

SCHOOL LUNCHEON.

"Well, my boys and girls, summer is making ready to go, and soon autumn's ruddy brown face will come peeping at us through the boughs; so it seems quite time that we had our talk about school-luncheon." Thus says St. Nicholas, and, though we don't have any 'autumn's ruddy brown' in this State, we have hungry school-children, and we have no doubt a few remarks to them about good lunches will do them good. Therefore, we let St. Nicholas talk as follows: One thing I am sorry for—which is, that almost all of you say that you like pie, and only about half of you mention liking meat. Pies are popular, I know; but they form a bad diet for children to study on, especially mince-pies, which I notice almost all of you select as your favorite. The lard and butter and heavy sweetness of them have the inevitable effect to make little brains sluggish and dull. Sums won't add up and States won't "bound;" heads ache and eyes droop, and that "horrid" geography gets the blame, or the "old arithmetic," instead of the real culprit—pie! Do notice how you feel after eating pie, and I think you will agree with me about this.

I wish, too, that more of you fancied brown bread—Graham or rye. It is very sound and wholesome, and a great deal more nourishing than white bread, and this is an important point for you who have to grow as well as to live. On the other hand, I am glad to see that almost all of you enjoy fresh fruit. That is nature's own food, and if ripe and perfect, it is good for every one.

There is one thing I always think of, and that is the importance of making a child's school-dinner look attractive. There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper, with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at the bottom of the pail! Such a luncheon often will prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in setting the bread trimly and neatly, packing the cake in white paper, and the whole in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin pail—is not pains thrown away. Some children are born fastidious, and with a distaste for food. They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted, not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them.

This is a sort of co-operative luncheon, and for some of you I should think it might prove a good idea. Suppose, for instance, that six girls agreed to arrange their lunch on this principle: one carrying bread nicely sliced and buttered; one some cold chicken; one a few hard-boiled eggs, with a paper of salt; one a square of fresh gingerbread; another a jar of stewed fruit, with a spoon and some milk biscuit, and the last a supply of apples or oranges. You see what a substantial and varied luncheon they would have, and yet each mamma would have less trouble than in providing a little of several things for her special child to carry. It might be worth while for some painstaking mothers to try this plan.

I will wind up with a list, putting into it not only these recipes and suggestions of my own, but also all the good, wholesome things mentioned in your different letters. It will be convenient for you to refer to them in the form of a list; and though each one of you will find articles of food mentioned which are familiar, each one has the chance of lighting on something new, which may come into play for the hungry noons just ahead:

- Beginning with solids, we have sandwiches of cold sliced meat, potted meat, grated ham, and grated cheese; chopped mutton, veal and pepper; salmon, scallops, beef tea, quantities of veal or chicken, cold roasted shad, veal pigeons, salad (of meat, potato and lettuce), cold chicken, veal corned beef, and hard-boiled eggs. Circular bread, thin ham puffs, split bread and good fresh crackers with cold cheese, corn bread, corn dodgers, cold buttered soufflés, milk toast, milk and butter, popovers, steamed cakes, oatmeal crackers, macaroni and risotto. Baked quinces with sugar, roasted apples, apple-turnovers with potato crust, roasted sweet potatoes cold and sliced, molasses cake, cold rice pudding, dried peaches stewed, apple sauce, ginger snaps, plain cookies, bread cake, baked custard, apple butter.
- Fruit of all kinds, if fresh and ripe.

A ROMANCE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.—A correspondent of *Golightly's Messenger*, writing from Kimberly, June 30th, says: "The South African diamond fields are, at the present time at least, tolerably healthy places to live in. The Good Templars have several strongholds here, and a famous lady champion of temperance in the person of Miss Schreiner, who lectures and preaches to large congregations with marvelous ability. This lady is the possessor of one of the largest, if not the largest, diamonds ever found here. I believe it weighs 588 carats. It was found in her own claims, under such peculiar circumstances that it is called the 'Faith Diamond,' for it is said that one of her brothers would not become a Good Templar on any consideration unless he found a 'rare big stone.' Miss Schreiner, finding all ordinary means of converting him to Good Templar's principles in vain, at last prayed that he might find a large diamond. Soon after the monster gem was unearthed, and the brother, who was a partner in the claim property, was as good as his word, and became, and is still, a consistent Good Templar. The sum of £20,000 was offered for the diamond by local merchants, but that is nothing approaching the actual value of the 'Faith Diamond.'"

A GOOD WORK.—Whoever has written a single paragraph which has strengthened the weak, or improved the ignorant, or encouraged the faint-hearted, given fresh hope to the despairing, or softened the hard-hearted, or cleared the mists from the doubting mind, brought a happy smile into the eyes of the suffering, or turned a wanderer from the paths of destruction to the paths of life, has certainly done a good work, although his reward may not be here. His work may seem as nothing in the eyes of those who judge of work simply by the number of dollars and cents which it has earned, or at which it may be estimated. Not that it should be inferred that good work does not deserve remuneration; but, whether rewarded or not, our work should bear the test of our own scrutinizing conscience.

THE SNOWY OWL.

The splendid owl which our illustration shows this week is not a native of the United States, but he is so prone to come within our boundaries on excursions, that his form is doubtless known to many readers. Coming from the frozen zone, he has been seen as far south as Georgia, and is sometimes met with in Ohio and Kentucky, but is most often seen at the East in the Middle States and New England. On this coast he is also a visitor. He is a bird clad in the most cold-proof plumage, and he comes into the lower latitudes during the months from November to February. These, the coldest of our months, are probably the warmest he can stand with any enjoyment. The coming of this owl is inconstant as far as numbers go, for he comes sometimes singly and sometimes in multitudes. Within the last two years there has been a migration which a New England writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* thinks will cause November, 1876, to go down in ornithological history as the time of the famous southward raid of the snowy owls. Clad as they are to resist the Arctic cold, and such excellent hunters—whether by day or by night—it would seem that want of food must have started these birds on their journey. Could the severe Arctic winter, so disastrous to Captain Nares's expedition,

fuddled. One night it persisted in getting on its master's bed. This the jealousy of the hunting dog could not stand, and every time the bird flew on the bed the dog jumped on and fought it off. At last the young man told the dog to keep quiet, when the bird came back again, and squatting by the side of its owner, kept still for the whole night. It was a great feeder. A weasel which the youth had meant to mount was stolen and devoured by the bird. Muskrats, rabbits and birds all went the same way, and to see him dine was a droll sight. He would open wide his great fleshy gape, then insert his beak into his prey, then, shutting his eyes excrematically tight, would lift his head high and gulp down whatever he had detached—all of which would be executed in the most grotesque batrachian style; for who ever saw a frog swallow an insect but that he went it blind? Occasionally it was let out upon the snow. This was indeed a luxury, it was so like home, and the bird would swallow the snow in mouthfuls. A fine owl is this Arctic bird. It will amuse ducks and grouse on the wing like a falcon; will swoop upon a hare on the ground and dart at a fish in the shallows, and it does most of its hunting by day.

FIRING UNDER WATER.—Major-General Von Uchatius, the inventor of the new field gun adopted in the Austrian army, has made some interesting experiments with the object of ascertaining the effect produced by firing a rifle under water. It is known, he says, that fishes,

COOKING TOMATOES.

One who travels much, says the *American Agriculturist*, finds that the name "stewed tomatoes" covers a great variety of compounds; the average country hotel serves under this name a horrid paste, thickened with flour and sweet with sugar, and we cannot blame those who say they do not like tomatoes, if this is their standard. Tastes differ, but to our individual notion, sugar and tomatoes are incompatible. Tomatoes stewed until they are fairly done and seasoned with salt, pepper and butter (a plenty of that), form a dish quite unlike in flavor to the same treated to a long cooking, in which the pieces are stewed to a pulp, and the juice evaporated sufficiently to make a thick sauce, and seasoned as before. These two methods make a pleasing variety on the writer's table. Many thickened stewed tomatoes with cracker-meal or bread-crumbs, either being preferable to flour, which forms a repulsive paste. Besides the above two variations in stewed tomatoes, the only other we make is to season them with onions. Onions, used judiciously, so blends with and qualifies the flavor of the tomato, that those who approve of onions at all will find this to be just one of the places where they are acceptable. The onion should be chopped fine, a tablespoonful or so being enough for an ordinary dishful of tomatoes. Especially to accompany roast beef, tomatoes thus cooked are—as Lowell defined poetry to be—"a touch beyond."

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

Are commended to those who like their tomatoes thickened. The fruit being peeled and sliced, is laid in a pudding dish, with alternate layers of cracker or bread-crumbs, distributing salt, pepper and bits of butter on each layer, and finish with crumbs. Bake half an hour, and serve in the same dish. If the tomatoes are very juicy, bake with the dish open; otherwise cover, and when nearly done, remove the cover and brown the top.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES.

Good-sized fruit of regular shape is required. Cut a slice from the blossom end, and scoop out the pulp; take cracker or bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, a little thyme and butter, mix well together, and fill the cavities in the tomato, rounding it up well; set in a dish and bake for about three-quarters of an hour. Some replace the top piece or stem end, but we prefer to leave it off, and allow as much juice as possible to evaporate. Another way: Cut a conical plug from the seed end of a tomato, cutting down half through the fruit, or more; mix dry crumbs, with seasoning and butter, as above; form cones or plugs to replace those cut from the tomatoes, and bake as before.

BOILED TOMATOES.

Good-sized, solid tomatoes are cut in halves cross-wise, placed on a gridiron or broiler, and put over a brisk fire, cut surface down. In eight or ten minutes, according to size, turn upon each half salt, pepper and a lump of butter, and cook with the skin side down, rather more slowly than before, about as long, or until done. An excellent breakfast dish. The above recipes are all proved and approved. The following, untried by the writer, are from excellent sources.

TOMATO OMELETTE.

For an omelette of six eggs, use four medium-sized tomatoes, or fewer if large; peel, cut out all hard and partly ripe parts, and chop fine. Rub two tablespoonfuls of flour into a tablespoonful of butter; mix with the tomatoes, and add salt, with pepper, if desired; stir the beaten eggs into this, and cook as for other omelettes. Unless the tomatoes are thoroughly ripe, cook them slightly first.

TOMATO HASH.

Butter a dish, put in a layer of peeled and sliced tomatoes, a layer of cold meat in this slice, and a layer of bread and butter, and so on until the dish is full; add seasoning to the layers. Pour beaten eggs over the top and bake brown.

TOMATO TOAST.

Stew tomatoes until done, seasoning with butter and salt; add milk to make sufficiently thin, or cream, when the butter may be omitted, and use this upon slices of well-toasted bread, instead of the usual sauce made for dip or cream toast. Said to be a fine breakfast dish.

COOKING APPLES FOR BREAKFAST.—A lady having asked, in the *Traveller*, how to cook apples for breakfast, another one answers her thus: Bake them. To a tin bake-pan that holds about 15 common-sized apples, add three-fourths of a cup of white sugar and one cup of hot water turned over the sugar. When about half done, it is well to turn them over, so that the whole of the fruit will bake evenly and thoroughly. When very soft, pick them into deep dish, turn the syrup over them, and, when used for the table, take them from the bottom of the dish. If brown sugar is used, quarter and core them, put them into a brown earthen dish, with sufficient water and sugar; cover them with a plate, and bake in a moderately hot oven five or six hours, if you like sauce dark red. They are much better not peeled. For variety, add a little boiled cider. As a general rule, in cooking fruit, do not add the sugar till removed from the fire, as it retains more of its natural flavor by so doing.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—This distinguished painter, having heard of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious matrimonial connection, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence to inquire into the truth of it. The unfortunate man told him the particulars of his situation, adding that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation Sir Joshua took leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him; and when he was bidding him adieu at the door he took him by the hand, and, after squeezing it in a friendly manner, hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart which the generous can alone experience, while the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a check for one hundred pounds.



SNOWY OWL, *Nyctea nivea*. Gray

have made the scarcity? It was during a pleasant autumn that these birds came upon us. There must have been some 60 shot in my own vicinity. A string of 13 hung by a store in New York; there were many in the markets. One taxidermist, it is said, had 60 left with him to be stuffed. Another in Philadelphia had about as many. As early as September flocks of 10 to 15 were seen in different places in Massachusetts. A number were shot in the city of Boston, and others were seen perched on the churches and housetops. For several days they were common in the city and vicinity of Portland, Me., where not less than 150 were shot. A worthy farmer near my home was taking his family to church. A snowy owl sat on a fence by the road, caring nothing for the passing wagon. The good man fretted, "If it wasn't Sunday I'd hit that chap." Probably the fallow in Washington Territory was less conscientious, for he filled two barrels with those noble birds. Almost everywhere the village taxidermists in the Eastern and Middle States had a harvest of employment. Says Ruthven Deane: "Many of the specimens were in exceedingly poor condition. Of some 200 examined by me, nearly all were in very dark plumage, and none wore that almost spotless dress which we occasionally see." One of these was brought by a pupil to my lecture room in November. It was a fine fellow but was badly hurt by the shot. It was given in charge of a young friend, who, as a bird artist, knew the worth of his prize. He kept it in his room, which served for studio and sleep. The bird had the freedom of the room and became quite gentle, permitting itself to be

when they are not too much below the surface of the water, can be shot from the shore or from a boat. The armor-plates of ships of war, however, do not usually extend any lower than from two to three meters below the surface, as beyond that depth ships are regarded as unsalable even by the largest shot. This is so, no doubt, when the shot is fired above water; but Major-General Von Uchatius wished to find the results which would be attained by firing under water; for this purpose he procured a wooden raft to the under surface of which a Werndl rifle was attached with iron clamps in such a manner that when the raft floated on the water the rifle was fired horizontally at a depth of half a meter below the surface. An attendant then opened the lock, introduced a cartridge, placed the rifle at full-cock, and fired from the shore by means of a string attached to the trigger. The target, consisted of a wooden board an inch thick. The result of the experiment was as follows: There was no difficulty in loading and firing the rifle, and there was the advantage that after each shot the inside of the barrel was cleaned by the water. About thirty shots were fired without doing the smallest damage to any part of the rifle. At each shot there was a dull sound, which could not be heard beyond a distance of fifty paces, and bubbles of smoke rose above the surface. At a distance of one and a half meters no impression whatever was produced on the target; at one and a quarter meters the bullet entered to a depth of from three to four millimeters, and at one meter the target was pierced through.