

## HOUSEHOLD.

### My Little Child

My little child  
Slips from my arms  
Just when my heart  
Most to her warm,  
God bless her. How  
She thrills me when  
She tumbles in  
My arms again.

Years fly so fast;  
Soon she will be  
A maiden; then  
She'll turn from me.  
Some smooth-faced boy,  
Her heart will steal  
From me—what use  
Of love's leaf!

What use? Why, then  
It comforts me  
To know that in  
Her memory  
I'll hold my piece—  
Young love wanes fast,  
But father's love  
Will always last.

### Pies and Patties.

In making pastry remember to use pastry flour. It is not advisable to make puff paste for ordinary pies; it requires a great deal of heat to make it rise and moisture like that of mince pies retards the rising somewhat. In any case use plain paste for the under crust.

The rule given for puff paste is one pound of flour, the yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of lemon juice, mix with ice water to make a stiff dough. Toss on to a floured board and knead until smooth. Pat and roll out; fold in one pound of butter, which has been washed, chilled and divided into three parts. Fold, turn half round, pat and roll out; repeat this seven times then chill thoroughly before using. Beat the egg yolk in a little of the ice water.

The success of making paste depends on using good ingredients as well as the handling. A marble slab is not essential as the common wood moulding board gives just as good results, other things being equal. The beginner in pastry making must remember to keep everything well chilled. In using the jagging iron for cutting out the paste steady it by pressing the finger against the wheel.

Tin pie plates are the best kind and the perforated better than the plain. As a new tin plate reflects rather than radiates heat the old pie plate is much more useful than a bright new one.

A paste made with lard is less easily handled than one made with butter but do not attempt to use poor butter instead of lard. Kettle rendered lard is better than manufactured substitutes that may be theoretically all right but do not always come up to standard when used. Do not grease a pie tin and in lining it raise and smooth the paste out so that no bubbles of air are held as these would make the paste rise irregularly. Wet the edge a little and put on a rim of puff paste holding it full.

For the top use puff paste. If one does not care to make the puff paste the following recipe gives an excellent plain paste. If handled properly: Cut one-quarter cup of lard into two cupfuls of flour to which have been added one-half teaspoonful of salt and mix with ice water as a stiff dough. Toss this paste on a floured board and pat out into shape; now dot it over with small pieces of butter, dredge with flour, fold, pat, and roll out again using in all one-quarter of a cup of butter. Fold and roll out three times, then chill thoroughly before using.

For chicken patties melt two rounding table-spoonfuls of butter and add two heaping table-spoonfuls of flour with one half teaspoonful of salt, one-half salt-spoonful of pepper and a few grains of cayenne for seasoning. Pour on slowly one cupful each of milk and chicken stock; after it has cooked smooth add one pint of chicken meat cut into dice and one-half can of mushrooms cut in thin slices. Cook five minutes, then fill the patty cases.

When cutting out patties be careful to avoid waste in trimmings. Use puff paste for patties. Cut a piece for the under crust and others with the center cut out for the rim; the center cut out from one when baked is used as a cover.

The patty crusts must be put away to thoroughly chill before baking by putting them in a pan between two of cracked ice.

Patties require from twenty to twenty-five minutes for baking but should have risen to their full height in twelve minutes.

The Watrouski is a Swedish dish. To make it add one-half table-spoonful of butter, one salt-spoonful of salt, one-half salt-spoonful of mace and a speck of cayenne to one-half cup of grated cheese. Add one small egg and the yolk of another. Beat until smooth. Fill small patty cases with this mixture and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes.

The sherbet recipe reads:—Make a syrup by boiling one pint of sugar, and one quart of water for ten minutes. Pour this on to two ounces of raisins stoned and cut fine. Cool and add the juice of three oranges, the juice of one lemon, one cupful of fruit syrup and one-quarter of a nutmeg grated. Freeze to a mush, then add one and one-quarter cups of port wine and the beaten whites of three eggs. Freeze and serve in glasses.

To freeze a mixture use three parts of finely crushed ice to one of rock salt; this proportion will ensure a fine grain. Do not turn too rapidly at first or pour out any of the salt water unless it is absolutely necessary as it hastens the freezing.

### MINCE MEAT

Cook together two and a half pounds of meat and one and one-quarter pounds of suet until the meat is tender. Cool in the water in which it was cooked, then chop the meat fine; there should be four cupfuls. Add eight cupfuls of chopped apples, the suet and liquor in which the meat is cooked, two pounds of raisins stoned and cut in pieces, one pound of currants, one pound of dates stoned and cut in pieces, one-half pound of citron cut fine, one and one-half cupfuls of molasses, one quart of sweet cider, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of white sugar, two and one-half table-spoonfuls of salt, one table-spoonful each of allspice and cinnamon, one and one-half table-spoonfuls of mace, two table-spoonfuls of cloves, one-half table-spoonful of pepper and one nutmeg grated. Simmer one and one-half hours. Add one and one-half cupfuls of brandy, one cupful of sherry and the juice of two lemons.

### Blacking Stoves.

Every good housekeeper dislikes to see a grimy stove, yet often reads equally the

grimy hand acquired in the process of blacking. A pair of thick gloves, is, of course, a necessary part of the outfit of any woman who does kitchen work, and yet desires, as she should, to keep her hands dainty. As a rule, far too much blacking is used on stoves. If too much blacking is used, it will not be rubbed into the surface of the stove as it should be, but remain as a fine dust to be afterward blown about and cause a general grimy appearance, so often seen in uncleaned kitchens. A fresh coat of black should not be applied oftener than once a month, when the flues should also be cleaned out and the interior of the stove thoroughly brushed out. Before putting on new blacking, the old blacking should be washed off. The new coat must now be applied and the stove thoroughly polished. The edges of the stove, if they are of polished iron, should not be blacked, but cleaned like a steel knife with brickdust. The nickel knobs and other nickel parts of the stove must be rubbed bright with a chamois skin or old shrunken flannel. An ordinary paint and whitening brush is one of the best things with which to apply blacking to a stove. A stiff brush, such as is used for this purpose is the best brush for polishing. During the month, polish the stove with the polishing-brush each morning just after kindling the fire. Keep an old cloth always on hand in cooking, to rub off any grease spot as soon as it occurs. If the spots are obstinate, a few drops of kerosene oil put on the stove-cloth will remove them. The ground edges and nickel-work of the stove should be rubbed off at least once a week, besides the monthly cleaning when the stove is blacked.—[Health.



GETTING AT THE SEAT OF THE MISCHIEF.

### Sequel to a Foolish Bet.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes as follows:—Disappointment at the loss of a bet led a young man a few evenings ago to indulge in assault and battery on the person of an inoffensive individual who had been seated at a table near the one which he (the young man) had occupied with some friends at a cafe concert, and brought him afterwards into the Police Court, with an eventual sentence of two months' imprisonment and a fine of 50f. The party which the prisoner had joined was amusing itself with a variety of wagers. One backed himself to devour twelve cabbages at a sitting without drinking a drop; another to eat a dozen biscuits on the same dry conditions; while the third expressed his readiness to put down a bottle of absinthe at two gulps. His spirit of emulation thus excited, the prisoner made a bet of 6f that he would empty twelve tumblers of wine. The hour of midnight was fast approaching, and he would drink a tumbler with each stroke of the clock. The glasses were ranged in a row before him, and, taking one in his hand, he awaited the signal; but when the clock had struck 12 he had only emptied four tumblers. He put down his money and walked out of the house, soon followed by another customer, who contented himself with looking on, and who was, moreover, a perfect stranger to him. The prisoner, however, rushed on the unlucky man, and attacked him with so much fury that, as he deposed in court, he bled profusely. Asked what he had to say in his defence, the hero of this queer adventure coolly remarked that he had been drinking, and did not remember what had occurred; but this explanation failed to satisfy the judge, and for the next two months the man who vainly attempted to swallow 12 glasses of wine while the clock was striking midnight will have leisure to reflect on the folly of making rash bets, and on the wisdom of bearing pecuniary losses with equanimity.



### That Alters The Case.

MISTRESS (at breakfast)—"I told you to always bake the potatoes, not fry them."  
BRIDGET—"Yis, mum; but it's not meself that can ate baked potatoes sivin mornin's in the week."

### Too Late.

Statesman—"What are you worrying about now?"  
Murgatroyd—"Never found out till just now that there was an exhibit at the World's Fair where they gave away samples of whiskey—and the World's Fair is over!"

### Fine Air.

He—"He is heir to a million."  
She—"What an exhilarating atmosphere!"

## A WITCH DOCTOR.

### Terrible Tortures Inflicted on a Little Girl.

The Child Was Suffering From Epilepsy and an Arab Woman Undertook to Cure Her—The Father of the Child Was a Pennsylvania Coal Miner—He Believed in the Methods Adopted—The Child Burned With Red Hot Wires.

A Scranton, Pa., despatch says:—In this enlightened century it seems almost incredible that an ignorant "witch doctor" should be able to successfully practise her black arts among intelligent people, but here and there cases come to light where superstition seems to reign supreme, and its subjects willingly submit to the most cruel and barbarous practices. If those victims of superstition were themselves the only sufferers the more enlightened would offer fewer protests, but when innocent children are subjected to cruel torture because of their blind faith, strong sympathies are aroused, and the indignant demands are made that such practices must cease.

The little mining hamlet of Dixville, Kingston township, was recently the scene of a brutal outrage perpetrated under the guise of medical treatment by an ignorant strolling Arab woman. The subject, a little girl of eight years, was made the victim of terrible torture for days, and will probably die.

### BELIEVERS IN CHARMS.

John Moore, a coal miner, keeps a small hotel at Dixville settlement. He has accumulated a little of this world's goods, and is spoken of by his neighbours and acquaintances as "a good fellow in his way," harmless, honest, and industrious. John, although only about 45 years of age, is the father of fourteen children, nine of whom are living and residing at the tavern or in the immediate vicinity. Mrs. Moore is a kind-hearted woman, who loves her family and has always faithfully co-operated with her husband in everything contributing to their comfort and happiness. Unfortunately, however, both Mr. and Mrs. Moore are firm believers in mysterious charms and witchcraft. Little Anna, a girl of eight summers, had been afflicted with epilepsy for some time, and the disease has stubbornly resisted medical treatment. In fact, the parents lost faith in medical science almost entirely, and hearing of the miracles performed through the laying on of hands, charms, incantations, and other humbugs, were thus prepared for the advent of a strolling Arab woman, who walked into the hotel one morning recently and attempted to sell a few small articles.

### BARBAROUS TORTURE.

Although she could talk but little English she managed to impress Moore and his wife with the idea that she possessed marvellous curative powers. Little Anna had just been suffering from one of her epileptic spasms, and her parents availed themselves of the opportunity to place their daughter in the hands of the "witch doctor," who claimed to be able to cast out the devils which she said, were afflicting the child. Preparatory to her barbarous treatment of the suffering child, the woman shaved the top of her head, and then taking a heated wire burned furrows in the scalp, penetrating to the bone, in the form of a cross. Then taking from her pack several specimens of fruit, which she said were peas from Jerusalem, she pressed them into the furrows and bound up the head. By this time the child's sufferings were intense, but the heartless woman persisted in her acts of cruelty and the deluded parents offered no objections to a continuation of the torture. Large places were burned by the woman on the back of each little hand, and the arms above the elbows were also treated in the same cruel fashion, after which the heartless woman stood over the child, who was writhing in agony, and uttered what was supposed to be potent incantations for several minutes, accompanying them with wild gesticulations.

### MORE FIENDISH CRUELTY.

The parents were then informed that their daughter might not improve very much in a month, but that the "evil spirits" would have to vacate before the treatment was over. The woman remained over night at the hotel, where she was as tenderly cared for as if she had been a royal princess, and when the morning dawned Mr. and Mrs. Moore were told that further heroic treatment would be necessary to put to rout the indwelling demons and force the child from the spells. The heartless wretch then pierced the tongue of the suffering child several times with a hot wire, and indulged in more incantations. The parents and older children looked on with great interest, and, blinded by superstitious ignorance, thought they noticed an improvement in the sick child's condition. The physical endurance of the little sufferer was truly wonderful or she could never have survived the torture.

### ESCAPED ARREST.

Finally, after the Arab woman had been at the house for several days, some neighbors learned what was going on, and a physician visited the scene. Knowing she would be immediately arrested and punished for her work, the woman suddenly decamped, and has not been heard of since. Strange as it may seem, the Moore family are mourning the departure of the witch doctor and cursing the people who interfered. When I visited the home yesterday, and first looked upon the poor little sufferer, I could hardly refrain from censuring the parents in the strongest terms, but when I conversed with them a short time my feelings changed to pity. The house is visited day and night by strangers from many sections of the country, and to each and all the poor deluded parents express their perfect confidence in the woman.

"We will have the woman back if we can," said the father. "She understood her business better than any doctor, and they lie when they say we are cruel to our children. We have had a family of fourteen children, and nine are now living. I have spent hundreds of dollars to cure that little girl and have had lots of trouble in my life. Why is it, when we try to do right, people persecute us?" And the poor man choked with emotion.

### STILL HAS FAITH IN HER.

"Does the child have any more fits?" I enquired.  
"Oh, yes, of course she does," said the mother. "The Arab woman has gone with

her charm, and now Anna is not as well. There was something uncommon about that woman. I could not understand much she said but she had strange power, and while she was with us the child was very much better."

The bandage was removed from the little girl's head, revealing a large, ugly looking wound in the form of a cross directly on top of the head, from which pus was discharging.

"Of course the sore is much larger now than it was when it was first made," said Mrs. Moore, "and it keeps getting larger."

Poor little Anna, looking pale and haggard, was reclining in a large chair, apparently quite exhausted; but the father, anxious to convince me that she was still able to get about, took her by the hand and compelled her to take a few steps, though the child screamed and sobbed as though her little heart would break, and when she resumed her seat only ceased crying at the father's command.

### WILL BE PUNISHED IF CAUGHT.

"The woman was very anxious to have some religious ceremony in connection with the work," said Mrs. Moore, "and we sent out for a minister to pray for the child while she was being treated."

Before taking my departure from the Dixville hotel, I was informed that the Arab woman lived somewhere in Wilkes-Barre, and that no pains would be spared to ascertain her whereabouts. If discovered she will not be brought back to the hotel to resume her torture of the child, but will be promptly placed behind prison bars. Much indignation is felt that the unfortunate little girl is allowed to continue in the custody of her parents, whose superstition renders them unfit to care for her, although they are honestly seeking only to benefit her.

It is feared the girl will not recover from her wounds without proper medical treatment.

## GOLD RUSH IN AUSTRALIA.

### Miseries of the Road.

The South Australian Register publishes a letter written by a member of a party which started overland from Adelaide to the Western Australian goldfields some few months since. The course taken was from Port Augusta to and along the west coast as far as Israelite Bay, thence to Fraser Range, Coolgardie, and the Southern Cross, Yilgarn. The events of the journey along the head of the Great Australian Bight were marked alternately by heavy coast rains and bitterly cold nights. Indeed the frosts were so severe that the blankets in which the writer slept were in the morning as "stiff as boards." From Israelite Bay on to Fraser Range and Coolgardie, the travelling was, owing to the favourable season, comparatively easy; but from the latter place on to Southern Cross, from where the letter was written, it was the reverse. The road or tract runs through dense forests, "where there is nothing but trees, and

### ACROSS SAND PLAINS

where little else exists save stunted herbage, which nothing—no, not even a camel—can eat." Every bush on these plains is armed with thorns, intermixed with "a blaze of rainbow coloured flowers; but camels care not for gorgeous flowers. The party camped about six miles from the Southern Cross, on the only decent patch of feed for a hundred miles, and the Coolgardie track to Yilgarn is described as "wretched." One stage from a place called Boorabbin is described when the camels were on very poor feed. They started at 9 o'clock in the morning, and "crossed 22 miles of sand plain, only to find that at that distance there was no feed." It was sundown when they "got across, for pack camels only do a little over two and a half miles an hour, so we let them lie down until the moon rose at 10.30 p. m. It was useless to camp, as the animals would only wander in search of feed, which, alas, did not exist." They, therefore, travelled on until seven o'clock next morning, and then camped on some salt-bush on the shores of a salt lake. "We had travelled forty-five miles from Boorabbin, and I walked by far the greater part of the way." Men were met with on their way

### TO THE GOLDFIELDS

in scores, and were using every conceivable means of locomotion. Some got the teamsters to carry their swags, while they walked alongside the wagons. Others had pack-horses, and some had what is called a "one-wheeler cart." The wheel is "fixed underneath, and in the centre of a frame or miniature platform. The goods and swags are placed on the latter; four men, one at each corner, take hold; and away she goes!" Some carry their swags on their backs, but the strangest contrivance I saw was that of a man who was pushing an ordinary beer cask in front of him. He had rigged it up so as to resemble a miniature road-roller. His goods were on the top, and he was in shafts. I met him going up a sandhill, and—poor beggar—I did pity him." That man was "a forsigner, and deserves a hundred ounce nugget as a reward for his push and enterprise." Several other adventurous creatures take their goods up on wheelbarrows, and it is "awfully heavy work navigating that sand." There are hundreds of "fools I call them" making their way to Coolgardie, when even now there are just about twice as many men on the ground as the field will support. "I am quite sure that when the summer sets in

### THERE WILL BE MISERY,

privation, and starvation," and it would be well for the present to warn those who are flocking here to stay away. A good deal of thieving has already been going on, and revolvers are consequently carried by many of those who have anything worth protecting. The letter concludes with the account of a visit paid to a store at the Southern Cross for the purpose of making purchases. "There was a goodly crowd in the store, which included four new chums on their way to Coolgardie. They looked like bank clerks or counter jumpers. I was as rough-looking as I could well be—dusty, and, I am sorry to say, very dirty. Consequently I suppose my appearance attracted their notice. Eventually one of them spoke to me, and asked the usual questions as to what luck I'd had, &c. They were not dismayed, however, but you can perhaps imagine how blistered those poor fellows' hands and feet will be before they have put in a month on the burning sands and rocks of Coolgardie."

## THE MANITOBA GRIZZLY.

### An Encounter With a Big Fellow at the Base of the Rockies.

"I have read, within the past few weeks, many interesting and thrilling accounts of hunting the grizzly bear," said J. Cheever Inman of Manitoba, "and they have recalled to me exciting incidents I have myself seen and participated in during five years' experience as a trapper and hunter in the Manitoba wilderness. Once, in company with a half-breed guide named Jacques Sabin, I came suddenly into an open space in a piece of poplar timber, which is among the most abundant of timber about the base of the Manitoba Rockies. The opening would have had nothing to particularly engage my attention if it had not been taken possession of by about as big a grizzly bear as I had ever run across. This made the opening among the poplars somewhat interesting.

"Our appearance in the poplar opening had been a surprise to the bear, which was engaged in tearing with its huge claws a decayed log to pieces in search of grubs—a curious paradox in nature, an enormous, fierce, formidable beast, with power to tear into fragments the largest buffalo bull with a few strokes of its claws, digging in rotten timber for the smallest insect life and feeding upon it. After recovering from its first surprise

### THE BEAR ROSE

up on its hind feet, and gave us a sight of its immense teeth, and showed its anger by savage roars or bellows that were by no means reassuring for our comfort. The big bear threw its fore paws straight above its head, and for a moment stood as if contemplating a furious charge upon us, I have no doubt such was the grizzly's intention, but as it stood there erect, a vulnerable and vital part—of which there are very few on a grizzly bear—exposed, Jacques took cool and steady aim and sent a ball into the vitals of the huge brute. The bear gave two or three hard blows with its fore paws on the wounded part, accompanying them with the peculiar roar or howl an infuriated grizzly utters, and fell dead without moving out of its tracks.

"The bear had scarcely fallen to the ground, Jacques' rifle being still in poise ready to pour a second charge into the grizzly if the first shot had not proved sufficient, when there came a loud crash off to our right in the timber, and before either of us was prepared for what followed it, I saw my half-breed guide lifted clear of the ground, hurled through the air a distance of five yards, and fall in a heap on the ground near the bear he had just killed.

### A SECOND GRIZZLY,

fully as big as the first, had heard the cries of the latter, and, notwithstanding the allegations made by most writers on the habits of the grizzly bear, that it will not voluntarily attack a man, came rushing to the spot, and had not waited to look into the cause of the trouble, but had taken a hand in at once by an attack on Jacques that was most effective.

"This bear paid no attention whatever to me, but followed up his attack on my companion, who did not need any further intimation to know what he had on hand, and was on his feet again with amazing quickness. The blow from the bear's paw had torn the flesh from his left cheek and side of his head, and it hung in strips down on his neck. Jacques' gun had been knocked from his hands. The blood poured from his head and face in streams. He quickly drew his short-handled hunting axe, which was in his belt, and awaited the charge of the bear. This charge was so fierce that it would have carried down half a dozen stalwart men, and consequently Jacques was no more than a reed in a gale before it. He went down, and the grizzly stood over him and glared and growled as if enjoying the hunter's peril and gloating over the fate that awaited him.

"These incidents had all occurred with such rapidity that I hadn't had time to think, let alone act, but when I saw Jacques lying at the mercy of the great brute that would crush the life out of him with the next blow of

### ITS TERRIBLE PAW,

I knew that my comrade's life depended on my course. Mechanically I sprang forward, and, placing the muzzle of my gun almost in the bear's right ear as he stood glaring and gloating over his victim pulled both triggers. No more effective shot was ever fired. Two heavy bullets ploughed through the grizzly's brain and forced the top of his head off like lifting the lid off a kettle. The bear, although he must have died almost instantly, actually remained standing for nearly a minute, just as he was standing when I fired, one immense paw raised to give what would have been the fatal blow to his prostrate victim. When at last he fell he tumbled at Jacques' side, with one fore leg across the hunter's breast. The big stalwart half-breed was unconscious, and remained so for several minutes. His left side had been crushed by the bear's second assault, and the poor fellow was bruised and torn shockingly in other places on his body. I got him safely to our quarters, and it was a month before he got around again. He was badly disfigured, one side of his face being a ghastly scar, and half of his scalp gone. But he recovered his former strength, and the last time I heard of him he was still hunting grizzlies, and many had fallen under his deadly aim since that close call of his in the poplar woods.

### A Lively City.

The most striking peculiarity of Constantinople is the immense vitality which has carried it through so many deaths. It is common to speak of Turkey as the "sick man," and to associate ideas of ruin and decay with one of the most intensely living cities in the world. But no one who has spent even twenty-four hours on either side of the Golden Horn could ever conceive of anything even distantly approaching to stagnation in the streets of Stamboul, or on Galata Bridge, or in the busy quarters of Galata itself, or of Pera above. Coming from Europe, whether from Italy or Austria, one is forcibly struck by the universal life, liveliness, and activity of the capital. There is no city in the world where so many different types of humanity meet and jostle each other and the stranger at every turn. Every nation in Europe is represented, and every nation of Asia as well. [From "Constantinople," by F. Marion Crawford, in the Christmas number (December) of Scribner's Magazine.