

HOUSEHOLD.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Grandmother's Raised Doughnuts.—Use 1 cup each of milk, water and lard, 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 1 heaping teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup yeast, or one yeast cake softened in half cup water. Set the sponge at noon this way: Mix the lard, salt and sugar together, add the egg and beat all together. Warm the milk and water for bread, and pour over the eggs, lard and sugar. Add the yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat thoroughly and set in a warm place to rise. By bedtime it should be very light and ready to mix up hard. Add 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1-2 small nutmeg grated, and enough flour to handle nicely. Knead the dough like bread until smooth and elastic. Place in a pan, cover and set in a warm place to rise again over night. In the morning, roll in a thin sheet and cut into rings. Let remain on the board until very light, then fry in nice, sweet lard. While yet warm, roll the cakes in powdered sugar.

Two Kinds of Pilaff.—For both, use chopped meat—mutton, beef, chicken, veal or a mixture. For the first, line a tin mold with well-washed, uncooked rice, fill the centre with the chopped meat, seasoned with salt, pepper, a little onion and horse radish, and make quite moist with gravy or hot water and a bit of butter. Cover closely and boil for an hour. Turn on the middle of a hot platter and surround with stewed or canned tomato. This is a pretty, as well as palatable dish. The second is more convenient and equally good, but less attractive in appearance. Fry an onion and 1-3 cup well-washed rice in butter or drippings until quite brown, add 1 cup or more of tomato, meat and pepper, salt, onion, finely minced carrot and any other seasoning desired. Make moist with gravy or hot water; cover closely and simmer until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. More water may be added if needed, but the desired consistency is rather dry.

Pumpkin Pie.—Wash and dry the pumpkin. Remove the seeds and soft inside. Grate without peeling on a moderately fine grater. To each cup of the grated pumpkin add 1-2 cup sugar, 1 egg well beaten, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, a pinch of salt and 1 coffee cup rich milk. Line deep pie plates with rich paste, fill two-thirds full of the custard, and bake in moderate oven for one and one-half hours.

Angel's Food.—This is really only a very delicate white sponge cake. Beat the whites of 10 eggs to a very stiff froth, adding when half-beaten 1-2 teaspoon cream tartar. A pinch of salt is beaten with the eggs, which must be made as stiff as can be and then added 11-4 cups sifted sugar, flavoring, and 1 cup of well-sifted flour. This "food" must be baked in one of the patent cake tins, for the tin must not be greased. This cake is not improved by frosting, but a nice recipe can be made as follows: Pour 1 cup boiling water upon the same quantity of granulated sugar, stir until it is dissolved and then let it boil without further stirring, until it is thick. Have 2 eggs broken into a bowl, so as not to waste one instant, and add them unbeaten to the boiled sugar. Beat with a Dover egg whip until the mixture is cold, flavor and spread on the cake. If once used no one will ever make any other kind of frosting.

FOR THE SICK

funket is easily prepared of other Bunket is easily prepared, easily digested, and aids digestion of other foods. It is something like Blanc with rennet, one teaspoonful to one pint of milk, slightly sweetened and flavored. Make the milk lukewarm, and stir in the rennet and let stand on the table till firm. Then put in a cool place to use when needed. Toast for invalids should be thoroughly browned, but not burned the least bit. It should be dried clear through. Bread that is quickly toasted is browned on the outside, while made like fresh bread on the inside, and is more indigestible than plain bread, and when milk or hot water is put upon it, it is like paste. A mild lemonade with the beaten white of an egg affords some nourishment as well as a pleasant drink. Sometimes a whole egg, beaten well, is added to the lemonade. The beaten white of an egg affords some nourishment as well as a pleasant drink. Sometimes a whole egg, beaten well, is added to the lemonade. The beaten white of the whole of an egg, as the patient can bear, added to a glass of milk, sweetened and flavored, affords a good nourishment.

CORN HUSK MATS.

Select the second layer of husks, rejecting the brown outside ones. Tear them into strips lengthwise, about an inch or inch and a half wide. Lay them on the grass or in a tub, and with a broom sprinkle water upon them until damp enough to be pliable. Begin by making a round bunch of husks about a finger's size, tying the bunch at the base or near the butt

ends with a stout string, then divide into thirds and braid flat. When the strand on the left hand side is brought over each time add one or two husks, leaving the butts projecting half a finger's length. Braid in the tops, and so continue until a strand about 20 feet long has been made. That size will make a good sized step or door mat. Sheep shears will be found most convenient for this work.

Trim off the projecting butts to even length with a pair of shears, then wind and sew the mat with strong twine. The sewing, of course, is done on the under or smooth side. The sewing should be done before the husks are dried, or, if dried, should be dampened. If not true enough to please the eye on its brush surface the mat may be bent and dressed off with the shears.

Another Method.—Take an inch board of the size desired and bore three-fourth-inch holes through it, with the centers two inches apart; apart into these draw dampened corn husks, and trim off an inch or more long on each side. This mat is good either side up. Anybody can easily make one, and people can keep their boots and shoes clean, much to the gratification of good housekeepers.

BOOKCASE CURTAINS.

Low bookcases are in very general use at present, and where the books which they contain are all in handsome bindings no curtains are needed unless it be to protect them from the dust. But where the bindings are plain or shabby, curtains are an absolute necessity to secure a pleasing effect in a room which is both sitting-room and library combined.

An inexpensive curtain may be made of one of the heavy sipped cretonnes, which come now in such beautiful colorings. To make this very handsome, button-hole the flowers around the edge with coarse silk in the same tones, treat the leaves in a similar manner with different shades of green, and use gold thread here and there, as taste may dictate, to lighten the effect. Or, instead of having the entire curtain of this goods, some plain material may be used, and the cretonne put on as a band across the top. Old-pink satin sheeting with a band of the cretonne, in which the design is one of pale pink flowers and green leaves on a cream ground embroidered in the way suggested, is very handsome, especially if a deep silk fringe is put on at the place of joining.

Armure is another material, the style of whose weave forms a pattern for ornamentation; and gold thread sewed round and round its circular design makes of it a very rich curtain or band, as the case may be. This is to be found in all colorings, at a moderate price. Blue denim, which is made now in softer weaves, much better adapted to embroidery than the original "blue jeans," is also a good material for bookcase curtains, if the other furnishings of the room will harmonize with it. A novel way of ornamenting this is to use leaves or geometric forms cut from velvet or plush, applying them either as a border or as an all-over design. When the pattern is cut out, paste it to the denim in the design decided upon, and, when dry, button-hole around the edges neatly. This will have a smoother effect than if it is put on without the paste. Dark red velvet applied in this way looks very well with the blue of the denim. These suggestions only apply where there is time and taste for embroidery, but there are many plain materials which are both suitable and handsome for curtains. Among these velours is very satisfactory, as it is rich-looking and durable; and tulle, a similar goods of heavy weight, is also largely used for draperies of all kinds.

Where economy need not be considered, the beautiful Japanese satins, dark blue, with designs in which real gold, fourteen carats fine, appears, are perhaps most suitable of all for small curtains, as they hang in rich folds, and are in tones which are suited to any style of furnishing.

AN ILLITERATE.

Jane—What did you ever do, John Gray for? Kitty—He was so illiterate. Jane—Illiterate? Why, I thought he was a man of superior education. Kitty—Well, he wasn't. He didn't even know the rudiments, for when I told him No and thought sure he would read between the lines, would you believe it, the gump picked up his hat and went home.

IN POLITICS.

Ward—How did it happen Spelbi didn't take the stump for your party during the campaign? Pahl—Oh, he's one of those chaps who, if you give him the stump, will be trying to get away with the whole tree, and we didn't want him.

MAN AND MODES.

What did Alice wear to the box party, Harry? She had on a spotted silk frock, a kind of pink velvet windmill in her hair and a white lace cascade hanging down her back.

A MODERN BULLET WOUND

REMARKABLE CASE OF AN ENGLISH ARMY SURGEON.

Was Shot Through the Abdomen and Was Left Unattended—After a Night of agony He Was Able to Walk in Search of Help—The Wound Would Have Been Fatal.

If you look in a report made by England's greatest surgeon, you will find under "Case No. 10," a concise and detailed account of a bullet wound. The course of the ball is traced with scientific accuracy and exactness. We are told how the merciful little pencil-chaped, nickel steel Mauser bullet passed through the body of "Case No. 10," but who "Case No. 10" is and under what circumstances he received the wound—that is no part of a surgeon's report, and so it does not appear. In the old days when the tearing, shattering, leaden bullets did their fearful work, Case No. 10 wouldn't have been a surgeon's case; he would have been in the obituary list. As it is, thanks to the cleanly perforating bullet which cauterizes its own wound, he is now alive and well, though shot in what used to be regarded as a vital spot. This is the actual story of how Case No. 10 happened.

It was at the second battle of the Tugela, Jan. 23, Dalton, R. A. M. C., which means Royal Army Medical Corps, had been called off to attend to a wounded officer lying on the flank of the army, the main body of which was already falling back across the death-plain, over which it had endeavored to advance against the hidden riflemen who lay among the rocks. It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the spot, and on the way the attendant stretcher bearers had picked up a badly wounded man, in a corner among the rocks the surgeon found the wounded officer, Capt. de Rougemont. Near by him lay another wounded man, and as Capt. Dalton found himself in charge of a little dressing station all his own. He knew de Rougemont well, and as he bent over him he saw that his friend was badly wounded.

SHOT THROUGH THE ABDOMEN. The other man, lying near had a wound of the same character, while the third man, who had been carried along in the stretcher, was shot, if I remember in two places, through the head and lungs.

The Captain bent over his stricken friend. He saw that the ball had gone straight through him; yet, he felt sure that with great care, his life might be saved. But the ambulances were from four to five miles away, and it would be almost impossible to drive one over the rocky, uneven ground. A glance at the other man showed that his case was a severe one also. Three casualties, all in the category of the dangerous, would spell small hope to the friends at home, who would read the returns in the papers. Three casualties and only one stretcher. The men who carried it were not members of a regular bearer company, but two Tommies who had been pressed for the nonce.

The surgeon who had got out his bandages and was applying the first aid as quickly and deftly as he could, when one of the men standing by shouted loudly:

"My Gawd! Look! Here they come!"

Capt. Dalton raised his head in time to see about forty Boers, all mounted, ride into sight above the crest of the little hill, 200 yards or so in front. He only glanced at them, for he thought they must have perceived what he was doing, and despite the recriminations that had been indulged in the Red Cross had always been respected. He felt himself safe under the protection of the little bandage around his arm. So he went on with his work. There came a volley, and the Captain felt a shock go through him. Pausing for a minute, he looked down at himself, and perceived that he was wounded in almost the same place as the officer whom he was attending. One of the soldiers was shot dead, and the wounded man lying on the ground had received a second bullet through his chest. The other stretcher-bearer had been shot through the arm near the shoulder, and had

FALLEN BEHIND A ROCK.

They were all casualties now, himself included. But, somehow, it may have been the effect of training, or it may have been the surgeon's abstract interest in the case, he continued working, stanching the blood and binding up the wound of his friend, determined to work as long as he was able. The Boers approached. They got off their horses and were standing close about him. His job was almost finished. A sickening feeling was coming over him and he felt slowly back and lay looking up at them. The anger that came over him made him speak in cold, slow tones.

"Look what you have done," he said. "You have shot me, a surgeon performing his duty, and you have fired upon the wounded. Do you call that war?"

"We're very sorry, sir," said a middle-aged bearded fellow in good English. "We didn't see who you were.

We thought you were lying there and were about to fire on us."

The others stood about silently, leaning awkwardly against their saddles. The man who was slightly wounded through the arm stood up; he began to swear. The Captain silenced him, and he sat down on the rock nursing his wounded arm. And now comes the strangest part of the story, and one that, if it had been verified, would be hard to believe. The Boers bent over and examined the wounded man. They shook their heads. The Captain felt his senses going, the weakness was becoming overpowering. Some one spoke in Dutch and a horseman mounted. The Captain looked up and asked slowly: "Who is in command here?"

"Well, I suppose I am," said a low-browed ruffian, who spoke English.

"Well, for heaven's sake let the slightly wounded man go and get help for us."

"He's our prisoner," said the bearded one. "We've got to take him along; we can't stay here."

"Surely you're not going to leave us in this plight?"

THERE WAS NO ANSWER. The next thing the Captain remembered was some tugging at his feet, and then he heard a sound of horses' hoofs going away over the rocks. He lost consciousness. When he came to himself the sun was down behind the hills and the cold evening shadows were coming on. He knew now what the tugging at his feet had meant; his spurs were gone! Capt. de Rougemont, lying beside him, was talking.

"Dalton," he said, "can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"We're in a bad way. What shall we do?"

"Don't move, it's the only thing that will save your life. They may find us in the morning."

"Just then a groaning came from where the other wounded man was lying."

"Water," he moaned, "water."

Dalton raised his voice. "Lie still, my lad," he said. "Water is the worst thing for you. Lie still. What is your name?"

The man gave it and his number and the Captain could almost imagine that a salute accompanied the answer.

"Can you see those other men?"

"Yes, sir; they're both dead, sir."

The soldier's agony was sunk in the soldierly training.

"Keep quiet, and lie still. I tell you. Try to forget your thirst. Moving around will only make you worse."

The soldier did not reply.

A strange thing of it all was this; There had been no bitter words expressed against the action of the Boers. It had been passed by as if by tacit consent. The inhuman part of it, the surgeon perceived, was not intended for torture; he saw that the enemy had regarded them all as being

PRACTICALLY DEAD MEN.

To describe in detail that night of horror would be too harrowing. Capt. Dalton knew that his only chance of living was in remaining absolutely still. Since he had laid himself down he had hardly moved a muscle, but poor de Rougemont had begun to wander. He began to shout to the stable guard and insisted that the horses were tethered over the hill. He raised himself on his elbows and called aloud time and again. Dalton pleaded with him in vain. He would not listen to reason.

In the meantime the temptation of thirst, that overpowering dreadful agony of the weary wounded, had been too much for the soldier. He had managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions and had drained the dead man's water bottle. In a few minutes his agony was increased threefold, and he tossed, rolling and writhing to and fro among the rocks. In a few minutes he was silent, and the doctor knew that relief had come to him. Capt. de Rougemont was growing weaker, but a dreadful thirst was on him, too. His water bottle was by his side; despite the surgeon's remonstrances, he took a drink. It seemed at first to help him, for his mind ceased wandering, and then—but why go on? Early in the morning his moaning ceased.

Dalton was stiff from lying in the same position. It was bitter cold and his flesh quivered. He felt the thirst too, but his will power was strong, and strange to say the overpowering weakness was leaving him, and his brain was clear to think. His thoughts were not pleasant. He remembered the great birds whose shadows he knew would be sweeping over the ground the next morning. He knew that the army had gone back, and he reckoned gloomily the chance of being found. He knew it was

NOT ONE IN A THOUSAND. The sun rose and carefully he raised himself and looked about; he was the only one alive. Slowly, inch by inch, he raised himself, until to his wonder and amazement he found that he could stand. He took a step, holding himself as straight as possible. He took another. He found that he could walk. It took him half an hour to go 200 yards to the bottom of the

hill where the ground was more level, and there he found a path. He began to have the interest of the surgeon in studying his own case. How far would he be able to go before the deadly pang would seize him? Steadily he went on. He saw no living thing. There were a few bodies here and there where the troopers had advanced. The sun rose higher and higher and soon the sweeping shadows appeared. He did not turn his head to look right or left, nor did he dare to rest. Soon, down in a hollow, he saw a moving figure. It was a Kaffir working about a little lonely hut. He raised his voice. The man saw him, but instead of coming to him, the black made off. Again he called. He was afraid to raise his arm to beckon, for the movement might mean death. He circled nearer. He halted for all the world like one who stalked an enemy. The Captain all the time stood silent. At last the man came near enough for the Captain to talk to him, and then he saw the reason for the white man's strange behavior.

"Troops, haas?"

"Yes, where are they?"

The Kaffir pointed.

"Go fetch them." The man was off. Slowly Dalton began walking in the same direction. In about an hour he met some men coming toward him. In another hour he was in a hospital, the only man who had ever walked six miles with a wound that should have been mortal and had lived to tell the tale.

BATTLES OF HISTORY.

Instances Where Great Armies Have Been Defeated by Inferior Numbers.

When Napoleon said, "Providence is always on the side of the strongest battalions," he proved the falsity of his own precept on his last battlefield. It was not without reason to see how this applied in some of the world's great battles. At Marathon there were 20,000 Persians confronting 11,000 Greeks. The Persian army was routed and the invasion of Greece was ended. Xerxes moved on Greece with his army of millions. Leonidas with his immortals met them at Thermopylae and held the Persians in check, but not until the heroic Spartan and his followers were killed. Subsequently at Salamis Themistocles met the Persians in a naval battle. Xerxes watched the struggle from a distance and wept over the destruction of his army. Under Hezekiah Jerusalem was menaced by 185,000 Assyrians, who threatened to ruin the city. Not one Assyrian soldier saw Jerusalem. At Gaugamela Alexander the Great, with 47,000 men, fought 1,000,000 Persians under Darius. The Persians were routed and Darius was assassinated by one of his satraps.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM was the gloomiest event in the history of mankind. In A. D. 70, the temple of Herod was just completed. The Jews were never so naughty and so patriotic. They were never so disorganized. Innumerable factions divided them. But the feast of the Passover and the common danger enabled Vespasian and Titus to shut them up in the city. John and Simon, their partisan leaders, hated each other as cordially as they hated the Romans. When their followers were not fighting one another during the siege they were opposing the Romans. Vespasian and Titus cast trenches about the city, not one stone was left upon another of their beautiful temple, as the Saviour predicted, and 1,100,000 Jews perished in that awful holocaust.

In the Russian campaign Napoleon lost 475,000 men. His legions melted and died under the falling snowflakes. The naval battle of Lepanto, between the Christians, under Don John of Austria, and the Turks, was one of the fiercest contests of the Middle Ages. The Christians numbered 80,000 and the Turks 120,000 men. The Turkish fleet was destroyed, its commander killed, and the Moslem naval power was crushed on the Mediterranean.

At Waterloo Wellington had 70,000 men and 120 cannon. Napoleon confronted him with 70,000 men and 240 cannon. Napoleon claimed he had Wellington in his grasp. But he was facing destiny. A rainstorm of the night before wrought havoc with the movements of his artillery. Grouchy failed to come up. According to Victor Hugo the sunken road of Ohain ruined the charge of Napoleon's cavalry. When the night came Napoleon was a fugitive.

HIS RULE OF ACTION.

John Henry, said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, it is time we returned the Gilkinson's call.

I have no intention of returning it, said Mr. Bickers.

Why not?

Because I believe in returning good for evil.

GOOD ENOUGH.

I'm getting even with that plumber.

How?

Why, I'm paying his bill as he did the work—a little at a time.

NOTABLE RECEPTION.

How the Wife of the Great Surgeon Raked Money to Build a New Church.

Not all the famous spots in London owe their interest to antiquity and to the accumulated associations of centuries. A new building dedicated but a few weeks ago, in the thoroughfare known as Newington Butts, is famous in every Christian land. It is Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, rebuilt upon the foundations of the old Tabernacle destroyed two years ago by fire. The architect of the new building is the son of the architect of the old, and the church is still "Spurgeon's," for "Son Tom," of the famous Charles Spurgeon reigns and preaches in his stead.

The great Spurgeon had so imbued his congregation with his own hatred of debt that in rebuilding there was no resort to loans or mortgages. The new Tabernacle, like the old, is clear of debt. The raising of the building fund, two hundred thousand dollars, in so short a time is full of story.

After the fire, a part of the historic old Bible always used by Charles Spurgeon was found in the ruins. Its blackened leaves were separated by a treasury expert, and distributed among the non-conformist clergymen of England. On most of the pages at least one verse was still legible. This was used as a text by the sympathetic minister so fortunate as to possess it and the result of the day's collection sent to the building fund.

The most notable contribution, however, was planned and collected by Mrs. Charles Spurgeon herself. For twenty-five years this devoted lady has been a sufferer, bedridden or confined to an invalid's chair. Last February she proposed to see "her people," and in spite of her age, feebleness and doctor's protests, her chair was carried to the storied platform, the swarming workmen were sent away, and the congregation came in. Shopkeepers shut up their stores to be present; clerks and working girls got a rare half-holiday. One by one the great multitude filed by their old pastor's widow, took her hand and left in it a sealed envelope. For two hours this procession passed, and at the end nearly forty thousand dollars, chiefly in small sums, was piled up beside her.

Who, seeing or reading the incident, could fail to be touched by it or gather from it a hint for the hour? More men and women fall from over-derivation of their powers than from over-estimation. If they believed more in their own individual initiative they would make more out of their lives.

"Our resources!" exclaimed Frederick the Great. "They are what we ourselves can do—limitation of sex, age, place, purse, notwithstanding!"

A WEALTHY NATIVE OF AFRICA.

Mr. Blaize contributes a Hand-ouff to build a Liverpool Hospital.

Travellers along the west coast of Africa occasionally meet natives who have been educated and usually Christianized, and who by ability and thrift have amassed considerable wealth. Such a person is Mr. R. B. Blaize, a successful merchant in the thriving town of Lagos, on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. The English newspapers mentioned the other day that Mr. Blaize had just contributed \$1,500 toward the building of the Hospital for Tropical Diseases, which is to be erected at Liverpool in memory of Miss Mary H. Kingsley. This is not the first time that Mr. Blaize has come to the front in a most public-spirited manner to promote philanthropic and educational enterprises that he believed to be for the good of his native land. In 1895 he gave \$10,000 to the Church Missionary Society of England for educational and missionary purposes in Africa. He has recently given \$1,000 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and his pursestrings seem to be always unloosened for the benefit of what he regards as good works.

Mr. Blaize belongs to the Yoruba tribe, one of the most intelligent and promising of the tribes of Africa. He is one of the most successful of his people, and seems to exemplify, on a scale commensurate with his superior means and opportunities, the virtues of his tribe, who are gentle, kindly and industrious folk. Travellers say that in the Yoruba country the people erect sheds at intervals on the Highways for the convenience of wayfarers, who here find shelter, water and wine, and a box in which, if they are so minded, they may deposit a few coins in return, though nothing is asked from them.

Mr. Blaize buys palm oil and other products of the country and keeps in his store at Lagos a large stock of the European commodities in demand among the natives; but he will sell no gin nor firearms, and he is opposed to the extensive commerce in such articles which is carried on along the West African coast. He believes that trade in them should be prohibited on account of their demoralizing effect upon the natives. So he has carried on only a legitimate trade, and while most of the commerce of Lagos is in the hands of British and German merchants, Mr. Blaize's business relations with the inland country are extensive, his store in Lagos is one of the largest on the west coast and he is one of the richest men in West Africa.

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