

HOME.

DAINTY DISHES.

Current sandwiches are nice for afternoon tea. Thoroughly clean a handful of currants and rub in a cloth. Butter some thin slices of bread, and cover with the currants, sift a little sugar over, and make it into sandwiches.

Potted Sausage.—Put one pound of sausage meat in a jar, and tie down closely; place in a pan of boiling water, and steam for three hours. When nearly cold, mash the meat well with a knife, add pepper and salt and a little allspice, and put for use.

Clove Syrup.—Pour one pint of boiling water on one ounce of cloves; cover, and leave for four hours. Strain and add two pounds of sugar, and strain through a flannel bag, when it will be ready for use. Another way to make it is to add half an ounce of essence of cloves to two quarts of syrup.

Aster Pudding.—Take half a pound of bread crumbs, three ounces of ground rice, two ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, the grated rind of a lemon, two eggs, and a little milk. Mix the dry ingredients together, then add the eggs and milk. Place in a nicely greased mold and steam for two hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

Scalloped Onions.—Cook four Spanish onions in boiling salted water with a piece of celery, two cloves, and a bunch of sweet herbs. When tender, chop coarsely and put into a buttered baking-dish, sprinkling them with pepper and salt. Cover with a thick white sauce. Sprinkle some crumbs over, put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake in a sharp oven.

Apple Pie.—Line a pie-dish with good crust and spread over it three tablespoonfuls of golden syrup. Cover this with thin slices of apple, packed together as closely as possible. Sprinkle the top with sugar and small lumps of butter, adding a suspicion of grated nutmeg. Cover with a lattice-work of pastry, and bake till the apples are cooked.

Miners' Stew.—Cut two pounds of the thin part of the breast of mutton into small pieces. Dip each in a mixture of flour, pepper, and salt, and arrange in an earthenware pot with a well-fitting lid. Place over the meat a layer of lean bacon, some sweet herbs, and chopped onion. Add sufficient water to cover, and cook in the oven for about two hours and a half. Place the meat on a dish, thicken the gravy, add a spoonful of vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil up the gravy and pour it over the meat.

Rich Beef Stew.—Take two pounds of beef, trim off all the skin, and cut into pieces, one inch and a half square. Degrease the meat thickly with flour, and brown in a little hot dripping in a frying-pan. Take out the meat, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, and cook till browned. Add a pint of stock, a small onion stuck with cloves, a teaspoonful of salt, half of pepper, and, lastly, a teaspoonful of vinegar. Return the meat to the pan, cover it and stand at the side of the fire to let the meat cook slowly for three hours. If this cooks fast it will be spoiled.

BREAKFAST HELPS.

Maple Syrup.—A good substitute for maple syrup is made by using brown sugar (any amount desired). Cover with enough water to dissolve and boil, until it starts to thicken. When done, stir in a few drops of vanilla.

Brown Bread Muffins.—Break into bits sufficient stale bread to fill a quart measure. Cover with a pint of cold milk and soak till soft. Beat to a smooth paste, add the well beaten yolks of three eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and three-fourths of a cupful of granulated sugar, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Fold in the well beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in muffin pan twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Dropped Biscuits.—At night make up the dough in the usual way for light bread and let it rise over night. In the morning, before kneading it, break off a piece of the dough which you think would be sufficiently large to supply the necessary want and roll it out the same as you would for the regular yeast powder biscuit, about a quarter of an inch thick. Take a skillet and fill it two-thirds full of good lard, let it get boiling hot, then cut your biscuits out and drop them in. They will puff up and turn brown, leaving a hollow inside. Serve while hot and break open, putting the butter on the inside. Do not cut open.

SALADS.

Grape Salad.—Select perfect Tokay grapes, remove from the stems, open on side, remove the seeds carefully, and fill the space with tiny balls of cream cheese which has been mixed with a small amount of

French dressing. Arrange the grapes on lettuce. Pour over them a mayonnaise, and at the side of each plate lay a bunch of grapes.

Cabbage Salad.—Take a small cabbage, chop finely with celery, lettuce, onion, and any cold meat, use mayonnaise dressing, and you will find a dandy salad.

Almond Fruit Salad.—Dice a can of pineapple into pieces of the size of an almond. To every two cupfuls of the pineapple add a cupful of almonds and a cupful of celery. Serve over this a dressing made exactly like mayonnaise, with the exception of the mustard. Rich, sweet cream, beaten, is preferable.

DESSERTS.

Imitation Tutti Frutti Ice Cream.—Take two tablespoonfuls of gelatin and soak in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Then take one cupful of granulated sugar and pour one pint of boiling hot water on sugar, and boil ten minutes, while you beat the whites of six eggs real stiff, put the soaked gelatin in the boiled sugar, and pour it over the beaten eggs and continue beating until it begins to set. Then divide into two equal parts, in one part put a little candied pineapples, cherries and ground nuts. After you have them beaten in put this in a square pan. Then take the other half and put half of the little pink tablet mashed to a powder, and beat it until all dissolve, then put it on top of your first layer and place on ice until cold, when it can be sliced like brick ice cream and served with whipped cream.

Fig Pudding.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, two and one-quarter cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of cinnamon, one cupful of chopped figs. Steam three hours. Can be kept like fruit cake and steamed when wanted.

USEFUL HINTS.

Old corks make good knobs for tea kettles, coffee pots or any cooking utensil that has lost its knob. In washing white ribbon the water should be warm rather than hot, and the soap a fine white one. Rinse in two clear waters and one strong blue one.

There is only one way to have good servants; that is to be worthy of being well served.

Peppermint lozenges are invaluable to check a cold or a chill, but they should be of the best quality. If a pinch of butter is added to a green gooseberry tart when cooking it is much improved and the fruit is more juicy.

The dust cloth for any room should be lightly sprinkled before using, and should be washed and dried after each dusting operation. Dirty dust cloths do more harm than good in cleaning a room.

Sweep salt on a carpet when sweeping and you will not only find it has a cleansing effect, but that it also keeps away moths.

To remove fly spots from mirrors and picture glasses, take a cloth and dip in a little pure paraffin, rub the spots well, then polish with a dry duster or cambric.

To prevent the corners of rugs from curling, get some furniture webbing, such as is used for holding springs in place, and sew it along the edges of the rug on the wrong side.

Lemon juice applied with a camel-hair brush is very good for tender or ulcerated gums. It should be lightly brushed on the affected parts; care being taken not to touch the teeth.

Much time is saved if paper linings for cake pans are cut in quantities and kept ready for instant use in a dust-proof box with tight lid.

A little muriatic acid added to the rinsing water after a blue and white fibre rug is scrubbed with soap and water will help to restore the color.

A clean cloth dipped in hot water, then a saucer of bran, will speedily clean white paint without injury to it. The soft bran acts like soap on the dirt.

A good silence cloth for the dining table can be made with a double thickness of white flannel laid with the soft side on the inside and quilted on the machine; edge with a binding or white tape.

A sticky cake or bread pan should not be cleaned with a knife or anything which will scratch the surface and make striking more probable thereafter. For this reason the crust of bread often advised as a cleaner is not desirable.

Canned fruit is greatly improved by standing at least an hour in the air, thus restoring the oxygen and making it much richer.

When washing knives never allow the handles to go into the water, as this discolors them and often loosens them. A good plan is to put the knives in a jug of water with just enough water to cover the blades and afterward rub them with a cloth.

Paper wrappings should never be left on meat or any other damp kinds of food longer than is really necessary. Paper (being a compound of rags, lime, etc., with acids and various chemicals intermixed), is clearly not fit for keeping such things in for any length of time.

People often spoil their walls by driving in nails haphazard, only to find the nails bend because they are being hammered against the bricks. The right method is to pierce the wall with a darning needle to find the crevice between the bricks and then to drive in the nail.

A vinegar and bran poultice is invaluable for pains and aches of all kinds. To make it moisten some bran with vinegar, heat it in a saucepan or in the oven until it is nearly boiling, then put the mixture into a flannel bag. Stitch up the opening, and apply the poultice as hot as possible.

Tea is very much improved if the milk taken with it is made hot. If one is likely to be subject to a long journey, tea made with boiling milk instead of water will be found a most sustaining and delicious beverage. The tea-pot must be well heated before the tea is placed in it.

Feather beds and pillows sometimes have an unpleasant odor after being put away for a time. Set them on a clothes line in the sun and air for two or three days, and then give them a thorough drying before a clear fire. If this is not successful, empty the pillows, have the ticks washed and the feathers thoroughly purified.

LEFT HOME IN SABOTS.

When the Late Jules Renard Fooled His Mother.

M. Jules Renard, the well-known French author, who has just died, did not, as so many famous Frenchmen have done, come to Paris in "sabots," but he was in sabots that he left his native village. The charming writer of "Poli-de-Carotte" thus describes his departure from home.

"For a long time I wanted to go to Paris and earn my living. But my mother was opposed to my departure, and she kept a strict watch on me, fearing that I would leave home without her permission. Every morning, as I got up before she did, she listened for the sound of my footsteps. If she heard my sabots she said to herself, 'He can't go very far.' But if she heard me walking about in my boots she would cry anxiously from her bed, 'Where are you going with your boots on? It is neither a holiday nor the day of the fair.' I replied: 'Mother, I'm going to the plow, and I put on my boots because it's raining, and my sabots would stick in the mud.' And I dared not leave home that day.

One morning, however, I left the farm with my boots under my arm, at the same time making a lot of noise with my sabots. Some distance from the village I took off my sabots and threw them over the hedge of a little field belonging to my mother. Then I put on my boots, and continued my way towards Paris. When my mother took the cow to the field she found my sabots. At first she did not understand. But when she called me and I did not answer, she returned to the house and began to search for my boots. When she was tired of looking for them she sat down in a corner of the chimney, and cried all day long.

M. Renard was the mayor of Corbigny, in the Nièvre. Every Sunday he contributed to the Journal de Clemency, and this is the sort of thing he used to give the peasants. Writing of the Journal Official, posted up on the wall of the mairie, and which no one ever reads, he said:

"I had forgotten the goats. One of them never misses a number. Standing on its hind legs, with its front legs resting on the poster, it moves like a man and looks to the left. It is an old woman reading. When it has finished reading, as the official sheet has an appetizing smell of fresh paste, the goat eats it. After nourishing the mind, one must feed the body. Thus nothing is lost in the commune. What a pity that novel readers have not the stomach of this practical goat! They might then eat the books they had read, buy more, and so the man of letters would in the end be able to eat in his tent. Paris Correspondent—London Globe.

The Druggist Lost in Ibsen.

Some one in Scandinavia unearthed the report of the examiner of Dr. Ibsen's papers at his examination for the degree of bachelor. It runs as follows: Norwegian, good; Latin prose, good; Latin essay, fairly good; Latin conversation, moderate; Greek, bad; arithmetic, bad; German, very good; French, good; religious knowledge, good; history and geography, good; Hebrew, good; geometry, good. General remarks: A young man not to be despised. In spite of many goods, however, Ibsen was plowed owing to his deficiencies in Greek and arithmetic. He aspired in those days to be a pharmaceutical chemist and, failing to satisfy the examiners, had to seek some other opening in life.

Serious Enough Business.

"Where's your father?" asked the man on horseback.

"Up the river fishin'," answered the boy.

"Where's your big brother?"

"Down the river fishin'."

"What are you doing?"

"Piggin' bait."

"Hasn't your family anything to do but amuse itself?"

"Mister, if you think we're doin' this for fun you wait 'n' hear what maw says if we come home without any fish."

No Performance.

Little Marian had been taught several pieces which she was called upon to speak on various occasions. There came a time, however, when the work turned, and on being requested to speak for a visitor one day she absolutely refused. The assembled family coaxed, but in vain, and finally the visitor said, "I don't believe Marian can speak a piece."

Upon this Marian took her finger out of her mouth and said solemnly, "Mrs. Webbsom, I can, but I ain't!"

AN ANGRY MUSICIAN.

Amusing and Pathetic Story of Constant's Picture, "Too Late!"

An amusing and pathetic story is told of Benjamin Constant's first picture to attract attention. It was called "Too Late" and represented Fortune and Glory waiting an artist just as he had brushed his hair. The artist was lying on the bed. The figure of Death stood near the door through which Fortune, carrying a box of money, and Glory, bearing laurels, had just entered.

The artist received many letters from those who had seen the painting. One was written by a professor of music, an old man, who expressed in touching words the emotion he had felt at the sight of the artist's work. He asked Constant to visit and talk to him about "Too Late."

The invitation was accepted, but as soon as the old professor saw the artist he uttered an ejaculation of surprise and anger. "Why, you are quite a youth!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were old, like myself, had spent your life in vain endeavor to obtain recognition of your abilities. I conceived that picture to be the last despairing cry of a man as unfortunate as I am. I find you are quite young and your eyes are full of hope. You are a bungler, sir, and I request that you leave this house immediately!"

TRUE STANDARDS OF LIFE.

The Measure of a Man is What He Is, Not What He Has.

It takes so long to learn how to live, so long to get even a glimmering of what life is for and what we ought to do with our lives, that we are so prone to live in the future, to fret ourselves about it. We are so busy yearning for the joys we imagine other people have and worrying about the trouble we imagine we are having that we make of the present, the one thing we are sure of, an endless regret.

And of all the follies the limit is to permit some one else to make our standards for us. Haven't we intelligence? Can't we think for ourselves? To want things we don't need, many we do not really care for, just because some one else has them and wouldn't understand if we didn't have them? To struggle and strain to make a show when all the neighbors know it is only a show and would respect us a heap more if we had the courage to be ourselves? Death's standards ought to be life's standards. Death does not ask how big a house we hail from, nor how many university degrees we have won, nor what is our bank account. Not what we have nor what we are, but what we are, and that our measure of everybody but ourselves.—Ethan J. Stidway in Outlook.

A Riddle Making Epoch.

There have been epochs at which riddle making has been more especially in vogue, and such epochs would appear to occur at seasons of fresh intellectual awakening. Such an epoch there was at the first glimmering of new intellectual light in the second half of the seventh century. It was the age of Alhaidin, bishop of Sherborne, the first in the roll of Anglo-Latin poets. He left a considerable number of enigmas in Latin hexameters. Alhaidin died in 700. Before his time there was a collection of Latin riddles that bore the name of Symphosius. Or the word the date is unknown. We only know that Alhaidin used it, and we may infer that it was then a recent product. The riddles of Symphosius were uniform in shape, consisting each of three hexameter lines.—Cornhill Magazine.

Chaldean Tablets.

The clay tablets of Chaldees, probably the very earliest writing materials used by man, were of different sizes, the largest being flat and measuring 9 by 6 1/2 inches, while the smallest were slightly convex and in some cases not more than an inch long. In the same ruins with the tablets have been found the glass lenses, which were used by the readers. The writing was done, while the tablets were still soft, by a little iron tracer, not pointed, but triangular at the end. By slightly pressing this end on the soft moist clay the inscriptions were made. The tablets, having been inscribed on both sides and accurately numbered, were baked in ovens and stored away in the state libraries.—New York American.

A Mistake Somewhere.

"Is it true, Miss Gerlie," he said, "that there are just two things a woman will jump at—a conclusion and a woman?"

"No," she answered; "there is a third, Mr. Philip."

After thinking the matter over a few moments he tremulously made her an offer, but she didn't jump at it. He was not the right man.

Two Men.

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

High Class.

Teacher.—What class of birds does the hawk belong to, Tommy?

Birds of prey. Teacher.—Now, Johnny, to what class does the quail belong? Johnny.—Birds on toast.—Chicago News.

A Sure Cure.

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"

"Try getting home late some night."

—Boston Transcript.

MANY KINDS OF FLEAS.

About 60 Different Species Are Known to Naturalists.

One of the first naturalists who devoted himself to watching fleas, which such microscopes as were then available, was Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, who lived at the end of the seventeenth century. Leeuwenhoek discovered that a small mite fed on the flea, and it was this discovery which inspired Swift's familiar lines:

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Bath smaller than that on his prey,
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The flea's parasite, however, to be accurate, is not another flea or even another insect, but is a mite classed among the acaroidae. Linnaeus, writing in 1758, described only two species of flea. The first, which was the human flea, he rightly named *Pulex irritans*. The second was the chigoe of hot countries. To this, on account of its burrowing habit, he gave the name of *Pulex penetrans*. At the present day about 60 different species of fleas have been described and named by the small band of scientific men who have devoted themselves to their study. Most of these have been discovered within quite recent years, so it is probable that many new forms and varieties will be collected and observed.—Harold Russell in London National Review.

OLD TIME HAT STAMPS.

Death Used to Be the Penalty in England For Forging Them.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blocked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Low Countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "chrummed" caps, made from wool, for the advantage of the landed proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material. The statute provided that every male person "shall on Sundays and holidays wear on his head a cap of silver wool made in England, penalty, 6s. 6d. per day.

About a century later the law, for which there is nothing too high or too low, having taxed men's shoes, turned its attention once more to their hats and soon put a check on all improvements in the trade by requiring every vendor of hats to take out a license under a heavy penalty. Subsequently a stamp duty was imposed on all hats, which were officially marked inside where the maker's name now appears. The penalty for selling a hat without a stamp was £10, and the penalty for forging a hat stamp was death, whence, no doubt, the modern custom of the man who goes to church, sits down, looks into his hat to read his maker's name.—London Chronicle.

An English Sanctuary.

Beverley minister, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 938 Athelstan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary. This was not merely for man slaying; it was open to all wrongdoers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "frid stool" or "freed chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

Appropriate.

The worshippers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said: "Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Answers.

A New Reason.

Annette, aged three, has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked, Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still, My foot's asleep."—Delineator.

True Charges.

She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (thereby)—When did you ever know me to be a dishonest thing? He (tenderly)—When you robbed me of my peace of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief!—New York World.

The Language.

"This is a pretty state of affairs, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a very ugly matter, but somebody will have to pay handsomely for it."—New York Journal.

A good way to be happy is to try to be useful and helpful.

HIS EDITORIAL POLICY.

Mark Twain Made a Clean Breast of It to His Readers.

Mark Twain took the editorial chair on the Buffalo Express in August, 1890, and this is the paragraph in which he made the readers acquainted with his new responsibility:

"I only wish to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of this journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reform or in any way attempt to make trouble. I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty when I cannot get out of it. I shall work diligently and honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions—when privation and want shall compel me to do so. In writing I shall always confine myself to the truth, except when it is attended with inconvenience. I shall witheringly rebuke all forms of crime and misconduct, except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vest. I shall not make any use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or in any circumstances and shall never use profanity except in discussing honest rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even then, for it is impudent, un-Christian and degrading. I shall not often meddle with politics, because we have a political editor who is already excellent and only needs a thorn in the penitentiary to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers."

TWO WORDS DEFINED.

Difference Between a Sanatorium and a Sanatorium.

The words "sanatorium" and "sanatorium" are popularly understood to have the same meaning and are generally used interchangeably when designating or describing places of refuge for sick people, but there is, in fact, quite a distinction between the meaning of the two words. In answer to a correspondent on this subject the Literary Digest says:

"The distinction between these words lies in the fact that they are derived from two different Latin roots. 'Sanatorium' is derived from the Latin *sanare*, meaning health giving. The term relates specially to an institution for treatment of disease or care of invalids, especially an establishment employing natural therapeutic agents or conditions peculiar to the locality or some specific treatment or treating particular diseases. On the other hand, 'sanatorium' is derived from the Latin *sanitas*, from *sanus*, meaning whole or sound. 'Sanatorium' relates more specifically to a place where the hygienic conditions are preservative of health as distinguished from one where therapeutic agencies are employed. Hence it is the province of a 'sanatorium' to preserve health, that of a 'sanatorium' to restore it. Care should be exercised in combining the proper vowels in these two words in order to indicate correctly the derivation."

Teaching the Cutpurses.

Stow in his account of London between 1560 and 1580 depicts an inn kept by a kind of Fagin of the time of Queen Elizabeth: "One Wotton kept an alehouse * * * near Billingsgate, and in the same house he procured all the cutpurses about the city to repair. There was a school set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up. The one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little wringing bell. The purse had silver in it. And he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public foyster. And he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells was adjudged a judicial upper, according to their terms of art. A foyster was a pickpocket; a nypper was a pickpurse or cutpurse."

Tricks Any Husband Can Learn.

To tell yellow from green in matching silk. To wash the dishes without breaking more than two. To keep quiet when he's spoken to. To kiss the cook when she's angry. To find out what ails the gas rings. To stand in line an hour for two trading stamps. To set up his wife's brother in business. To get up winter nights to investigate "robbers." To smile when his old sweetheart's pictures are burned up. To prefer balm at home to billiards at the club. To drop his old friends because they are "vulgar." To give up coffee because it disagrees with his wife.—Luck.

The Old Man's Schedule.

When they asked the Billville youngster what the "old man" was doing now he replied:

"Well, when he ain't talkin' his head off 'bout breakfast bein' late he's raisin' Cain with the tired hands, an' when he ain't a-doin' of them things he's a-diggin' for bait an' fishin' in the river an' a-doin' of nuthin' particular."—Atlanta Constitution.

Entirely Different.

"It's all very well before a girl's married for her to get a flower in her hair," remarked the observer of events and things, "but it's an entirely different matter if, after she's married, she gets her hair in flour."

Cynical.

"You seem to find your book very interesting, Miss Maidstone."

"Yes; it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and so true to life. Every man in it is a villain."