

The Home

TREATMENT OF SUNBURN.

The great temptation after the exposure to the heat and the probabilities of sunburn is to wash the face. Water acts like a mordant to set the dye of sunburn. The skin that might possibly have escaped with a faint redness becomes scarlet and even blistered after washing while the sun is still upon it, or after just returning from an exposing expedition. Wipe the face gently with some oily preparation and use powder that is soothing, and the effects of the sunburn will pass away. When raw do not wash the face, use water as hot as can be borne, dabbing the face with it, or applying it with hot compresses—that is thick folds of cloth soaked in the boiling water. In putting powder on the face do not use a powder puff that has been employed to mop the face time out of mind, but take a piece of absorbent cotton, or cheese cloth which can be thrown aside after use.

SUMMER VEGETABLES.

Green Peas—These should be fresh and newly shelled. Wash them and put them into enough boiling water to cover them, with a few leaves of mint and a small piece of butter. Stir them occasionally, and when tender drain the water from them; sprinkle on a little salt and serve with melted butter.

Succotash—Cut off the kernels from a dozen of sweet corn. Put in a saucepan with a quart of Lima beans, a quart of veal stock, and let them simmer steadily till the corn and beans are tender. Add a cup of milk, piece of butter; pepper and salt to taste.

Egg Plant—The best way is to slice them with the skins peeled off and then to sprinkle each piece with salt; lay one upon another in a dish for an hour, till the bitter juice is drawn; wash, salt and pepper; flour and fry brown.

Stuffed Tomatoes—Take six ripe tomatoes of equal size, cut circles off the top of each and scoop out the inside. Press the pulp through a sieve and mix in with it a little salt, cayenne, two ounces of butter broken in bits, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one onion minced fine, a teaspoonful of parsley and two very large tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture put on the tops again and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with mushroom sauce.

Corn Oysters—Take six ears of boiled corn, three eggs and one and one half tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat the yolks very thick; cut the corn off the cob, season it with pepper and salt, mix it with the yolks and add the flour; whip the whites to a stiff froth, stir them in with the corn and yolks. Put a dessertspoonful at a time in a pan of hot butter, and fry to a light brown on both sides.

To Serve Cress—Wash, pick over and cut into small pieces and season with pepper, salt, vinegar and a little sugar in a salad bowl, stirring up well.

Parsnip Croquets—Scrape and wash five nice parsnips, cut into oblong pieces, place in boiling water, boil until tender. When done mash and salt to taste, with a teaspoonful of butter. Make them into oval balls the size of an egg and half an inch thick. Fry in a little butter until brown and serve hot.

Cucumber Salad—Three cucumbers, one small onion; chop together moderately fine; salt and pepper to taste; two tablespoonfuls vinegar; let stand one half hour, then drain off vinegar; add enough sweet cream to fairly moisten as in any salad. Serve—colder the better.

Tomatoes in Aspic Jelly—Procure small round tomatoes, peel and core and fill the inside with several anchovies, cut very fine and stirred in mayonnaise sauce. Have some melted aspic jelly, just beginning to set, in a deep basin, pass with the trussing needle a piece of string through the top of each tomato, so that they may be dipped into the basin of aspic; lay them on ice and remove the string when quite cold. Place a piece of aspic cut round upon the top of each tomato, and place on it a sprig of watercress and a little mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Breast of Lamb—Saw off the breast from a rib of lamb, leaving the neck of sufficient size to roast or for cutlets; then put two onions, half a carrot and the same of turnip, cut into thin slices, in a stewpan with two bay leaves, a few sprigs of parsley and thyme, half an ounce of salt, and three pints of water, lay in the breast, which let simmer until tender, and the bones leave with facility, when take it from the stewpan, pull out all the bones and press it between two dishes; when cold season with a little salt and pepper, egg and breadcrumb lightly over, and broil gently, over a moderate fire, of a nice yellowish color, turning it very carefully; when sufficiently browned upon one side, serve with

plain gravy in the dish and mint sauce separately or with steved peas of any other vegetable sauce; tomato sauce is also good served with it.

Pineapple Ice—Procure a rather small pineapple, take off the rind, which reserve, and cut the apple into pieces an inch in length and about the thickness of a quill, place them in a sugar pan, with half a pound of sugar and half a pint of water, set it upon the fire and reduce to a rather thickish syrup, have ready a pint and a half of milk, upon the fire, to which when boiling, throw the rind of the pineapple, cover it over and let infuse 10 minutes; in another stewpan have the yolks of 12 eggs, to which add the milk by degrees, previously straining it, place over the fire, keeping it stirred until adhering to the back of the spoon, when pass it through a tammy into a basin add the syrup and pineapple and freeze it, adding a pint and a half of whipped cream.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg stains on silver.

A soft cloth dipped in alcohol will clean piano keys.

Ink spots in books can be removed by a solution of oxalic acid in water.

Young green onions are sometimes peeled and cut in thin slices and served with cucumbers.

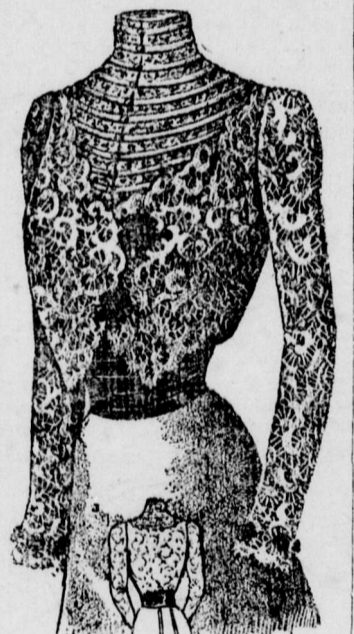
An ounce of pulverized borax put into a quart of boiling water and bottled for use will be found invaluable for removing grease spots from woollen goods.

Tomatoes may be sliced thin and served with salt, pepper and vinegar for breakfast, or sliced and strewn with sugar and grated nutmeg for tea. For dinner they may be broiled or baked.

For frying fish, beef suet or dripping or sweet oil may be used instead of lard. Butter is not good, as it spoils the color and tastes strong.

The greens and vegetables for soup must be carefully prepared—that is, picked clean and washed. Where fat soup is not liked the grease must be skimmed off before putting in the vegetables.

In choosing lamb the vein in the neck of a fore quarter of lamb is a fine blue if it is fresh; if it is of a green or yellowish color it is stale. A fore quarter includes the shoulder, neck and breast. A hind quarter is the leg and loin. The pluck is sold with the head, liver, heart and lights. The fry contains the sweetbreads, skirts and some of the liver. Lamb may be hashed, stewed, roasted, fried, boiled or made in a pie.



Bolero of cream Renaissance lace, the right side lapping over and fastening with two black velvet rosettes. Sleeves of lace trimmed with small black velvet rosettes. Material required, lace, 20 inches wide, 3 yards.

WANTS HIM AT ANY PRICE.

Attorney—You can sue him for breach of promise, madam; but it seems to be preposterous to claim £10,000 damages.

Fair Client—I want to get so heavy a judgment against him that he'll be glad to marry me—the scoundrel!

FULL OF WORDS.

He—I never can be in your company more than a minute without being reminded of a certain book—a great book.

She—Indeed! I am afraid you are a flatterer. May I ask what book it is?

He—The dictionary.

BELGIAN CONVICTS.

Three tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

SUMMER STATIONERY.

Ida—But why do you not like the picture of a hammock in the corner of your stationery.

May—I don't know, dear, but you see it seems to suggest a falling out.

Young Folks.

OUTWITTED AN ELEPHANT.

Only those familiar with the "manners and customs" of the elephant have any idea what a nimble creature it really is. Massive and slow-footed, as it looks, it is capable, when roused, of feats that would be difficult for much fleetlier animals. Especially is this the case with African elephants, which, though taller, are generally lighter than their Asiatic brethren. Moreover, accustomed for ages to lead a wild life, and often depending on their alertness and speed of foot for their very existence, they have acquired a skill in gymnastics which has occasionally taken even old elephant hunters by surprise.

In illustration of this fact we are reminded of a story told by one of the noble army of British sportsmen in Africa. He was "out after elephants," and had just fired at and wounded a magnificent specimen. Unfortunately for him, he had only succeeded in slightly wounding him, when, infuriated by the attack, it turned and charged him. It was a terrifying sight. With its enormous ears spread out like sails, and emitting shrill notes of rage, it came thundering over the ground like a runaway locomotive. The hunter fired another shot, but missed; his nerve was shaken, and, throwing down his "express" rifle, he sought safety in flight. Near at hand was a steep hill, and to this he directed his steps, for, being but slightly acquainted with the climbing powers of the elephant, he thought his pursuer might be baffled by the steepness of the ascent. It was a terrible disappointment to find that the elephant could climb a hill just as quickly as the hunter, nimble runner as he was. The fugitive, indeed, would have soon been overtaken if he had not thought of a really ingenious ruse. He knew that elephants never run, or even walk, down a steep incline, but always crouch down, gather their feet together, lean well back and slide down. Just as the ferocious animal had got within a few yards of him, therefore, the wily hunter suddenly doubled and ran down the hill again! Quick as a flash, the elephant turned, gathered himself together, and trumpeting with baffled rage, slid down after his victim. The hunter had just time to spring out of the way as the great beast came "tobogganing" after him, smashing trees and shrubs and carrying everything before it like an avalanche. Then once more the hunter dashed to the top of the hill, while the elephant, unable to stop itself, went careering down to the very foot, where, apparently feeling very sore and disappointed, it rose and walked wearily back to its native woods.

TURKISH SCHOOLS.

The beginning of a Mohammedan boy's school-life is always made an occasion for a festival. It occurs on his seventh birthday. The entire school goes to the new scholar's home, leading a richly caparisoned and flower-bedecked donkey. The new pupil is placed on the little beast, and, with the hodja, or teacher, leading, the children form a double file, and escort him to the schoolhouse, singing joyous songs.

To a stranger the common Turkish school presents a singular scene. The pupils are seated cross-legged on the bare marble pavement in the porch of the mosque, forming a semi-circle about the hodja, who is, as a rule, an old, fat man. He holds in his hands a stick long enough to reach every student. By means of this rod he is enabled not only to preserve order among the mischievous, but to urge on the boy whose recitation is not satisfactory. But, as a rule, hodjas are lazy and often fall asleep. Then it is that the pupils enjoy what the American boy would style a "picnic." A trick they specially like to play on their sleeping teacher is to anoint his hair and long grey beard with wax, which is, of course, very difficult to be rid of. You may be sure when the hodja wakes he makes good use of his lengthy weapon.

Some of the answers these little Turks receive to their questions would make an American child open his eyes in amazement. A half-grown boy, in the presence of a missionary, who tells the story, asked the hodja: "What makes it rain?" "Up in the clouds," answered this wise teacher, "our prophet, Mohammed, and the one who belongs to Christians went into business together, the profits to be divided. One night Mohammed stole all the profits and ran away. In the morning, when the Christian God discovered his loss, he pursued Mohammed in his golden chariot, the rumbling of whose wheels makes the thunder. The lightning is the bullets of fire which the God shot after his fleeing partner. Mohammed, finding he could not escape in mid-air, plunged into the sea; the Christian God followed him, and the shock splashed the water out and it fell to the earth in rain."

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

The most thankless task in the world is explaining a joke to a person who has not seen it.—Woman and Artist.

"Speaking sharp seldom does do much good," silently remarked, Mrs. Bateman, "except to them as speak."

—The Farringtons.

In the dissolution of sentimental partnerships, it is seldom that both partners can withdraw their funds at precisely the same time.—The Touchstone.

The world of commerce and speculation is as aloof from the scholar and the recluse as the rings of Saturn or the sun of Aldebaran.—The Waters of Edera.

What woman can withstand the fascination of a lover's faith that she is an angel? If a man is fool enough to believe it, why undeceive him?—Unleavened Bread.

Slight, but chronic dyspepsia, the deprivations of neuralgia, are apt to impart to our countenances a more touching melancholy than do the woes of love.—The Garden of Eden.

A profound knowledge of human nature enunciated the decree, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house," and relegated the neighbor's wife to a back seat among the servants and live stock.—Diana Tempest.

THE STARLING.

The English starling has been brought to America, and is rapidly domesticating itself. Although introduced only a year or two ago it has increased considerably in numbers.

And the young Turks, believing the teachings of their hodja, grow up without further investigating the causes of rain, the true source of which is taught our children in the kindergarten.

SUMMER SMILES.

Woman, observed the epigrammatic boarder, is a conundrum without an answer. Huh! snorted Mr. Sourdropp, I never saw a woman without one!

At the summer resort—Mattie—Yes, a man has come here; but he is only a hired man. Minnie—Of course. No man would be likely to come here if he wasn't hired.

She continued the conversation. No, sir, I wouldn't marry the best man on earth. Of course you know, he urged, that it is not the custom for the bride to marry the best man.

The Rejected—And, pray what constitutes the highest happiness? The number of friends one has. Then I ought to be happy. Every girl I ever proposed to has promised to be a friend to me.

In honest conscience off he tries Severely to economize. His struggles with dismay we view To make a day's work do for two.

Dr. Pillet—Your blood is impoverished. I shall have to prescribe some iron for you. Mr. Goshabby—Don't do it, doctor. My wife tells me now that I look rustier than any other man in town.

He—I think you handle the mandolin, Miss Lillian, better than any other girl I ever saw. She—Why, you never heard me try to play it, Mr. Wixley. No, that's why I admire the way you handle it.

Mr. Richello—Isn't Miss De Mure pretty when she blushes? Miss Beauti—Yes, I noticed it the other day. It was the first time I ever saw her face color. Indeed, what was she blushing over? Over a plate of hot soup.

Actress, to landlady—I must tell you that I will have to move out unless you can keep the room clear of mice. Landlady—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. On the stage you play Joan of Arc, and here you are afraid of a mouse.

Mr. Newpaw, ostentatiously—How pleasant it is to think that we will be home together all evening. Mrs. Newpaw—Why, dear, you know we've got to call—Mr. Newpaw, in a fierce whisper—Sh! Can't you see why I said that? The baby's listening.

You are not one of these men who find fault with the cooking at home? No, answered Mr. Mewkton, I don't exactly find fault, but occasionally I do feel called on to apologize for the way things taste when Henrietta gets home from the club. You see, I never could learn to make good coffee.

Hicks—What a studious young woman your niece is! And so well informed! It seems to be the aim of her life always to be learning something new. Wicks—Yes; that is because she did not have the opportunity that most young women have to finish her education for good and all when she left school.

Mrs. Featherwell's new hat is the very latest style, isn't it? remarked Mr. Blykins. Yes, answered his wife. But how did you know it? You say you pay no attention to fashions. There couldn't be any mistake in this case. If it weren't in the latest style, she wouldn't dare to wear anything so ugly.

She was one of these thrifty women who read Kipling when they are not making cherry dumplings or saving the bones for soap grease. They were going out to spend the day. John, she said, as they locked the door, tie this string around your finger. What for! Lest we forget!

TO IMPROVE THE "SPUD"

Remarkable Experiment With Electricity—Increase in the Potato Yield.

Experiments in growing potatoes by electricity have been undertaken by the Irish Agricultural Board. Father Glynn, of Atha, Limerick, in charge of the experiments, studded a potato patch with lightning conductors connected by wires running through the patch. The result was an increase of 80 per cent. in the yield in the section so treated. Should the official experiment bear out this experience, a solvent for the chronic distress in the west of Ireland will have been found.

Horace Plunkett, M.P., Vice-President of the Agricultural Board, says: This most remarkable phenomenon may be the forerunner of a revolution in agriculture. The evidence furnished and the genuineness of Father Glynn's experiments are incontrovertible.

NONE ESCAPE.

How many boarders does Mrs. Froons take in this summer? asked Skiddy.

All of them, replied Spudde.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

Descendants of Convicts Have Proved to be Good Citizens.

The position which the Australasian colonies are gaining in the world, particularly since their agreement to form a federation, and their hearty participation, with Canada, in Great Britain's South African War, has attracted the attention of the world to them, and recalled the singular and striking fact that great penal colonies, where at one time disorder and crime prevailed, have become orderly and strictly self-governing communities.

The story of the penal settlements of Australia and Tasmania, and the carnival of cruelty and of crime which attended the convict system, is most remarkable in the light of subsequent events. The crimes for which convicts were sent from England to Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land were in great part abominable, and the expiation was certainly terrible.

The convicts were put at work in the broiling Australian sun. Often they worked in chains and the chains were not counted as diminishing their capacity for hard labor. Even the best conducted among them were let out to farmers and the proprietors of sheep ranges. If these farmers happened to be humane, the convict might be reasonably happy. But in many cases the farmer regarded his convict helper as a slave—as indeed, he was—and a beast of burden to be used as cruelly as possible.

The result was that as many of the convicts as could do so escaped to the woods, and became "bushrangers" or bandits. They preyed on the natives and on the settlers, committing robberies which not infrequently were attended with murder.

In Tasmania such ravages were particularly alarming. The malefactors were under the leadership of one Mike Howe, an English highwayman, who had been sent to the colony on a long sentence and had escaped to the bush. His band of convicts raided the natives to provide themselves with wives and these women served them willingly as guides in the thickets and fastnesses of the island.

They became so much a terror to the peaceful settlers that when Mike Howe proposed a peace, in which he was to be "treated as a gentleman," they were very glad to make the arrangement. But the governor-general at Sydney refused his sanction to the compact and Howe took to the bush again. He was pursued by troops, and in a dreadful hand-to-hand combat was overcome and beheaded by a gigantic soldier known as "Big Bill."

His followers continued the war relentlessly, but at last there came a change. The convicts tired of bush-ranging, and little by little settled down to good conduct. The system of penal settlements was abolished. No convicts came out from England and the people of the colonies agreed to forget the origin of those who were already there.

Some of the convicts became the most industrious farmers and the most thrifty and law-abiding merchants in the country. Their children gave the lie to the law of heredity by becoming veritable gentlemen. Then it was that the people of the former penal colonies performed a surprising act of grace and confidence by decreeing the destruction of all the records of convict banishment, and all the sentences and orders applying to the members of the convict community.

The descendants of the convicts are now merged and lost in the Australasian population. They are prominent in the affairs of the colonies, and hold offices of distinction. If their origin is known, no one taunts them with it. The offspring of the worst criminals of Great Britain, treated thus with full confidence, have not tainted the blood of Australasia, but have really proved an element of strength.

SACRELIGIOUS ACT.

It is Considered So to Tread on a Piece of Printed Paper in China.

Chinese literature is overwhelming in extent. Their books comprise the dynastic histories of the celestial centuries, and works on natural history, astrology, geography (?) an Imperial map shows China the center of the universe, with England, France, Germany, Africa and India, as little islands around them. America and Australia not yet discovered. Other works dilate on morals, art, political economy, and biography, with all its belles lettres, etc.

The Imperial library at Peking contains 92,242 books. In 1409 A.D., an Imperial commission compiled a dissertation from the encyclopedia, and it was embodied in 22,937 books. A later supplemental work has 10,000 volumes beautifully illustrated.

It is considered a sacrilegious act to tread on a piece of printed paper. Receipts for waste paper are on every street corner. It is a meritorious act to gather the sacred characters and save them from desecration. The love of learning is so great that many learn to read from the flowery oriental signs over the shop fronts. It is said that if all the classics were destroyed the knowledge of these scriptures is so diffused that there are a million men in China who could reproduce them from memory.

CLAY IMAGES.

The effete religious systems and idolatrous practices of China represent an annual expenditure of \$100,000,000. There are 4,000,000 dietics, 300,000 temples. Some temples are served by a hundred priests. These men are illiterate, and often from the very scum of society. About 70,000 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer, and 27,000 pieces of costly silk are annually offered at the sacrifices. They worship clay images of men, dogs, turtles, snakes, lizards and insects. The people live in dread of evil spirits, which are supposed to cause disease and calamity. They propitiate the evil spirits rather than pray to the good, having a belief in the cruelty and heartlessness of the gods.

KEEPING TIME.

It is Done in the Mines by Means of the Burning of Candles.

Down in the coal mines, where sundials would be quite useless, and where watches are not always to be found, some curious ways of keeping time are often resorted to. Although the underground toilers spend their working hours in what must be regarded as perpetual night, they are usually able to form a fairly correct estimate of the time of day. Even when a few men are at work in a lonely and distant part of the mine without a watch, it is a rare thing for any miner to remain at work after the proper leaving-off time, and it must be remembered that their work is invariably piece work.

In those mines where candles are in use the miners are able to form a good idea of the time by the number of "fat-sticks" they burn. Four ordinary tall-dips are given out each morning to the pony-drivers, and when these are used, or nearly used, they know it is time to "knock off" for the day.

A colliery manager once sent a man to work by himself in a lonely part of the pit, giving him four candles and telling him that it would be time to go home when they were gone. The man was not a coal-bewer, but a road-cleaner, and worked by the day. He was supposed to be a bit daff, but on arriving at his lonely working place he was wise enough to remember what the manager had told him.

FIXING UP THE CANDLES.

On a pit prop he proceeded to light all four of them at each end, with the result that he was soon on his way home again.

In some of the poorer rural districts where clock-towers are "conspicuous by their absence," and where watches are still few and far between, various methods of reckoning time are in vogue at different places. Flowers are often found to open or close their petals at a given time, and it is said that in a certain rustic corner of Scotland, where there is no clock, the children are dismissed from school at a signal from "the yellow goat's beard," which regularly closes its petals at 4 in the afternoon.

In a large workshop on the outskirts of a Pennsylvania town the workmen usually stop for breakfast at the appearance of a passenger train which pulls up at the adjacent station 8 a.m., with remarkable promptness.

That irregular riser, the sun, is not a bad indicator of the time when he is up and shining. Apart from the ordinary sun dial his light may be—and often is—adapted for time-keeping in various other ways. When the shadow of a house or other building reaches a given spot at, say, 12 o'clock, a peg may be driven into the ground, and when the shadow creeps up to the peg next day you may venture to "knock off" for dinner—that is, providing no one has moved the peg.

Another way of keeping time by the sun is to make a chalk mark on a wall where a streak of sunshine, coming through a crevice or other opening in the opposite wall, rests for the time being. The worst of it is that cloudy days always put a stop to this method of telling the time of day.

TOUR

Yes, said in the rain, Cornetssel jittersed trashy nov the best w stove, but No Wo Miller's V take.

Freddy-woman an she become soon.

Eight b gireless, l Life Pills, night and nes, Cons Stomach, l pleasant, l Richards' c

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Mr. Po' Ayimer, Lyons'.

Mrs. G ing a wee Mr. J. M Miss P the guest Mrs. S. I We unc our forme examinat The trust hiring he school in Miss Co with frier mer.

This m applied to scious wh is disorder pimples ar kidneys, w Hood's Ssr the Sack curing thes

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