

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

FROZEN PEACHES.

Two pounds of peaches, one quart of water, six peach kernels, and one and a-half pounds of sugar. Pare the peaches and take out the stones. Pound the kernels to a paste, add them to the sugar, then boil the sugar and water together for five minutes, then strain and stand away to cool. When cold add to it the peaches, mashed, turn into a freezer and freeze. A half-teaspoonful of cochineal may be added if the peaches are colorless. This will serve ten persons.

BROILED SPANISH MACKEREL.

Clean thoroughly, split down the back and remove the backbone. Broil over a clear fire, on a well-greased wire broiler, for ten minutes, flesh side down, then turn for one minute on the skin side. Remove to a hot platter. Season with salt, pepper and butter or with maitre d'hotel butter and garnish with parsley. Make the maitre d'hotel butter by creaming one tablespoonful of butter in a bowl and adding slowly one tablespoonful of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley.

A SPICE CAKE.

Before beginning to mix the cake pick over and wash with cold water a cupful of dried currants and rub them dry on a clean towel; stone a cupful of raisins and slice two ounces of citron; butter a large cake pan or line one with buttered paper. When all these preparations are made beat to a cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of brown sugar; beat three eggs to a froth and stir them into the butter and sugar, then add to these ingredients a cup of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of powdered cloves and half a nutmeg grated. Sift together three and a half cupfuls of flour, a level teaspoonful of salt and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and stir the flour quickly into the above named ingredients. When the flour is nearly mixed with them add the fruit prepared as already directed, then put the cake at once into the buttered pan, set it in a moderate oven and bake for about half an hour, or until a broom splint run into it can be withdrawn without being sticky with uncooked cake. When the cake is done open the oven door and let the cake cool gradually in the oven. When quite cool take out of the pan.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Brush your dresses after every wearing and hang them out to air frequently. Use a brush broom of fine broom corn, which is much less injurious to woolen fabrics than coarse ones.

To prepare a new iron kettle for use fill it with clean potato peelings, boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water; wipe it dry, and rub it with a little lard; repeat the rubbing for half a dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyance liable to occur in the use of a new kettle.

Fresh iron rust and fresh mildew stains are best removed by soaking the article which they are on in sour milk, and after it has lain for a day and a night in the milk rub the spots vigorously with the hand in the milk. Where mildew or iron rust is on a white fabric it may be completely bleached out by the use of salt and lemon juice, laying the article in a strong sun.

Window glass exposed to the action of the sun and rain acquires a dullness which cannot be removed by washing or scrubbing. This is due to the gradual surface decomposition of the glass, and the solution of the sodium of potassium salts contained in it by the carbonic acid present in the atmosphere. Such glass can be restored to a fairly bright condition by washing with diluted hydrochloric acid and afterward rubbing with moistened chalk or whiting.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Ivy is much in vogue this year. Bonnets are made entirely of ivy, with little tufts of rose-pink roses in front and back.

The great colors in millinery in Paris

are the tones of deep dark blue found in the common flag's bloom; a little bonnet just fitting the top of the head, the straw being drawn up like the letter A over the face, is covered with poppies of these dark-blue tones, shading to white, a little dark-blue tulle mingling with them. Tulle is a most important adjunct in all millinery.

Fashion dictates that silver sleeve links and studs should be worn with colored and gold with linen shirt waists. Also, that the belt buckle, be it jeweled, silver, or gold, should be of oval shape.

A new bathing suit is a blouse redingote of blue serge, held at the waist with a sash of white serge, and revers of white opening over a plastron striped with blue.

To one of the new effects in gowns has been given in Paris, with that curiously apt irony of which only the French are capable in dress nomenclature, the name robotomate, or tomato gown. It is a combination of electric green and vivid scarlet, the huge leg-of-mutton sleeves being of the green, with revers and belt of scarlet, over a bodice of lace and chiffon combined.

The use of laces this season is unlimited. A silk dust cloak from Paris has a full collar of deep lace.

The black satin violets of the winter and spring have been replaced for mid-summer hats by white satin ones. They are massed in huge overtopping bunches.

The gay Inverness capes are the prettiest of all the cool day wraps of the season. They are almost a necessity with the big sleeves, and in deep red or fawn brown, with plaid or peachblow silk linings and the straps which let them fly without dropping, are very fetching.

AT MOLOKAI.

Captain Julius Palmer writes to the Transcript from the Hawaiian Islands:

"Across the channel is the island of Molokai, historically famous because it is on this that the leper settlement is situated. There are at this refuge some twelve hundred unfortunates of both sexes and of all ages, for children are not exempt from the dread disease. It often attacks those whose parents are free from taint, and a cause is assigned for its rapid spread; this cause is vaccination, and the theory looks reasonable. The land having been at certain epochs subject to the ravages of smallpox, the preventive is compulsory. It has been impossible to introduce the virus direct from the cow, so the universal custom was to use scabs taken from the arms of children. In this manner there have been some startling cases of manifestation of leprosy—cases, too, where there was no other assignable cause for its outbreak.

"If vice and crime are contagious and disease can be passed from one to another, the like is true of virtue and self-sacrifice. Father Damien sleeps under the tree which was his sole shelter when he first landed on the scene of his devotion to his brother mortals; but to be silent for the moment on the merits of Father Conrardy, his associate and successor, the piety and devotion of Brother Joseph, or in plain English, Mr. Ira P. Dutton, a native of Vermont, has won the admiration of all classes. For he is an American who was intrusted by our Government with visiting the border States, and adjudicating upon the claims of those there, who, while Union men, were obliged to furnish of the substance for the Northern soldiery. Having finished his work, he settled upon his mother sufficient for her support to the end of her days, and now gives what remains of his life to the lepers. His age, for he was over forty, debarred him from making the studies or passing through the discipline which is exacted by the Roman Catholic Church as condition precedent to the office of the priesthood. So he is only a lay-brother performing the most menial services for these unfortunate people. He arrived about six years ago, or during the lifetime of Father Damien, and his self-imposed sentence of perpetual exile to labors, the very mention of which is disgusting to one of delicacy, must terminate only when his frame rests beneath the sod; he knows no season of vacation, the world is dead to him, and he looks for no reprieve until his eyes open to the light of the better land."

—Sacred Heart Review.

Quite a rich idea—Turning money to account.

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

Youths' Department.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

One day I sat in a car-seat on the Saugus Branch of the Eastern Road, behind a pale, care-worn lady, who was talking to a little boy, who lived at Malden. As the little boy was of very inquiring mind, while everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of the questions.

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the care-worn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is it made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does he make it in the daytime, or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment, little Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me."

Another short silence, when Willie broke out:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie. Is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so."

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, auntie?"

"Oh, yes,—I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Where?"

"I mean no, Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

RAPHAEL'S MASTERPIECE.

HIS "SISTINE MADONNA" THE GREATEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.

I write this morning sitting before the greatest picture in the world. The room in which I write is not large, but this is the only picture it contains. The walls are draped in dark red cloth, and around one end are comfortable sofas. At the other, entirely from the walls, is the broad pedestal on which the massive framework of the picture rests. One large side window gives to the picture all its light. The picture itself is 8 x 6 feet, and its frame is hinged so as to swing when better light is needed.

This picture is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." A bust of the immortal artist stands opposite.

As I sit here this morning, and have sat here every morning since coming to Dresden, I ask myself what is it in this picture that hushes every voice to a whisper as people enter the room? What is it that causes men involuntarily to remove their hats? Is it the two cherubs that rest on their chubby arms

below and turn their eyes upward towards the beautiful vision? The dimpled elbows, the creases in the wrists, the delicate baby fingers, the carelessly tossed hair, the coloring of the wings, the expression of the eyes—all combine to place the cherubs of Raphael among the most charming baby faces ever painted. But no, it is not these.

Is it the figure of Pope Sixtus to the left (in whose honor the picture is named) as he kneels in his Papal robes, and lifts his head in rapt admiration? This is one of the most interesting faces of an old man that one finds in the galleries of Europe. But it is not this that holds the eyes so riveted to the picture. Nor is it the beautiful St. Barbara to the right with head bowed reverently; nor the myriad cherub faces in the fleecy clouds of the background. Perfect as each of these parts of the picture are it is overlooked in the matchless beauty of Mary and the Christ Child.

The Virgin stands on a mass of white cumulus clouds with loose flowing drapery, holding the Child in her arms. All the stiffness that one notes in the early Italian masters is gone. These are living, speaking figures before us. As I look at the picture and try to study the artist through it, I have come to believe that his best thought—his best effort—was centered in the face of the Child Jesus. I glance from His face to the cherub faces below. What a contrast! Here are exquisite faces, but earthly; such beauty as the mother sees in the fat baby face that she clasps to her bosom.

I now compare the face with that of the mother. What a close resemblance! Yet here again something is in the baby face that is lacking in the calm, benignant face of Mary. Those baby eyes seem to be looking down through the centuries and to compass the world in their gaze.

They seem to see Calvary, the victory over death, and further still, the kingdom that is to be established. What an inspiration that young Italian artist must have had to paint such a face!

Does God reveal Himself to men through the Bible and through nature itself? Nay, verily, He speaks to us through great men. When man can so cause the chords of the soul to so vibrate, let it be through music, painting, or any art it is not he that speaks to us, but the Divine through him.

I brought an 8 year-old art critic to the gallery yesterday and turned her loose with the sole information that a great picture by Raphael is here. We wandered through many rooms where the Artists Rubens, Rembrandt, Corregio and others were represented by great works.

As we entered this room there was no doubt in her mind that this was the picture. All words of comment were avoided, and ample time was given for observation, then the question was put, "What is the most beautiful thing in the picture?"

The answer came prompt and decisive, "The face of Jesus." Art is high art, when children and the uneducated can appreciate and enjoy it.—The Republic.

HER FATHER: What will your income be at the time you expect to marry? The Young Man: O, sir, you cannot expect me to name the extent of your generosity.

BEYOND HIS POWERS.—"The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder as if he were mentally deranged is Schmidt, the famous accountant." "What is the matter with him?" "He was trying yesterday to unravel the complications of his wife's house-keeper's book."