

About the House.

Winter Vegetables.

Beets, Creamed.—Put in boiling water and cook until tender. Remove the skin, and cut in small pieces. Cover with a dressing made as follows: One cup sweet cream, 1 level tablespoon flour or corn-starch blended in cold milk and stirred into the cream when boiling. Just let come to a boil. Season with salt and white pepper; add a bit of butter, if preferred, and pour over the beets.

Beets, Hot, with Vinegar.—Slice hot, baked or boiled beets; pour over them a dressing of hot vinegar, sugar and butter, mixed to suit your taste.

Beet Salad.—Boil the beets, and chop fine, then mix with any good salad dressing. A very good one is made as follows: Put in a saucepan or double boiler, 2 eggs (beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, a pinch of salt, dash of pepper, and tablespoon of sugar, beating all until thoroughly blended. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar and butter size of half an egg. Cook slowly, stirring all the time. When cold, beat in 2 or 3 tablespoons of cream (sweet or sour).

Beans, Boston.—Put 1 quart beans and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt pork in a crock; cover with water, and soak over night. Next morning, mix with them $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, put in a pot with a tight lid, and bake in the oven all day, adding water when necessary. Season with salt and pepper

before using. If preferred, leave out the molasses, and serve with tomato catsup.

Bean Croquettes.—Take any left-overs of cooked beans, mould into balls with egg to bind together; flour the outside, and fry.

Bean Salad.—Mix cold, boiled beans with the salad dressing given above for beet salad.

Beans, Boiled.—Boil 3 hours. To 1 quart, take 1 tablespoon molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Stir with the beans, and cook 10 minutes.

Celery, Stewed.—Take the outer stalks; clean and cut into pieces half an inch long. Stew in a very little water until tender; drain; add butter, and a little flour, and let cook a minute or two, stirring well. Then add enough milk to make a sauce to cover the celery; season; heat to boiling, and serve.

Cabbage, a New Way.—Boil tender, drain, chop fine, then add butter, vinegar, and a dash of sugar. Serve hot.

Hot Slaw.—Cook the cabbage in just enough water to keep it from burning. Keep it covered. When tender, chop fine, and season with pepper and salt. Blend 1 tablespoon (level) of mustard in enough vinegar to make it smooth. Add to it 2 eggs (well beaten), and stir well; then stir into it a cup of vinegar, and pour over the cabbage. Add a piece of butter. Stir all together; cover closely, and simmer slowly for ten minutes.

Onions.—Boil in salt water; drain, and cover with a good milk sauce.

Squash Fritters.—One pint cooked squash, 1 pint sweet milk, 2 eggs (beaten), a little salt. Mix, and add flour which has had a teaspoon of baking powder mixed in, to make a batter. Fry in spoonfuls in boiling lard.

Squash, Baked.—Wash the squash, but do not peel it. Split in two, and bake. When tender, remove the seeds, then scrape out the pulp; add butter, pepper and salt, and serve.

Squash, Stewed.—Cut in pieces, and stew in a very little water, with 2 onions. When tender, remove the cover, and let the water boil off. Season with butter, pepper and salt, and add a little sweet cream.

Salsify Fritters.—Scrape the stalks of a bunch of salsify, and grate them fine. Make a batter of 2 eggs, a gill of milk, a pinch of salt, and enough flour to make the batter of the desired consistency. Stir in the grated salsify, and drop by the spoonful into deep, boiling lard. Cook to a golden brown.

Salsify Soup, or Mock-oyster Soup.—Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt codfish, and let simmer half an hour in 1 quart water, with $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen salsify cut into small pieces. Remove fish, and season remainder with salt and pepper, adding 1 pint milk and 2 tablespoons butter rubbed into 3 of flour. Serve with crackers.

Salsify Potpie.—Cook salsify (cut in small pieces), with a little codfish. Add butter, and thicken as gravy. Have ready a pan of nice hot biscuits; split, and pour the salsify over them.

Salsify is improved by standing in cold

water a short time before cooking. It should always be put to cook in boiling water, and salted at about the end of half an hour. It cooks in about three-fourths of an hour.

Browned Parsnips.—Scrape the parsnips; put in water, to which add a little salt, and let boil until tender. Take up; drain; put in a pan; spread with butter, and set in a hot oven to brown.

What to Serve and with What.

With roast pork—apple sauce.

With roast lamb—mint sauce.

With roast turkey—chestnut dressing and cranberry sauce.

With roast goose—apple sauce or currant jelly.

With roast duck—celery and onion dressing, and grape jelly.

With pork sausage—tomato catsup.

With liver—horse-radish and fried onions.

With boiled salmon—white sauce, hard-boiled eggs, and parsley.

With sweetbreads—cream sauce.

Recipes.

Sponge Cake.—Beat 3 eggs very thoroughly. Add 1 cup sugar; beat again. Add 1 cup "Five Roses" flour; beat again for twenty minutes, and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Cup Cake.—One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 cups "Five Roses" flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup milk, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, little salt, spice to taste.

Bob, Son of Battle.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A Mad Dog.

David and Maggie, meanwhile, were drifting further and further apart. He now thought the girl took too much upon herself; that this assumption of the woman and the mother was overdone. Once, on a Sunday, he caught her hearing Andrew his catechism. He watched the performance through a crack in the door, and listened, giggling, to her simple teaching. At length his merriment grew so boisterous that she looked up, saw him, and, straightway rising to her feet, crossed the room and shut the door, tendering her unspoken rebuke with such a sweet dignity that he slunk away for once decently ashamed. And the incident served to add point to his hostility.

Consequently he was seldom at Kenmuir, and more often at home, quarrelling with his father.

Since that day, two years before, when the boy had been an instrument in the taking of the Cup from him, father and son had been like two vessels charged with electricity, contact between which might result at any moment in a shock and a flash. This was the outcome not of a moment, but of years.

Of late the contest had raged markedly fiercer; for M'Adam noticed his son's more frequent presence at home, and commented on the fact in his usual spirit of playful rillery.

"What's come to ye, David?" he asked one day. "Yer auld dad's head is nigh turned wi' yer condescension. Is James Moore feared ye'll steal the Cup fra him, as ye stole it from me, that he'll not ha' ye at Kenmuir? or what is it?"

"I thought I could maybe keep an eye on the Killer gin I stayed here," David answered, leering at Red Wull.

"Ye'd do better at Kenmuir—eh, Wullie!" the little man replied.

"Nay," the other answered, "he'll not go to Kenmuir. There's Th' Owd Un to see to him there o' nights."

The little man whipped round. "Are ye so sure he is there o' nights, ma lad?" he asked with slow significance.

"He was there when some one—I dinna say who, though I have ma thoughts—tried to poison him," sneered the boy, mimicking his father's manner. M'Adam shook his head.

"If he was poisoned, and noo I think aiblins he was, he didna pick it up at

Kenmuir, I tell ye that," he said, and marched out of the room.

In the mean time the Black Killer pursued his bloody trade unchecked. The public, always greedy of a new sensation, took up the matter. In several of the great dailies, articles on the "Agrarian Outrages" appeared, followed by lengthy correspondence. Controversy raged high; each correspondent had his own theory and his own solution of the problem; and each waxed indignant as his were discarded for another's.

The terror had reigned already two months when, with the advent of the lambing-time, matters took a yet more serious aspect.

It was bad enough to lose one sheep, often the finest in the pack; but the hunting of a flock at a critical moment, which was incidental to the slaughter of the one, the scaring of these woolly mothers-about-to-be almost out of their fleeces, spelt for the small farmers something akin to ruin, for the bigger ones a loss hardly bearable.

Such a woful season had never been known; loud were the curses, deep the vows of revenge. Many a shepherd at that time patrolled all night through with his dogs, only to find in the morning that the Killer had slipped him and hawcocked in some secluded portion of his beat.

It was heartrending work; and all the more so in that, though his incrimination seemed as far off as ever, there was still the same positiveness as to the culprit's identity.

Long Kirby, indeed, greatly daring, went so far on one occasion as to say to the little man: "And d'ye' reck'n the Killer is a sheep-dog, M'Adam?"

"I do," the little man replied with conviction.

"And that he'll spare his own sheep?"

"Niver a doubt of it."

"Then," said the smith with a nervous cackle, "it must lie between you and Tupper and Saunderson."

The little man leant forward and tapped the other on the arm.

"Or Kenmuir, ma friend," he said. "Ye've forgot Kenmuir."

"So I have," laughed the smith, "so I have."

"Then I'd not anither time," the other continued, still tapping. "I'd mind Kenmuir, d'ye see, Kirby?"

"I do," the little man replied with conviction.

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