom for Americans traveling abroad to pick up a spoon patterned so as to be emblematic of each city they visited—a spoon with a bear on it in Byrn, one with a liver (a nonscript bird) in Liverpool, and so on. This year New York silvermiths have produced spoons to remember this city by, and there are already emblematic spoons for Salem, for Boston, and for other cities.—*New York Sun.*

It is not always easy to start a fruit jar cover. Instead of wrenching your hands and bringing on blisters, simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it and you will find it turns quite easily.

St. Jacobs Oil
cures
Back Aches,
Headache,
Toothache,
and all **ACHES**
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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE **PAIN.**

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Diarrhoea, etc.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERVIEW: A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. 50c. Per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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An Excellent and Mild Cathartic. Purely vegetable. The safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and remove vitality.

Price, 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by **RAVWAY & CO.**, 31 Warren Street, New York, on receipt of price.

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For 24 years Dobbins' Electric Soap has been imitated by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of all and has an immense sale. Be sure and get Dobbins' and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

The running expenses of the New York World are \$184,000 a month.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure for colds, coughs, croup and pneumonia has no rival. Cures without nausea or any disarrangement. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 50 cts. Address A. P. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

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gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

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