

The Ingle Nook.

There was a capital bit of description in a bright little story recently published in one of the popular magazines. The narrative purported to be written by an "old maid aunt," who, in it, took occasion to pity a former admirer, since married to a woman who always "kept little books piled on big books, and had all the meals sharp on time."

If expressing much in little be a criterion of good writing—and it often is—the "old maid" certainly scored a triumph when she wrote that sentence. Possibly a more graphic picture of a fical housekeeper—a housekeeper "and nothing more"—has never been written elsewhere in so few words.

I don't know whether the little disintegrated bit as it stands will affect you as it did me, but I know that, reading it in the story, it made me feel this—that if I were the possessor of a house (which I am not—Forget-me-not let that cat out of the bag, didn't she?), and if it were one of the "little books piled on big books" species, I should go straight home, and get to work, tumble all the little books off the big books, pull the chairs to where they would likely be if they were used, poke up the fire, set a kettle singing, pop a plant in the middle of the table, and scatter the newspapers and magazines where they would be sure to be picked up and enjoyed. After all, a little comfortable disorder is by no means dirt, and home-iness (if one may coin a word) means so very much more than a stiff precision that makes one afraid to move for fear of tilting something at a "wrong" angle.

And don't you think this is true, too,—that if in our furnishing we create a room which makes us want to stand at the door and admire rather than to go right in and take possession, we have failed, and failed miserably in our purpose? We can never get real pleasure out of such an apartment ourselves, and other people are very likely to hate it, and to try to get out of it,—anywhere, even into the kitchen, to escape it. After all, rooms were made for use. Why, then, should we attempt to make mere pictures of them. They may be, ought to be, as attractive as possible, but should be, also, before all things, eminently usable.

By the way, I wonder why in the world it is that so many of the Chatterers fail to get hold of my "name." I believe a round dozen of you invariably address me as "Dame Durden"; and this afternoon I received a letter inscribed to "Dame Durdum." What's the matter, Chatterers mine?

D. D.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been a reader of the Ingle Nook for a few years, and I must say I have got a great many ideas from you and some of your writers.

I have long thought of writing, but failed to put it to practice. I would like if you would give a recipe for caramel sauce, hard sauce, and, also, a good recipe for fruit salad and dressing.

I enclose a recipe for ginger pudding and sauce which I find good and cheap, also fine for a lot of hungry men.

Ginger Pudding.—One egg, 1 cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 tablespoon ginger, 1 teaspoon soda; stir with flour; steam one hour.

Sauce.—One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1-3 cup butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons lemon; pour boiling water in, and make like thin starch.

COUNTRY COOK.

Thanks for the recipe for ginger pudding. To make caramel sauce, mix 2 cups of sugar with 2 tablespoons of water in a saucepan. Stir till it becomes a dark brown color. Add 2 cups of water cautiously, as it hisses and sputters. Cook gently for ten minutes longer. Let it cool, and serve in a small pitcher. Another recipe for the same: One cupful granulated sugar, one cupful water. Put the sugar into an iron saucepan; stir with a wooden spoon over a quick fire until the sugar melts and turns an amber color, then add the water. Let boil two minutes, and turn out to cool. Here are two recipes for hard sauce: (1) Slightly soften half a cupful of butter by adding a tablespoonful of hot water. Stir until very creamy, and then stir in one and one-half

cupfuls of light-brown sugar. Stir until very light. Flavor with nutmeg and vanilla essence, or a little brandy. (2) Beat one cup sugar and one-half cup butter to a white cream; add the whites of two eggs; beat a few moments longer. A tablespoonful fruit juice or a teaspoonful vanilla or lemon will flavor it. Extract of nutmeg is nice, or a teaspoonful of lemon juice. You will find the recipe for fruit salad among the "Selected Recipes."

Dear Dame Durden,—Having read the letters in the Ingle Nook, and being much interested in them, I thought I would give the Chatterers a hint which I have found to give good satisfaction. After putting the lace curtains on the stretchers, and finding there are holes in them, many housewives think they can not be used again, or hang them up the way they are. I simply get a piece of old curtain, a little larger than the hole. After starching this, I put it over the hole, and while the curtain is still on the stretchers, and both the curtain and patch being wet, the patch sticks on to the curtain. When the curtain is dry and hung up, the patch can not be noticed. I have lived in the city all my life until a few years ago, and find it a great change. I love the country in the summer, but it is dreary in the winter. Wishing the Ingle Nook every success,

GENEVIEVE.

That is quite an idea, Genevieve, but it would only answer for very small holes, wouldn't it?

SELECTED RECIPES.

FRUIT SALADS.

1. Take three oranges, one grape fruit and half a pound of Malaga grapes. Remove the skins and seeds from the three fruits, and tear the pulp in pieces, cutting each grape into halves. Add to the mixture half a cup of sugar. Serve in half orange skins.

2. Two oranges, four bananas sliced fine, one-half cup sugar. Dissolve one-half box of gelatine according to directions on box; pour over fruit; set away to harden. Cut in squares; serve with a little whipped cream on each square. (Any kind of fruit may be used.)

3. Remove peel and seeds from three oranges, and cut each section in several pieces. Slice two small bananas, and cut two figs in tiny pieces. Mix lightly, adding two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

4. Pare and slice thin three oranges and two apples; serve on lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise sauce.

5. Cut two slices of pineapple into small pieces; stem one pint of strawberries; cut into small pieces two oranges and three bananas. Place in a shallow dish and pour over it all a dressing made by heating until light the yolks of four eggs, a cup of sifted powdered sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add the juice of two lemons when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Put on ice, and serve cold.

6. Peel and slice and seed two oranges, peel and slice two bananas, and chop coarsely one dozen English walnuts. Arrange the fruit in layers in individual lettuce cups on small plates, and pour over a little mayonnaise. Garnish with the chopped nuts.

7. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light; add, gradually, one small cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flour and the juice of two lemons. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in one and one-fourth cupfuls of boiling water; add the beaten egg mixture, and boil till thick. Remove from the fire, cool, and whip in one cupful of whipped cream. Chop one large, tart apple, peeled and cut into small pieces, with four sliced bananas and six thick slices of pineapple. Chill the fruit; mix it with the salad dressing, and heap on lettuce leaves, or serve in fancy fruit glasses.

When Strawberries are in Season.

Strawberry Jelly.—Put berries in a pan, and squeeze with a wooden spoon. Add enough sugar to sweeten well, and leave half an hour. Add half a pint of water to every pint of juice, strain; measure, and to every pint allow half a package of gelatine dissolved in one teacup of water. Mix; pour in mold, and set on ice.

Strawberry and Rhubarb Jam.—One pound cut rhubarb to one quart of berries, and one and one-half quarts of sugar. Boil slowly in an agate kettle.

When it will jelly thinly, it is done. Pour into glass jars, and cover with paraffin wax. (Raspberries may be used instead of strawberries.)

Dream Strawberry.—Line the pie paste with berries and sugar. Cover with a rather thick crust, and bake, leaving a slit in the top. When done, pour into the slit the following mixture: One cup cream heated to a boil, stir in the whites of two eggs (beaten), also one tablespoonful sugar and a teaspoonful cornstarch wet in cold milk. Boil a few minutes, and, when cold, pour in. A deep pie dish should be used. Serve cold.

Strawberry Syrup.—Hull and wash two quarts of ripe strawberries; mash them, and strain through cloth jelly bag. Put in the preserving kettle, and let boil ten minutes; add two cups sugar for each pint of juice. When the sugar has dissolved, bottle, seal, and set away in a cool, dry place until needed.

Jellied Strawberries.—Clean the fruit, and press through a sieve; add one cupful of sugar to the pulp, and simmer for five minutes; soften half a box of granulated gelatine in one cupful of cold water, then dissolve over the fire; add one pint of the strawberry pulp, one tablespoonful lemon juice; set bowl in ice water, and stir till it thickens, then pour into a mold, placing whole fruit throughout. Garnish with whole fruit.

Strawberry and Gingerbread Sandwiches.—Bake the gingerbread in a round loaf pan if possible, so as to have the slices round without trimming. Cut the cake in slices as thin as possible without breaking. Spread with thick cream that has been whipped almost to butter, and have a layer of ripe berries, cut in half, sweetened and sprinkled with a little lemon juice or wine, placed in the center of each sandwich.

THE KING OF ANIMAL DEALERS.

The greatest animal dealer in the world is Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, who lives at Stellingen, a suburb of Hamburg. Here can be purchased almost any wild animal in existence. Asked how he managed to keep up his stock, Mr. Hagenbeck replied in an interview published in "Chamber's Journal": "From my depots. I have depots everywhere—six in Asia, three in Africa, several in Europe, two in America, as well as depots in Siberia. I have over sixty travellers working for me all the time, whose sole business is to collect animals and ship them to me here. They employ thousands of natives to help them. Then I buy up everything that comes into Hamburg, and I may say that if anybody abroad wishes to dispose of his animals he invariably writes to me."

The next step is to telegraph to an agent in the neighborhood, who inspects the stock with a view to purchase. "For instance," continued Mr. Hagenbeck, "the other day I received a letter from a resident in Rhodesia saying he had got a large collection of African deer and birds, and wished to get rid of them. Within three weeks I had secured the whole collection, and they are now on the way to Hamburg. I have at present several travellers on the way home, some of them with very large consignments of animals. Next week I expect one of my men from Siberia. He is bringing me deer, sheep, and other animals."

Two animals, it seems, are exceedingly scarce just now. These are the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros.

"They are taken from their mothers when quite young—no easy feat, as you can imagine—and then brought up on milk. The feeding of them when you have finally secured them is no light undertaking. A baby hippopotamus will drink thirty pints of milk a day and bellow for more. To arrange for such a supply in the desert means that a large number of tame goats have to be taken along with the hunting party. Thirty years ago I supplied the London Zoological Gardens with an African rhinoceros. It was the first rhinoceros brought to Europe since the days of the Roman amphitheatre."

Another very scarce animal is the giraffe, and between 1880 and 1900 only three giraffes were imported into Europe. Among his innumerable adventures with animals, Mr. Hagenbeck had one with a giraffe: "In Suez, some years ago, a full grown giraffe ran away with me. The rope I held him by got entangled

round my arm, and I could not get free. I was dragged along the streets, and fearfully banged about. When I at length got loose I was so exhausted that I was obliged to lie down for a quarter of an hour without moving." The king of animal dealers considers that his narrowest escape took place while superintending the lowering into a pit of a huge alligator: "Suddenly, with a sweep of its tail, it knocked me right into the middle of a dozen large alligators. I jumped out in an instant, or I must assuredly have been torn to pieces."—[T. P.'s Weekly.

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Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.