

ond recipe, taking care to cut it very fine. Scald it in a steaming apparatus, or by placing it in pans, covered, for half an hour over boiling water. Stir frequently. Spread it out in plates and dry quickly in the warming closet, or oven, taking great care not to let it burn. If it can be dried in a brisk wind, it will be very white and nice. It should dry quickly, that the sugar may not change; but scorching spoils it.

TO COOK DRIED SWEET CORN.

Wash the quantity you wish to cook. Add two or three times as much water, and soak over night. In the morning, place on the range or stove in a closed tin or porcelain vessel, where it will keep at the scalding point for four or five hours. Do not let it boil a moment. Be equally careful to keep it hot. Add water, if necessary, but do not make it too thick. This dish is rich enough for undepraved appetites. But if others demand any addition, a little sweet cream may be simmered with it a few moments before removing from the fire.

TO MAKE WINTER SUCCOTASH.

Take equal quantities of dried sweet corn and of dried green beans—directions for drying which will be given. Wash and soak them separately, over night, in warm water. Add more water, if necessary, in the morning. Boil the beans slowly for four or five hours, adding water occasionally. Cook the corn as in the preceding formula. Then add the corn to the beans, and cook slowly long enough to combine them well. This is an excellent article of food, if carefully prepared, although not equal to succotash in the summer. The addition of a little cream makes it more satisfactory to many, but it is less wholesome, and had better be left out by those who eat with reference to sound health and normal tastes.

Formulas for cooking and for drying peas and beans will be given next month.

BINGHAMTON HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, October, 1868.

A POOR emaciated Irishman, having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster, and clapped it on the poor fellow's bare breast. Pat, with a tearful eye and sad countenance, looked down upon it, and said:

"Doctor, doctor, dear! It strikes me that it is a deal of mustard for so little mate!"

WHEN Charity walks into the lowest places of want, we see the beautiful purity of her garments most distinctly.

Kitty Howard's Journal.

III.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Aug. 30.—This morning while baby was having a regular splash in the bath-tub, and grabbing at every thing within his reach, and of course carrying it right to his mouth, and I talking all the while to him, as if the little old head knew all I was saying, he seized me by the cheek and gave me a little bite, like a needle. Baby has a tooth! a little line of pearl, notched like a saw, I suppose to make it come easy, and the cunningest tooth that ever was in the world; and the dear darling has been "teething" all this while and I never knew it! No fretting, no crossness at all, no "driveling" to speak of! I wonder if I've been as good to him as I ought to be, and he in this state?

I ran down stairs to the library, where Tom was reading, and cried "Come here, Tom; come here and see baby."

Tom ran, and stuck out his neck, and pretended to go fast with the hurry when he only pranced along, and did not get up stairs quick at all. Then I took his finger and stuck it into baby's mouth, who bit him of course; and Tom screamed, and slat his head as if half killed, and looked at the tooth and declared it wonderful. Then we all had such a laugh, and Tom took up baby by the hands, all dripping wet, and he held on so strong that he bore his whole weight, and Tom said he was a credit to us, and a model boy, and ought to take the premium in baby-land. But that tooth! to think of it! and he supposed it would be necessary for him to remember all the old hymns in repeat to him, now that he had a bad boy's weapon, and he went down stairs repeating:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 't is their nature to;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so."

Tom is the greatest fret that ever was! He laughs at me, and then tells me he is awed and astonished at my superior wisdom.

MEM.—I have been reading about managing children in several books, but think they are meant for very strong men and women likely to have stubborn bad children. I don't find any thing that applies to my baby.

SEPT. 1.—

"The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year."

I do not like autumn; and to think baby is to

have his first experience of the period makes me quite sad. I would have always summer for him. I am pleased to have baby stout and bold, but I can not make a martyr of him. I shall do my best to take all his trouble upon myself.

I am making some short clothes for him. He lies with his arms over a cushion, face downward upon the carpet, while I work, and he sticks up his head to look at me till I am sure it aches, and then down it goes and he screws his fists into his mouth, and sticks his toes into the flour trying to get ahead. That's the way, my boy, to be strong in the back and strong in the legs. No shaky backs and pliant knees for me. I shall help you only when you have tried to help yourself.

SEPT. 10.—After tea to-night, Tom took up Shakespeare to read aloud to me, when I said to him decidedly, "Put down the book, please Tom, I must talk to you."

"Such a bad boy must be talked hard to," he said, but I paid no attention to the nonsense.

"Tom, it is a sin and a shame not to give baby a name. What shall we call him? Not Tom, that's flat, for it would be little Tom and big Tom, old Tom and young Tom, or what is quite as bad, he would be like little good Tommy in the story books."

"It shall not be Tom, little mother; I will give him a prettier name."

I had laid down my work, and waited for the word.

"We will call him Nebuchadnezzar, darling."

"Now, Tom, don't; to think he might eat grass like an ox!" and then he called over a whole list of names. He shall be Sardanapalus! No! Bezaleel, wont that do? Helio-gabalous, Deidrich Van Ben Schoten, and a host of others full as bad, till I jumped up and put my hand over his mouth.

"Now do be serious, Tom, for baby must have a name, and I want one that will be pretty to speak."

Charles, and George, and Edward, and Henry are such lovely names; but Tom did not like them. He said he liked old strong names that had an O in them or a K, and thought Skowhegan excellent. A man called Skowhegan could never be a spooney, nor a flat, nor a beat, nor a defaulter, nor hypocrite, nor any thing bad or mean.

"And what shall I call him while he is little?"

"Skowgy, to be sure."

I took up my work quite in despair. "Do

you want a double name, darling?" he asked, "because we could call him Skowhegan Wildcat."

"No, Tom, I hate double names; they are always in the way—but Charles Henry is very pretty."

"Well, little mother, you may call him that, but I do wish you would let me call him David."

"Do you? Can you mean it?" I cried for I was aghast at such an old-fashioned name. But Tom was quite serious. He said it was a manly, dignified name, and, of course, it being but a trifle, I gave up. I told him he might count upon my being obstinate about something else in return for yielding in this, and so the baby is named David. I declare it has made an old man of him.

SEPT. 18. SUNDAY.—To-day I had David christened. Tom turned quite pale when I came down stairs with baby all ready for church. "Dear little mother," he cried, "you do not mean for me to go up the aisle and hold that child to be christened?"

"Yes, I do, Tom. We are not heathen, nor Pagans, nor outcasts, nor unbelievers, but plain, genteel Christians. I am a poor silly wife. I know, but baby must be put in the right path whether he keeps it or not. So be a good darling, and help me do my duty," and before I had time to think I was crying on Tom's shoulder.

It ended by our going to church, and really baby did look beautiful, and his embroidered flannel and dress were lovely. I know people thought so. But mercy! gracious me! how David screamed! I am sure people must have thought him unacquainted with cold water, instead of having a cold bath as he does every day of his life. I am very happy since the christening, but Tom has been very grave and thoughtful. I asked him if he was displeased with me, and he replied in such a sweet, tender way, that he seems to be more perfect than ever.

"No, indeed, little mother," he answered: "but why did you not tell me beforehand of your wish to have baby christened?"

"Because, Tom, I thought you would laugh at me and oppose me; but I see I was wrong, and am so sorry," and I am a thousand times sorry, for I did not behave candidly.

"You are happier, little wife, for this ceremony, and I am only glad you are made so."

"Yes, Tom, were I wise, and great, I might feel very different; but it seems to me so natural that people who love each other should be married and have babies, and go to church and have them christened, that I can not see any

better way; and now David seems more sacred and lovely to me, and I feel that we have done our duty according to our lights."

Tom took me on his knee and kissed my brow with the tears in his eyes, and said smilingly, "You make a charming speaker, pretty wife," and so here I am writing all down, so happy!

OCT. 15.—David (such an old name) creeps wondrously. I think he was a little disinclined to do so, the precocious young autocrat; for he would try to draw himself up by the furniture, and would get over on one knee and one hand, and hitch along in the most awkward way; but I would allow of no such proceedings. I took him and laid him over on the carpet, and he was glad to creep on hands and knees in the natural manner; and the way he slaps his hands down and scrambles is a sight to behold. Such a nice back he will have, hollowed in below the shoulders, and strong and stiff, is a thing to be considered.

MEM.—To study into this matter of weak and crooked backs, and learn how much mothers are to blame in the matter. Farther, to consider the question whether a pliant back, or rather a weak one, is not allied to moral infirmity. I think it is.

OCT. 20.—This morning I had the saddest message from our neighbor, which has made me all at once thoughtful and unselfish. I had given David his cold bath, and he had dropped to sleep, when the door opened and Mrs. Jordan came in with her daughter's poor little motherless babe in her arms. She was weeping bitterly—her daughter had just expired, leaving this poor wail to the cold mercies of the world. It is a wee thing, weighing no more than four pounds, thin and blue, and sighing heavily as if from some inherited grief. I took it to my bosom and prayed God to bless the child, and be pitiful to the soul of the poor mother gone so early on the long journey. I mingled my tears with the poor mother, and when she told me that her daughter did not desire to live, and only hoped her baby would die with her, I knew that she had been wronged and abused in some way, or the young creature would not desire death.

How my heart warmed to the helpless little one, and I felt a love for it akin to that which I feel for my own baby. I am sure maternity is not a selfish instinct, but that it embraces all children alike.

Never till now did I realize the value of good health; the comfort of it in a family; the aid it is to cheerfulness, and good temper in every

way. I remember one of the Latin copies given me by my teacher, and see how wise and good is the idea implied. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* I do not wonder sick people are cross and disagreeable.

MEM.—I shall look to it that David marries a healthful woman.

OCT. 22.—Tom does not quite like to see me doing so much for the motherless baby. He told me so in plain words. "Oh! Tom, you bad, selfish boy; to think of such a thing!"

"But, little wife, David will not thrive as well upon half rations, and then he may get a sore mouth, and you grow altogether pale and thin. It must not be, pretty mother. I can not allow it. If a bad man causes the death of his wife, and fathers a poor, sickly baby, he must bear the penalty, and not cast his burdens upon us." So Tom really forbade me to keep the poor thing any longer. I am sure he is wise, but I am not quite sure it is good.

Mrs. Jordan was sent for and instructed to provide for the child the best way she could. I observed when she went out she gave me a very spiteful look. Oh! we women can make ourselves so hateful!

OCT. 26.—I am sure Tom was right, for I was growing nervous, and have no doubt in a little while should have been cross and discontented. I enjoy this beautiful Indian summer, and every day take baby out in the garden with just a light flannel coat on, and a little cap, and he is just as happy as I am among the flowers. He never yet has taken the least cold, and never will when accustomed to the cold bath. I find a few bright flowers, and, with slips of the arbor vitæ, keep fresh blooms on the table every day.

I am delighted to see how soon good habits may be taught a child, and believe that, as a rule, children are more inclined to goodness than to badness in the world. Every night when I kiss good night to baby, he puts his two little hands together, and tries to shut his pretty eyes, winking all the time. He kicks and laughs, and shouts even, but I am sure he makes an acceptable baby prayer. Tom says he has no doubt about it.

THERE was once a consul at —, who indicated his office hours by the legend on the door, "In from ten to one." An old ship-captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding the consul, at last furiously wrote, in the terms of a wager, under this legend, "Ten to one you're out."