

About the House.

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM.

An excellent vanilla ice cream without eggs or thickening of flour of any kind may be made of a quart of rich cream, one cup of milk, one large tablespoonful of gelatine, one liberal cup of sugar, and a tablespoonful of vanilla. Soak the gelatine in four tablespoonfuls of cold water for two hours. Bring the milk to the boiling point and stir the gelatine into the boiling milk, and continue stirring until it is melted. Strain the preparation through a fine wire strainer into the cream, add the vanilla and the sugar and freeze the mixture at once.

An excellent chocolate ice cream may be made of a quart of cream, a pint of milk, a large tablespoonful of gelatine, a cup and a half of sugar, two ounces of unsweetened chocolate scraped fine, and a tablespoonful of vanilla extract. Soak the gelatine as before, stir it into a cup of milk and strain it into the cream. Stir the scraped chocolate into the remainder of the milk, which must also be heated to the boiling point; stir the preparation of chocolate over the fire until the chocolate is all melted and the whole is a smooth, dark mass. Add the sugar and stir all into the cream. Add the vanilla and freeze carefully.

Three pints of milk are enough for a large painful of cracked or pounded ice. The ice should be packed fine, and the freezer should be packed firmly. Use an ordinary freezer of standard quality. If the cream is frozen too rapidly it will be coarse. After packing the freezer turn the crank for five minutes. Then open the freezer remove the beater and scrape off with a thin-bladed knife the sides of the can and mix it thoroughly with a wooden spoon or spatula, with the softer cream in the center. Replace the crank again for three or four minutes, then repeat the operation of scraping the sides of the freezer can and mixing the unfrozen cream with the frozen. Work the cream thoroughly to make it light, cover the can rapidly as possible. In a few moments the cream should be ready to pack. It should remain packed in salt and ice for at least two hours. It is better if kept four or even six hours before it is eaten.

ORANGE SYRUP AND GLACE ORANGES.

Orange Flower syrup should be made when the pure white leaves are falling from the orange trees. It is slow work to pick them from the ground, but large blankets or sheets can be spread under the trees through the day when the leaves are falling, and a great many gathered in this way. If picked from the ground, they require to be washed and drained carefully so as not to bruise the leaves. To make the syrup, allow one pint of water to each pound of granulated sugar, boil together, have ready the white of one egg beaten to a froth, put in two teaspoonfuls for each pound of sugar, boil ten minutes, and skim. Add one pint of orange petals to one quart of syrup, simmer slowly five minutes, set off and strain, and put into bottles while hot, and seal. Add one spoonful of this to one glass of water; this makes a pleasant drink, and the syrup is excellent to flavor custards and creams.

Syrup from Orange Peel.—Peel four sweet oranges, being careful not to get any of the white in. Put the yellow peel in three pints of cold water. Add half a pound of loaf sugar, and cook together into a syrup. This syrup is nice for flavoring.

To Glace Oranges.—Take fresh, solid fruit—the navals are very nice for this; peel carefully, and separate the parts so as not to break the skin. Set them on a dish near a fire to dry; add half a cupful of water to one pound of granulated sugar, mix well together, and set over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle. Let it come to a boil slowly; never stir it after it has dissolved. When it has boiled about twelve minutes, dip up a little on a teaspoon, and put in very cold water. Take it out, and break it quickly. If it is sticky, it must be boiled longer. If it breaks off brittle, it is cooked enough. Remove from the fire, and add one spoonful of strained lemon juice, set the kettle in a pan of cold water. Take the pieces of orange on a hat pin and dip into the syrup and set again. Lay on a piece of greased paper on a tin and set them in a warm oven or in the sun to dry.

To prepare grape fruit for the table, after peeling off the outer rind, take off the thick white skin, then with a sharp knife slice the pulp in a dish, and add plenty of fine sugar. Let it stand over night in a cool place, and serve for breakfast.

GOOD RECIPES.

Fish Balls.—One-half pound of salt fish, four shredded wheat biscuit, rolled and sifted, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of hot milk, one quarter teaspoonful of white pepper, one egg, two shredded wheat biscuit for crumbing, rolled and sifted. Freshen the fish and chop or pick it very fine, add crumbs and pepper and mix well; add the butter and milk and stir well. Let the whole stand for five minutes, then make into balls, roll in the beaten egg,

then in the crumbs and fry in deep fat. If the fat is hot the fish balls will not soak fat, and will be of a beautiful brown color, tasting as well as they look.

Jellied Apples in Biscuit Cups.—Six apples, six shredded wheat biscuit three cups of water, one pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one quarter box of pink gelatine, or plain gelatine with a little fruit coloring, one-quarter cup of cold water, the juice of one lemon and half the grated rind. Soften the gelatine in the quarter cup of cold water. Wash, core and pare the apples and cook them gently in about one-quarter cup of water. Line six cups with the top halves of the biscuit dipped in milk and then drained; this makes them pliable so that they may be easily shaped to the cup. When the apples are tender, remove to a colander to drain, then place one in each cup. Add to the water in which the apples were cooked, the sugar, the softened gelatine, lemon juice and rind, and cook until it reduces one-third. Turn this mixture over the apples till the cups are full. If there is any syrup left, save it to fill the cups as the mixture cools. When cold and firm, turn out and serve with cream and sugar.

Shredded Wheat Brown Bread.—Two cups of shredded wheat biscuit crumbs, one cup of corn meal, one-half teaspoon of salt, one cup of molasses, one and three-quarters cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of sour milk, one level teaspoonful of soda. Have the water boiling in the kettle or steamer before beginning the bread. Also butter three one-pound baking powder tins with close fitting lids. Mix the molasses, corn meal and salt, and the molasses, in which has been mixed one-half of the soda. Then add the sweet milk and last the sour milk, to which has been added the remainder of the soda, stirring it until it effervesces. Turn into the small moulds and steam one and a half hours. This is the lightest, best-flavored brown bread made.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you spill oil on the carpet, cover the spot with cornmeal as quickly as you can. The meal will take up the grease.

The season of green corn is with us. And there is corn—and corn. Some justifies all we expect of it, and some is not fit to eat. Corn that has passed out of the milk should go to the pigs. That which has not may be served at table. Don't boil green corn an hour, or even forty-five minutes. Don't let it stand and soak in the water after it is done. Boil the corn till the milk does not escape when a kernel is penetrated by the nail. Twenty minutes is usually sufficient. Then drain off the water and leave the corn covered if it must stand. But it should be served as soon as done. Lay a napkin on a platter, pile the corn on it, sprinkle with salt and fold the corners of the napkin over it.

Thomas Murray, the noted chef, says many cooks do not know how to do so simple a thing as to boil rice properly. Each grain of rice, he says, should be distinct, whole, but at the same time tender. To accomplish this, a small quantity of rice should be boiled in a large pot nearly filled with water. Put it into cold water, and a little salt, and boil rapidly for twenty or thirty minutes. Test the grains occasionally, and when a slight pressure between the thumb and forefinger will crush them they are done. If allowed to boil till the grains burst, or boiled in a small quantity of water, the grains will stick together. When done, drain off the water and set the rice on the range, where it will keep warm.

Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson, a very noted surgeon, prescribes coffee as a medicine in many cases of great debility. Tea and coffee are alike in many respects, but the latter is greatly to be preferred as regards its sustaining power. Tea, he says, if strong or used in any quantity, and especially if the individual is not in robust health induces a nervousness and quietude of the nerves. It would be a great advantage to our working classes and a great help to the development of social sobriety if coffee were to come into greatly increased use and if the ability to make it well were more generally acquired, says this great practitioner.

When the young tender stalks of the pieplant start up after the midsummer rains, try canning some for winter use. Cut the stalks in short lengths after peeling them, weigh them, allow half as much sugar. Cover the pieplant with boiling water and let stand two minutes; drain; put layers in a preserving kettle and sugar in a preserving kettle, cover and set in hot oven for an hour. Then can like any fruit.

When eggs are scarce soda crackers may be used instead of them in lemon pie. Soak the crackers in boiling water till you can beat them to a stiff paste. Add the juice and grated rind of two lemons and sugar to taste. Bake between two crusts. This is not as good as the lemon pie made with eggs, but answers as a substitute.

WALES'S FRENCH MENUS.

At all dinner parties given by the Prince and Princess of Wales the menu is invariably couched in the French language, no matter what the nationality of their Royal Highnesses' guests may be. But with the Queen no hard and fast rule obtains with regard to the languages employed for the menu cards, and these, decorated with views of Buckingham Palace, are printed in colors.

Partner With The Queen.

Olaff Olsen made up his mind he would go to the Klondike. It took him a long time to make up his mind. It took him a longer time to get to the Klondike.

In the first place he made a mistake. He selected the trail from Skagway over the White Pass to Lake Bennett. Now that was bad, but not so bad as his next error. He would not give it up and go by the Chilkoot Pass though he heard Chilkoot was much easier. But that does not say much for the Chilkoot Pass. "No," said Olaff, "I started to go over the White Pass and I am going to make it over the White Pass."

Olaff had a hard time on the trail, though he didn't know it. That is to say, any other man would have thought it a hard time, but Olaff, expecting bad things, had no "kick," as he expressed it, against adversity.

Olaff was an exceptional man on the trail—phenomenally exceptional. For on a trail where each man had one partner at least and most many, Olaff preferred having no partner. "Another man in the party besides me won't do," he said; "I might want to do one thing and him another; besides, I don't want no pardners, nohow. Pardners always means trouble."

The experience of many men on the trail confirmed the wisdom of Olaff's views. Nothing discouraged Olaff. When misfortune overtook him he set to work to "do what he could for the best." Up before daylight, he cooked a substantial breakfast—for he believed in feeding himself well—and with fifty pounds more on his back than any other man could carry, started off on the trail, climbing over rocks and wading through mud, keeping at it all day with a short interval for lunch.

It took him ten days to make his outfit from station to station. Difficulties too great for other men never prevented Olaff from moving forward. If he could not make ten miles he made five; if not five, he made two. But he always kept moving forward. When some of his provisions were stolen he "rustled," as he called it, and worked for others until he had earned enough to replace what had been stolen. Then he moved on his own outfit. When at last he reached Lake Bennett, he built a boat and calmly set sail without any of the excitement which others exhibited. Men wanted to buy a passage in his boat and assist him to manage her, but Olaff said, "No, I don't want no passengers, and I guess I can handle the boat myself."

At the Tagish Lake custom-house Olaff worked four days to pay for the duty on his goods, and went on his way without the delay ruffling his temper. He sailed his boat round the point at Windy Arm when thirty other boats hauled up on the beach. Approaching Miles Canon men shouted to warn Olaff to land and lighten his boat and wait for the pilot. "That's the canon," they shouted. "Miles Canon," "Is it?" said Olaff, "I've been watching for it all day." And he took his boat through and around the White Horse Rapids without out moving an eyelid. But now floating ice began to impede Olaff's progress. "I'll keep on going till she freezes up," he said. And he did. She froze up when Olaff had got to Five Fingers, and Olaff went into camp. He built a shed and ate up his grub until he had left what he could pull.

About Christmas Olaff started for

Dawson on the ice with more on his sled than any two men could pull. He made slow progress, but he said, "I shall come there some time if I keep moving." Four miles a day doesn't seem much, but if persisted in it counts up, and at last Olaff arrived in Dawson.

He immediately moved up the creek and went to work prospecting. To his surprise a lead pencil prospector jumped his claim. Olaff moved to another location, found good prospects and settled down to work. He put in eleven solid hours a day. His claim was 500 feet, and as he looked around he felt pleased. He had all the gold he wanted, he thought, and it was all his own. He congratulated himself daily on having no partner.

Some stampedeers camped one night at Olaff's cabin, and discussed the mining regulations, and stampedeers will. Yukon stampedeers are strange. Yukon mining regulations are still strange. Olaff learned, to his dismay, that half his claim did not belong to him; it belonged to the queen, the stampedeer. He stopped working and thought over the situation. Then he went down to Dawson, took his place in line behind some hundred others outside the commissioner's office, and waited patiently for admittance. The thermometer registered 53 below, but Olaff wanted to see the gold commissari, and that was a detail he could not remedy.

After waiting two hours and a half he got in. "I want to see the gold commissari," said Olaff behind a roughly made desk and some gold scales, "I am the gold commissari," was the reply, "what do you want?" "I want to know the queen's address," said Olaff. "Somebody's always wanting to know something," said the commissari. "What do you want with the queen's address?" "Well," said Olaff, "the queen and me is pardners on a claim up the creek, and I don't want to be pardners with the queen no longer. I don't want no pardners nohow. So I want to write to the queen to know if she'll buy my 250 feet or sell her 250 feet to me. I don't want no pardners, and anyhow the queen's not putting any work into the claim."

The commissari advised Olaff not to write, but to wait and see what the future would bring, hinting at possible changes in the law. Olaff went back to his claim, but had no heart for work. It worried him to have a partner, more especially a lady and one of exalted rank. But Olaff found it hard work; thinking and idling was strange to him, so he gradually drifted into working regularly on his claim as hard as ever.

As time went on Olaff sized up matters something as follows, and grew contented; "I don't want no pardners, but my pardner's never here to bother me. She doesn't put any work into the claim, but there she's a lady, and I wouldn't let her work nohow, even if she wanted. If a man must have a pardner he can't have no better pardner than the queen. She's all right as a pardner." Olaff is still working on his claim, and the only thing that troubles him is whether his pardner will come for her share of the dust after wash-up, or whether it will be his duty to take the dust to her. But Olaff is determined the queen will get her share, for he says, "She's a good pardner."

CARE OF A WATCH.

A watch should be wound up every day at the same hour. Avoid putting it on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold, as the sudden change of temperature, contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. The cold coagulates the oil, and the pivots and wheels, working less freely, affects the regularity of the timekeeper. In laying aside a watch be sure that it rests on its case. If suspended, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which will interfere with its going. To keep your watch clean take care that the case fits closely and see that the watch pocket is free from fluff, which is so often given off by linings.



The Prince of Wales, Whose Injured Knee Prevents Him From Standing, Viewing the Cowes Regatta From the Royal Yacht.

FUNNIGRAMS.

What we call aping in case of a monkey, we call fashion in the case of men and women.

My sister has lost her voice, and we've tried every doctor in town. That so? Then try her with a mouse.

Contractor.—You want a regular mosaic floor, I suppose? Owner of Building.—Yes, if that's the style. Just as lief have the modern orthodox, though.

Gifted.—Has Hagby any talents worth mentioning? Talents? I've known him to borrow one girl's horse and phaeton to take another girl out for a drive.

How often do you want me to tell you not to make that noise, Johnnie? said the father. I would rather you wouldn't tell me at all, replied Jack.

Judge.—You robbed your benefactor in a most shameful way. Do you feel no compunctions of conscience? Prisoner.—Before answering, sir, I would like to consult my counsel.

Looking Towards the Links.—Seth Haskins.—That's suthin' like that game of shindy we used ter play, ain't it? Lem Puseley.—Them sticks are like it; but the clothes ain't, by gum!

A Western Drought.—Eastern Man.—Gets pretty dry out West sometimes, I suppose? Returned Emigrant.—Dry! Well, I should remark! The moon out there has to depend on wind to get full on.

Different Views.—He—She look so sweet! She—Indeed! I never thought of her as exhibiting any taste at all.

There are ways and ways of breaking the ice, said the diner-out. I once took a girl out to dinner whose first remark to me was: Do you talk or listen?

An Explanation.—Smith—You and Jones don't seem to be as thick as you were. Does he owe you money? Brown.—No, not exactly—but he wanted to.

Asking for Information.—Farmer.—That field there is tobacco. Visitor.—Is that so? What ordinary-looking plants! When do they—er—begin to plug out?

Room for Another.—Browne—I'd join the church if it wasn't so full of hypocrites. Towne.—That needn't deter you. There's always room for one more.

Knows All About Him.—Do you know McShifter pretty well? Know him? Every time he expresses an opinion I can tell whether it is his own or whether he got it from his wife.

How it Gave Her Pleasure.—What do you think Miss Podus said about my photograph? Goodness knows. She said she loved to look at it because it reminded her of another man.

Wisdom of Experience.—William (reading)—Pa, what's a prolonged conflict? Pa.—It's something you'll never be able to understand my boy, until you grow up and get married.

Peasant.—Five dollars fine for entering this estate. Tourist.—But why is no warning sign put up then? We had one, but took it down again, for while it was up no one came in.

Yes, sir; he's the most considerate chaplain in the army. How is that? Why, when things begin to go wrong with his regiment he puts cotton in his ears so that the boys may feel free to talk.

Implication of Vulgarity.—Mr. Parvenu.—My dear, did you intend to leave them price tags on them pictures in the parlor? Mrs. Parvenu.—Yes, I want folks to see I ain't no vulgar bargain fiend.

Unexpected Answer.—Secretary.—To-morrow will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when I entered your service. Employer.—Indeed? Then I suppose you are going to have a jubilee dinner? Don't forget to invite me!

Turned His Back.—Landlady.—That new boarder is either married or a widower. Daughter.—Why, mamma, he says he's a bachelor. Landlady.—Don't you believe he is. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his board he always turns his back to me.

A Genuine Gem.—Mrs. Parvenue.—That picture in the corner is by an old master. Mrs. Swartleigh.—Indeed! I would never have guessed it. Mrs. Parvenue.—Yes, the man I bought it from gave me a written guarantee that the painter was past seventy-five before he done a stroke of it.

The Savage Bachelor.—A man who will leave his property to his wife only on condition of her not marrying again, said the Sweet Young Thing, is as mean as he can be. Oh, I don't know, said the Savage Bachelor. Perhaps he is a friend to mankind.

Why, Mr. Grumpy, exclaimed his old friend, whom he had not seen for years, your daughter looks just the same as she did when a baby. Well, she's not the same by a good deal. Then you could never get her to sleep. Now you can never get her to wake up when you want her to.

EARNEST PLFA.

She—I don't know whether to let you become engaged to me or not. You would not have asked me if Jennie had not refused.

He—But you know second thoughts are always the wiser.