

# The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

## BREAKFAST DISHES.

**Gems.**—One egg, one pint of sweet milk; a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Drop small spoonfuls of the batter in hot lard and fry as you would doughnuts. Serve hot with syrup.

**Fried Eggs and Apples.**—Peel and core two large firm apples, then cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, sprinkle over them salt and pepper, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, add the apples, fry them two minutes, turning on each side. Break six eggs over the apples. Season and fry for a minute. Then get in the oven for five minutes. Remove and serve on hot dish.

**Mushroom and Bacon.**—Pick the mushrooms carefully and stew for a few minutes in a little brown sauce or stock and one tablespoonful butter, have ready some rounds of hot buttered toast and crisply fried slices of bacon; on each slice of toast place a slice of bacon and on that a mushroom or if small two or three, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and pour sauce around.

**Corn Bread.**—One pint cornmeal, one pint clabbered milk, two eggs, one level teaspoonful soda, carefully pulverized with knife before measuring, one tablespoonful hot bacon drippings or lard, pinch of salt. Have well greased pan and moderately hot oven. Put cornmeal into mixing bowl, add soda and stir thoroughly, beat eggs and add sour milk to them, stirring the milk and eggs together slightly; now pour the liquid into the meal and when well mixed stir in quickly the hot bacon drippings. Pour immediately into pan and bake twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, according to size of pan.

## CAKE.

**Apple Cake.**—One-quarter pound butter, three-quarters cup sugar, two eggs, rind of one-half lemon, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder; apples and raisins, one cup, cook together; 10 cents worth of almonds; bake one-half hour. Process: Beat eggs and sugar, melt butter, warm the flour and sugar before mixing, have the apples warm, too, when all together, put half of dough in square tin (grease the tin), then put on the apples and raisins, then the other dough, and on top of that sprinkle the almonds; the trick about this cake is to have everything warm that you can, and put it quick together; this is not an expensive cake, but it is fit for a king.

**Angel Food.**—Angel food cake is the easiest cake made, as well as most perfect. Buy a large china wash bowl to mix cake in, as well as common glassful of flour and one rounded teaspoon of cream of tartar together five times. Sift one and one-half glassfuls granulated sugar five times. Beat whites of fourteen eggs in bowl until all is white, but not stiff. Now, have some one turn bowl always in same direction while you very gradually sift and beat the sugar in thoroughly. Carefully fold in the flour, a very little at a time; and flavoring. Beat constantly from time you begin to beat eggs until placed in oven. A nice flavoring is almond, or 3 old-fashioned sweet smelling geranium leaves, as preferred. Bake one hour. Oven must be quite cool at first, then gradually brought to a medium heat. Do not open oven door for twenty minutes. When done turn angel food pan upside down to cool one hour; loosen around edge and center with knife. Use white icing.

**Almond Cake.**—Seven eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of sugar, one-half pound almonds, meringue ground fine. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, add half of sugar, then beat yolks of eggs and add the remaining sugar and unite the two. Sift the ground almonds, adding a tablespoonful of cornstarch. Add this to the eggs and sugar and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. The sugar should be well sifted. This makes a good sized cake and is fine.

## SALADS.

**Salmon Salad.**—One can salmon chopped fine, four hard-boiled eggs, eight lettuce leaves; mix these with a salad dressing made of one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful ground mustard, pinch of pepper, one pound sugar, one pound butter, one pound flour, one egg yolk, one-third cup vinegar. Heat butter and blend dry ingredients. Then add egg yolk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler until it thickens. Serve salad on lettuce leaves.

**Orange Jelly Salad.**—The making of this salad requires little extra effort and has the added merit of keeping well if made in large quantity. Soak one tablespoonful of ge-

latin in one-third cup of water, add one-half pint of orange juice and let come to a boil. Prepare one-half cupful of nut meats. Peel two oranges, divide into sections and halve each section. When the jelly is ready to mold pour a little into the molds, then some nut meats and orange; continue until the molds are filled. When ready to serve turn out on a bed of crisp, small lettuce leaves and pour over a cream mayonnaise.

**Fruit Salad.**—One pound white grapes cut in half and seeds removed; cut fine four apples, one bunch of celery, one cup pineapple, two bananas, and mix all together with following dressing. Rub together dry two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of mustard, add two eggs well beaten, one-half cup vinegar, piece of butter size of a walnut, and a pinch of salt. Cook in double boiler until thick. To serve, cut lettuce in shreds with scissors and place on plates in form of nests and put a helping of salad in center and sprinkle chopped walnut meats over top. This makes enough for twelve persons.

## COOKIES.

**Drop Cookies.**—Three large cups of granulated sugar, one heaping cupful of good homemade lard, one and one-half cups of sour milk, three eggs, one level teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon each of allspice and cloves, one-half grated nutmeg, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one sifter of flour, one package of seeded raisins. Cream the sugar and lard, add the well beaten eggs, then the sour milk, but add the soda to milk first. Sift the spices and baking powder with the flour, then with the raisins add to the above, stir with a spoon if not quite stiff enough add more flour. Drop with a teaspoon and bake in a quick oven.

## PUDDING.

**Steamed Pudding with Fruit.**—One and one-half cups of milk, three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one small teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, three cupfuls of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix powder thoroughly with the flour, add sugar, milk, yolk of eggs beaten lightly, butter melted, and lastly fold in white of eggs. Into molds put a layer of batter, then a layer of fruit until two-thirds full, having dough on top. If canned fruit is used, drain off juice and mix with sweetened whipped cream for sauce.

## USEFUL HINTS.

If an oven is too hot, the temperature may be lowered by opening the lid of the range a trifle.

To let vines climb up on wooden walls will seriously damage them, as it promotes decay.

Hardly any better dusting cloth can be found than the old-fashioned red bandanna handkerchief.

When peeling apples, pour boiling water over them, and the process will be more easily carried out.

When making sweet croquettes, add a little sugar to the crumbs in which the croquettes are to be rolled.

Sewing machine needles may be used much longer if when the points begin to get dull they are rubbed on a piece of emery board.

After almonds are blanched and buttered they may easily be browned by shaking them over a fire in a corn-popper.

White woodwork should be used only in the room which receives plenty of sunshine, as the paint will grow yellow in a shady room.

Oil from the canned sardines may be used in frying potato cakes.

Hot cakes or bread will cut easily if the knife is made hot.

After washing a lamp chimney, polish with dry salt to make the glass brilliant and prevent it from cracking.

A few pieces of gum camphor kept in the boxes in which silver is packed in wrappings will prevent its turning dark.

Salt thrown into the oven immediately after something has been burned in it will make the objectionable odor less noticeable.

Never iron silk with a hot iron or on the right side. It is better, in fact, not to press directly on the silk, but to cover with a slightly dampened cloth.

An effective scarf for a hall table may be made of linen crash with a figure embroidered on each end and of the same design as the paper on the wall.

Finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when sweet oil is rubbed on the spot and from oiled wood when paraffin is used in the same way.

## A FIRM THAT DIDN'T FAIL

The grey-haired man stood for a few minutes in his doorway, glancing to left and right along the quiet street. It seemed that none of the few passers-by paid any attention either to him or to his little shop. At last, with shoulders bent, he stepped forward to the kerb, and, facing round, looked up slowly towards the lettering above the window.

"Chislett & Son!" he muttered. There was a trace of bitterness in his voice.

Dusk had fallen, and it was almost time to turn down the lights. Then he would retire to the back room, and prepare his evening meal. Afterwards he would go to bed. Every day was much the same now, and he had almost given up hope of any change. His life was nearly over, he told himself. He must just keep on till the end—alone.

"Chislett & Son!" he breathed again. And this time he spoke shakily. His neighbor, the stout, jovial draper, called to see him twice before he retired himself.

"Good evening, I said!" "I beg your pardon!" John Chislett stammered. "How are you, Mr. Dyson?"

"Going to shut up! I am. No body about to-night—eh! Trade's going to the dogs!"

The grey-haired man replied mechanically. It was easy to see that his thoughts were far away. Mr. Dyson followed the direction of his gaze, and nodded slowly.

"How's your boy getting on?" He jerked his thumb upwards. "That put me in mind of him. America suit him all right! I suppose you get a line pretty often?"

John Chislett's head was turned aside. "I should have been very disappointed if he hadn't done well."

His pale features flushed as he realized his pitiful evasion. Yet it was obviously impossible to admit to a mere acquaintance that his son had never written at all, that they had parted almost as strangers.

"I expect so, too, after the education you gave him. Didn't you think he might stay on in the business?" "Oh, perhaps, it wasn't good enough for him, eh? Most likely his ideas were out above shop-keeping."

"It wasn't exactly that," answered the grey-haired man jerkily. "I—I wished him to go. Work here with me! Oh, that would have been rather too much to expect, wouldn't it?" He laughed queerly. "It's the advertising profession he's taken up."

"I'm! A new line for a man, that. Quite up to date. More suitable for him, too. You haven't been in trade all your life. I can see that. Family had some misfortunes, I expect! No—no, don't take offence! And I'm not asking any questions."

The Chisletts had always been independent up to now. "I guessed as much." The stout draper nudged his companion suddenly. "Hallo, here's a customer for you!"

John Chislett swung round. A girl was walking towards them. "I know she's for you, and not me, because I've seen her often, going into your place. Very affable young lady. Looks in pretty nearly every way, doesn't she?"

The grey-haired man had stepped forward quickly. The girl smiled pleasantly, as he stood aside for her to enter the doorway.

When they reappeared at last, she bade him good-night cheerfully. Mr. Dyson looked out again, eyeing the departing figure with approval.

"Who is she? Live about here?" "I don't know," returned John Chislett abstractedly. Her name's Milbourne."

"No stuck-up pride about her, anyway," affirmed the draper heartily, as he disappeared.

Later that evening, John Chislett sat motionless in his chair by the fireplace, and his thoughts returned to his son. It had seemed very lonely there in the parlor when his wife had died. For the past eighteen months his solitary life had become almost unbearable. It had been selfish to try to keep the boy with him. He admitted that now. Yet there had surely been some excuse.

"I told him it was his duty to stay," he murmured. "I was selfish—unjust!"

At the last moment, when his son's decision was obviously made, in desperation he had assumed anger, and spoken harsh words.

"But I wanted to keep him somehow! I didn't want to be left alone. I was in the wrong. I drove him out in the end. And now—now, in all this time I haven't heard from him!"

John Chislett's grey head bent forward, and he brushed a hand across his eyes.

"Were you thinking your place needs doing up? I'd make it last till the spring, if I were you."

Mr. Dyson failed to notice his neighbor's flush.

"It's the name," explained John Chislett indistinctly. "And Son, you know. Harry, my boy, he's left the firm for good. I'll have that part painted out one of these days. It isn't necessary any more."

He gave instructions that afternoon, and next morning a man arrived. They stood on the pavement together.

"And what style o' letterin' would you like, sir?" "Oh, leave the 'John Chislett,' please!"

"Just paint the rest out—eh?" "Yes," agreed the grey-haired man, with an effort.

But, while the ladders were being fixed, he clenched his hands together indecisively.

"I can't do it!" he faltered, at last, and hurried out again. "I—I've changed my mind. I'll leave it as it is. Tell them, when you go back, that I—I'll pay for your time."

The workman stared. "You don't want it done at all, sir?"

"Not yet; not now!" When the mystified painter had gone, he crept out again.

"It's the only thing I've got to remember him by," he told himself unsteadily.

Several months passed, and each week his position became more precarious. Each day fewer customers seemed to visit the shop. The takings grew less and less. In the evening John Chislett would count the meagre contents of his till, then glance across to the little pile of bills which increased in spite of his economies.

They were the accounts from wholesale firms, and, hitherto, he had managed to settle them at the appointed date. But gradually even his small savings vanished. Then he had to ask for more time.

"Trade is so bad," he wrote wearily. "I will pay you at the earliest possible moment."

Collectors called after a while. He humbled himself before them. One, a bustling young man of brusque manner and elegant attire, waved his hand scornfully round the small premises.

"System, that's what you want, Mr. Chislett. Up-to-date,ness, enterprise, modern methods! Attract the people somehow!"

"Ah, if I were younger!" said John Chislett gently.

"Well, we can only give you another fortnight. I'll call on the thirtieth again."

The grey-haired man shivered. Miss Milbourne, entering a moment later, had to repeat her greeting.

"Certainly—certainly! I beg your pardon?"

"You're in trouble. It's money, isn't it? I'm so sorry! But you must try to look on the bright side. Things may come all right."

She held out her hand to him, and, after an astonishing pause, John Chislett took it.

"Think of me as a friend, then," she smiled.

She began to come each week now, and John Chislett looked forward eagerly to her visits, even though matters were going from bad to worse, and at last, he felt a prey to absolute despair.

Bankruptcy, that was what it meant! And after that, what would become of him?

Then an unhappy overcame him. During one whole day he yowed that he would cease to struggle and to hope.

It was in the morning that the letter came. John Chislett opened it with a sigh. A cheque fell from the envelope. Dazedly he read the accompanying note.

"In accordance with the instructions of a relative of yours, who desires to remain anonymous, we have pleasure in enclosing cheque for \$500 to your order. Kindly sign and return the form of receipt herewith."

The signature was that of a firm of solicitors. With a start he recognized the name. He had often heard his cousin speak of them—that asseprage cousin who had been the primary cause of his misfortunes, in whose speculative plans he had once been led to believe.

So Philip Lazebny, who had disappeared from his life ten years before, had not forgotten that some reparation was due!

One hundred pounds! It was miraculous that such a sum should reach him in the very hour of his need. He laughed strangely.

His debts did not amount to half as much. Why, he could pay them all, and start again with a balance in hand! When Miss Milbourne came up to the counter that afternoon, he laid the papers before her with trembling hands.

"Look—look! I've had great luck. I've saved! I—I thought I was ruined; but now, it's a hundred pounds, arrived just in time!"

The girl nodded. "I'm so glad!"

He recovered himself in a moment. "But, of course, it can't interest you. You've been so kind, you see. I—I forgot my place for the minute." He drew himself up.

"And I've asked to be your friend," she said reproachfully. "Why, I've known you for two

## GAME UP IN THE FAR NORTH

### RELICS OF THE NOW EXTINCT BOETHIC NATION.

#### How the Indians Built Their Deer Traps—Streams Abounding in Graylings.

"Interesting relics and reminders of the original people of Newfoundland, the now extinct Boethic nation," says a sportsman who has ventured into many wild regions of the continent, "are still to be found in the far northwestern portion of that province in the form of remnants of the devices used to capture the deer and caribou and other big game which seem to have formed their chief subsistence."

"According to tradition these deer fences, as they are called, were made by felling the trees along the ridge of the river banks without

years now—since before your son went away."

She saw his face change. "I suppose you think of him often, how he's getting on, and all that?"

"I try not to." The words came jerkily.

"Oh! But why?" "I don't want him! He's never written. I might be starving. He doesn't care. I—I don't want him back again!"

There was a moment's silence. The girl was about to speak, when, suddenly, he broke down.

"Yes, Heaven forgive me, I do!" "He might come any day," said Miss Milbourne softly. John Chislett waved his hand in a tired fashion.

"No—no, you don't understand!"

He broke off. She had picked up the cheque.

"Let's talk about that, instead. I'll tell you if I may. It came from a cousin of mine—Philip Lazebny. He—well, in a way, he's owed me some money for some years now, and I never expected he'd remember. I've misjudged him. I must write."

The girl interrupted steadily. "But—about your son. You'd be glad, then, wouldn't you, if he came back?"

John Chislett made a gesture of impatience.

"There's no chance of that. I've told you, Miss Milbourne, that he doesn't care!"

"You're wrong, though!" He glanced up, with a quick breath. "He's been hearing about you all the time. He asked someone to tell him everything, and they—they promised."

John Chislett eyed her wonderingly.

"You can't mean—"

"Yes, I'm his 'special correspondent'—she spoke confusedly—and I let him know all the news."

"And I never guessed. Then that's why—"

"That's why I've tried to make friends with you. He's been doing well out there, too; and, when he comes back—the color flooded her face—"well, we're going to keep to the arrangements we made."

"Harry—my boy?" cried John Chislett amazedly. "Harry—and you?"

She faced him swiftly. "Why not? We loved each other before he went. He'd intended to tell you that night—the night you quarrelled. He just said he meant to go, and you wouldn't give him a real chance to speak."

"It's true—it's true!"

"So, then, in—in his foolish pride he wouldn't mention me. He wouldn't bring me to you, and let me explain—how he wanted to make money quickly, both for my sake and yours. And there wasn't much opportunity here—nothing to the opening he'd found in New York, Mr. Chislett."

The grey-haired man caught her hand.

"But he's coming back to England for good. His firm are starting a branch over here, and he's to manage it. He says too, that he'll soon make this business pay again."

She glanced round the little shop and nodded confidently. John Chislett gave a little cry.

"Then he knows! He sent this money—? It wasn't my cousin, after all?"

"No, Harry sent it. He owes you far more, he says. You economized for his sake when he was at school. You stinted yourself."

"When will he arrive?" asked John Chislett thickly. "When will he arrive?"

"At the end of the week, we hope. May I cable that he's to come straight here, and stay?"

The grey-haired man swallowed a lump in his throat.

"If he will, my dear?"

"You're to remember, he writes, that he's still a partner in the firm."

John Chislett, nodding, walked unsteadily through the door, and out to the pavement. Once again he looked up at the lettering.

"Chislett & Son!" he whispered shakily. ".... & Son!"—London Answers.

cutting the trunks quite in two, and causing them to fall so that they lay parallel with the river, each tree on the unsevered butt of the one preceding it in its fall. The branches of the trees were woven, and twisted together where there were gaps or openings left large enough for a deer to get through, thus forming an impassable barrier to the passage of the animals save at points where openings were designedly left by the constructors of the fences.

"Coming to these obstructions deer, caribou and moose would follow them along, seeking a place to get through, which would not be until they came to one of the openings left for that purpose. At such openings the Indian hunters lay in wait for them."

#### ARMED WITH SPEARS,

and killed them as they sought to pass. The fences were built on both sides of the stream, so as to entrap the game coming from either direction.

"Some of these deer traps must have been at least thirty miles long. The race that constructed and maintained these great game pounds and required for sustenance the enormous quantity of food they undoubtedly must have provided must have been a numerous one, but not a member of it is there to-day, and the only reminder that it ever was there is the rotting remnants of the pounds themselves."

The Yukon Indians in Alaska also have a peculiar method of capturing deer. By the Yukon Indian method the deer are forced to hang themselves if they are not killed by being shot from block houses built of snow, in which the hunters lie ambushed as the deer run into the trap fixed for them.

is trap is a big corral thrown across a deer trail or path, a strong barricade, closed at one end, one end open, and each side so constructed with stakes that between them strong nooses made of moose hide can be hung. The deer travel in large herds in that region, and these Indians drive into the corrals. The trapped animals attempt to escape by the only way they see, the apertures between the side stakes. In doing this they run their heads into the slipping nooses, which close about their necks and

#### SMOKE THEM TO DEATH.

"Often many of the deer are shot as they enter the corral by Indians who throw up small forts of snow, in the front of which are cut holes through which the weapons they use are turned on the game—guns now, but bone pointed arrows shot from bows in the days before civilization dawned on the Yukon."

"And speaking of the Yukon country, I am reminded to ask how many sportsmen to-day have ever killed a grayling? Not many, I believe. The waters of the Michigan wilderness have always been regarded as the only place where that most beautiful of all game fishes could be counted on to slow the stuff that is in him."

The grayling was once the particular and exclusive pride of the Michigan interior streams, but it is a rare thing even there now. But abundant as it once was in those waters, it was scarce compared to what it is and always has been, I suppose, in the streams of the Yukon basin.

"The first time I knew there were graylings in those Alaskan waters was one day when a companion and I were moose hunting along one of the streams. We killed a moose and while we were dressing it close to the edge of the water some hjected portion of the carcass fell into the stream. It had scarcely struck the water when the surface was thrashed into a foam by

#### SCHOOLS OF FISH

that rushed in crowding numbers from all sides to seize the refuse.

"As some of them were forced out of the water in full sight I was amazed to see that they were graylings. The brilliant markings and the bright iridescent hues of the broad dorsal fin made the identity certain."

"We followed that stream a mile or more, and wherever we tossed a bit of that moose meat into the water we saw the same wild and crowding rush of graylings to seize the fish we saw were but a small portion of the myriads of them that joined in those savage rushes, and among them we noticed very few small ones. It was an amazing exhibition of what all sportsmen have ever believed to be the very rarest of our game."

"They were so numerous there, that scientific angling for them had no pleasure in it, for they would bite or strike at anything offered them and skill counted for nothing. It was the same with the brook trout, the genuine crimson spotted fellow, the true angler's pride of the trout family, which I found were likewise overabundant in the smaller streams of the Yukon basin. There will be great sport with the rod and line out there if the day comes when the grayling and trout are thinned out and become comparatively scarce and are educated up to the proper way of accepting the challenge of the fisherman."