

## HOUSEHOLD.

### A Dressmaker's Dilemma. (Founded Upon Fact.)

I'm but a simple dressmaker in quite a humble way. Who tries to do her duty and would never disobey. A plain commandment given in the Scriptures unto men. For I read my Bible every night from half-past nine to ten.

Now Uncle Jim who preaches in the chapel over there. And knows his Bible backwards (though I've also heard him swear). Came in to me the other night and solemnly sat down. And said: "Maria, let me see your last unfinished gown."

I knew he hated fashions, but I humbly brought the dress. He took the sleeves, examined them, and cried in triumph: "Yes, I feared as much! Your style in gowns has gone from bad to worse. Until at last you've brought yourself beneath the prophet's curse!"

I looked in blank amazement at my uncle; was he mad? What could he find so awful in a simple shoulder-pad? This year, since fashion willed that ladies' shoulders should be high.

We had to pad the dresses—Paris was to blame, not I. He took my Bible from the shelf before my wondering eyes. And found the thirteenth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecies.

And "Read," said he, "the eighteenth verse, 'Thus saith the Lord God: Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes! Is it so?'"

The words were there as clear as day. "And 'Just choose between the prophet's curse and fashion's latest whim: 'Tis you Ezekiel had in mind, to you the Lord saith 'Woe!' If in your dresses from this time another pad you sew."

Thus saying he departed, and I turned the matter over. And after half an hour felt no wiser than before. At last I thought I'd venture forth to ease my troubled mind. And ask our learned Rector, who is always very kind.

I found him in his study, and in listening to my case I thought he laughed a little, though I could not see his face. And then he opened certain books, and certain foot-notes read.

"The authorized translation is not quite correct," he said. "The word translated 'armholes' should be 'elbows,' or indeed, 'As some would have it, 'finger-joints'—the books are not agreed. The 'pillows,' as it seems, were charms, or else were made to ease the women's elbows as they prayed—like cushions for the knees.

In any case, you need not fear; the prophet does not dream Of nineteenth-century fashions, howsoever grotesque they seem. I'm glad you came to see me, and your uncle, I declare, For exegesis quite deserves a Professorial chair."

I thanked the learned Rector, for he'd set me more at rest. But now the fashion's changing, and perhaps it's for the best. For though I see the prophet never thought of modern fads, I never felt quite happy sewing in those shoulder pads.

### About the House.

Hot sunshine will remove scorch. Nothing taxes the housekeeper's purse more heavily than the butcher's bill. A housekeeper suggests that a little paint will do a great deal towards making life worth living.

A pinch of soda added to sour fruit will take away much of the tartness and make much less sugar necessary for sweetening. Those hygienic housewives who dislike upholstered furniture and have a fondness for rattan and portable cushions are turning their attention to coriuroy as a winter covering for cushions. It is fairly inexpensive, has the wearing qualities of sheet iron and comes in all colors.

Anybody who cooks, and knows how utensils must be handled, would see at once that the skillets and pans small enough to be held by the left hand when being emptied of food, ought to have mouths on the opposite side from that where most makers put them.

The careless habit which some housekeepers have of storing away the grocery packages in the brown paper in which they come is certainly to be condemned. They should be emptied into their proper box as soon as they come into the house, not only for the sake of order, but to keep them in good condition.

### Dining Room Notes.

Sugar, milk and cream should always be passed to guests. Boiled ham and tongue should be sliced as thin as the knife blade. Cut all cold meats and old bread very thin. Trim the slices to make them neat.

A soup plate should always contain less than the capacity of the bowl; the limit is half an inch below the brim. The round table is always prettier and more convenient than the square one and lends itself more easily to decoration.

When boiled eggs are served the shell is not picked off, much less is the egg turned out into a glass or cup. The top is cut by a blow from a sharp knife, and when one has done eating the shell is reversed in the egg cup so that it may not offend by its untidy appearance.

### For the Toilet.

Glycerine and lemon juice softens and whitens the skin. Mixed in equal proportions it is an excellent remedy for chapped hands. Pumice stone is one of the best things to use in removing stains of any kind from the hands. Continual bathing of the face in hot water—not warm—at night will tend to remove wrinkles, and will eradicate blackheads.

A dry shampoo is a good substitute for a thorough cleaning of the scalp when the latter is not convenient. To take one, first comb the hair well to get it free of tangles, to distribute the dust it may hold and also to excite the scalp. Then pour into the hair an ounce of diluted alcohol or two ounces of bay rum, or any convenient toilet water; use the fingers to circulate it and

then brush the scalp until it is dry and the hair until it is glossy. This can be done in five minutes, and while not thorough, it is a tidy apology for cleanlines.

### What Our Children Read.

A few months ago, in a neighboring city, a boy was convicted of murder, of a murder the more appalling that there seemed to be no such motive for its perpetration as would be likely to influence even a depraved mind. In the course of the trial it came out that the boy had been, as one may say, living upon these miserable half-dime novels with which a certain part of the market is flooded. These had been his only mental food, and with these he had apparently gorged himself to an extent that would have been ruinous to a far stronger mental digestive apparatus than such a boy as he could be expected to possess.

Few parents realize the character of this class of literature or know how persistently it is thrust upon the notice of the young. Not content with exposing it upon newsstands in elevated railway stations and on the sidewalks, methods are used to force it upon the attention of the young, methods to which the efforts of tract distributors are weak indeed. Handbills and broadsides are distributed by the quantity from house to house in the more thickly populated districts. These handbills contains a portion of the most thrilling chapter of one of these novels, with a notice at the bottom telling where the whole book may be bought for five cents. A well-known missionary in New York says that she has gathered up by the armful, in the hallways of tenements, this propaganda literature, if it may be so called—these handbills and broadsides, of which the deliberate purpose is to poison the moral life of the young people into whose hands it may fall. These sheets are eagerly read by the children of tenements, their contents are revolved over and over in the mind until the money is obtained—no difficult matter in the lavish life of our cities—for the purchase of the books of which they are a specimen. The books are read over and over, passed from hand to hand, exchanged among the children of the public schools, and thus find a reading by children of the more carefully nurtured class, children whose parents fondly suppose that their reading is only of the very best.

The harm that this literature does is beyond calculation. Not always, of course, does it make itself so signally manifest as in the case of young Fale, the boy murderer, but the springs of hundreds of children's minds are poisoned by them in such a way as to sap moral purpose, to weaken the power of the will, and to let down the whole nature to a lower plane. The danger to the manhood and womanhood of the next generation is by no means to be underestimated. This fire, because it burrows underground is not the less destructive.

The only way of fighting fire is with fire—we must drive out bad literature with good. And the good must also be such as the children will read. Above all, we should look well to the ways of our own households, and make sure that our own children are not being poisoned by this pernicious stuff. The only safeguard is such a habit of perfect confidence between parents and children that no book will be read in secret, nor any subject allowed in the child's mind that is not shared with its parents.—[American Messenger.

### Tried Receipts

Sponge Cake.—One and a half cupfuls sugar; the same of flour; 3 eggs;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful boiling water; 2 scant teaspoonfuls baking-powder; 2 teaspoonfuls lemon extract. Beat whites and yolks of eggs separately until light, then put together and beat again. Sift in the sugar a little at a time and add the flavoring and the flour, with the baking powder well sifted through the latter. Beat all well together, add the hot water last. Bake in well buttered tin.

Celery Sauce.—Cut the celery fine and put in a sauce pan with just enough water to stew it without burning. When cooked soft—about an hour—add the following mixture: To 1 pint of milk add 2 table-spoonfuls flour and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter. Work this smooth, add salt and pepper, stir into the celery and boil a few minutes, stirring all the time.

Piccalilli.—Slice 1 peck green tomatoes and lay them in salt and water over night. In the morning drain them well and chop with them 3 large heads of cabbage, 2 large onions and a dozen small green peppers; cover with vinegar and cook until tender, then drain through a colander and add to it  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of grated horseradish, 1 table-spoonful allspice, cloves and a little mustard. Melt 1 pint of sugar to a syrup and add to it sufficient vinegar to cover the whole. Turn on while hot. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Put into a jar and cover closely.

Lima Beans.—Soak dried Lima beans in water until they swell to their natural size. Pour the water from them and put them in your saucepan with as small a quantity of boiling water as you can supply without fear of their burning. Let them simmer slowly for about three-quarters of an hour, then remove the lid and let the water boil away from them, watching closely to see that they do not burn. Add butter, salt and pepper and a little sweet cream, and send to the table very hot. Dried Lima beans prepared carefully in this way are almost equal to fresh ones.

Buckwheat Cakes.—I will give my buckwheat cake receipt early so that it will be in ample time for the coming season. Take one quart of buckwheat flour, one-half cupful of yeast, one tablespoonful of salt, warm water enough to make a batter, not too thick. Beat it well with a large spoon and set it to a rise about eight hours. Heat the griddle and rub it hard with a coarse cloth, then have a piece of pork about four inches square on a fork; rub the griddle with it, and while hot turn the batter on in small cakes. If you find that the batter has soured, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in warm water and stir in. Some people add to the batter a small tablespoonful of molasses or syrup to make them brown better, but if the griddle is right and kept scrupulously clean, this is not a necessary addition.

Turnips Cooked With Broth.—This is said to be a German method of cooking turnips. I have tried and found it very nice. For eight large turnips take three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of broth or stock, and pepper and salt to taste. Heat the butter

in a stewpan, add the pared turnips, cut into small pieces and season with pepper and salt. After tossing them a little over the fire, add the broth and cook slowly until the turnips are tender. Then stir in the flour made smooth with some of the butter. When it has scalded up well, serve. Boiled mutton is suitable to serve with the turnips, and may be cooked with them in their midst. As little liquid is used, the meat will become as tender as if steamed.

Lemon Pie.—Here is my lemon pie. It has been pronounced good and I think it worthy to be presented here: Grate the rind of a large juicy lemon. Cut up the pulp, squeeze it through a cloth, and mix with the rind. Mix a tablespoon of corn starch with enough cold water to make it smooth. Stir it into a cupful of boiling water in a saucepan and set it on the stove. When it boils, add a piece of butter the size of an egg and a teaspoonful of sugar mixed well together. Stir in the lemon rind and juice; then when the mixture is cold enough so that it will not cook the eggs, add the yolks of two. Have the pie dish lined with paste and pour the mixture in it. Bake like a custard pie until it is thick, but do not allow it to whey. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, and spread over the pie as soon as it is removed from the oven: then return the pie to the oven until the frosting is stiffened.

### LIKE A HEART IN HIS LEG.

An Interesting Operation on a St. Louis Patient for Femoral Aneurism.

Dr. Marks, Superintendent of the St. Louis City Hospital, cut a heart out of a man's leg the other day. Instead of being necessary to the patient's existence, as hearts usually are, this organ was a very dangerous possession and was likely to end his life at any moment. The heart was almost as large as the one usually found inside a man's ribs, and beat in very much the same manner. It was situated upon the inside of the right leg, four or five inches above the knee, and was more tender than the ball of the owner's eye.

Charles Gentry, a laborer, was the owner of this very remarkable organ. To the surgeons the phenomenon is called a traumatic aneurism of the femoral artery. This artery is the big blood feeding pipe that runs from the heart down through the body and leg, furnishing life to the different parts of the anatomy as it goes. About two months ago Gentry was struck upon the leg just over the artery by a shaft of a piece of machinery. The inner wall of the artery was burst, and the big pipe began to bulge out at this point. The outer wall, or coat of the artery, luckily stretched and held the blood, or Gentry would have bled to death in no time. The artery kept on swelling with every pulsation of the patient's heart. From the size of a hazelnut the bulge grew and grew until yesterday it was larger than a man's fist. How the artery managed to stand it without bursting was a matter for wonder even to the surgeons. The least touch given to the skin over the swelling caused Gentry horrible pain, and he was obliged to keep very still lest any sudden movement or contact would break it and by the hemorrhage bring on death. The aneurism could be seen to beat to all intents and purposes like any other heart. If one brought his ear close to it he could hear a constantly repeated blowing or breathing sound coming from beneath the skin. This noise was caused by the vacant air space around the swollen artery where it had crowded the muscles aside.

Dr. Marks decided to operate in order to save Gentry's life. The aneurism was perceptibly growing, and was bound to burst soon. The patient was laid upon the operating table and placed under the influence of chloroform. A sharp knife laid the tissues aside and exposed the femoral artery with its apple-shaped bulb. The artery was then tied, or "ligated," 2 inches above and 2 inches below the swelling, and the big bulb cut open. Nearly a pint of blood gushed forth and then the re was no heart left. The slit artery was then sewed together with fine silk threads previously soaked in antiseptic solutions, and left to heal. The ligatures above and below were left to remain, however, until the artery is fully healed. Then they will be untied and the blood allowed to go down Gentry's leg as usual. In the mean time the patient's limb will receive blood from the smaller arteries, and will in all probability keep from dying.

### Dhuleep Singh's Finances.

The life of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was insured for £70,000. The following is an outline of his financial affairs:—An arrangement was made in 1882 with the Indian Government, sanctioned by Act of Parliament, under which the estates of the Maharajah were to be sold at his death for his widow and children's benefit. The Maharajah was eleven years of age in 1849, when the Punjab was annexed, and when by the advice of his Durbar at Lahore he signed the terms of settlement proposed by the British Government. These terms were that all property of the State of whatever description in the Punjab was confiscated to the East India Company; the Koh-i-Noor diamond was surrendered to the Queen; and a pension of not less than four and not exceeding five lakhs of rupees, £40,000 to £50,000, was secured to the Maharajah. The Maharajah claimed to be possessed of private estates in the Punjab, with £130,000 per annum. But this claim was not recognised for some years after the annexation. His allowance was £12,500 per annum; in 1859 this allowance became £25,000 per annum. In 1882 this allowance had been reduced by charges, advances and extravagance to £13,000 per annum. The purchase of the property at Clevedon, in Suffolk, cost £138,000. The Maharajah spent £22,000 in repairs there, and £8000 for furniture for the house. Latterly the Maharajah's life stipend of £25,000 per annum had to bear also the following deductions:—£5664 interest payable to the Indian Government for loans; £3000 as premium on policies of insurance on his life, executed in order to add to the provision made for his descendants by the British Government, and as security for loans; £13000 a year for pensions to his former household officers' widows. There is much curiosity as to the provisions of the Maharajah's will. He leaves a widow, an English lady, and two sons by his first wife.

"Will you give me something to eat for my children?" "Keep your children. What do I want of 'em?"

## THE "NEW YORK'S" DEFECTS.

Draws Too Much Water and Can't be Docked.

A New York special says:—It was definitely learned to-day at the Brooklyn Navy Yard that the splendid (?) new "cruiser" "New York," of which this country has felt so proud, comparing her, greatly to her advantage, with the "Blake," the English cruiser which came here for the Columbian Naval Review last year, has a radical defect in her construction. She draws nearly two feet more than she was designed to draw, and the navy department finds itself in the remarkable predicament of having a ship on its hands which cannot be taken out of the water to be cleaned unless she is sent to Europe for the purpose. None of the dry docks on this side of the Atlantic have a depth of more than 25 feet, except the Norfolk yard, which has only 26. The "New York," when lightened as much as possible, draws two inches more than the latter figure. The defect is very serious, as it is a regulation of the department that the cruisers shall be taken out frequently so that by cleaning them often their maximum speed may be maintained. The new cruiser was made especially to be fast. It has also been found necessary to remove the ship's torpedo tubes. These defects, together with the top heaviness found in the other new cruisers has provoked a great amount of comment, and some one is likely to be severely punished.

Exciting Scene and a "Sell" in a Swimming Bath.

A scene of intense excitement occurred at a swimming gala held the other night in connection with the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. The chairman, having requested a policeman to ask one of the spectators to put his pipe out, as smoking was against the regulations of the baths, the smoker became refractory, and declined to do as desired. The policeman seized hold of him and a struggle ensued, during which the officer and the smoker, holding firm grip of each other, fell into the bath. It was evident that the young man was a far more expert swimmer than the constable. He got the "bobby" round the neck and forced his head under the water. Then the excitement of the crowded audience became intense, and there were loud shouts, "He's drowning the bobby!" Several men went for the purpose of rescuing the officer. However, the constable managed to loosen himself from his assailant's grip, came to the top, crawled out of the water, and seemed so breathless and exhausted that the audience thought he was on the point of expiring. There were loud execrations of the smoker and his brutality, and cries were raised to take him to the station-house. Imagine, however, the surprise of the audience when it was ascertained that what seemed like a tragic occurrence was merely a got up exhibition to show the skill of two expert performers in the water.

### Our Blessed Northwest.

An article of consuming interest to Canadians is that entitled "Possibilities of the Great Northwest," by S. A. Thompson, of Duluth, in the November Review of Reviews.

Mr. Thompson points out the vast grain-growing possibilities of the Canadian Northwest and is not by any means at a loss to account for the phenomenon.

Latitude has something to do with climate, he says, but not everything. Altitude is at least as important. The Western States are at a far greater altitude than are the provinces of the Canadian Northwest. The Union Pacific crosses the Rocky Mountains at a height of 8,000 feet and with an average elevation of 5,000 feet eastward from the Rockies. It is higher for 1,300 miles of its course than any point between Atlantic and Pacific on a surveyed route through the Peace River country.

The Canadian Pacific on the other hand crosses on the south branch of the Saskatchewan at an altitude of 3,000 feet and in the Athabasca District the land is but 2,000 feet above the sea. It gets lower and lower as districts further north are reached until the Mackenzie River is but 300 feet above the Arctic Ocean.

The difference in the altitude of the continental plain in Wyoming and in the valley of the Mackenzie River is equivalent in its climatic effect to 13 degrees of latitude.

The conclusion is not hard to draw from this. The Canadian Northwest is particularly blessed. The length of the days in the more northern districts is another factor, there being a difference of two hours in favor of the Peace River District as compared with Iowa and Nebraska. To this is partly due the wonderful rapidity with which vegetation advances.

### The Queen's Crown.

Queen Victoria's crown is the handsomest in the world. It was made by the Queen's order in 1838 by Rundell and Bridge, and contains 1363 brilliants, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 large diamonds, four large pear-shaped pearls, 273 round pearls, four large rubies, one of which is of extraordinary size, one large sapphire and fifteen smaller ones, and eleven emeralds. The crown has a crimson velvet cap bordered with ermine, and weighs 39oz 5dwts troy weight. Small wonder that the Queen seldom wears it. It is the massive gold and silver setting of the jewels that makes it so heavy. The design consists of four diamond Maltese crosses above a band of pearls and filled with four fleur-de-lis, or Prince of Wales's plumes (both forms being identical in jewels). From the four Maltese crosses issue imperial arches made of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves being in diamonds, the acorns in pearls; the cups, however, are diamonds. In the centre of the Maltese cross that is in the front of the crown is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najero, near Vittoria, in 1367. Henry V. wore this ruby in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

### Doing Penal Servitude.

Father (who had caught Tommy stealing)—"I thought you knew better than to commit a theft; you know how the law punishes people for small offenses." Tommy—"How about you, father, when you stole mother's heart? You never got punished for that."

Father—"I got a very severe punishment, my son; I got penal servitude for life, and I am doing it now."

## THE MATABELELAND WAR.

Details of the Capture of Buluwayo.

The Battle Was a Hot Engagement—One Thousand of Lobengula's Warriors Killed—The Matabeles Made the Attack—Have Caused by the Maxim Guns.

A special despatch from Johannesburg to The Pall Mall Gazette says that the Fort Tati column, consisting of 300 Bechuanaland police and a number of Chief Khama's men, under command of Commander Raafa, captured Buluwayo on November 2, the day after the column had repulsed an attack made upon it by the Matabeles under command of Gombo, Lobengula's son-in-law, during which engagement Gombo is reported to have been killed. The Matabeles fought with desperate fury, but they found it impossible to stand up against the machine guns which laid the dead in swaths upon the field. It was not until 2,000 of the Matabeles were killed that the remaining number of the impi retreated and allowed their King's capital to fall into the hands of the British. This is the severest blow yet dealt to the Matabeles, and it is believed Lobengula will now treat for peace. The British loss was five men killed. Many of the horses of the troopers were shot beneath their riders. After Buluwayo was captured the place was set on fire and burned to the ground. The magazine, containing the greater part of Lobengula's ammunition, was blown up.

It is reported some of the Matabeles in-dunas or commanders, committed suicide after the fight at Shanganani, being impelled thereto by the cowardice shown by their men during the attack on the British laager. The chiefs along the route to Buluwayo sent presents of cattle and mealies to Dr. Jameson, administrator of the British South Africa Company, who, with the Victoria and Salisbury columns was marching upon Lobengula's kraal when the Tati column captured it. Two powerful chiefs beyond the border have joined Chief Khama in aiding the forces of the chartered company.

DESPATCHES FROM DR. JAMESON.

Despatches from Dr. Jameson have been received at Fort Victoria. They confirm the report that Buluwayo, Lobengula's capital, was captured by the forces of the chartered company. The columns which took the town were commanded by Dr. Jameson and Major Forbes. They had several skirmishes with the Matabeles before the critical battle. When about 10 miles from Buluwayo on November 1 they were harassed constantly by Lobengula's warriors. Several attempts were made to surround the columns. At noon Dr. Jameson and Major Forbes decided to give battle, and formed their troops in a laager. The Matabeles, 7,000 strong, accepted the challenge. They attacked furiously but were held a safe distance by the Maxim guns. The fight lasted an hour, during which the Matabeles kept up a steady but ineffective rifle fire. They fled in disorder. Mounted men were sent in pursuit, but soon were recalled, as they were unable to do much execution. The Matabeles left 1,000 dead and wounded on the field. The forces of the chartered company lost three killed and seven wounded, all by rifle shots. During the some afternoon the columns advanced some distance towards Buluwayo, and then went into laager. The night passed quietly. Early in the morning of November 2 the columns resumed the advance with great caution, but no Matabeles appeared. Buluwayo was found empty, but for a few old people and the white traders Fairbairn and Usher, who were supposed to have been killed by the Matabeles. The traders said they had been well treated. Buluwayo had been abandoned a week before, after Lobengula had set fire to the huts and exploded the magazine, which contained 80,000 cartridges and 2,500 pounds of powder. The King had been disheartened by the defeat of his warriors at Indiamas mountain, but his men insisted upon another encounter. Dr. Jameson does not expect much more fighting. He has organized a flying column with Mr. Selous, and will pursue the fugitive King. Supplies are being hurried to Buluwayo for the company's forces encamped there.

### Origin of a Hymn.

Dr. Fawcett, the author of the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," was the pastor of a small Baptist church in Yorkshire from which he received only a meagre salary. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr. Gill, he accepted, preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture on wagons for transportation. When the time for departure arrived his Yorkshire parishioners and neighbours clung to him and his family with an affection that was beyond expression. The agony of separation was almost heart-breaking. The pastor and his wife, completely overcome, sat down to weep.

Looking into his face while tears flowed like rain down the cheeks of both, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed:—

"Oh, John, I can't bear this! I know not how to go!"

"Nor I either," said he, "nor will we go; unload the wagons, and put everything in the place where it was before!"

He wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible, and so he buckled on his armour for renewed toils in Yorkshire on a salary less by \$200 a year than that which he declined. To commemorate this incident Doctor Fawcett wrote that hymn.

### The Bright Side of his Profession.

"Very well, madam," said the tramp, assuming an air of dignified self-respect, "if you do not wish to assist me that is your own affair. I am well aware that our profession is not respected as it should be, and yet there are many people occupying high positions in life who are worse than we."

"Indeed?" interrupted the woman.

"Certainly, my dear madam. Did you ever hear of a man of my class embezzling church funds or betraying the trust of widows and orphans? I venture to say that you cannot recall such an instance! Look backward, if you please, over the great frauds of the past decade! Were they committed by members of our brotherhood? Not one of them."

And the lady was so impressed with his statement that she forgot to watch him closely as he passed the chicken house—an oversight which she subsequently regretted.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.