The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

TESTED RECIPES.

Fish Garnish.—When fish is served and one wishes that course to look nice, place lettuce leaves seasoned with salt and pepper, on individual dishes; place fish in centre of dish and garnish with a ring of fresh buttered popcorn.

Egg in Nest.—Cut a slice from stem end of each tomato and after scooping out the centre slightly bake in the usual way. Remove from the oven and before quite done mound a whipped white of egg over each one, and drop the yolk, of which the skin has not been broken, in the centre of each mound; replace in oven until all the little pieces are slightly browner; serve at once, generally with toast and parsley. In place of the tomatoes green or red peppers may be used.

Smooth Mush.—When thickened take crank egg beater and beat it well. You will have no lumps.

Ham Omelet.—Use two eggs well beaten, one-half cup of milk, one cup of ham cut in small pieces. Stir this mixture together, place in omelet pan, and cook until it becomes the thickness of poached eggs. Serve on toast.

Delicious Choca.—One pint milk, one pint water, two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, two tablespoonfuls cocoa, a pinch of salt; dissolve chocolate and cocoa with hot water and stir into hot milk and water; let cook slowly five or ten minutes and add one-third the quantity of hot coffee; sweeten and cover with whipped cream.

Have Toast Bread Ready.—If you have left from a meal a half or a quarter loaf of bread that is too dry to be eaten at the next meal, it is a good idea at once to cut it into thin slices for toasting. These slices can be kept for a day or two and not lose their value, but if allowed to remain in the whole piece becomes too hard to slice nicely. The thin slices, when quite dry, are also easily crumbled with a rolling pin.

Breakfast Popcorn.—Pop several poppers full of corn. Then grind the popped corn through the coffee-mill, quite fine; serve with powdered sugar and cream.

Creamed Tomatoes.—One can of tomatoes; put on stove to heat; put in pepper, salt, and sugar to suit the taste; beat one tablespoon flour and a little butter and cream; let tomatoes come to boiling point, put in cream and butter and stir. Let it cook for two minutes. Serve with any kind of meat.

Tomato Sauce.—Take two cupfuls of canned tomatoes or four ripe ones, press through a strainer to remove the seeds. Put the liquid in a saucepan and let it boil. Add a teaspoonful of butter, a pinch of pepper and salt, and a teaspoon of flour to thicken. Let this boil for ten minutes. Then remove from fire and add a tablespoon of cream.

To Soften Cake Frosting.—If the icing should harden before putting it on the cake add a teaspoonful of cream and stir quickly for a few seconds. This will soften the icing long enough to enable it to be put on the cake smoothly.

DESSERTS.

Orange Pudding.—Cut the crust from a small stale loaf of baker's bread, crumble, and pour over one quart butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When cold add the grated rind of one and the juice of two large, sweet oranges and three eggs beaten light. Bake in moderate oven one hour. Serve with hard sauce: One cup white sugar, one half cup butter beaten creamy and light and flavored with orange juice. Press in one-half of orange shell set on ice.

Orange Cups.—Cut top of orange off about half inch from top, remove the orange juice with teaspoon, leaving as you wish, slice bananas into the orange juice, and sweeten; fill the orange shells with the mixture, and place on lettuce leaf on small plate. This makes a dainty, attractive dessert.

Apple Pudding.—Add to one and a half cupfuls of strained stewed apples the juice of an orange, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, three tablespoonfuls of sherry, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of gelatin soaked in cold water and then dissolved in hot water. Stir this mixture until it thickens a little, then fold in the whites of three eggs whipped to a stiff froth or a half pint of whipped cream. Turn into a mold, and when cold serve with whipped cream.

Breakfast Oranges.—Peel an orange, separate the sections, lay flat in form of spokes on a wheel in a saucer; sprinkle powdered sugar over them, and place a red candy or drop of jelly in the middle and on each section. Stick in a toothpick or two and serve.

CAKES.

Ginger Sponge.—Use three eggs, one cup brown sugar, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup melted butter or lard, three and a half cups flour, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of soda. Last of all one cup boiling water. This sponge can be kept for weeks in a cool place and a portion baked fresh for any meal.

Fried Cakes.—Break two eggs in a bowl and beat thoroughly; add one and one-half cups of sugar and beat again. Now add one cup of sour milk, two teaspoons of butter, one teaspoon of soda, spices if desired; flour enough to make soft dough. Roll out and cut in rings. Have lard hot in large kettle. Drop in one cake and if just right it will turn itself over. Then drop in others until kettle is nearly full. By the time the last ones are in the first ones are nearly ready to come out. Roll in powdered sugar afterward and fill the holes with the little ones that were cut from the center.

Breakfast Cakes.—Take one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, beat in two eggs, one at a time, then add one-half cup molasses, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one cup strong cold coffee, one teaspoon soda mixed in one-half of the coffee and added after part of the flour is stirred in, one cup raisins rolled in flour, one cup hickory nuts, flour three and one half cups.

Buttermilk Cookies.—Two cups light brown sugar, one cup butter, one cup buttermilk, two eggs, one cup chopped raisins, one-third teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful baking powder, flour to mix, soft. The cookies should be light and soft, and will keep for weeks. The secret is in using the soft sugar.

Keep Fruit Cake Fresh. — Wrap fruit cake in towel and put into flour bin; cover with flour and it will keep moist and fresh for weeks.

ECONOMIES.

Use Soap when Sewing.—Save small bits of white soap, let them dry, and you will find them a good substitute for tailor's chalk.

Preserve Steel Pens.—Steel pens are destroyed by corrosion from acid in the ink. Put in the ink some nails or old steel pens, and the acid will exhaust itself on them, and the pens in use will not corrode.

Use faded lawn waists and dresses. Boil the pieces white, press them smooth, use them to make corset covers, waists, aprons, or children's clothes, and with the expense of a few cents for lace there will be garments like new and which will wear as well.

If you are short a bread tin take an old tomato can and cut one end off evenly. This will bake a nice round loaf of bread. A cake also can be baked in it.

SALT AS A CLEANSER.

As a kitchen disinfectant salt is invaluable. A lump of it should be kept in the kitchen sink, where it will dissolve slowly and keep the drain pipe pure and wholesome. Flush it freely with a strong solution of boiling hot salt water. For removing egg stains from silver, salt applied with a soft cloth will act like magic. A pinch of salt added to ground coffee just before cooking will accentuate the natural flavor of the berry and give body to the drink. Greens used for salads should be thoroughly rinsed in salt water to dislodge possible insects. Sprinkle salt on a dingy carpet before sweeping and the transformation wrought will convince the most skeptical of the value of salt as a cleanser along this line.

CLERICAL HUMOR.

A lost preacher who occasionally got his metaphors mixed was preaching on self-righteousness and ended his discourse by saying: "Let us remember that after all our righteousness is but filthy rags hanging on the branches of barren fig trees." On another occasion, says the Quiver, he was preaching on besetting sins, and when comparing these to obstacles in our path exclaimed: "Let us beware of these stones by the wayside, lest they turn again and rend us."

The at one time well known preacher among the Wesleyans, Peter Mackenzie, in reading the third chapter of Daniel invariably abbreviated the fifth verse wherein are enumerated the instruments of the Babylonian band, most of them with hard names, to the "cornet," &c., and when the names were repeated in verses ten and fifteen said, "The band as before." He was a lay preacher of the old order who was admitted off to full plan without having read the prescribed "Wesley's Sermons," &c. He boasted of his lack of "book learning," and scornfully told a student of the new school who was learning Latin that "English was good enough for Paul; ain't it good enough for you?"

TWO MEN HAD SAME VISION

THEY THOUGHT IT MUST MEAN SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

An Investigation by a Magistrate Brought to Light a Terrible Crime.

There are many people who do not believe in dreams, and there are some who have the greatest faith in them. In quite recent times there have been instances of dreams not only having been fulfilled, but having actually led to the detection of crime and the apprehension of criminals.

In a small western village a well-known farmer suddenly disappeared, says the Detroit News-Tribune. Foul play was suspected, but the body of the farmer could not be found. Two men living in distant villages had the same dream one night. They went to a magistrate and told him that in their dreams they saw the body of the farmer lying in a well in his farmyard.

The men were laughed at because no one ever knew of the existence of a well at the place mentioned. The dreamers, however, were determined, and an investigation was made. In the barnyard a heap of manure was removed, revealing a layer of boards. Under this was the well and in it was the body just as the dreamers had described it. Officers were put on the case anew, and it was proven that two nephews of the farmer had killed him. They were executed for the crime.

Charles King and Edward Hayward were fellow prospectors in Western Canada. One day Hayward was missing. The Northwest mounted police, assisted by Indian trackers, found Hayward's remains,

BURNED AND CHARRED,

among the ashes of King's camp fires. Hayward's brother, living in Northern Minnesota, dreamed that he saw his brother shot. Two days later he received a telegram from the Canada police, informing him of his brother's death and asking him to appear as one of the witnesses at King's trial. King protested his innocence, but he was found guilty of murder.

One night a traveler arrived at an Arkansas town, footsore and very tired. He went to a little hotel and retired. Soon he was dreaming. He dreamed that he had come to the town during the middle of the day and had walked about the town to see the sights. He finally went down a bypath and came to a dilapidated cottage in a yard overrun with weeds. There he noticed an old well, and out of curiosity peered into it. To his horror and amazement he saw a corpse stabbed in several places. From the wide and deep gashes the blood was still flowing. He attempted to scream, but could not, and awoke in a sweat.

He tried to go to sleep again, but his nerves were so unstrung that he could not sleep. He dressed himself and went out for awalk. He was surprised how familiar every thing was to him. There was the old church with the Gothic portico and the bypath. Then he knew he was realizing what he had dreamed. He came to the old house and saw the garden full of weeds. But he could not find the well he had seen in his dreams.

He returned to the inn and the next morning asked the landlord for some particulars concerning the old cottage. He was told an old couple lived in it, but that they were so unsociable and morose that no one ever took notice of them, and they seldom left their little abode. The traveler was not satisfied with the explanation and went to a magistrate, to whom he told how every fact in the dream had been verified excepting the

FINDING OF THE WELL.

Two policemen were sent with the traveler to make an investigation. Nothing was found suspicious in the cottage, and they went to the garden in search of the well. The presence of the policemen naturally attracted a crowd of people, and when they began talking about a well an old woman, leaning heavily on a crutch, exclaimed:

"A well? Why, that has been gone these 30 years. I remember distinctly when I was a little girl dropping stones into it and listening for the splash."

The stranger asked the whereabouts of the well.

"As near as maybe just where you are standing," was the reply.

Picks and shovels were soon brought, and when the men had dug about two feet they came upon a row of bricks. These were quickly removed and disclosed some boards. These, too, were soon removed, and an old oaken chest was found in which the partially preserved body of a man.

The old man of the cottage was immediately arrested, but his wife was gone. Later she was found in hiding in the woodshed. She confessed that one evening a peddler had called at their house and asked for lodging. He happened to mention that he had quite a sum of money and they murdered him for it. They put his body in the box in the well and covered it up. The peddler had come from a distance and no inquiries were made about him. The old woman said that every time they heard a sound they were afraid someone had come to arrest them and in the dead of night they were terror-stricken by the thought of their crime. The old man at first stoutly denied his wife's confession, but eventually, he, too, confessed.

REMARKABLE CASE.

A story of a very extraordinary dream of this nature comes from across the sea. It is the dream of a Mr. Williams of Scorrier House, in Cornwall, who dreamed on May 11, 1812, that he saw a man of the name of Bellingham shoot the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, chancellor of the exchequer, in the lobby of the House of commons. Mr. Williams was greatly agitated by his dream and told it to his wife. She told him not to worry and go to sleep. But he soon had a second dream like the first. He fell asleep again, only to repeat the dream. He had never seen any of the parties in the dream and had never been in the lobby of the House of Commons.

Next day a horse galloped up to the Williams house. It's was Williams's son, who brought the news that Mr. Perceval had been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by a man named Bellingham. Mr. Williams at once described the men and their dress, and his son said the description tallied exactly. Two months later Mr. Williams went to London and visited the House of Commons. He pointed out the spot where Bellingham stood and where Perceval stood when he was struck by the bullet.

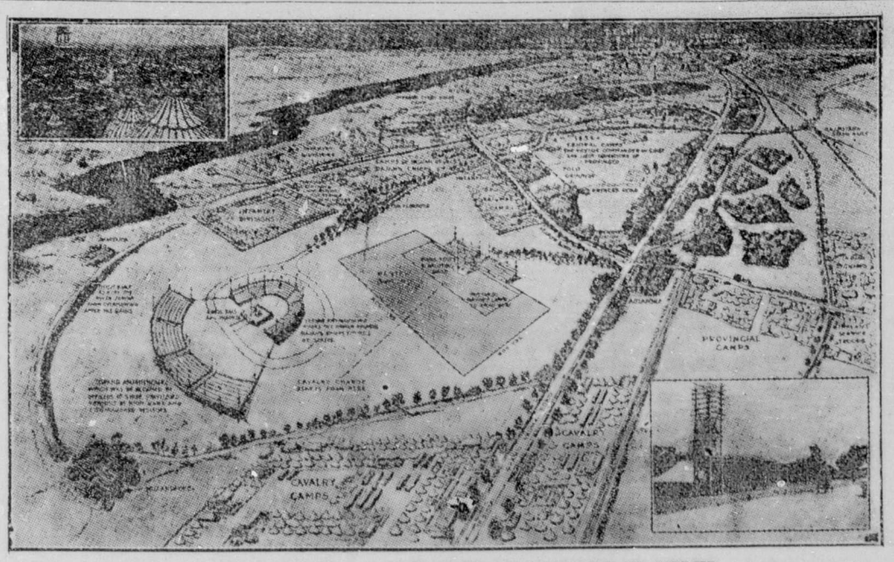
It is related by Izaac Walton that Sir Nicholas Wotton, who was an ambassador to France in 1653, one night dreamed that the treasurer of Oxford University was robbed by five persons. The next day Wotton wrote a letter to his son, who was a student at Oxford, and in his letter mentioned to this son the incidents of his dream. The letter reached the son the morning after the robbery was committed. The son took the letter to the authorities, and, acting on the information it gave, five men were found, arrested and

TRIED AND IMPRISONED.

The Reverend Mr. Pearing, vicar of a village near London, had an awful dream about his oldest son, who had died a few days before and was buried in the vaults of the church. The father dreamed that he saw his son's shroud spotted with blood, and an expression of agony on his face. The lad cried, "Father, come help me; they will not let me rest." The father awoke, greatly excited, but dismissed the dream from his mind. No sooner had he fallen asleep again than he dreamed again of his son in agony, and crying, "They are tearing my body to pieces." As soon as it was dawn the minister went to the vault. The clerk tried to explain that his son had taken the keys to the repair shop. The vicar secured a crowbar and pried open the door of the vault. Then he saw that the coffin had been disturbed and that his son's body had been tampered with. Not a tooth remained in the boy's mouth. The clerk's son, who was a dentist, had visited the vault during the night and drawn the teeth, one by one, in order to use them.

ARTIFICIAL WOOD.

Louis Carre, in England, has invented a process for the artificial production of wood from straw or dried grass. It is proposed to use the wood only in the manufacture of matches, for which purpose it is stated to be cheaper than natural wood. The straw is passed through crushing rolls and then through cylindrical cutters, which divide it into strips. Afterward, supplied with an adhesive, the strips, inclosed on top and bottom with layers of paper, are passed through linked molds in the form of a chain, where they are subjected to pressure and heat, from which they issue in the form of round splints, which are then cut into the proper lengths for matches. It is hoped the process may be applied to the manufacture of wood for other purposes.



WHERE DURBAR WAS HELD ON PLAINS AT DELHI

This view is taken from the north looking southward towards the city of Delhi. In the foreground are the cavalry camps. On the right are the Provincial camps, the camp of the Imperial Service troops, and the camp of the Indian chiefs, both the latter being situated on the further side of the Delhi Canal. In the centre of the picture is shown the review ground, with the Royal Standard saluting base. The grand amphitheatre, in which the actual Durbar ceremony took place, is shown to the left.

GERMAN SCIENTIST SAYS NO.

Human Hair Cannot Turn White In a Single Night.

A cherished popular belief is that of the sudden blanching of the hair from fright, worry or other severe mental strain. It plays its part in the drama and in fiction, while history records its famous instances. Who has not heard that Marie Antoinette's hair turned white during the night before her execution, or that the deeds and terrors of Saint Bartholomew's night blanched the hair of Henry the Fourth? Most of us have wondered how the change could come about as rapidly as tradition relates; and yet so universal is the belief in this phenomenon that few have the hardihood to doubt it. And now Stieda, a hard-headed German scientist, boldly says that it isn't so at all. This refractory German first proves that such a thing couldn't possibly happen, and then, not satisfied, declares that it never did happen. With equal disregard of folklore, history and medical literature, he points the finger of doubt, and challenges many long-deceased historians and physicians to arise and prove their stories.

He claims that when the hair turns white under ordinary conditions it does so in one of two ways. Either the pigmented hairs fall out and are replaced by unpigmented hairs, or, less commonly, pigment-production stops in a growing hair and the colorless portion gradually replaces the darker outer segment. As the growing of a new crop of hair in a single night is beyond possibility. Stieda must needs discredit all tales of such miraculous transformation, says the Journal of the Medical Association. This he does in extenso, taking up the best-known instances of such supposed blanching of hair, and finding them all lacking in support sufficient to meet critical consideration, much less such control as to establish an acceptable scientific demonstration. For example, he doubts the story of Marie Antoinette's sudden loss of hair pigment, stating, that although the queen certainly was gray at the time of her execution, yet this was no novelty, for she was also gray nine months before, at the time the king met his sudden end at the hands of the revolutionists.

As for the rest of the reputed cases, many are nothing better than old-wives' tales, while others are examples of credulity substituted for healthy skepticism and careful investigation. The explanation for many is unkind, being simply that the keeper for the jail or dungeon in which the unhappy heroine or hero was confined neglected to furnish his guest's dressing-table with the hair-dye to which the letter had been accustomed at home, and that Nature asserted herself and that Nature asserted herself before release or execution. Verily the even the gray hairs of royalty.

DO FISHES TALK ?

In any other land than that from which the sun refuses to retire at midnight accounts of boatloads of men listening to the private conversations of fishes under water would smack too much of the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland" to be taken seriously. Nevertheless, the fishermen along the Norwegian coasts are just such eavesdroppers. Every fishing vessel is now equipped with a telephone, to which it attached a microphone designed to augment submarine sounds. These sounds, collected by an electrical apparatus, communicate by means of a copper wire with the receiver of the telephone installed on the boat. By listening in the ordinary way, receiver at ear, the fisherman can tell precisely the moment when the fish began to collect. It is said that there is a considerable difference in the sounds made by the various fish as they congregate. The cod utters a guttural grunt and the herring has a whistling intonation which is said to be rather musical.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DECEMBER 31.

Review. Golden Text, I. John 1. 9.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1. 9.

One Truth This Lesson Teaches.—That the fulfilment of prophecy and the climax of sacred history came in the birth of the King.

The Aim.—To show that the King of Love came to seek and to save all.

Clue to Pupil's Interest.—The reviewing of troops.

Introduction.—Did you ever see soldiers marching before a government officer for inspection? In June I saw some boys and young men in a military school stand such a test. There, for hours, they marched back and forth before the government inspector. In and out, across, up and down the field they went. They pitched their tents and built their camp fires. They showed all that they had learned to perfection. Not one made a mistake. The officer was "reviewing" the company and they were reviewing what they had been learning all of the year.

Lesson Story. We have come to a day like that in our lesson study. We are to review what we have been learning and to prove our faithfulness along the way by what we know now that the review day has come. If we have really studied we will know the answers to the following questions:

What prophet was called to be a watchman?

What was the meaning of the vision of the great stream that flowed from beneath the temple?

Who led the children of Israel on their return from captivity? Why did they lay a foundation for a second temple? Who wrote a song of deliverance for them? Why?

What brave queen risked her life for her people?

What was the meaning of Belshazzar's vision and who interpreted it?

What kind of a leader did Ezra prove himself in the long journey back to Jerusalem?

Why did Nehemiah make his noble, unselfish prayer to God?

How was his prayer answered?

What difficulties beset him in his work and how did he meet them?

What was the Feast of the Trumpets and how was it first celebrated?

What King came as a fulfillment of prophecy?

Why did he come?

How long shall he reign?

Whom did he come to seek and to save?

SHORT CUTS IN BAKING.

A pie can be baked while the stove is being used to get the dinner. Start the fire briskly only after the pie has been made. Then, as soon as the lids are hissing hot, take off one of them, put it on the upper rack of the oven, and put the pie on it. An extra lid, or one from the back of the stove, will be necessary to fill the place of the one removed from the front. With the additional heat under it, the pie should bake quickly, with a crisp, flaky crust. When the pie is done, set it to cool on something that will let the air circulate freely underneath it—the perforated part of a potato-ricer has been used successfully for the purpose. A pie cooled in this way does not have a soggy under crust, as pies set on a cold surface, and thus made to steam, are likely to have. Never cut a pie until you are ready to serve it. The juice runs out, and the pie is spoiled.

A cheerful liar is more entertaining than a gloomy truth teller.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Three deaths have occurred from scarlet fever in one family in Aberdeen.

The boom in shipbuilding is creating an abnormal demand for labor on the Clyde.

The number of students who have matriculated at Glasgow University this season is 2610.

Of the Galashiels Territorials 74 whose engagements expired in October 31st have not rejoined.

A little Edinburgh boy named Stevenson, 2½ years old, was found dead with his head through the bars of his bed.

Glasgow boxmakers have been granted an increase of a farthing per hour in their wages, to take effect from December first.

The Dunedin Association has been formed in Edinburgh "as a protest against the indifference shown to Scottish music and poetry."

"Glasgow widows are in the habit of throwing away as much as from $100 to $250 of insurance money in funeral expenses," says a Scottish paper.

Leith sent Iceland forty tons of whiskey recently in view of the prohibition of importation of spirituous liquor to the northern island after the New Year.

The death at Dunbar of John Moran, better known as "Pack John," removes a character who for over 40 years had travelled East Lothian with his pack.

The members of the Old Glasgow club attended a recent Sunday service in Blackfriars Parish Church. The Rev. Dr. Somerville delivered a lecture on "The Great Glasgow Assembly of 1638."

The committee of the Battle of Largs Memorial have agreed to recommend four designs to the subscribers. Two of these are in the form of Norman keeps, one a Celtic cross and one a statue on a cairn.

Arrangements are being made for unveiling the monuments erected near Ballachulish Hotel to James Stewart of the Glen, who was executed in 1752 in connection with the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure.

The late Mr. David Drummond Bone, journalist, who was a native of Ayr, was the first to use the phrase "grey-hound of the Atlantic." It was another Ayr journalist who described an aeroplane as "a swallow of the air."

Skye crofters complain that the township suffers from flooding by rain and river, that there is no road for the ordinary means of communication, and that the common pasture lands are over run by rabbits and diminished by landslip.

LUCINDA'S EXPERIENCES.

One That Claude Says Is Ancient, But Which Is New to Her.

"My brother Claude tells me," said Lucinda, "that this story has been told to his personal knowledge 7,000 times and he thinks, he says, that if you should search the back files of the papers you would find it had been printed at least 17,000 times, but I don't care about that, I never heard it, and it happened to me, it actually happened to me, and it was as new to me as if it had never happened to anybody. And I don't want to keep you waiting too long for this story and I have a great respect for everything that Claude says, but I know another man, an uncle of mine, a very intelligant man, and he says that any really good story is worth telling over again every two years and that no good story ought to be suffered to be lost, and maybe you never heard this one, that Claude says has been told so often.

"I dropped my watch last night and it went down with a grand crash and rolled around on the floor and when I picked it up it wasn't going, and I knew of course that I had wrecked it. I thought I could hear it rattle when I shook it; and this morning I took it down to the jeweller's to have it repaired.

"And the jeweller took it and looked it over carefully, and then he tried the wind and looked at it again and then he looked up and said to me:

"'What would you like to have done to it?'

"And of course I said that I had dropped it last night and it hadn't run since, and I wanted it put in order so that it would run; and then the jeweller handed it over to me and said that it appeared to be running all right and I put it up to my ear and, sure enough, so it was! It was ticking away beautifully; and then says the jeweller, smiling a little now:

"'I guess you must have forgotten to wind it.'

"And so I had! That was all that was the matter with it, I had forgotten to wind it!

"Claude says he thinks that story has been told 17,000 times at least; but I never heard it before, did you?

"There! I thought so."

Many a young man who starts out to become a self-made man makes a mistake in the selection of a pattern.