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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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The Home

WHOLESOME COOKING SUGGESTIONS.

Speaking of a dining room, I think many farmers' wives die or go insane and many farmers hang themselves in barns and on trees because they sit down day after day and summer after summer, to eat their meals beside a raging hot cookstove, with swarms of flies sampling the eatables and getting stranded in the gravy and the soft butter, writes E. H. Leland. Where a summer kitchen exists, the kitchen proper can, of course, be used for serving meals, but if I were a farmer's wife and restricted to a kitchen and parlor, I would have a cool room for eating, if I had to throw the parlor furniture out of doors. Doubtless I wouldn't actually throw it—for my bark, gentle as it is, is much worse than my bite—but I would put away the carpet and the organ and the gilt-edged Bible and album, and cover the window from top to bottom with cool, white netting, and move in the dining table and chairs, and make everybody, including myself, comfortable.

A summer kitchen, a cool dining room, and what next? Well, a place for bathing. With neither brooks nor bathrooms at hand, a farmer can have a shed big enough for a large tub, with a waste-pipe leading from it. He might busy himself some winter time in scooping out a nice long tub from a section of a maple tree, which, covered with two or three coats of light gray paint would be a joy forever from the farmer himself down to the youngest tot.

Then there are hot-weather ways for simplifying cooking. Bread-making, for instance, has just as good results when not given so much time and muscle. At night, mix flour, water, sugar, salt, shortening and yeast, for the required number of loaves, into as thick a batter as can possibly be stirred with a spoon. Beat and stir it for five minutes, sprinkle it with flour cover with a cloth and set it where it may be in no danger of chilling. By 5 o'clock in the morning, if good yeast has been used, the batter will be feathery light. Beat again for five minutes, divide it into buttered pans, and when sufficiently light, bake it. White, graham or "entire" flour can be used in this way, and the bread will be as tender and fine-grained as that on which more time is spent. Pies are objects around which the tendrils of every farmer's heart fondly twine. But pies mean lots of work. Why can't the tendrils twine around delicious puddings and cool, balmy deserts?

Then the meat dishes. Why fry so much? Why not boil or roast a big chunk and serve it cold, with hot vegetables and a nice cream or butter gravy? A platter of deviled eggs with a parsley sprig in each, and a crisp lettuce leaf underneath, is a prettier sight than a platter of fried pork swimming in fat, and far more healthful. Dried beef, shaved thin as paper and boiled up for a minute or two in rich milk, with some beaten yolks and a dust of pepper, is another good and easy dish. And what is more attractive to the average meat eater than a young, home-fed, home-cured ham, cooked to perfection and served whole, very cold, with a sharp carving knife? And then the remnants of it, chopped fine and mingled with parsley or a scraped onion, make such appetizing additions to scrambled eggs and omelets. Desiccated codfish of a reliable brand, simmered for ten minutes in milk thickened with flour and enriched with butter, is a quick and good dish. For a change it can be scalloped, like oysters, being sure to use plenty of rich milk and to bake slowly. A good variation on salt pork is to cut it in thin slices, wash in cold water, roll it in fine corn meal and set it into a piping hot oven until nicely crisped. It has something—a faint, far-away something—of the taste of brook trout.

Then there is the always welcome dish of baked beans, so good served warm with steamed corn bread or an Indian pudding, and so good when cold, with an accompaniment of sliced tobutter. In fact, though far away from the meat market, farm people need not suffer from a variety of the substantials. I never fared more sumptuously than when I spent a summer on a farm, where the meat man came only on Saturday mornings—and didn't come then if it rained.

IN THE PANTRY.

The Ideal Lemon Pie—No pie on the culinary roster is easier or cheaper to make than the lemon. In the first place, the shell crust should be made before the filling is put in, pricking it in several places before baking to prevent the air blisters. When the family is large and especially devoted to pies, several of these crusts may be made at once and then set aside to fill as required. One of the best fillings is made of one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two or three eggs, one cupful of boiling water, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Stir the cornstarch into the hot water, cook until clear, then add the butter and sugar. When creamy push back on the range, and when nearly cold add the lemon and beaten eggs. Fill the crust and cover with a thick meringue. This is made of the whites of three eggs beaten very stiff with a wire whip. Add, still better, three tablespoonful of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Spread evenly over the pie and stand in a slow oven until it becomes firm, with a gold brown glaze. This last operation will require about 20 minutes, as a meringue requires slow drying. It becomes tough and leathery if put into a hot oven.

A Steamed Pudding.—A simple steamed pudding, to which fruit may be added if you desire, is made of one large tablespoonful of butter, half a cup of sugar, one egg, three-quarters of a cup of milk and two cups of flour, with two even teaspoonsful of baking-powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg, and then the flour and baking-powder, and finally the milk. A cup of stoned raisins may be added. Steam the pudding for one hour and a quarter. Serve the pudding with a simple liquid sauce of butter and sause or a hard sauce. A delightful apple pudding may be made by this rule by adding a cup of chopped apples which have been steamed until nearly tender with two tablespoonsful of sugar, the juice and grated peel of half a lemon. Serve the pudding with a caramel sauce. Add a cup of chopped pineapple which has been simmered five minutes with three tablespoonsful of sugar to make a pineapple pudding. Serve this with a sauce made of one cup of cold water in which a cup of granulated sugar has been melted. Mix a tablespoonful of corn starch with water enough to moisten it, and stir it in the syrup. Add a cup of the juice of either preserved or ripe pineapple, and let the sauce boil for two minutes.

Pickled Beets—Cut boiled beets in slices and put in a quart glass jar. Add a tablespoonful of grated horseradish, six cloves and vinegar to cover. In 12 hours the pickle will be ready to use.

The Cucumber Sandwich—This is the latest discovery in sandwiches. Thin slices of cucumber, spread with mayonnaise, are laid between buttered slices of whole wheat or brown bread. They should not be prepared until just before serving.

HOUSE OF ROMANOFF.

New Czarowitz the Last of a Race That Seems Doomed to Melancholy Ending.

The death of the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch has all but extinguished the Romanoffs of the more immediate male line. The heir to the throne is now the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the Czar's only surviving brother, who was born at St. Petersburg on December 4, 1878. He was educated for the army, and is Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Regiment of Infantry.

The fates of the house of Romanoff have been none of the happiest. They came to the throne of Moscow in 1613, during the troubles of the Polish usurpation by Demetrius the Impostor. On the fall of Demetrius, whose remains were fired over the Kremlin battlements from a cannon pointed toward Poland, Michael Romanoff, son of Feofor, the Metropolitan of Moscow, was elected Czar by an assembly of the estates. He was succeeded by his son Alexis, the correspondent of Charles I. of England and supporter of Charles II. Alexis's chief claim to remembrance, however, is the fact that he was the father of Peter the Great, the man who made Russia. A stormy succession followed until the advent of that Catherine, who has been most unspeakably, yet most truthfully, described by Byron as "Catherine whom the world adores as greatest of all Empresses," etc.

Peter and Catherine lived miserably, and at length the Empress had her husband assassinated, and the German woman stood at the head of the empire. Two years later Ivan VI., who had become an idiot in confinement, was strangled by his guards. Catherine died in 1796, having, despite her crimes, proved the only able successor of Peter the Great. She was succeeded by her son Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. He was succeeded by the amiable and well-intentioned Alexander I., for whom circumstances were too strong, and who seems almost first among the Romanoffs, to discover the milder idealism which has won for the present Czar the name of "Nicholas the Peacemaker." Alexander was succeeded by Paul's third son, Nicholas; Constantine, the second son, having married a Roman Catholic and renounced his claim. Nicholas fell by the hand of "General Fevrier." Since then we have seen two Alexanders, both of whom died untimely, one by the assassin's bomb, the other by disease. As yet the throne lacks an heir in the direct line, and the recent death of the Czarowitz places the succession one remove further from the main stem. Should an heir be born to Nicholas he will be able to trace his descent on the mother's side back to Mary Queen of Scots. The Czaritza, it is curious to note, belongs, in strict parallelism to the generation preceding that of the Czar, so swiftly has Romanoff to Romanoff succeeded upon the stage of history.

SCURVY IN ALASKA.

Arctic Sojourners Are Now of Opin'on That the Dread Disease May Be Averted.

Those who venture into the far North without knowing the hygienic rules required for the preservation of health or the means for preventing scurvy take their lives in their hands. The sad fate that often overtakes them awakens sympathy, but they invite it.

Six years ago six Russian priests were sent to labor among the Samoyeds, who live near the south end of Nova Zembla. A comfortable hut had been erected for their use, and they might have spent the winter in good health if it had not been for the fact that as priests of the Greek Church they were not permitted to eat meat. Their religion, however, permitted them to partake freely of salt fish, and this with tea and bread comprised their diet. A more dangerous bill of fare for the Arctic winter could hardly be invented. They had with them a Russian boy, who ate what the priests did, except that he did not touch salt meat, as the natives gave him a plentiful supply of fresh reindeer meat.

When the traders who had seen the party established in their new home returned in the spring they found that all six of the priests had died, while the boy was in good health. True to their conviction that duty required them to refain from eating meat, the priests had clung to their salt-fish diet, and scurvy spared not a man of them.

When Explorer Jackson went to Franz Josef Land his party of seven men camped on the shore while the crew of the Windward, which had taken him north and was prevented by the ice from returning that reason, lived on their ship. The land party ate freely of fresh bear meat during the winter, but the crew of the Windward preferred tinned meats and some of them refused to eat any bear meat at all. The Jackson party lived in good health for three years and not a man among them had been sick when they returned home. On the other hand the crew of the Windward, who did not like such fresh meat as the Arctic afforded, in the one winter they spent north suffered from scurvy and one man died of it.

PECULIAR LAWN MOWER.

A gentleman living in a suburban town brought a lawn mower home one evening, and the next morning was out early testing it. His little four-year-old daughter hearing the noise ran to the window to investigate, and, after gazing at it in astonishment for a moment, exclaimed: Oh, mamma, papa's tuttin' ze gwass wiz your tarpet sweeper!

ODD SIGNS ON OLD INNS.

Curious Survivals in England of an Ancient Custom.

More than a century ago the large signs that formerly stood in the street in front of the inns were removed by law, but enough remains to surprise the traveler who stumbles across these inexplicable names in London. To this day there stands in a London street "The Antigallican," a name which would convey little suggestion nowadays as to the character of a hostelry. The name dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a society was formed with the idea of keeping always active the English dislike of the French. The association ceased to exist long ago, but the inn to which they formerly resorted still keeps their memory a little bit alive. Many of the signs are nearly as much representative of some special episode. "The Bombay Grab" sounds neither enticing nor comprehensible and can be appreciated only with an understanding of the slang of the last century. A "grab" was a foot soldier at that time and this term was commonly used to describe him. The original proprietor was a soldier who had served in Bombay and so perpetuated those days of his career in the name he gave his hotel. Unique in character is the London inn with the name "The Case is Altered." This stands

OPPOSITE A CEMETERY,

but its name has no connection with that circumstance. The inn has been known by its rather positive title since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a lawyer had been trapped by his enemies into attending a bogus mass performed by a layman disguised as a priest. This came out at the trial and the prisoner, who was likely then to be convicted, got off by turning to the jury with these words: "Gentlemen, this case is altered; no priest, no mass." Since that day this name has always been attached to some English inn. "The Bell and Mackerel," found to this day in London, is intended to perpetuate the story of the man who when he put a fish caught by him back into the water for future use, tied a bell on its neck that he might be able to find it without difficulty.

The name "The Hole in the Wall" is applied to several London inns, and came from the hole in the wall of Debtors' Prison, through which food and refreshment were passed to them. This name has gained some vogue here and sometimes as a term of rather unfavorable description. "The Moonrakers," a name still found in London, recalls the legend of the Wiltshire farmer who tried to rake the reflection of the moon out of a pond. Only one hotel in London is known as "The Rent Day," which has no other rival in England. "The Pinner of Wakefield" is named after a very famous pinner, or impounder of stray cattle, who won his reputation by taking into confinement the cattle of the lords and barons of the manor as frequently as the cattle of the peasants. "The Running Footman" took its name when footmen congregated in Berkeley Square were in the habit of stopping there for their refreshments. "The Ship and Shovel," near the wharves and granaries, is also a tribute to the occupation of its principal clients.

"The Sun and Thirteen Cantons" exists in a part of London long occupied by many of the Swiss residents, and its connection is obvious. "The World Turned Upside Down" has a man

WALKING UPSIDE DOWN

as its sign. He is supposed to be standing on his head, which was thought to be an attitude made necessary by the conditions of the South Pole.

Two of the most interesting of London signs disappeared only a few years ago, when the inns which bore them finally went out of existence. They were "Old Pick My Toe" and "Who'd a Thought It." The name of the former is believed to have come from that of the Roman slave who performed his work before he even stopped to take a thorn out of his toe. The other got its title from the strange fact that its first proprietor made out of it a fortune that ultimately enabled him to get into the peerage. His successor wanted a new name for the place, and "Who'd a Thought It" was suggested. This explanation is unsatisfactory only because there are three inns of the same name in England.

Some of the former theories of the origin of these names have been shattered during recent years. The familiar cat and fiddle sign was said to have originated in honor of "Caton fidele," a stanch Protestant. In reality it had been a popular sign for an inn in England long before there was any distinction between Protestants and Catholics to cause the notice of a Protestant who was especially zealous. Efforts to find significance for the signs used on inns proved misleading. The original desire of the landlord was to make known in an age which could not read what his purpose was and he, like the modern advertiser, adopted the symbols he thought likely to do that best. This led to the use of many signs without especial significance, although some modern students have tried to find significance in all of them. The arms of the lord of the manor under whose protection they lived, the signs of the guilds and modifications in coats of arms that had already been used were some of the ways of making the signs really indicative of the character of the inn.

PRIMITIVE CANNONS.

They Have Been Made of Every Conceivable Kind of Material.

Cannons for use in warfare appear to have been made of many substances which would appear very unsuitable to our modern ideas. It must, however, be remembered that in the early days of artillery powder was very coarse and slow-burning, and the range was very small. The wear and tear, therefore, on the bore of the gun was nothing compared to what it is now. For instance, the Swedes in the time of Gustavus Adolphus used cannon of leather, and in 1639 similar weapons were made in Scotland under the direction of Sir Alexander Hamilton, who had seen service in Sweden. Cannon have also been made of wood and stone, sometimes lined with a bore of metal and sometimes not. Cannon made of almost pure gold have been found in India. It is said that after Cortez left Mexico the Mexicans tried to imitate his cannon in terra-cotta. Krupp has been credited with an experiment in paper guns, that is to say, field pieces of small caliber composed of a metal core surrounded by compressed paper pulp. Such guns would, of course, be very much lighter, and would be much easier to carry about than metal guns. Of guns not used in warfare the most curious were those used to fire salutes at a winter fete in Petersburg in the year 1740, when six guns were made of ice. It is said that they had an effective range of 60 yards, and that they all withstood the test of firing without bursting.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAY.

Queen Victoria's day does not begin quite so early as it once did. She has a light breakfast brought to her apartment before she rises, and in the summer time her actual breakfast is more of the nature of a continental dejeuner. When the weather is fine, if staying at Windsor, she is driven to Frogmore, where, under the trees a table is spread, and her majesty, her daughter and two or three grandchildren partake of a hearty repast. After breakfast Princess Beatrice reads aloud portions of the Times, which she thinks may interest her mother. Then comes the consideration of various dispatches and letters which have arrived from London and from relatives in different parts of the world. Any answers which are necessary are conveyed to her majesty's private secretary, and several documents bearing the queens' bold signature are on their way back to London before luncheon.

If the queen is unable to breakfast out of doors the meal is served usually in the oak room, after which the secretary brings to her notice any papers requiring her attention. She glances over these and expresses her wishes thereon, when he removes basket after basket of documents for formal answers. The queen can then give her attention to her private correspondence, which is enormous.

We shall never be fully aware of the importance of the queen's personal letters to other sovereigns and rulers in authority. At many a critical juncture in politics, a tactful letter from the queen has done more to bridge over difficulties than all the speeches of politicians and methods of diplomatists. Latterly, her daughters have relieved her of the tedious work of replying to semi-private letters, and, of course, the official letters never have been penned by the queen herself.

The course of each day's movements is usually settled before noon, and all the arrangements for the reception of guests, the dispatch of congratulatory or consolatory telegrams, the plans for visits to be paid or received, have been made with the utmost regard for the queen's comfort. Perhaps the cabinet minister in attendance has a brief interview with the queen before she goes out for her morning drive. A substantial luncheon is served at 1.30, and this is her majesty's chief meal of the day. She has always preferred plain meals and simple cooking. As a rule, there are boiled or roast fowls for luncheon, and, very frequently, Highland mutton, for which the queen has a particular liking.

After luncheon her majesty has a period of rest, and perfect quiet is kept in the neighborhood of her apartments, the Battenberg children being relegated to the school-room. For about an hour all is silent, then follows a drive, which lasts about two hours. It says much for the hearty constitution of the queen that, despite her advanced age, she can remain driving in the chill mountain air of the highlands till nearly 6 o'clock. Many of her visitors and ladies-in-attendance simply dread the residence at Balmoral, because of their liability to catch cold. It is an understood thing that no member of the queen's suite, is to present himself or herself to her majesty's presence, when there is any trace of cold or cough, for the very good reason of preserving her from contagion.

The queen's non-susceptibility to cold is awkward for other folk. She never thinks of ordering her housekeeper to provide fires in the bedrooms of visitors until she herself feels the need of extra warmth, and has always insisted upon quite low-cut evening bodices being worn at dinner, no matter what the weather or the feeling of the wearer may be.

Princess Beatrice, who suffered much from rheumatism in her shoulder, once besought her mother's permission to wear a high-backed bodice at dinner, but the grace was not granted her and the poor princess had to suffer in silence while the chilly airs from the moors crept into the dining saloon of Balmoral and played around her aching, uncovered shoulders.

To return to her majesty's daily routine, as is well known, she sometimes makes many calls during her afternoon drives at Balmoral, and in the highlands, as on the continent, she dearly loves to make a brief pause in some retired spot where afternoon tea can be served. This event gives much pleasure to the younger members of the party, who enter joyfully into the necessary preparations when the tea-kettle and other appliances are produced. Upon returning home, after another period of rest, the daily dinner party takes place—a quiet, but stately function, at which only a low murmur of conversation is heard. Few of the guests have anything like a conversation with the queen, and then only in response to direct questions from her.

Quite a large number of the guests drink mineral waters. In one case, when a highly placed lady rallied a gentleman on not drinking the queen's health in wine, her majesty said instantly, "There is no compulsion at my table!"

Guests are frequently rather nervous when dining with the queen. A well-known bishop confessed that he never crumbled his bread except when dining with her majesty, and many others confess to similar feelings of nervousness. After the queen leaves the dining-room the guests all follow to reassemble in the drawing -room where her majesty is seated on a raised chair. Every one else stands. Sometimes there is a little good music. If her majesty desires to converse with any guests she gives the hint to one of the princesses and the favored individual advances to the dais. Shortly after 11 o'clock the queen retires when the princesses and others sink into seats for a short time ere they, too, seek their own apartment. Such is a fair sample of the day of Queen Victoria

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