# House and Household.

## USEFUL RECIPES.

### BAKED VEAL CROQUETTES.

Two cupfuls of finely chopped veal, half cup of dry bread crumbs, salt, pepper, a little mace, one beaten egg, good stock or cream to moisten. Form in croquettes, roll egg and cracker crumbs; bake in quick oven.

### WEINER SCHNITZE.

For those who like German dishes the following is recommended: Cut veal in small slices, dust with salt and pepper, dip in eggs, then in fine bread crumbs, fry a light brown; garnish with fillets of anchovies rolled in small balls, slices of lemon, chopped beets and watercress.

### CREAM OF SPINACH.

To make cream of spinach, boil the spinach as usual, turn into a colander to drain, chop fine and rub through a pure sieve, adding for a quart of spinach an even teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, a pinch of mace and a small cup of cream. Serve with triangles of fried bread.

### FRENCH MUSTARD.

Slice an onion and cover with vinegar and let it stand two or three days; pour off the vinegar and add one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, one of brown sugar and mustard to thicken, let come to a boil and bottle.

### DEVILED CLAMS.

Chop fifty clams very fine; take two tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, a little parsley, thyme and sweet marjoram, a little salt, pepper and bread crumbs, adding the juice of the clams until the mixture is of the consistency of sausage; put it in the shells with a lump of butter on each; cover with bread crumbs and bake one-half hour.

### CLAM FRAPPE FOR INVALIDS.

Clam frappe is a new dainty included in an invalid's menu of the Boston Cooking School. Wash thoroughly twenty clams and put them in a stew pan with one-half cup of cold water; cover closely and steam until the shells open. Strain the liquid, cool and freeze it into a mush. Serve in glasses. A small amount may be frozen easily in a baking powder can by setting it in a tin pail and packing with ice and salt in equal proportions. The mixture will freeze in an hour, and should be stirred once or twice during the time. This clam juice is also very often diluted and served hot, and in some cases of gastric inflammation will be retained by the stomach when almost everything else is rejected.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

An invaluable remedy for outward application in any chest or throat trouble is camphorated oil. One may make it at home, as well as to buy it already prepared at the druggist. Pure olive oil is put on camphor gum until the latter ceases to dissolve, the idea being to add all the camphor that the oil will take up. Quinine and alcohol is another simple home-made treatment for the same troubles.

By putting lace handkerchiefs in warm water in which are a few drops of ammonia and using castile soap they are easily washed and made a beautiful clear white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind, and you will find handkerchiefs lasting thrice as long as before.

To bleach yellowed lace first expose it to the sunlight in soapsuds, and afterwards dry it upon a cloth, pinning the points in their proper position. Then rub both sides of the lace carefully with a sponge dipped in suds made with glycerine soap, and rinse free from soap with clear water, in which a little has been dissolved. Next pass a quantity of rice water over the wrong side of the lace with a sponge, iron with care, and lastly pick out the flowers with a small ivory stick.

The woman who rejoices in home-made things will be pleased to learn that a rug may be made from coffee-sacks. Take a sack of the size required and hem it. Then from another sack cut strips eight inches wide, fold down the centre (leaving the double strips four inches wide) and sew firmly to the foundation about half an inch apart. After it is all covered dye the rug any desired color, and after it is dry fringe out the strips to half a dozen threads.

As a matter of fact, one of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness where all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia. Sea water is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It isn't palatable or tempting, but neither is quinine or calomel.

Such good, old-fashioned decoctions as sage tea, catnip and herb brews have for years been prescribed for various ills and ailments to which flesh is heir, but palatable dishes of nourishing foods for the cure of coughs, colds and sore throats, as well as consumption, are now said to have acquired quite a vogue among a certain class of physicians. While not wholly new, they are at least a departure from present methods, and this is sufficient to recommend them to many people. The first recipe is for those who are in delicate health caused by sore throat, and would not be despised by the most fastidious of hungry people, albeit the name is a trifle against its popularity.

Mucilaginous Broth.—Take a young fowl, cut it into small portions and wash thoroughly. Put these into a saucepan containing three quarts of water and add three pounds of very lean, white veal, also two turnips, a carrot and a head of celery chopped finely. Boil all together [illegible] constantly as the scum arises. The albumen contained in the meat [illegible] with the skimmer, add two ounces of prepared Ceylon moss and mix thoroughly. Boil slowly for an hour and a quarter, then strain through a cloth into an earthen vessel. Keep in a cool place until wanted. This broth is both nutritious and cooling to the system, as well as beneficial for all throat diseases.

## FASHION AND FANCY.

It is just now the minor accessories of dress, so well developed and effected, that make maidens so dainty and fair; the laces and ribbons that make the simple lawns and mulls such dreams of airy loveliness. Now is the triumph of lace and the reign of muslin, with its illusive subtleties. There are marvellous possibilities in this dainty, old-time fabric. Nothing so lends itself to tone down the hard lines and worries of matrons, or set off the bright budding exuberance of youth. It is charming in all the dainty finishings of toilets, in the collar and fichu as well as the gown itself. A short cape cut in points and edged with Valenciennes lace is just as appropriate for the mother as for the child when worn with a gown of white Swiss trimmed with simple tuckings; and, by the way, these same simple Swiss gowns must have no lining, but be worn over a silk slip, either high necked and long sleeved or with a low neck and no sleeves at all. Such slips do not take away from the diaphanous effect of the muslin in the least. They should have a ruffle at the bottom of the skirt, either of silk or lace, and the skirt should be gored exceedingly. The Swiss dress should be finished with a deep hem.

# YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

## GRANDPA'S LADDER.

"Master Corwin!" said one of his schoolboys at recess time, "the fire bells are ringing. Could I see where it is?"

"Is the fire in your district?" asked Master Corwin, writing at his desk.

"N—no, sir."

Another voice said in a low tone:

"Pleathe let me thee?"

"Is the fire in your district?"

"No, thir."

Soon Master Corwin laid down his pen, went to a blackboard, and seizing a piece of chalk, dashed off a sketch of a ladder with a broken round.

"No," he murmured, "that is not what I intended. I have only one broken round."

He began again his sketch. When he had finished there was a sorry looking ladder on the board, three of its rounds in a very mutilated condition.

"Now, scholars, if I want a good ladder, can I afford to have one whose rounds are broken?"

"No, sir," came from his scholars in a round chorus.

"Neither can you be out of school if you are going to learn anything. You want to go and you want to stay out; but every day is a round, you know, in a ladder. You break something important if you are out."

Peter Schuyler told his grandfather after school what the master had said.

Grandpa Schuyler was a carpenter at work in his shop mending a ladder.

"Ha! ha!" cried grandpa. "The master was telling his own experience! He went to climb his ladder and three of the rounds were cracked and down he came! I am mending his ladder now. He—he is right about school. You must be there every day and must not keep running out."

Peter was looking out of the window.

"There," said he. "I'd like to have that boy's chances; his father is rich."

"Oh, Clarence Smith! Humph! I don't believe he will climb high."

"Why not?"

"See where he is going."

The boy went into a beer shop. He came out, bringing a pail and wiping his lips. Then he turned in the direction of his home.

"His father has taught him to like that sort of drink. Peter, I want to make you a ladder. I know you are poor, but if you have a ladder with three rounds in it, you won't stay poor. It will be a small ladder and you can put it in your pocket-book."

Peter grinned. "No money in it, but a ladder."

"You wait and see if my ladder won't bring you some money."

Grandpa Schuyler's tiny ladder was two inches long and half an inch broad. It had three rounds; on one was the word "Honesty," penned in ink; a second was marked "Diligence;" a third was inscribed "Temperance."

"I don't know but I ought to make it four rounds, and what the fourth will be perhaps your grandma will tell you," said Grandpa Schuyler.

Peter lived with his grandparents, and he did not have to go far to find his grandmother. She smiled to see the ladder, and said: "That fourth round, Peter, I will name Prayer. Through the day Honesty and Diligence and Temperance will give you a good lift, but you don't want to stop there. Tired and worried, you want to go a round higher, and you will get into a large, beautiful chamber of peace. There you can lie down and God's angels will watch over you."

"Grandma, don't you want a fifth round, one to start with in the morning, same kind as you leave off with?"

"Peter, you are right. You tell your grandpa."

Grandpa made the fifth round, and in Peter's pocket-book was deposited this tiny ladder, its mite rounds labeled "Prayer," "Honesty," "Diligence," "Temperance," "Prayer" again.

"A good, strong ladder," said Grandpa Schuyler.

The next morning Master Corwin sat at his desk, as usual.

"Where, where are all my boys," he wondered, looking around. "Ah, Peter Schuyler is here! yes, and several more. Girls are all here."

The fire of yesterday had been extinguished, but, breaking out again, it proved a fiery magnet, whose attraction had been too powerful for a number of the boys. Peter, though, had borne in mind that ladder in his pocket-book, and also the master's talk about broken rounds, and he had come to school.

"I want to drill you to-day in interest," the master told the class, in arithmetic, to which Peter belonged. "Don't get tired of it. A drill to the soldier means work, patience, attention. You will get your pay for it."

Compensation came to Peter that very day and in this way.

"Peter, I have some interest to pay, and the man to whom I owe says it is so much. I am not extra on figures. Just see if he is right," said Grandpa Schuyler.

Peter found that a mistake of ten dollars had been made.

"Ah, it pays to be on a ladder whose rounds are not broken," thought Peter, when his grandpa generously rewarded him. He could not help telling the master that his attendance at school had helped him to correct a mistake of ten dollars.

"Indeed!" said Master Corwin. "You believe in having a ladder! I have heard of ladders you could take down and fold up. Let me see the mighty one in your pocket-book, please?"

Peter produced his ladder.

"That is curious—'Prayer,' 'Honesty,' 'Diligence,' 'Temperance,' 'Prayer.' Indeed!" said Master Corwin.

To himself he said: "Peter's ladder is interesting. Afraid I can't climb some of those rounds."

"What about the first and fifth, Master Corwin?"

Once, though, he prayed. "I can get along myself," had always been his proud assertion in later years.

That evening he was at the home of Clarence Smith, making a call.

"Why, how tired you look!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "That must not be, Master Corwin. Here, let me see what I can do!"

Before he could realize what she was doing, she had nimbly started to a closet and brought back a glass of crimson wine.

"Now, take this! Do, Master Corwin! It is just what tired teachers need!"

She extended the glass in her hand, and he held out his, surprised by this abrupt approach of temptation.

"Climbing up so many stairs in your school-room," she said, "you must get very tired. Now refresh yourself! Take a biscuit to go with it!"

"Climbing up!"

Did that impression remind him of Peter's ladder?

He certainly seemed to see it stretching up before him. He caught also those words going up in grand succession: "Prayer," "Honesty," "Diligence," "Temperance," "Prayer." His glass was going up to his lips. He felt his weakness. He glanced again at the ladder, and then he glanced upward. "God, help me," he cried in the depths of his soul. His wine-glass went down. He set it on a table near him.

"I thank you, Mrs. Smith. You are very kind, but excuse me if I do not take this."

"Why, Master Corwin! You are not one of those tee-totallers? You have so many boys to look after."

He smiled. "You are very kind. You know how many boys I have that will look to see what my example is."

In a few minutes he left the house.

His face was flushed as if he had been facing a fire. He muttered: "I—I am mortified! To think I should not promptly have put away that temptation! I believe another moment I would have put that glass to my lips if it had not been for Peter's ladder. Those prayer-rounds. I—" He did not think any further along that line of thought, for he was not prepared to make the advance.

He made it, though, when he reached his home and was alone in his study. He fell upon his knees, and in his weakness reached up and took hold of the strength of God.

"Peter Schuyler's ladder in his pocket-book," thought the teacher the next day, looking at his scholar. "I wonder if he knows how much good that ladder has done. He is not the only one that, through God's strength, means to climb it."—*Catholic Standard.*

## OUR BOYS.

Remember, boys, that you have to work, whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, you must work. If you look around you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men can not work as hard as that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six and don't get home until two a.m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives the appetite appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know even their names, it simply speaks of them as Old-so-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them, the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less mischief you will get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes, in the course of a year, three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for one or more of the leading periodicals of the country.

Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigar is only temporary, and it is positively hurtful. You can't indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness'—*Catholic Review.*

# RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Recently at the Church of the Transfiguration, New York City, Archbishop Corrigan confirmed several Chinese children.

Bishop Hurst has learnt something from his visit to Mexico. The Church in that country had established universities before Yale or Harvard was dreamt of.

Rev. John Gmeiner, of St. Paul, has been elected a member of the Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences, to which the leading professors of the State University and other scientific men of Minnesota belong.

A beautiful church has been opened at New Orleans for the use of colored Catholics which is to be known as St. Katherine's. It is the gift of Mother Katherine, who in the world is known as Miss Katherine Drexel, and is another proof of her zeal and generosity in the service of God.

One of the first Catholic clergymen in the West to urge active opposition on the part of Catholics against the infamous methods which the A.P.A. employed against them was Rev. J. F. Nugent, of East Des Moines, Ia. Father Nugent has, naturally, kept close watch upon the A.P.A. in Iowa, and, as a result of the adoption of his recommendations by the Catholics out there, he gives it as his belief that the proscriptive organization has lost strength greatly in that state, and is merely keeping together for the purpose of bleeding political candidates in the next state and national elections.

## HOLY CROSS COLLEGE.

Deserving of particular attention among the Catholic institutions for the higher education is the College of the Holy Cross at Worcester, which was incorporated in 1865 by the Massachusetts Legislature, and has from the start been under the charge of the Society of Jesus. A review of the catalogue for the academical year 1894-95 will make it evident that this establishment is in a flourishing condition, and that its Bachelor of Arts degree is less easily acquired than is the diploma of the same name at some older and richer universities. An extensive capacity for usefulness is attested by the fact that the staff of professors and instructors comprises over thirty members, while the number of undergraduates and resident graduates is two hundred and fifty.

This institution consists of a college proper and of a preparatory school, which, as regards the lines of work pursued, may be compared with a German gymnasium. Altogether, the course of study prescribed for the attainment of an A. B. degree covers seven years, three of which are passed in the preparatory school and the remaining four in the college. The last year is devoted exclusively to the natural sciences and rational philosophy. In no year is any of the studies elective. The study of French is obligatory for three years; that of Greek, Latin, and mathematics for six years. It is well to note the scope and character of the work performed in these three departments. No young man can graduate from Holy Cross without a thorough mathematical education; that is to say, without having mastered arithmetic, algebra, plane and solid geometry, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying, navigation, analytical calculus. In Latin he must be conversant with the grammar, including prosody, and be able to write Latin prose. He must have read NEPOS'S "Lives," the "Epitome Historiæ Sacræ," PHÆDRUS, CÆSAR'S "Gallic War," OVID'S "Metamorphoses," selections from CICERO'S letters and narratives, the "*De Senectute*" and "*De Amicitia*," and a large number of CICERO'S orations; the Eclogues, Georgics, and "Æneid" of VIRGIL; the "Odes," "Satires," "Epistles," and "Epodes," [illegible] of HORACE; SALLUST, "*De Arte Poetica*" [illegible] "Agricola" of the "Germania" [illegible] and PERSIUS, TACITUS, and finally JUVENAL. The requirements in Greek. A candidate for the Scarcely less noteworthy are [illegible] A. B. degree must not only display a minute acquaintance with Greek grammar and the ability to write Attic prose, but he must have read the selections known as "Græca Minora," certain dialogues of LUCIAN, the "Anabasis" and "Cyropædia" of XENOPHON, HOMER'S "Illiad;" the "Olynthiacs," "Philippics," and "*Pro Corona*" of DEMOSTHENES, the "Alcestis" and "Hecuba" of EURIPIDES, the "Prometheus" of ÆSCHYLUS, the "Antigone" of SOPHOCLES, and the orations of ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

We should mention that the progress and competence of every student in these and other subjects is tested by examinations, two of which are held in every year.

No qualified person can inspect the catalogue of the College of the Holy Cross without being deeply impressed with the value of the educational service rendered by the Jesuit Fathers to our Catholic fellow-citizens. We add that the opportunities here offered are not limited to those possessed of considerable pecuniary resources. The sum of $235 a year covers the necessary expenses of a student at this institution.—*Published by special request from the N. Y. Sun.*

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from $100 to $1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

## CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, recently spoke in the warmest commendation of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which, he said, was composed of good men, strong Catholic men. Speaking of the rapid growth of the order, the archbishop said that he would not be surprised to find it in a few years showing a strength of at least 100,000 members and having branches in every section and state of the country. Monsignor Feehan is the High Chaplain of the Foresters, and he takes a very active and practical interest in their welfare.

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## WONDERFUL ANSWERS.

The Boston Budget is responsible for the following:

Since wit has been defined by Noah Webster as "the felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise," may not the pupils of some of our public schools, who gave the following answers to their examination questions, lay claim to it? The record as here given is bona fide, having been read during the last week at the graduation exercises of one of the leading grammar schools of this city.

1. Who were the Pilgrims? A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground

2. Name a domestic animal useful for clothing and describe its habits. The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable.

3. If you were traveling across the desert, where would you choose to rest? I would rest on a stool.

4. Mention five races of men. Men, women, children and babies.

5. Describe the white race and show that it is superior to the other races. A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street.

6. Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Dirt and people.

7. Name a fruit that has its seeds on the outside. A seedcake.

8. Name five forms of water. Hot water, cold water, faucet water, well water and ice water.

9. Name and locate the five senses. The eyes are in the northern part of the face and the mouth in the southern.

10. Who were the mound-builders? History cannot answer these questions. Science only can.

11. Define flinch and use it in a sentence. Flinch, to drink. Flannel flinches when it is washed.

12. By what is the earth surrounded, and by what is it lighted? It is surrounded by water and lighted by gas and electricity.

13. Name six animals of the arctic zone. Three polar bears and three seals.

14. What is yeast? Yeast is a vegetable flying about in the air and hitching itself on to anything.

15. Why do you open the dampers in a stove when lighting a fire? To let the oxygen in and the nitrogen out.

16. What did the Constitution do for the country? It gave the President a head.

17. What are the last teeth that come to man? False teeth.

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Old lady to chemist: Are you quite sure this is carbonate of soda, not arsenic? Chemist: Quite, ma'am. Try it, and judge for yourself.

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FATHER: Did you reject that Italian count, as I told you to? Daughter: It wasn't necessary. I told him you had failed.

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End generally kept in view—Dividend.

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Healthy, happy children are those whose mothers have been, and are, healthy. The best intentioned woman in the world will fall short of her duty to her children if she is worried and wearied with weakness and sickness. Most all irritable women are sick women. Most all melancholy, listless, languid women are sick women. Every woman who will take the trouble to notice, will find that at certain fixed periods she is nervous, cross, irritable and despondent. Any irregularity makes the conditions worse. Even a well woman is less amiable than usual at these times. What can be expected from a sick woman?

When every movement is a dreary drag, when the nerves are all on edge in sympathy with the particular ones affected—when it seems that death were very much preferable to living—what can a woman do for her children then?

It is every woman's duty to be well and healthy. There is no reason why she should be otherwise if only she will take proper care of herself and take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when she needs it.

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Some of these letters are embodied in a 168 page book, called "Woman and Her Diseases," which will be sent sealed in a plain envelope on receipt of ten cents (stamps), by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

**Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and Weakness.** 6

WEST BROUGHTON, QUEBEC, Oct. 1, '90. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was To. young lady of my household who was al- for a [illegible] less to herself and others, owing to ner- most u[illegible] tration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c. vous pro[illegible] is quite a change. The young per- To-day the [illegible] better, stronger and less nervous. son is muc[illegible] to use your medicine. I think She will conti[illegible] P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest. it is very good.

FBI[illegible] ST, ILL., Oct. 26, 1890. Pastor Koenig's Nerve We used 12 bottles o[illegible] found it to have the Tonic for nervousness a[illegible] desired effect in *every* case. [illegible] DOMI[illegible] [illegible]ICAN SISTERS.

FREE A Valuable Book on [illegible] Nervous Dis- eases and a sample bot[illegible] to any ad- dress. Poor patients also g[illegible] the medi- cine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

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