

HOME

TASTY RECIPES.

Pot Roast.—A tasty dish for luncheon. One can red salmon, one egg, juice of one lemon. Season with salt and pepper to suit. Break the salmon apart with a fork and lightly mix with the other ingredients. Put this into a cake tin with a funnel, centre and steam for twenty minutes. This will come out in the shape of a salmon loaf. While the salmon loaf is steaming prepare either fresh or canned peas by cooking fifteen or twenty minutes, and when done season with butter, pepper, and salt, and garnish the salmon loaf on the chop plate with the peas by filling the cavity formed by the funnel and spill generously over the loaf.

Sweet Salad Dressing.—Sweet salad dressing for apple, celery, walnuts, or any fruit or nuts desired. Juice of two oranges, juice of three lemons, two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one cup of whipping cream. Beat juice of oranges and lemons with eggs, add sugar and boil till clear. Whip cream, and stir thoroughly into mixture, but do not add cream till mixture is cool. Set away in a cool place. Just before ready to serve the salad cut the apple and celery into cubes and also cut the walnuts up fine, and mix lightly with a fork and place on lettuce leaves and garnish with the above salad dressing. Half the recipe is sufficient to serve six.

Chicken in Peas.—Cut the chicken into joints, as for a fricassee or currie, and put into a saucepan with a quart of young shelled peas, one spoonful of butter, one small sliced onion, one spring of parsley, moisten with drippings, dusting with flour. Stew, covered, until done. Add a little salt and sugar just before serving.

Chili Sauce.—The chili sauce is made without boiling and will keep to the last bit. One peck ripe tomatoes chopped fine; sprinkle in 2 cups of salt and drain overnight. In the morning add 9 cupfuls of chopped celery, 4 small red peppers, chopped, 2 cupfuls of chopped onions, 2 cupfuls of brown sugar, 1 cupful of mustard seed, 1 teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of powdered cloves, 2 quarts of cider vinegar. Mix and set away. Ready to eat in three days.

BREADS.
Nut Bread.—One cupful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of sugar, three-fourths cupful of English walnut meats, three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, pinch salt. Beat egg and sugar together, add flour in which baking powder has been sifted, then the milk and last the nut meats ground. Put in tins and let raise one hour and bake.

Outmeal Bread.—Two cupfuls of sponge, two cupfuls of breakfast food over which pour one cupful of boiling water and let stand until lukewarm, one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard; mix together with white flour and treat as white bread.

Baking Hint.—When your bread fails to rise, don't throw the dough away, and by all means don't attempt to bake it. Instead, take a teaspoonful of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a scant teaspoonful of lard and enough warm milk to make a sticky dough. Work this in with the other dough; roll and cut into biscuits. Then bake quickly. The result will be biscuits so nice and light that they are superior to ordinary baking powder or soda biscuits. The proportions of dough are half of each kind.

CANDY.
Fruit Fudge.—Fruit fudge, something new and delicious: Three cupfuls of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of nut meats, one-half cupful of figs, dates, or raisins, and one-half cupful of shredded coconut. Boil sugar, butter, and milk until soft ball forms when dropped into water. Remove from fire and set in a dish of cold water after vanilla has been added. Cool until almost cold, heat rapidly, adding nuts and fruit. Pour into platter and cut into squares.

Butter Fudge.—Boil six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter, and twelve of corn syrup in a pan till it forms a soft ball when tried in water. Take from fire and beat till creamy. Pour on a buttered platter and cut in squares. This makes just a small recipe, about one-half of usual fudge recipe.

a marble slab. When almost cool out in squares with a buttered knife. A marble slab is preferred to a pan on account of the great ease in cutting and because it is absolutely flat, while a pan may be a trifle curved, and thus spoil the lines of the cake. One must watch and stir the preparation, as it is apt to burn.

FISH.
Twenty Minute Codfish Balls.—Cut and pick dry codfish in small pieces, freed from bone and skin, and soak in cold water while you peel and dice potatoes. Take two cupfuls of codfish for four cupfuls of diced potatoes. Put in cold water and boil until potatoes are tender. Drain water off, and mash as for mashed potatoes; season with butter and pepper and beat in one egg well. Drop from spoon into hot fat and fry a delicate brown. Garnish with lettuce or parsley. They are nice and light and can be prepared in twenty minutes. This quantity will serve four persons.

Fish Hint.—In order to dispense with the disagreeable odors when baking fish the following method is suggested: After cleaning and washing the fish thoroughly, season well with salt and pepper and dredge it sparingly with flour, both inside and out, and roll in manilla paper of three thicknesses. Fold and pin together securely the edges of the paper in order to prevent the escape of the juices. Bake in moderate oven, but allow fifteen minutes longer than baking the same fish in a pan. When ready to serve remove the paper to which the skin of the fish will have adhered and place the fish upon a platter. In this way the fish is left juicy and delectable.

SOME USES FOR SALT.
It is well to wipe up floors with salt water.
Salt removes discolorations from the teapot.
Matting should be washed with salt water and wiped dry.
Clean willow furniture by a good scrubbing with salt water.
Sewer gas is counteracted if a handful of salt be placed in the basin.
Emel may be cleaned by an application of salt moistened with vinegar.
Black and white goods may be safely washed if salt is added to the water.
A smoldering or dull fire may be cleared for burning by a handful of salt.

Copper and glass may be cleaned by dipping half a lemon in fine salt and then rubbing the soiled article. Odors of strong smelling foods may be removed from cooking utensils by placing them, bottom side up, over salt which has been put on a hot stove.

USEFUL HINTS.
Never ask a sick person what he will have to eat. Give him a surprise in the shape of some dainty, and the probability is that he will readily eat it.
When the micing machine needs oiling use a drop of glycerine. This will prevent any risk of disagreeable taste or smell and will make the machine work easily.
The success of a meat pie or pudding depends on having the meat tender and well cooked, the gravy rich and properly seasoned, and the crust light and digestible.
To preserve meat take a quart of best vinegar, two ounces of salt, and boil these together for a few minutes. When cold brush it on to the meat to be preserved.
If the bacon is too salt place a little water in the pan in which you intend frying it. Let the water come to a boil, then pour the water off and cook the bacon in the usual manner.

The great secret of a pleasant meal is to have everything that is required to eat it on the table. Nothing is so irritating as to have to be sending out of the room for odd forks and spoons.
For a minced meat pie take two tablespoonfuls each of chopped beef, suet, apples, raisins, currants and sugar, pastry. Mix the ingredients and put them in a pie-dish and cover with flaky crust.
Before cleaning brown boots rub over with milk—a little is sufficient. Wipe with a dry cloth and clean with polish as usual. This will clean and soften the leather, the greasiness in the milk keeps it moist. Stains can be removed by soaking the discolored parts with benzine and letting it dry.
Mashed turnips should be prepared this way:—Boil the turnips, drain and mash them thoroughly with a fork against the sides of the saucepan. Take care there are no lumps. Add pepper, salt and a little butter.

To prevent irons from rusting wrap them in brown paper and put them away in a dry place. If they have already become rusty they may be brightened again by rubbing them over a smooth board sprinkled with white sand.
A cheap disinfectant to use when scrubbing or washing utensils in a sick room is made by adding a teaspoonful of turpentine to every painful of hot water. Turpentine is a powerful disinfectant, and will disinfect all hard surfaces.

Sir Victor Horsley said alcohol was the commonest cause of dis-

ease. Long before the poisonous effect was developed in a man or woman alcohol had begun to undermine the morality of the home, and to cause disease and vice in many serious ways.

CONCRETE FENCE POSTS

THE CHEAPEST THAT CAN BE PUT UP.

These Posts Can Never Rot, and They Never Need to be Repaired.

"One of the most striking changes amongst the farmers in the vicinity of my old home," said the traveling agent of a large Canadian firm of agricultural implement manufacturers, upon his return from a visit to his birthplace, in the State of New York, recently, "is the better and more permanent character of the buildings and various farm improvements."

"I remember how, years ago, it took my father and all three of us boys one whole day to harvest a certain field. The present owner of the place says that his young son now does that work in a single day, and so far as he can see he never even has to mop his brow."
"Talking with some of the farmers in that section, regarding the methods of the present day, as compared with the past, I find that a very great saving has been effected by the introduction of the use of cement. The price of this article, when I was a boy, was almost prohibitive. In fact, we had hardly ever heard of cement at all, and when we did, it was more as a luxury—an article to mend the dishes in mother's kitchen—rather than as an article to be used on the farm. Now-a-days, most of the boys have been learning how to use it, and no matter where you go you are sure to see something made of it."

HIS BROTHER'S FENCE.

"I was particularly struck with a fence which my brother put up on his place some years ago. My brother and I, you must know, particularly hated looking after fences. We used to prep the posts up mainly by aid of the stones we had picked off the property. Some of these stones would get removed, and down would come the fence. Father used to be a little hard on us sometimes we thought. When the other boys were off playing he used to set us at work repairing these fences. As the stones wouldn't hold the posts up, he made us dig holes deep in the ground, and drive the posts down into them. These held fairly well, but the trouble was that the posts would rot. That did not matter so much those days, for posts were cheap. The trouble was that we had to go over the fence and repair it and waste all sorts of time over it. In fact, the fence was the bane of our lives, and must have cost a lot to keep in repair.

"A good many accidents took place, one way and another, with these fences, which it seems to me now must have cost father even more than the fences did. I remember one night the horses got tearing around the fields and bumped into a part of the fence which had been neglected for some time past, for the reason that we were busy harvesting the hay. There was a field of green grain. The horses got into it and trampled all over it; but worse than that they gorged themselves with it, with the result that

TWO OF THEM DIED.

the following day, and the other two were barely pulled through by the aid of a veterinary from the nearest town.
"As I was about to say, my brother, who lives on part of the old farm, took me down to the old line fence, just to look at the place where the horses broke through that time. He told me that when he saw cement being used so much he wondered if it wouldn't be a good thing to make fence posts of, so that they would not rot or break. He got into touch with a cement firm, without further delay, with the result that they sent him full instructions regarding the making of cement fence posts.
"Jack was very proud of his fence, and it struck me, when he showed it to me, that I had never seen anything nicer. It was as straight as a die, and there wasn't a sign of a break in it from end to end. The posts were all upright and the wire it was smooth wire—was as tight and as trim as it used to be on Judge Postor's lawn. Jack asked me how long I thought it was since the fence was built. I told him perhaps a few months—four or five months. 'Well,' said he, 'make it years instead of months and you would be nearer it.'

"It was a fact that for half a dozen years that fence had stood there, and that during that time not a break had taken place, and Jack had not spent five minutes looking after it.
THE CHEAPEST FENCE.
"I asked my brother if the fence had not been a little costly."
"Said he: 'That's the cheapest

fence I ever had on my farm. It cost more to begin with than the old kind we used to have so much trouble with when we were boys, but once put up it is there forever. Those posts can never rot. The longer they are up, the harder and the stronger they become. I made a few little mistakes when I began the work, but they were not serious, and I now know how to provide against them. One of the great advantages of this sort of fence is that it never needs to be repaired. I suppose, in the course of time, the wire will rust out and break, but that will not be the fault of the posts; and as you will remember, it was always the posts that used to give us the worry when we were boys.'

"I asked him if the posts never loosened and fell over to one side in the way that used to make so much work for us in the old days."
"Well," said he, "they do loosen sometimes. But do you remember how solid the wooden posts used to be after they had been in the ground a good while and before they began to rot. The longer they remained there, the solder they became. That's the way with these posts. I never have to tinker with them, so that they are never disturbed, but are allowed to become

IMBEDDED IN THE EARTH.
I have sunk them pretty deep, so that the frost will not affect them, and the result is that the fence is always just as you see it now. The strongest man on this farm could hardly move one of these posts. I am just now completing the last fence on my farm, and after it is finished the fence problem on this place will be settled forever. No more time will be wasted looking after them, and there will be no danger of the horses breaking in like they did at this spot thirty years ago, or so—as you may remember."

"I remembered all right, and as we stood there laughing, we instinctively began rubbing the sore spots once more, which father left on us upon that memorable occasion."

BROKE UP THE HABIT.

A Woman Who Found a Simple Remedy For a Laid Annoyance.
"What has become of those two children who visited you so often?" asked one west side woman of another. "The other smiled discreetly."
"They are the children of my niece, and she was making a convulsion of me. Of course I love the children, but I never allow myself to become much of a victim of imposition. My niece is an extremely gay young widow, and she does not like to take care of her children. She is fond of shopping, matinees, afternoon teas and everything, in short, which takes her away from home, and she got into a habit of sending her children over to my house for me to take care of when ever she wished to get about. I decided it was time to break up the habit, for her own good, and that of the children, as well as mine, so I did."

"I suppose that made your niece angry?"
"Oh, no; it couldn't. I never said anything about it. The last time the children came over I spent the afternoon teaching them verses from the Bible, and they didn't find it sufficiently entertaining. They never came back. Just how they managed to work it out with their mother I do not know, but I suppose they struck or begged off. Of course she could not object to what I had done, and it proved a very simple solution."—New York Press.

AN ASTOR DEAL.

"The Only Time That Old John Jacob Sold Real Estate."
"One of the most stringent real estate rules of the Astor family is 'never sell,' and only one sale is recorded in the entire life of old John Jacob Astor," said Miles P. Watkins, a real estate broker of New York. "In 1830 Astor tore down his house in Broadway, cleared the whole block from Vesey to Barclay street and built the huge Quincey granite hotel known as the Astor House, which was one of the first notable landmarks in New York and also one of the best paying pieces of property."
"A few days after it was finished the old gentleman and his eldest son, William, were walking through City Hall park, where the postoffice now stands, and stopped a moment to admire the building, the finest hotel in America at that time."

"'Pon, that's a mighty fine building,' said William. 'I wish to gracious it was mine.'"
"So," answered the father. "Well, Billy, give me \$1 and you can have it."
"Out came the dollar—a big silver dollar that is cherished by the family to this day—and within an hour the deed of the property was made out and recorded. This was old Mr. Astor's only sale of real estate in his life."—Washington Herald.

Imaginary Pains.
Don't laugh at hysterical people with their imaginary pains, says a physician. A "disease" is really to be suffered. When one believes one has a pain one has the pain. All pain is in the brain, and to believe one has it is to have it. It matters not a whit whether the message is sent by one's toe that some kind friend is treading on or whether it is sent from one part of the brain to another.—New York Tribune.

QUEER WEDDING GIFTS.

One Couple of Mature Years Received a Pair of Coffins.

An Englishman extremely fond of hunting received as a wedding gift from an anonymous person a complete set of false limbs a set of artificial teeth and a couple of glass eyes, to procure all of which the strange donor must, of course, have put himself to considerable expense. Accompanying these strange presents was a note wherein the donor expressed a hope that, by reason of the recipient's many years of false limbs, artificial teeth and a couple of glass eyes, some of these substitutes might ultimately prove of use. As the bridegroom had incurred much anxiety while holding office under his government, it was supposed that these gifts came from a disappointed office seeker.

A well known American writer received from a rival man of letters a scrap book wherein were carefully pasted and indexed many hundreds of clippings containing adverse criticisms touching the former's work, and a popular artist was presented with a set of elementary works upon self instruction in drawing and painting.
Some years ago in the west an elderly, crusty merchant on espousing a spinner of mature age was presented by an undertaker with two coffins for himself and wife, a letter which accompanied these ghastly gifts stating that they would, unlike most of the other offerings received, be sure to be of service. Naturally enough the bridegroom resented this singular and unuseful gift, and it took all the efforts of mutual friends to prevent a breach of the peace.
Like vexation was no doubt felt by an infirm octogenarian in Ohio who wedded a pleasure loving woman more than fifty years his junior. The present in this case was a large brass cage, "intended," so the inevitable accompanying letter stated, "to restrain the wayward flights of a giddy young wife who has married a decrepit old fool for his money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PIRATES OF HONGKONG.

They Are the Real Old Fashioned Bloodthirsty Kind.

There are pirates in Hongkong—not the usual kind that greet the gentle stranger with an expensive smile and take what he has for worthless rubbish, nor yet the petty thieves that go by that name on our own water fronts, but the real old fashioned, murderous kind, who count not the victims as they reckon the spoils.
Of course they do not swagger in costume, as all real pirates should, or ply their trade in Hongkong's immediate waters, but among the thousands of fishermen, stevedores and coal handlers that crowd the harbor's edge they mingle and gossip water front news, knowing well when a particularly rich cargo is due from the interior.
And in the purple twilight a junk starts out of one of the many estuaries far up the West or Pearl river and swoops with the suddenness of a hawk on the heavily laden prize. The struggle is short. Over the hills on the naked backs of a swarming crew the loot disappears forever from a smoking junk in the rice swamps, or as happens in the case of the Sataon, half a hundred take passage in the crowded hold of a river steamer and when the handful of unsuspecting whites gather at dinner raise a hissing hail on the scurried air, and the ship is taken.
Rifles, thrust through booted doors subdue the pitiful fire that lasts a little while from behind the shot torn tabicloth, but the ship is already headed for the bank by the quartermaster with a rifle at his ear, and one more tragedy is added to the long list of crimes on the Sataon.—W. S. Aylward in Harper's Magazine.

Suicide by Swallowing Gold.

Suicide by swallowing gold is sometimes accomplished in China. The following is an authoritative account, written by a very learned Chinese for the Westminster Gazette, of how this much contested form of suicide is accomplished:
"In swallowing gold it is not loose gold leaf or gold dust that is swallowed, but a solid lump of gold, or even a gold ring, weighing about half an ounce. Gold is not at any time of a corrupting nature, but when a lump of it is swallowed and gets into the bowels it falls, on account of its intrinsic weight, to rise and surmount the convolutions of the bowels and can therefore never complete its passage. After two or three days it destroys life without any suffering."

An Unfortunate Response.

The problem of too many churches in a given locality is often a perplexing one. It is said that the churches in a certain village, on opposite sides of the street, were so close that when the congregation in one church sang "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" the congregation in the other church promptly responded, "No, Not One, No, Not One." Fortunate is it if the seeming contradiction is confined to the unintentional inharmonious responses in songs.—Lippincott's.

Table All Right.

"Do they have a good table?" asks the prospective guest.
"It is first rate," answers the man who has just returned—"solid oak, with heavy legs and a polished top."—Judge.

THE MANTILLA.

A Spanish Woman Answers the Question, "Why Do You Wear It?"

The writer once asked of a well known lady of the Spanish aristocracy who was seated in the box of the president of a corrida in Madrid, "Why do you wear a mantilla?" and the tall duchess replied: "Because we all wear a mantilla as a bulwark or at any truly Spanish function. It is the proper thing to do, and we do it."
A little later as I stroled among a group of aficionados I ventured to ask a woman of the people over whose head and shoulders was also thrown a mantilla why all Spanish women, to whatever class they belonged, wore this national headdress, if it may be called thus.

"This woman was sitting in the open air, and I was thinking that a large straw hat would have protected her better from the burning rays of the sun and been quite as picturesque. She replied in that drawing, warm tone so typical of the Spanish: 'Well, I happened to have often thought of this, and I think the reason why we all wear the mantilla is because we Spanish women are most careful about our hair. We think the chief charms of a woman are her eyes and her hair. And as you may see, we all have splendid, thick, lustrous hair, and we are supposed to have, many of us, fascinating eyes. Now, why should we hide our elaborately arranged hair under a hat and conceal our eyes in the shade cast by the brim of a hat?'
No doubt this woman was right. Pious allgiance to the Spanish women of the upper classes may have its exceptions, but they, as their less fortunate compatriots, all agree that beautiful hair and expressive eyes are more important. * * * And both of these may be cultivated.—London Mail.

THE FIRST WINDMILLS.

Could Work Only When the Wind Blew From a Certain Point.
Windmills are said to have been introduced into England by the Knights of St. John, who observed them in use among the Saracens in the Crusades, but how long they had been in existence before this it is not possible to ascertain. A water mill was built in Bohemia in the year 718, for an old chronicler mentions it, going on to say that "before that time all the mills in Bohemia were windmills set upon the summit of hills."
For hundreds of years windmills were among the most important adjuncts of industry, yet they hardly changed from the rude and primitive design of earliest days. They were fixed in one position, and so could only be worked when the wind blew from a certain quarter, while the four sails boasted no slats or checking apparatus of any kind, which most have been more inconvenient at times.

The first idea of arranging a mill so that it could be worked "wherever the wind did blow" was that of tethering an ordinary mill in the middle of a pond by means of ropes. When the wind shifted the ropes were loosened and the mill dragged around until the sails were caught by the wind, and it was then again tethered as before. Later on a great pole, which was worked on the principle of a lever, was affixed to the mill. Not until 1805 did Holland, the land of windmills, introduce a movable dome carrying the mill axle. The dome ran on rollers and was shifted around by means of the pole mentioned above. These ancient mills were often of massive build, being made of brick or stone, and later entirely of wood.—London Globe.

The Helmet That Fell.

Roque Laura, the deformed sister of Louis XIV., contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his pardon for having struck off the helmet of one of his sentinels who had failed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roque Laura should crave his pardon for so venial an offense and said to him, "This is a serious matter, Roque Laura, but I will pardon you this time."
It afterward turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet and fell with it to the ground.—Argonaut.

The Astonishing Part.

Lord Townshend at the battle of Dettingen was standing quite near a drummer boy whose britches were dashed out by a cannon ball. His lordship gazed on the horrible spectacle for some moments in silence.
At last an old officer spoke up and said: "Why is your lordship surprised? Such things must happen in war."
"I know that was the reply," but what astonishes me is that a boy with so much brains should be here at all."

A Bright Outlook.

"Do you—er—do you think, Miss Dangleigh, that you will be—er—engaged next Thursday evening?" asked Tompy very bashfully.
"Well, really, Mr. Tompy," replied Ethel, "I don't know, but if you can get up spunk enough between now and then to do your share I think there's a fair prospect that I shall be."
And Tompy did.—Harper's Weekly.

Where It Hurts.

"Say, I have an awful pain. I wonder if it is appendicitis? Can you tell me on what side one gets it?"
"Why, on the inside, of course."—Columbia Jester.

Bad Selection.

"'Godness me, but that woman's makeup is loud.'"
"It is that. She should have used business powder."—Baltimore American.