

HOUSEHOLD.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Filling for Jelly Roll—Take 1 lb. figs, chopped fine, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water. Boil until consistency of jelly. Very nice.

Codfish and Eggs—To each cup of shredded and freshened fish add 2 well-beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Drop into hot fat and fry brown. This is an easily prepared and economical breakfast dish.

Apple Stuffing—Take 1 pt tart apple sauce and mix with small cup bread crumbs, a little powdered sage, a small onion, sliced fine, and season with cayenne pepper. This is used for roast goose, duck and game.

Graham Ginger Cookies—One cup each molasses, brown sugar and shortening, 1/2 cup water, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon ginger, and a pinch of salt. Add equal portions of Graham and white flour to make a dough to roll nicely.

Chocolate Cake—Butter the size of an egg, 1 cup sugar, beaten to a cream, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, yolk of 1 egg, 2 small cups flour. Frosting: Take 2-3 cup sugar, 1 square chocolate, white of 1 egg. Beat all together, put into a dish of hot water and cook till like cream. Then add 1 tablespoon sweet cream. Cool a little, then spread on top of the cake.

Bar Honey—Cut ripe, sweet pears in quarters and remove the cores, but do not pare them. Grind the pears as for cider. Strain the juice and put over the fire in shallow granite vessels. Boil rapidly until the juice is half gone, then add the ground pears, cover tightly and boil slowly two hours, adding a little water if required. If the juice is rich, no sugar will be required.

Coffee Pudding—One quart bread crumbs and sufficient coffee to moisten, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup raisins, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Steam one hour. Cake, cookies and doughnut crumbs may be used instead of bread crumbs, leaving out the sugar. Drying the stale pieces thoroughly and running them through a meat chopper is the preferred way of preparing the crumbs.

Sauce—One cup sugar and 1-3 cup butter. Rub butter and sugar to a cream and beat in an egg till light and creamy. Lastly add 1 cup preserved or fresh fruit—strawberries are delicious in season.

Genuine Scotch Bun—For the crust you will require 3 teaspoons flour, 1/2 lb butter, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder and enough cold water to mix. Rub butter into flour, add powder and mix to a firm dough, then roll out to a thin sheet. Grease the inside of a deep cake tin. Line it with some of the paste, reserving part for the top of the bun. Now mix together 4 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 lbs large Valencia raisins (stoned), 2 lbs currants (washed), 1 lb candied peel (minced finely), 1/2 lb blanched and minced almonds, 1/2 oz each ground ginger, and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon baking soda, same of cream tartar. Add enough milk to moisten all without making it too wet. Put mixture into the paste lined tin, smooth it on the top, wet the edge round and put reserved paste all over the top and thoroughly close in mixture. Prick it all over with a fork, brush with a beaten white of egg and bake in a steady oven for about two and one-half hours.

CARING FOR THE TEETH

While a great deal of advice is given about the care of the complexion, there is very little said concerning the proper care of the teeth, which is important for many reasons. No woman can be really beautiful who has bad teeth, and many a case of ill-health may be traced to this cause. The food cannot be masticated properly, and hollow teeth are apt to retain a part of it. This decomposes, and when it is swallowed, causes indigestion and other stomach troubles. If children are taught to care for the teeth early in life, the habit once formed would be likely to be continued, and many dentists' bills as well as much inconvenience and suffering would be spared them. All particles of food should be removed with a tooth-pick after each meal, and the teeth brushed. A delightful and inexpensive tooth powder is made of three table-spoons of precipitated chalk, one teaspoonful each of powdered borax and orris root, mixed thoroughly. Rinse the mouth with clear water after using. This treatment will soon remove the discolorations, prevent tartar from forming, and improve any set of teeth, in fact they respond to good care very readily. If a liquid dentifrice is preferred to the powder, dissolve a little powdered borax in warm water and use it freely. Rinse the mouth with the same liquid and the breath will be sweetened and purified.

Have the teeth examined by a dentist at least once a year, and if any cavities are found they should be filled. When this is done properly it greatly prolongs their usefulness, and like many other friends, they are never fully appreciated until we lose them. Strong medicines, such as tincture of iron should be taken through a tube, for many a good set of teeth has been ruined by neglecting to do so.

E. J. C.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When steaming custards, cover them, so there won't be any water on top. It is alleged that a handful of salt in the water in which black print is washed will set the color. Do not melt the butter to be used

in cake-making. Bring it into a warm room in time to let it soften slowly before it is wanted. Wash hair brushes in cold water and without soap. Borax is better. Soap and hot water make the bristles soft. Cranberries are so acid that they should always be cooked in earthen or agate ware and never let the sauce or jelly stand in anything but earthen.

Butter Crackers, which are simply milk crackers liberally buttered and set in a hot oven till crisp and slightly brown, are delicious for a light luncheon or tea. They are best eaten while warm.

When Making Boiled Dumplings or "crusts" with fowl or meat, you will find them to be much lighter and nicer to be dropped in once cooked on top of the meat, and sure there is plenty of broth under them before putting them in.

Put sugar in the water used for basting meats of all kinds. It gives a good flavoring to veal more especially. Vegetables are also improved in flavor if a little sugar is added while boiling, especially green peas, beans, squash, turnips and corn.

Though too late for use this year, here is a recipe for "short cut mince pies" that is indorsed by the editor of a department in the practical Farmer. Chop fine one gallon of green tomatoes, add five cups of sugar, half a nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cinnamon (cloves and allspice, if desired), and boil for three hours. Then add one-half cup of vinegar and a pound of raisins. Cook down to about two quarts. Can for pies in winter.

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chicken Cheese—Take a chicken and cook it very tender. Cook the gravy or liquid of the chicken all down to a jelly. Take out all the bones, and chop the meat. Season with salt and pepper, and a little sage if desirable. Put it into a mold. Turn out and slice it.

Jellied Chicken or Veal—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible until the meat falls from the bones. Chop rather fine, and season with pepper and salt. Put in a mold a layer of chopped meat and then a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, then layers of meat and eggs alternately until the mold is nearly full. Boil down the liquor left in the pot one-half. While warm, add 1 tablespoon of gelatine, and when this is dissolved pour into the mold over the meat. Set in a cool place overnight to jelly.

Fried Rabbit—After skinning and washing it well, put in a pan of cold water and let it lie two or three hours. Cut off the legs and cut the body into three or four pieces, dry them on a cloth, dredge them with flour and fry in hot butter. Take them from the pan and pour one cup sweet cream into the pan. Let it heat through, then pour over the rabbit.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A correspondent sends an interesting suggestion for those who clip recipes and housekeeping suggestions. Paste a large Manila envelope in the inside cover of the cook book, preferably at the back, and in this handy receptacle place clippings and copies of recipes. These may be looked over from time to time, and those which are especially valuable may be pasted in scrap-books for permanent use.

WOULDN'T GIVE DRY BREAD.

An artist who was on a sketching tour, coming upon a piece of scenery that took his fancy, opened his book and began to sketch it. The position he took up was close to a farmhouse, and the farmer and his wife came to the door of the house to watch him.

By-and-bye the artist discovered that he had lost his eraser, and wishing to correct a slight error in the sketch, he went up to the house and asked if he might have a small piece of dry bread.

The farmer's wife looked at him with an expression of pity mingled with surprise. "Dry bread!" she repeated. "Well, man! You come into the kitchen, I fancy you won't have to put up with dry bread from me, young man, I'll give you a thick slice of bread with butter on it. Now, don't say a word," she continued, raising her hand to stop his expostulation. "I don't care how you came to this state, nor anything about it; all I know is, you're hungry, and that's enough for me. You are going to have a good dinner."

A RUSE THAT FAILED.

Tom and Frank were the only male youngsters in the family. Tom, the elder of the two, one day brought home an ugly, repulsive-looking creature, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household.

At length the oldest of his sisters persuaded little Tom to take the dog back where he found it, or give it away to someone, and gave him five cents for his trouble. Tom marched off with the cur, and returned in half an hour munching the last of the taffy he had bought with the money which his sister had given him.

JAPANESE BUILDERS.

There is no hod-carrying in Japan. The native builders have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tosses to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly catches the ball, and tosses it up to a man who stands on the roof. This plan works scarcely work for lofty monuments and sky-scrapers.

The Unexpected

"Dear me!" Mrs. Hamilton rose swiftly from her seat at the sewing-machine and hurried into the hall to answer the telephone bell. A few moments later she came back and resumed her work.

"Dear me!" she said again. "It is so vexatious, when I am told this morning that we had plenty of cold meat. Partridges are dear now, too, for they are out of season. And I do want to get this dress of Maria's done before dark."

She stitched for a few moments longer. Then gathering up her work she folded it away in her large work basket.

"If I am to cook partridges for supper, I must have a coal fire. So," glancing at the clock, "I must get it under way at once. William is always punctual when he is bringing home anything he especially likes for his supper."

She reproached herself for this remark almost instantly. "Of course he likes money; why shouldn't he have it when he works hard to supply all our needs? He grudges me nothing—why should I be vexed over this little extra cooking?"

Her annoyance was but temporary, therefore, and when she heard her husband's step in the hall she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to him cheerfully:

"Bring your partridges down here, William. I'm ready for them, and the fire is burning splendidly."

Receiving no reply she went back into the kitchen. He had not heard her, but he would be down directly, she said to herself. She went into the dining-room and turned the gas higher. He might come through it, and it would not do for him to stumble against the table.

A few moments later her husband joined her. His voice was cold. "Why are you down here?" he said, in a displeased tone.

"I wanted to be all ready for your partridges. Where are they?" "My partridges? What do you mean? When did I say anything about partridges?"

"Not two hours ago. You called me up, and said you would bring home partridges for supper. And so I came down to have everything in readiness. They can't be cooked in a moment."

"You will not be troubled by them to-night. I said nothing about partridges."

"You certainly did." "You are mistaken."

"I heard you distinctly. You said—"

"I said I intended to bring home Partridge, George Partridge. And I must say I expected to find you upstairs instead of pottering around down here."

"You must explain my mistake to me. He is a sensible man. He will understand why I was not there to receive him."

Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little. "Partridges! Partridges! I can't think how you could confound the two!" he said.

the table beside her was a shaded lamp. In her hand was a large book and upon its pages her eyes were fixed. She did not look up when he entered the room and walked up to the table.

After a moment's stealthy scrutiny of her face he turned away. He went back into the hall and struck a match noisily, and lighted the gas. Then, feeling his way, he went downstairs. Instead of the bright, cheerful dining-room, with the table attractively spread for the evening meal, he found darkness.

Uttering a purposely loud exclamation of disgust, he went into the kitchen. Here, too, was darkness. Striking several matches, he at last succeeded in reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes when the strong light filled the room. In the sink were the breakfast dishes, unwashed; on the tables were plates of broken food; on the stove were the unwashed kettles and pans.

Mr. Hamilton strode through the cold room and called to his wife. "Clara! What has happened down here? Has the range given out? Where is supper?"

No reply came. He hurried upstairs, breathing heavily. "Clara, what's the matter?" Mrs. Hamilton turned a page and read with absorbed attention.

"Clara," shouted her husband from the doorway. She looked at him for a moment. "Not so loud, please!" she said, returning to her book.

"What's the matter? Clara, I say what has happened to the range?" Mrs. Hamilton turned another page.

A sudden fear seized upon her husband. "Insanity! She had lost her senses!" He stole softly across the carpet and grasped the book she held.

"Don't!" she said. "Tray go away. You are interrupting me." "Clara! Are you sick, or are you crazy?"

"Sick? No. Go away, do. I am so interested."

Her tone was natural. Mr. Hamilton discarded his momentary theory of insanity. His voice became more imperative.

"It is supper time! Where are the children? Where is the supper? Clara," loudly, "where is the supper?"

Mrs. Hamilton partially closed her book and looked at him. "The supper? You said the supper?"

"I did!" "Well," yawning, "I suppose it is getting late, but I must finish this book. I don't care about food, but I do want to know who succeeded to the throne after—"

"The throne be hanged!" interrupted Mr. Hamilton. "Where are the children?"

"The children? Let me see. Oh, I remember! You'll find them at your sister's."

"At Helen's? Why in time did you set them there?" Mrs. Hamilton resumed her reading. "Four days for housekeeping, two for my reading," she said, quietly.

Mr. Hamilton stared at her for a moment. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee. The Lord is thy keeper."

Presently the sound of footsteps in the street died away. All was still again.

"The Old Year out! The New Year in!" he said. "Thank God for the desire to make it a better year!" His heart was full as he turned away from the window.

The vision of the past grieved him sorely, but again he was comforted. "The Lord is thy keeper. He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

FRENCH WRESTLING.

Amusing Match at Hyeres, Where Men Crawled Around.

Hieres, writes an English correspondent, is one of those places which provide amusement for all classes. Loyalty has appropriated to the full its delightful climate and scenery. Still, it may be questioned whether there are any who visit Hyeres solely for the wrestling. French wrestling is a thing all to itself—a wonderful and worthy of an artistic nation. It has no affinity with the art as practiced either by "Gilt Jan Ridd," our Devonshire or Cornish men, or that dauntless Cumberland champion who was ready to fling everybody and "foight" them afterward.

Every country—almost every country—has its different style of wrestling, but the French system, it has been well said, "for downright absurdity bears off the palm." One of the special points about it is necessary that both shoulders of the fallen man shall touch the ground at the same time. To any one imbued with English ideas of wrestling, the effect of two men rolling on the ground seems rather brutal, but the real struggle, when it comes to a struggle, is, after all, child's play compared with, for example, a Lancashire match. In this instance nothing very exciting occurred.

Neither champion attempted a "Cornish heave," a "double Nelson," or any intricate "locks," for the French rules are directly antagonistic to the very elements of a struggle, as we understand it. In fact, as some one aptly said, the match seemed to consist mostly of crawling about the floor. Possibly the company was more interesting than the entertainment, for at a wrestling match, be it French or English, even as at a boxing match, party spirit runs very high, and though the room was by no means crowded, the gentle restraint of the police was required to keep enthusiasm within proper channels.

THE COMPLIMENT BELL FLAT.

"John," said Mrs. Harkins, "I heard a nice compliment about you to-day."

Mr. Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his moustache, looked pleased, and said: "Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I receive compliments nearly every day."

Mrs. Harkins went on sipping her tea, and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally he said: "Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess in a week." "Mrs. Deering?" he ventured. "No." "Not Bessie Fallington?" he rather eagerly suggested. "No."

"Oh, well, of course, if there's any secret about it, I don't care to hear what it was or who said it." "There isn't any secret about it," Mrs. Harkins sweetly replied. "Mr. Harnaford told me that every time he and I met he became thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste."

John Harkins then shoved his hands down in his pockets and walked about to ruminate.

MINUTES THAT SEEM HOURS.

A foreman was once sent to see how some workmen, who were mending a road, were getting on with their work. Turning a corner he was astonished to see all the men standing on their pickaxes and shovels, quietly talking to each other and smoking their pipes, not attempting to do the least possible amount of work. Whereupon he exclaimed: "Well! What is the meaning of this? Why are you not working?"

Lazily a big six-foot navy took his pipe out of his mouth and replied: "Can't you see, governor, it's ten minutes to leaving-off time, and we're waiting to stop work?"

PROPOSAL MADE EASY.

John (bashfully)—"I—I s'pose you'll be gotten married some time?" Betty—"Oh, I darsay I shall some time." "I darsay I'll get married, too." "Oh!" "Praps we might both get married at the same time." "Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the parson should make a mistake and marry us to each other?" "I—I shouldn't mind."

"No, neither should I, to tell you the truth, John."

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY

THE COUNTRY IS BEING MADE A DESERT.

County Council Wants Supply From the Mountains of Wales.

The average daily consumption of water in the city of London is 40 gallons per capita, or 22,000,000 gallons, and it takes 80,000,000 gallons a year to supply the wants of a thirsty population. While these figures are only estimated, it is said that they are a bit too large, because there is not that much water furnished, the records being some 20,000,000 gallons less each year, says a recent London letter.

The problem for getting an adequate water supply is just now puzzling the authorities, and it is certainly that something must be done quickly. It is declared that the city must go to Wales for its supply. The London County Council had a bill in Parliament last year for that purpose, but it was defeated.

DRAINING THE COUNTRY.

There are growing mutterings from the neighboring counties, which are being drained to the last drop for the insatiable demands of the great city. The matter is becoming serious, and the deprivations of the water companies must stop soon.

Many of the towns in Lancashire and the Midlands have been compelled to go to the Welsh mountains for their water supply because their own vicinity is being drained for the benefit of London. It takes a long time for the average Englishman to become aroused, but everyone is now talking of the poor and inadequate water supply, and demanding that the water companies spend some of their enormous profits, and get the pure water from Wales.

The unprecedented drought of last summer would not have caused alarm had it not affected the water supply. Then it was learned that the surrounding country was being made almost a desert by the constant drains put upon it.

WELLS DRYING UP.

Scarcely a week passes now without reports from Kent or Hertfordshire, where the state of affairs is worse, of the permanent level of some well having sunk or of some stream beginning to dry up. The Underground Water Preservation Association is preparing to reduce its efforts and will issue pamphlets stating plainly the causes from which the present shortage has sprung.

The invariable plea of the water companies, now themselves alarmed, that the drought is responsible, is entirely disposed of. There was a record drought 30 years ago, but no serious trouble has come. The matter is that London for years has, to borrow a financial term, been living on its capital of water, instead of its legitimate interest. Time and time again, as London has cried out more water, the water companies have erected fresh pumping stations, completely ignoring the deleterious effect the pumping operations were having on the neighboring land.

This, however, is a proceeding which the water companies can no longer indulge in with impunity.

RIVER AND LAKES GONE.

Ten years ago the village of Great Missenden, situated in one of the many picturesque valleys of the Chiltern Hills, was the source of the Mibourne River, a tributary of the Colne. The springs have ceased flowing altogether, and the river has vanished.

Where once were miniature lakes are now grass-covered hollows, the river-bed is overgrown with weeds, and soon, under the influence of time, and the plow, the fact of its ever having existed will be forgotten.

The remarkable disappearance of this river was an omen of much more serious trouble to come. The wells on which the inhabitants of the Chiltern Hills depended for the greater part of their water supply showed signs of giving out. Immediately the dangerous and costly operation of deepening the wells was resorted to, and the famine was temporarily averted.

Last summer matters again assumed a serious aspect, and now over a strip of country twenty miles long, stretching from Tring, in Herts., to Amersham and Chalfont, in Bucks, scarcely a drop of water is to be had excepting what can be collected in rain water tanks. At Great Missenden people have been compelled to shut up their houses and migrate to London.

MAY BUILD A BIG DAM.

It is proposed to construct a dam with locks and sluices just above Gravesend, from Tilbury to Northfleet, at a point in the Thames where it is 1,700 feet wide, and just above where the fleet of incoming vessels usually waits for the tide to ascend the river. This dam would resemble the one across the Nile at Assuan.

The effect would be to create a deep water lake between Gravesend and Teddington, rendering the entire river and docks accessible to large vessels drawing a maximum of 20 feet of water at all times of the tide.

The estimated cost of the scheme is only 23,658,000, whereas the proposal to dredge a portion of the Thames to 20 feet, to bring water from Wales and construct reservoirs at Staines would involve an expenditure of 235,000,000.

The amount of water which the water companies are allowed to draw from the river at Teddington varies at present from 130,000,000 to 185,000,000 gallons daily. This will have to be greatly augmented if the companies are to keep pace with the wants of Londoners, since in 1911 it is estimated, will amount to 423,000,000 gallons per day.

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