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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

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When the Compass Slips

HOW THE TRAVELLER MAY GO STRAIGHT IN ANY WEATHER

"No, sir. When I get out into the North country I don't want to pin my faith to any such unreliable, changeable machine as a compass," said Jake Sharp, the woodsman, a few days ago. "Not if I know it. Why, time and time again I should have been lost beyond redemption if I had been guided by my compass.

"It may be all right to talk about 'constant as a needle to the pole,' to the marines, but you can't stuff any such nonsense down the throats of us fellows who work up around the Height of Land about here or around the coasts of James Bay.

"Ever hear of the Indian runners who carry messages between Winnipeg and Moose Fort? With calling at the Hudson Bay trading posts on the road, these men generally take about a year for the return trip. Well, I knew one of these chaps who was instructed by an agent how to use a mariner's compass so that he might shorten his trip. It was a mighty good thing for him that he came to know me, too. If he hadn't, there would have been another good man killed through being fooled by a compass needle.

"I was asleep when he called in. It had been a cold day, and I had stopped early to camp. As usual in frosty times, I had laid a good heap of spruce brush atop of the fire and rested on it in my sleeping bag. It was about midnight, when I woke up with a shout. Somebody had stepped right on my stomach. When I opened my eyes I just made out a big buck Indian on snowshoes standing alongside. He was dressed in buckskin made, I should say, by a tailor, and carried a

LIGHT CARBINE RIFLE.

"Where is your pork?" he said quite cool, and easy. I knew by that he was not travelling by night for fun, and he must be mortal hungry. So I threw him the bag with the frozen pork, which was under my pillow, and sat up and after a while got him some tea.

"We had a bit of a sleep together till morning, and then he explained to me that he was making the portage between Chapleau and Moose Fort, but his journey had taken him longer than ever before, and he had nothing to eat, rabbits being scarce, for four days. I wondered at his being so far east, and then he owned up that he did not know where he was. He was following his compass according to orders, but somehow, as I told him, he was well nigh 300 miles out of his way.

"Then I had a look at his compass, and put it alongside my own. No wonder the poor fellow had gone wrong. It was as though when my compass made it 12 o'clock his was pointing twenty past 3 or thereabouts.

"I tell you it was a mighty good thing for him I had made a good green wood fire, which he had been able to smell a mile off.

"He gave me his compass, and I gave him all the pork and biscuit I had. It would just about carry him through for there was no fear but he would go straight enough down the Abitibbi River when he didn't have any compass needle to bother him."

The proof of the old woodsman's story was passed around—a well-made Scotch mariner's compass, with its needle pointing stubbornly a little south of nor'-nor'-east, instead of due north, Probably all the cause of the phenomenon was the Indians' having slept close beside a hill of magnetic iron ore, such as is known to exist near Port Arthur, and has also been discovered at the height of land dividing this province from the territory granted by King Charles to Prince Rupert and his associates trading to Hudson's Bay, and held by the same company ever since.

Our party had given up trying to follow a set course some days previously, owing to the great variation of our compasses. In our case we had traced the deflection to magnetic

IRON-BEARING SAND,

of which there are large tracts upon the Upper Gatineau, and in these northern districts.

"It's dead easy finding your way about when you get the hang of it," our guide informed us. "Most times you can keep near some stream, and be guided by that when you know the lay of the country. If you can get a sight of the sun, rising or setting you can get a pretty good notion of how to travel. On a clear day get out on a lake just when the sun is noon high, and set up two sticks in a line so that their shadows form one straight line and you have your correct north.

"There is the North Star at night, or the handles of the plough or the Dipper, as some folks call the star cluster, to tell you where your north is. No needle to fool me, thank you, when the sun and the stars shine.

"When you can't see the sun, nor stars? Well, maybe it's best for folks who don't know their way about to stay in camp such days For those that do know there is no difficulty. The surest sign I know of is the hole the big red-headed cock-of-the-woods woodpecker builds his nest in. You see he is an early bird and does not want to be kept awake in the evening by his youngsters crying because the sun is in their eyes. So he always chooses the east side of the tree for his home. Then the rising sun wakes him and warms his nest in the morning, too.

"The flying squirrel generally builds on the east side of a dead tree, also. But his nest is not so easily found as the woodpecker's, because he has more enemies to hide from.

"That is why you always find the eggs of the wild goose and most always those of the ducks on the west side of lakes. The old birds always take their little ones out for morning exercise and breakfast on the west side so that the morning sun shall not beam on them. Then the frogs and young fish they feed on are mostly found on that side and most likely

FOR THE SAME REASON.

You know in warm weather you generally find the bass are on the west, that is, the shady and coolest side of the lake.

"Of course in winter such things do not help much. Some of the Indians say that the bullpout or catfish are good path-finders then. They say that if you catch ten of them through the ice and let them flop about as they like that when they are dead eight or nine of them will have their heads towards the north. Or if you can only catch one fish let him swallow the hook well and then hang him up by the fishing line clear of the ground so that he can swing and when he is dead his belly will face the north. But the Indian is not particular about points he usually travels by the lay of the country or along water courses.

"The top of the white pine is not a bad sign in most open places. Up here it commonly leans towards the south because the prevailing winds are from the north. Lower down toward the settlements the winds are westerly and the pine tree looks toward the east or southeast. If you ever crossed any of the upper lakes in the teeth of a wind you would not wonder to find the moss on the trees along the shore and on the side of the trunk away from the northerly or westerly winds, that is, on the south or east side only.

"But the only sure way to make your way through an unknown bush is to know your direction at starting, and then always keep your eye on something straight in front. Keep two trees in line if you can and when you cross a lake or open plain, always take a rear sight at your last sign post, and then standing straight in your tracks, pick out some tree top or rock on the other side, and make right for it. When you camp for meals or for the night always mark two trees at least, to make clear

THE LINE YOU ARE ON.

"If you get lost anyway? Well, the best thing to do is to sit right down and take a mind you have anything to eat. If not, light a fire and get a rest. If I was guide to the party I would rather have you just stay where you are until found. The old hand always goes down hill when he has missed his way, because he is pretty sure to find running water at the foot of the hill. Once he reaches a stream he is all right, for that will bring him to some river at last, or will at any rate keep him going in the same direction.

"The new hand is fairly certain to get rattled when he knows he is lost and to travel around in a circle because I suppose his feet are not trained to be equally strong. He becomes nervous, and feels that he must keep going, and as he becomes tired and more worried he notices nothing, and lines pass along the same way he went before without noticing it. Many a man has lost his life in those old woods, just because he lost his nerve first. It's curious, too, how nervousness blinds men.

"Once on the head waters of the Lievre River, two men were seen paddling for dear life, who pulled up quickly at sight of another canoe.

"'How far is it to Moose Fort?' they called out.

"'Oh, I don't know, somewhere about 25,000 miles I guess, that way,' they were told.

"They were strong, well-informed Orkney men, engaged in trapping fur, and had got so mixed up among the lakes at the Height of Land, that they had actually travelled on two whole days without finding out what any child could have told them, that they were running due south instead of due north. After a good hot meal, a chat over the pipe, and a night's sleep they were all right again, no longer rattled, but prepared to take notice of the signs which would take them home right enough, though they were 300 miles away in the opposite direction, from their former one."

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PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

Mr. Edison claims to be one of the hardest worked men in the universe. When he can steal away from his laboratory he spends the precious moments with his prize poultry, some of which cost $125 apiece.

Goichi Abe, a coal dealer of Tokio, has deposited $600 in a local bank, with instructions that it is to remain there at compound interest for 250 years. Whichever of his posterity is then alive will become possessed of a big fortune.

Sir Alexander Condie Stephen, K.C.M.G., has been in many capitals from Teheran to Paris, and can speak in five or six tongues. He has frequently been employed on very special and sometimes dangerous service; as in Afghanistan, when, at the time of the "Penjdeh Incident," he made his famous ride of six days with despatches, starting at an hour's notice, and crossing Russia and Persia in nineteen days.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury was not renowned for his suavity, and one day, so the story goes, a certain distinguished visitor was kept waiting some time for an audience at Lambeth Palace. When at last the gentleman was admitted his Grace somewhat bluntly remarked:—"Take a seat. What is it you want?" The visitor replied:—"I am Lord The, your Grace, and —" "Then take two seats," was the brusque response.

The most original and interesting member of the ill-fated House of Bavaria is the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples, sister of the murdered Empress of Austria. Thirty years ago she was a woman of remarkable beauty and daring, and was the idol of the Neapolitan army. When the Sardinians were storming the fortress of Gaeta the Queen donned uniform and fought bravely against them, showing her contempt of danger and coolly smoking a cigar while the bullets were raining around her. She was also one of the cleverest horsewomen in Europe, and on more than one occasion has hired a circus in Paris and executed the most daring bare-back feats of a circus rider.

Queen Alexandra is very fond of old china, and is really very skilled in the various styles, marks, and glazes which differentiate one piece from another. The Crown possesses very valuable china—Sevres, Dresden, Chelsea, and Crown Derby. The Sevres ware is especially valuable. It includes a pair of "royal blue" jardinieres, a copy of the famous masted vessel in royal blue, a plate in "partridge-eye" blue adorned with Cupid and doves, and a set of Rose du Barri vases which are absolutely priceless. There are whole cabinets full of apple-green and turquoise-blue ware. One specially fine collection of bleu du roi was made for Louis XVI.; but the Revolution intervened, and eventually it was purchased by George IV. and bequeathed by him to the Crown.

One of the unique experiences of the King when Prince of Wales was as one of the crew of a lifeboat at a Sussex watering-place, in the Jubilee year of 1897, sharing in the work and excitement of an imaginary rescue. Donning a suit of oil-skins, he took his place as coxswain. At a given signal the lifeboat, with its crew and Royal steersman, was launched into the surf and, impelled by the oars of the crew, it at once headed out to sea. The Prince steered the boat with great skill, and the boat forged ahead towards the imaginary wreck as rapidly and surely as if scores of human lives were at stake. The Prince, having brought the boat within a short distance of the supposed wreck, seized a coil of rope and, swinging it round his head, sent it flying to where the crew of the wreck were imagined to be awaiting it. After some further evolutions the boat was headed towards the beach, and the Prince and oarsmen, leaping out on the shingle, pushed her home through the surf. Some hundreds of cinematograph pictures of the rescue were taken, and thus a permanent record of the Prince's adventure was obtained.

FOILED AGAIN.

Though Jones was always in debt, he held the belief that the time would come when he would be able to pay his debts, and was always making spasmodic efforts to do so. During one of these he met his bootmaker.

The son of St. Crispin was very wrath at not being able to get his money, but Jones said, sadly:

"Yes, yes, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, I know your bill is all right and ought to be paid, and I am now paying off my debts, and, so that I shall give no preference, I am taking up my creditors alphabetically. Now, what is your name, Mr. ——, Mr. ——?"

"Wilkins — Wilkins," said the delighted bootmaker.

"Oh, dear, dear, Wilkins, I'm sorry to hear that. I haven't got throug the A.'s yet."

TO TEST EGGS.

A new method of testing eggs for their freshness has been communicated to the Agricultural Society of Saxony. An egg plunged in water tends to rise with more buoyancy according to its age, owing to enlargement of the empty space at the thick end by evaporation of water from the white. Hence the egg takes a different position in the water. Fresh eggs remain horizontal, an egg three to five days old makes an angle of 20 degrees with the horizon, one eight days gives an angle of 45 degrees, and at the end of 14 days the angle is 60 degrees. An egg three weeks old lies at 70 degrees. One three months remains vertical, and when it is older still it floats.

Clergyman (visiting prison)—"Why are you here, my misguided friend?" Prisoner — "I'm the victim of the unlucky number thirteen." Clergyman — "Indeed! How's that?" Prisoner (nonchalantly) — "Twelve jurors and one judge."

"I have noticed," said the hardened cynic, "that about the time a man's children get to be almost half as bad as he was when he was a boy he begins to howl about the world's growing worse."

Her Ladyship's Best Man

I.

When a fever contracted by her husband whilst abroad left the countess a widow, it was rumored—and Dame Rumor was truthful for once—that she bore her loss with an appalling complacency. But then she had been forced into a marriage with the late earl, and, now a widow, she emphatically objected to acknowledge her parents, who, to pacify their own wishes, had not scrupled to bring about a match which they well knew could never give her happiness.

It was twelve months later, and I had been invited to the house.

"Jack, have you ever been in love?" asked my cousin, the countess.

"No!" I faltered.

She arched her shoulders and persisted.

"Not just a little bit—now, really?"

"Yes," I stammered.

She clasped her jeweled fingers together, and looked at me imploringly, so that my cheeks were suffused.

"I'm in love," she smiled, half sadly, I thought.

I trembled somewhat, for I had an idea—but it was dispelled.

"I require the aid of a man," she ventured.

I rose. That was my answer. She gave me her hand and thanked me.

"Would you run a risk for me?"

I could see she awaited my reply with anxious expectancy.

"What may I do for you?":

"Deliver a letter to the son of Sir Jasper Leigh."

I started. The name surprised me, but I assented.

"When will you start?"

"To-night," said I, for I did not wish to wait the morrow, lest my ardor should vanish at the approach of dawn.

"I was soon well started on my journey to the railway station.

The residence of Sir Jasper Leigh was about three miles on the other side of Grausden, some thirty miles from Newton.

I had much to occupy my thoughts: I should soon be within a stone's throw of the residence of Sir Jasper Leigh. How was I to gain admission?"

On arrival at Grausden I visited a tailor, and resolved to glean all the information I possibly could concerning that eccentric personage, Sir Jasper Leigh.

I learned that Sir Jasper was not to be duped with impunity; that he seldom permitted his son or daughter to leave the grounds, and then never alone. Further, that he never entertained visitors, nor did he ever leave his home.

And why?

"Well, you see, sir," said an old villager, "Sir Jasper has had a sore life of it."

I asked why the son, the twenty-five-year-old son of Sir Jasper, was so jealously watched.

"Well," said my communicative friend, "the young sir has lost his head over a widow whose parents live here about."

"A widow?" I interrogated, with surprise.

"The Countess of Pitsea," said he.

I took a turn through the town, cudgelling my poor brain for a scheme which would enable me to get into Leigh Hall to see Frank Leigh. But I was dull, and utterly incapable of concocting a ruse. I had been at the village inn four hours, and what had I done? Enraged at my own inactivity, I rushed out to the stables.

"Saddle my horse, and lose no time!"

"I shall be leaving here soon sir." This from the stableman.

"Indeed!" on

He edged up to me closely.

"My chance has come at last — Sir Jasper Leigh requires a stableman, and I——"

"Unsaddle that nag!"

He looked amazed, but proceeded to do my bidding.

"Now follow me quickly."

"Tom," said I, leaning across the table, "would you care to earn £20?"

He stared in answer, and I smiled.

"Look here, I'm going to be the new stableman!"

He gaped at me in open-mouthed dissent.

"Tom, get me a suit, and bring it within an hour, and" — he looked at me hard — "keep a still tongue in your head."

Ten minutes later he returned with as greasy a suit as ever man wore, to be sure. It was arranged that Tom whould mention my name to Sir Jasper's groom, with whom Tom was on very familiar terms. As was his custom, the groom called at the inn that evening, and interviewed me in the stable. How I kept the lie up I do not know.

After four days in the capacity of stableman, I told myself I did not like it. How the inmates of the kitchen eyed me with shy suspicion! From snatches of conversation I learned that Frank, the son of Sir Jasper Leigh, was indisposed. On the fifth day my patience was rewarded.

Frank came down to the stables. I was alone — in fact, I was frequently alone, serving my own ends and pleasing the unsuspecting groom, who noted with satisfaction my fondness for work. Frank asked me to saddle his horse. Before doing so I handed him the package.

I will not describe his surprise, much less his thanks. He fairly shook me again and again. Then, as suddenly, he became sober and thoughtful.

"Jack Thornhill, I presume?"

"Cousin to the Countess," I replied.

"Indeed!" He smiled. "Then we're cousins."

I laughed, and so did he. He was quite a boy—free and entertaining, full of life and buoyancy of spirit. No wonder my cousin adored him; she had an inherent weakness for handsome men.

"Mr. Thornhill" — he took my hand in his — "some day you will learn more of this. You have made me serenly happy. It is such a long time since Marie and I made love together as boy and girl that I thought I was forgotten by now."

II.

I felt satisfied. He was very confiding, and the personification of candor. It was mutually agreed that she should accompany me in two days' time to Newton. Meanwhile he would make secret preparations for his departure.

Later in the day he brought Miss Leigh down to the stables, and I was formally introduced, feeling very crestfallen at meeting a lady in such attire as I was, though I noted she ignored this, which only added to my discomfort.

Her beauty was ravishing. A look. It sufficed. I felt I had loved her all my life.

Frank and I were to ride away tomorrow evening. It was close on six o'clock when I came from the house towards the stables, having arranged that Frank should join me in fifteen minutes. Whilst walking down the path I suddenly became conscious of a voice raised in altercation. I listened. Yes; I could hear two voices now. I passed gently through the intervening foliage. I could see them. I was not observed. The man was a Mr. Raymond, J. P., and the lady was Miss Leigh herself. I saw him encircle her slim waist with his arm and kiss her. For a moment I did not know what course to adopt, though I hated him for it.

"How dare you, sir? If you are a gentleman you will remove your arm at once when I ask you!"

He did not reply. I saw passion had got the better of him, and he would stop at naught. I could not see Miss Leigh insulted. I leapt from my concealment and struck the villain.

"Coward!" I hissed.

For a second he stood infuriated and glared at me. Then he knew me.

"Miss Leigh," he commenced lamely, "this man is an impostor. He is no stableman, but——"

"Jack Thornhill, at your service!" I interpolated banteringly.

"I could thrash you for this intrusion!" he exclaimed.

"Say rather you would like to do so!" I suggested.

"I will do it, too!" he retorted phlegmatically.

"You would be ill-advised," said I.

"Insolent rascal!"

"In the presence of a lady I decline to be opprobrious," I replied.

He walked off in a furious temper.

Time was pressing. At any moment we might be surprised by someone from the house. I urged Miss Leigh to return to the house immediately. By the time she should have found assistance Frank and I would be well away.

Miss Leigh came towards me and thanked me. She looked into my eyes and read my secret, and in her eyes was sweet response. I smiled love, and she beamed reciprocity.

Frank brought out my horse and urged me to mount. Miss Leigh tripped softly away down the winding little path. I went to the stables and quickly changed my coat for one Frank had brought me from the house. I leapt into the saddle and galloped down the glade after the retreating figure of Frank.

We rode straight to the station, and gave our steeds into the charge of a porter, with orders to have them sent home a few hours later.

The sweet figure of Marie came tripping towards us. She was dressed in delicious taste, and looked excruciatingly pretty — so much so, indeed, that Frank's cheeks were suffused with crimson blushes.

And I—well, I had served my cousin.

It was a merry trio that supped that night. Marie played and sang to us, and Frank recited an amorous scene with such excellence as to send my cousin mad with delight. But then Marie's merriment was contagious, and wine and a woman's smile are excellent pills for tired men. Yet I was somewhat morose. I was thinking of Frank's sister.

On the following morning Frank was agog with excitement, and no wonder. Marie had agreed to marry him, and a happy affair it was, too.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have authorized it to be sent on trial. Read testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

Imagine my surprise, however, when Marie signified her intention of leaving the house in two days' time to accompany her husband to the Riviera, where she insisted on spending the honeymoon. I left in a sorry mood at this abrupt conclusion to my visit, and secretly thought Marie anything but polite.

It was certainly discourteous. The honeymoon might have been postponed until I proposed leaving. Well, well, I have learnt since then the honeyed bliss of marriage, and know how undesirable is the presence of a third party. And Marie did not forget me. It was three months later when I received this:

"My dear old Jack, — Frank and I are forgiven. Old Sir Jasper arrived in high humor, and thinks me an angel. If he stays long enough he'll be sure of it! A lady is also here who wishes to renew the acquaintance of a gallant cavalier who tickled the ribs of Charles Raymond, J. P., in a duel of honor. Come at once. Marie."

I went in great haste.

The old baronet was delighted to meet me, so he said. I knew his daughter was, although she made no such assertion. But her eyes betrayed her heart.

About the ....House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Chicken Fricasseed — Cut a chicken in pieces, as for serving, cover with salted boiling water; let it simmer for an hour, or until it is almost tender. Take out the chicken and cook the broth down to a pint. To this add one pint of sweet milk, one well-beaten egg, one even teaspoonful of flour, a little more salt and a pinch of celery salt. Put the chicken back into the gravy and cook twenty-five minutes. This is for a white fricassee. For brown fricassees, brown the pieces of chicken in a hot buttered frying pan and pour the gravy over them.

Tutti Frutti — Cut off a slice from the navel end of nice large oranges, and remove the inside without breaking the skin. Cut the pulp into bits and mix with it other fruit in the following proportions: For each orange (allow one for each guest), one-fourth of a banana cut in tiny dice, one-fourth of an apple cut in small slivers, four raisins seeded and quartered, two dates stoned and cut into bits, or two cooked prunes if you have no dates, one teaspoon of bitter orange marmalade, or a shred of candied grape fruit peel, and if the oranges are quite sweet add sufficient lemon juice to give it the desired piquancy. Add just a few grains of mace or nutmeg and a little powdered sugar if you like. Mix thoroughly, then fill the orange cups. Arrange on individual glass plates, with a garnish of orange leaves, and if possible a sprig of orange blossoms on the top of each. Serve as a first course at luncheon, or as a fruit salad after game, or as a dessert.

Browned Sweet Potatoes — Cook the potatoes first by baking slowly or by steaming. Remove the skin, cut them in thick slices and put them closely into a baking dish, suitable for serving. Make a syrup with two cups of sugar and one and one-half cups of water boiled until thick. Stir in two cubes of butter measuring one and one-fourth inches each way. And, by the way, this is the measure for an ounce of butter, which it is well to remember, and, if one's eye be correct, time and utensils may be saved by using this standard instead of the spoon. A rounded tablespoon is also one ounce, and two rounded tablespoons equal one-fourth of a cup, or two ounces. Two rounded tablespoons also equal the amount indicated in the old-styled expression, "butter the size of an egg," and two of these cubes are also an equivalent. Pour this syrup over the potatoes, and on top of them put another cube of butter cut in bits. Baste frequently with the syrup; by tilting the pan it may easily be dipped up. Keep the top moist and let them cook slowly until well browned all through. Serve them hot, and as no more butter will be needed in the serving, it is not extravagant to be generous with it during the baking.

Cookies for Afternoon Tea — In one bowl cream one-half cup of butter and one cup of coffee sugar (a light brown variety) until very light. In another heat two eggs well. Add two level teaspoons of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg and a dash of mace. Mix two heaped teaspoons of baking powder with one pint of flour, add this in alteration with one-half cup of milk, and add more flour sparingly until you have a dough which you can handle. It must be as soft as possible and yet enable you to take up a teaspoon of it and roll it in your hands into a small ball. If the hands are floured the dough may be too stiff, so try greasing them slightly with lard or unsalted butter. Drop each ball as formed into a dish of sugar and roll or shake the dish until it is coated all over. Place them some distance apart on a buttered baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven. The heat should be mostly from underneath, so they will puff up instead of spreading. The sugar will give them the crackly appearance of macaroons. If you do not care to take this time you may drop the mixture from a teaspoon on the buttered pan and carefully sift sugar over the top of each.

Queen Pudding — Boil together for one minute one quart of milk, one pint of bread crumbs and one tablespoonful of butter. Put into a buttered dish; when cool add the yolks of three eggs beaten light; add chopped raisins, one-half cup of sugar and a little nutmeg. Bake till brown. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth with three teaspoonfuls of sugar; spread this over the top and brown quickly in a hot oven.

Floating Islands — Beat the whites of four eggs with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar. When stiff, add eight tablespoonfuls of preserved mashed strawberries before mixing and squeeze in a spoonful of fresh lemon juice. Beat it thoroughly, or until it becomes elastic. Pile it on a dish by the spoonful and it can be made very ornamental. Serve with cream. Sometimes cream is put beneath it in the dish, but this causes it to melt faster and become heavy.

Roman Cream — Boil a quart of milk made rich with plenty of cream. When it boils stir in one ounce of gelatine, previously soaked soft, in a half cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved, and then pour in two eggs well beaten with half a cup of sugar. When it thickens remove from the fire and strain. Flavor with vanilla; pour into molds and set on ice to harden.

Velvet Cream—Soak three-fourths ounce of gelatine in a half pint of water; then dissolve it over the fire, stirring all the time. Grate the rind of two lemons, mix with six ounces of sugar. Add this to the hot solution, which is then to be taken from the fire and poured into a pint of cream, stirring and beating all the time till cool. Put into molds and set on ice to harden. While over the fire it should not be allowed to boil.

COOKING MUTTON.

To deprive mutton of the strong flavor which characterizes it cut oil as much of the fat as possible, and when a joint is to be cooked place it upon a rack in the pan instead of allowing it to be cooked in the fat. Instead of mutton boiled or roasted, the neck is stewed. Chops are boiled, a saddle is roasted. Caper sauce is served with boiled mutton. The sauce is made as follows: Take about half a pint of good melted butter and stir into it one and one-half tablespoonfuls of chopped capers and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir the sauce over the fire, letting it simmer very gently for about a minute. Serve in a sauce tureen.

The following are some excellent suggestions for cooking mutton:

Rolled Loin of Mutton — This makes an excellent dish hot or cold. Get your butcher to bone the joint, for he will use sharper knives than you can, and so there will be no wasted meat on the bones. Form the meat into a neat roll after stuffing with veal forcemeat. Sew up carefully and roast. Just before serving scatter browned bread crumbs on the top of the roll and baste with a little butter. Pour round a rich, good gravy in which a good tablespoonful of red currant jelly and a squeeze of lemon are blended. To carve cut into thin slices, and there will be a nice mixture of fat and lean.

Steamed Leg of Mutton—Take the bone out of a small and tender leg of mutton. Chop some apple and onion very finely, season them with powdered mace, a few cloves, and a tablespoonful of red currant jelly. Fill the cavity made by removing the bone with the stuffing, roll it tightly and place it in a double cooking pot so that the water will not touch the meat. If you do not have this, set the meat on a dish, standing it on a cake tin in a large pot, and have water below the dish, so that the steam cooks the meat. When the meat is done place it in a deep pie dish and pour the gravy over it. Scatter chopped parsley and capers thickly over it and serve caper sauce in a separate tureen.

USEFUL HINTS.

The most wholesome form in which onions can be consumed is when boiled. Fried or roasted they are more indigestible. Boiling removes most of the pungent volatile oil, and any degree af mildness desired may be secured by changing the water several times in the process of cooking.

Where white spots appear on polished surfaces from the dropping of liquids or from heat the immediate application of raw linseed oil will generally restore the color. The oil should be left on the spotted surface for several hours, or over night. When the color has returned, the spot should be repolished with a piece of cheese cloth moistened with turpentine.

Oatmeal will absorb about four times its own bulk of water, so when it is cooked the proportions should be four cups of water to one cup of oatmeal. Oatmeal is fit to eat only after long cooking. Six hours is none too long. If cereals are under-cooked they are unwholesome, and often cause sickness which is attributed to other causes.

A shortening just as good and cheaper than lard is obtained by rendering flank suet, which butchers generally call cod fat. It generally costs about six cents a pound and makes a soft, fine white shortening which is excellent for pastry, cookies, gingerbread, etc. An easy way to render it is to cut it into long strips, run it through a meat-chopper, then put into a granite vessel and set in the oven to melt. It reduces to a clear oil in a few hours.

Onions are a nerve tonic that is not to be despised. No other vegetable will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system, and nothing will clear up a poor complexion so quickly as the free eating of onions. Gen. Grant so fully realized the value of onions that on one occasion when planning an important military campaign he refused to move until his army had been supplied with onions.

Good winter succotash can be prepared from canned corn and dried lima beans. The beans should be soaked over night in cold water and in the morning drained, put into fresh water, simmered two hours, then put with a can of corn, a cup of cream or a cup of milk with a little butter, seasoned to taste and cooked three or four minutes.

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