

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen, Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

APPLE VARIATIONS.

Apples with Sweet Potatoes—Boil 6 good-sized sweet potatoes. When cold, scrape and cut into slices lengthwise. After dipping each piece in melted butter, lay into a baking pan. Pare and slice 4 sour apples, place on top of the potatoes and add a sprinkling of sugar. Then pour over the apples and potatoes 1 cup milk and bake in a slow oven.

Apple Salad—Form baskets of well-shaped rosy apples by cutting off the tops and with a spoon scraping out the inside so as to leave only the shell of the apple. Refill the apple with a salad composed of equal parts apples, hickory huts and celery chopped fine and seasoned with salt. Cover the tops of the baskets with salad dressing. Arrange on small plates, garnish with celery leaves and red beets cut in fancy shapes.

A Novel Way of Baking Apples—Place a layer of thinly sliced apples in the bottom of an earthen ware pudding dish. Cover with finely chopped raisins, walnuts, grated nutmeg, a generous amount of sugar and a tablespoonful of water. Continue the layers until the dish is full with the apples on top. Cover and cook in a moderate oven until soft, turn into a glass dish and let become cold. Just before serving pour over the mixture a custard made of the yolks of 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups milk thickened with a little cornstarch. Flavor with nutmeg.

Sour Apple Juice—At any time during the year appleade is a delightful drink. To make it you will need to wash and cut into thick slices 1 dozen sour apples, cover with water and allow to simmer until soft. Strain, sweeten to taste, bottle and ice before serving.

Quince and Apple Pie—Line a deep pie dish with flaky piecrust. Cover the bottom with a thin layer of quince marmalade and spread apple sauce thickly on top of the quince, then another layer of the marmalade and so proceed until the dish is full. Bake slowly, and when done top with a meringue made of 4 tablespoons powdered sugar, the beaten whites of 2 eggs flavored with lemon essence. Spread smoothly and brown slightly.

Apple Cake—Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 heaping cup flour, 2 tablespoons hot water and 1/2 teaspoon baking powder. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Add the eggs which have been beaten, and lastly the water. Beat well. Bake in layer tins in a rather hot oven, and spread while warm with the following filling:—Pare and slice 6 large, firm apples. Put into a saucepan, cover with water and cook until tender. Then rub through a colander and add 1 teaspoon butter, the white of 1 egg beaten to a froth. Sugar and flavor to taste. Cover the top of the cake with frosting.

Sweet Apple Pickles—Take 4 lbs sweet apples. Pare but leave whole, and stick in every apple 3 or more cloves. Steam until tender but not soft. Into a preserving kettle pour 2 1/2 pts vinegar, 1/2 oz mace, 1 oz green preserved ginger, a sliced lemon, 1 1/2 lbs sugar and 1 teaspoon each allspice and cinnamon, tied in separate bags. After the syrup has boiled 15 minutes put in the apples and simmer five minutes longer. Fill cans with the fruit and seal.

Apple Chili Sauce—Pare, core and cut into small pieces 4 lbs sour apples, 8 tomatoes, 3 onions finely minced, and 2 red peppers. Put into a porcelain-lined kettle with 1 lb brown sugar and 2 qts vinegar. Cook until thick. Turn into a pan and add to the mixture chopped raisins, 1 oz each ground mustard, ginger, salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Stir thoroughly and when perfectly cold put into wide mouthed bottles, seal and keep in a cool place. This recipe makes a delightful accompaniment to meat, and is just the thing for many kinds of salads.

HOMEMADE GRAPE WINE.

Bruise the grapes, which must be perfectly ripe. To each gallon of grapes put a gallon of water. Let the whole remain a week without being stirred. At the end of that time draw off the liquor very carefully, and put to each gallon of liquor 3 lbs granulated sugar. Let it ferment in a temperate situation. When fermented, stop it up tight. In the course of six months it will be fit to bottle. Fine results will be obtained if directions are carefully followed.

When the grapes are just half ripe gather, then pound in a tub, and to every quart mashed fruit add 2 qts water. Let this stand for two weeks then draw off liquid and add 3 lbs loaf sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, cask it, and when done working, bung it down. In six months bottle and wire corks tightly. This wine will be found equal to fine champagne.

Pick the grapes from the stems and pound them to a pulp with pestle, in a large stone jar. Let them remain for 48 hours, without adding any water. Then strain the juice through a cheese cloth bag,

and add 3 lbs sugar to every gallon of juice, in a wide-mouth jar, tied over with cheesecloth. Skim the ferment every day for one week; keep the jar covered with the cheesecloth, and continue to skim it twice a week for six weeks longer. Then strain the wine again, through a flannel bag, which will make it perfectly clear. Bottle up, cork and seal, and if fermentation is over when bottled, this wine will keep for 20 years and more.

This recipe is for wild grapes. Pick off the grapes, measure and mash with a potato masher (an old-fashioned wooden one is best). To every gallon of grapes add 2 qts. water, and put all together in an earthen or granite iron vessel. Set on the back of the stove, where it will get hot but not boil. Stir occasionally and keep hot for from two to three hours. Pour into a muslin bag, let drain but do not squeeze. Sweeten the juice to taste, tie a thin cloth over it and set in a warm place until it ferments, then bottle and cork, and keep in a cool place until wanted. This wine is excellent, especially in sickness.

Mash the grapes and put them through a cloth; put the skins in a tub after squeezing them, with barely enough water to cover them; strain the juice thus obtained into the first portion. Put 3 lbs sugar to one gallon of the mixture, let it stand in an open tub to ferment, covered with a cloth, for a period of from three to seven days, skimming every morning. Put the juice in a cask, leave it open for 24 hours then bung it up, and put clay over the bung to exclude the air. Let it remain until March, when it should be drawn off and bottled. A reliable recipe.

The following recipe is for unfermented grape wine for church (or home) use, which I helped make last fall. Take half a bushel of ripe grapes, stemmed, and washed, put in an agate kettle with water enough to keep from burning, cook till the grapes are done, strain, then add more water to the pulp and strain. Add the second mixture to the first, with 8 lbs white sugar. Simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour, bottle and seal.

A COLD DINNER.

Really, a cold dinner can be eaten with a relish very often on warm days, especially when we stop to think of the saving of labor and unnecessary heat that it brings about.

Cook vegetables enough the day before. You don't need to have potatoes, but peas, beans, beets, cabbage, onions, corn and tomatoes are all good eaten cold. Of course there are numerous meats that are frequently served cold, and any number of drinks.

The only difference between this sort of dinner and any other is that everything is served cold instead of only a few things. And, after all, it is a good deal a matter of habit, this eating so much hot food. We can taste food that isn't smoking hot from the stove, and it will taste good, too.

After one begins to eat an occasional cold dinner, it will be surprising how many palatable dishes can be served in that way. There is the list of cereals that are delicious eaten cold with milk or cream. They can be poured into a pretty mold when first cooked, so as to appear in an appetizing manner.

Whatever can be served without any cooking, even the day before, is a still further economizing of energy. Nuts are one of the nourishing raw foods that are not always appreciated. They must be thoroughly masticated, so never eat them when in a hurry. Nothing is better than plain fruit, as it is in season, for dessert—if one must have something different at the end of a dinner. We hardly need a great variety to make an appetizing meal.

CHOCOLATE PIE.

Did any of you ever eat a real good chocolate pie, one that would fairly melt in your mouth? First line a deep pie pan with rich pie crust, and bake in a quick oven. If you wish you can make two or three crusts at a time and put them away for the morrow. After your crusts are baked, grate one-half teaspoonful of chocolate, and put into a pan with one cupful of hot water, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of vanilla, one cupful of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little water; mix well, and cook on top of the stove until thick, stirring constantly. Pour into the pie-shell, and let cool; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread on top of the pie, and brown in the oven. If prepared correctly it will be thick and firm, like jelly when cool, and will not run when cut. The chocolate mixture can be used in tarts.

BY MEDICAL ADVICE.

A distinctly twentieth century idea is that of a hotel-keeper who provides for his patrons a diet list made out by a physician, showing the food best suited to each person. The fat, the thin, the dyspeptic, the anaemic—all are catered for; and not only so, but, so far as possible, dishes are provided which, while they are adapted for each particular case, do not offend the palate.

80,000 people live within the danger radius of Mount Vesuvius.

WINDING UP THE BOER WAR

LAND BLEAK AND DESOLATE, BUT BURGHERS GLAD.

A Correspondent Describes the Boers Re-Taking Their Farms.

The correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle at Ermelo, Transvaal, writes the following interesting letter on the present situation, and the condition of the country immediately subsequent to the declaration of peace.

"So now it all stands bleak and desolate. It looks the worse because all the hills are black with burning as the Yorkshire birks with heather. I could draw a terrible picture of a land blackened by the flames of war. How thrilling, but how great an error! For the flames were the flames of peace. As soon as our men saw the whole land flaring to heaven in long lines of fire, they knew the burghers meant to accept the terms and peace was certain. To burn the veldt in winter is as peaceful an occupation as ploughing in spring. 'Oh,' said the knowing ones (and every Tommy is knowing now) 'so they are preparing the veldt for the rains and young grass. We can wind this show up.' And now they are hard at it, winding up indeed. The first thing to be wound up is the 100,000 miles of barbed wire which made the entanglements along the blockhouse lines. As soon as peace was declared, the civil and military, represented by Milner and Kitchener, began to bargain over the blockhouses and wire. There are, I believe, 7,600 blockhouses in the whole of South Africa, and apart from the labor (which came from the sappers and other soldiers) they cost about £20 to £25 to build. 'K.' stood out for £10 apiece from the Civil Administration. Milner demurred. 'K.' who is a mighty keen bargainer, offered to throw in 1,000 yards of wire with each blockhouse. Finally, I believe, the price will be about £8, but I think no wire is included. Well, that is the wire I have watched the Leicesters winding up over mile after mile, as I trekked for the last two days along their line from the depot at Standerton, where all life is dust and curses and railway staff officers, up into the silent heart of the country here. Winding up the entanglements is a symbol of peace, but do not suppose the sons of the Midlands like it better for that. You should hear their appeals to the gods as the barbs tear their hands in the cold wind, and they know that every gash may produce a 'veldt sore' that will last for weeks.

THE FIRST FAMILY HOME.

On the second day out we came upon an old Dutch trek-wagon lumbering along behind twelve oxen, yoked and half-strangled in the old Dutch way. Under the hood at the back sat the mother in her 'kapje,' surrounded by a collection of children, crockery and provisions. Of the flat in front was piled such household furniture as had survived or been made in camp. With the oxen marched the Boer, followed by his little son. It was the first family I had seen going home. Perhaps it was the very first that went, for the case was unusual. The Boer told me quite simply that he was a rich man and had banked his money before the war. He had surrendered a month or two back, and gone to his family in the Standerton concentration camp. His wagon had been saved, and now he had bought the oxen at \$90 apiece from the Government, and had come away, owing no man anything. He had even refused the rations and tent which Government issues to burghers setting out for a ruined farm. He had heard his farm was not ruined; at all events it still had a roof. So on he went in faith. The average Transvaal farm is about 7,000 to 8,000 acres, but this man, as I found from a map, with his father and brother owned about as much as six English parishes, and at the midday 'outspan' I saw the big landed proprietor bring his oxen across the drift, let them loose, collect dry dung for fuel, make a fire, cook, and help rub the thick coating of dust from the children's clothes and faces. Then he turned off towards his distant farm by another road to mine.

THE SEARCH FOR HOME.

Besides this family, I have already seen some thirty or forty burghers riding up and down the country on the tough little ponies which have served them so well through the war. Almost without exception they are going to their families in some concentration camp or are still searching for news of them. Our signallers and telegraph men along the line do all they can to help, and I have seen the flags wag out such unaccustomed messages as: 'Wire Meerbank Durban: is Mrs. Jan Breitenbach of Smutsoog there? seven children.' The telegraph station of the King's Own (Yorkshire L.I.) on the Tafel Kop, about this place, is crowded all day with the rough and bearded men who have just come off commando, and are calling to our orderlies to send wires to each camp in succession, and discover where their wives and children may possibly be. To many an answer duly comes; for instance: 'Mrs. Oosterhuzen, at Barberton Camp, so many children. Inform husband.' A great many of the burghers in the field also have followed the fortunes of their fam-

ilies by some hidden process of intelligence, which the Boer seems to share with the Hindu. They know, not only in what camp the families are, but whether any of the children have died or not. Probably most of this information comes through the Kafirs on their own farms, but that will not account for it all, and I have not discovered yet to what we must put down the rest. It is part of the strangely accurate Boer intelligence throughout the war. On the other hand, I have already met half a dozen or so who can get no news of their families at all. They telegraph to all the camps in the neighborhood, but nothing is known. In despair they generally ride off with their bags of rations to tour round the camps themselves. They will certainly hear the news in time, for the camp registration has been carefully done. The fault probably lies in the incomplete attempt to sort out the camps into districts, but wherever the fault lies it is a bitter search, and when a war-worn figure, patched with bits of rawhide and plush curtains, comes up and says, 'Not know where vrouw and kinder,' one can only make wild suggestions and hope for the best.

FAMOUS DETECTIVE.

Emile Houlier, the Sherlock Holmes of Sunny France.

Emile Houlier, a famous French detective whose exploits rival Sherlock Holmes', has just died at the age of forty-nine years from congestion following drinking iced beverages while hot. Among his feats was the capture alone and unarmed of the six Wilkineses, British desperadoes, whom Houlier handcuffed in a railway compartment of a speeding express after a terrible fight in which he twice was nearly thrown out. He traced the celebrated murderer Eyraud to Havana and arrested him there. He arrested, with three assistants, a whole secret meeting of dangerous Anarchists. It was Houlier who found the clue which led to the arrest of Arton, the Panama briber, after he had eluded the whole police of Europe. Houlier had just returned from America, where he had been to investigate the Humbert affair. He was a terror to criminals. His pluck, intelligence, and physical strength were unmatched among detectives, while his cleverness at disguises and in the use of the criminals' dialect, was remarkable. Three times he took part in hazardous burglaries in order to remain unsuspected and to gain possession of important secrets.

NERVOUSNESS IN ANIMALS.

According to M. Coupin, animals, like persons, suffer from crisis of the nerves. Fear of motor-cars, etc., produces trembling and 'false' paralysis in horses. Fear of punishment or excessive joy acts injuriously on dogs. The story of the Scotch dog which was reprimanded for a fault by its master, the minister, just before he went on a journey, and seemingly took it so much to heart that it died during his absence is supported by a case given by M. Aruch, of the Veterinary School, Milan. A dog of eleven years, intelligent and affectionate, took convulsions on receiving a stern reprimand from its master, and every time the master came home afterwards it had a similar attack. The former joy of the animal on seeing its master was changed into suffering.

PRACTICAL.

The parish kirk of Drumlie had been rather unfortunate in its ministers, two of them having gone off in a decline within a twelvemonth of their appointment; and now, after hearing a number of candidates for the vacancy, the members were looking forward with keen interest to the meeting at which the election of the most suitable applicant was to take place.

"Weel, Marget," asked one female parishioner of another, as they foregathered on the road one day, "wha are ye gaun tae vote for?"

"I'm just thinkin, I'll vote for name o' them. I'm no' muckle o' a judge, an' it'll be the safest plan," was Margaret's sagacious reply.

"Toots, woman, if that's the way o't, vote wi' me."

"An' hoo are ye gaun tae vote?" "I'm gaun tae vote for the man that I think has the soundest lungs, an' 'il no' bother us deein' again in a hurry."

THE BUSINESS TONE.

If you want advertising to help your business, you must put into it the business ring which will appeal to the business sense of the average buyer. No advertiser can afford to waste opportunity by neglecting the chance to tell his friends about what he is doing and impressing upon them the value of what he has to offer.

On an average 700 British subjects are yearly born at sea.

A member of a volunteer fire brigade did not appear on the scene of the conflagration until after the fire was under control. He was severely taken to account by the chief for thus neglecting his duty. "I could not help it," replied the fireman; "I live a long way from the fire." "That's no excuse," snapped the chief. "You must move nearer the next fire."

TOWNS BUILT UPON FIRE.

PEOPLE WHO ARE DEAF TO NATURE'S WARNINGS.

Many Places Have Been Destroyed by Great Volcanic Eruptions.

The total destruction, within the past few weeks, of the town—with its 40,000 inhabitants—of St. Pierre, Martinique, West Indies, by volcanic eruption, is a by no means unique example of the ultimate fate of towns nestling, in apparent defiance of the laws of both of Nature and commonsense, at the foot of non-extinct burning mountains.

Around the base of Vesuvius, for instance, numberless small villages exist, their inhabitants perfectly blind to the danger that threateningly hangs (literally) over their heads. For some distance up the slopes of Vesuvius vineyards flourish. These are tended and, in some cases, owned by the folk below, who live practically upon a foundation of fire.

Since Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed in A.D. 79, there has been no notably tragical outburst of the famous Italian volcano, although its crater is never actually idle. Smoke, hot stones, and mud, with now and then a stream of lava, breaking through a thin place in the crust, testifying periodically to its present vitality. The curious part of it is—as also, in all similar cases—that the people who have thus planted themselves at the base, and even a little way up the slopes of the mountain, seem to have no fear of the possibility of fiery extinction, living and dying, as they do, in the sun of a fancied security. Even Naples, in the event of a great and overwhelming eruption of Vesuvius, would stand a very good chance of being wiped out. That it is still extant, is due more to good luck than to any great amount of discretion on the part of

THE ORIGINAL FOUNDERS.

What has been said about Vesuvius applies in like manner to Etna, Sicily. The vegetation for nearly half its height of 10,963 feet above sea level, is even more prolific than in the case of its Italian sister. Long immunity, too, from disaster, seems to have confirmed the inhabitants of the villages at the base of the mountain in their sense of safety. Lying, as Etna does, midway between the towns of Messina and Catania, it is easy to imagine what would take place should the volcano exert its power. Both the towns would, without doubt, suffer to a terrible extent, with regard alike to life and property. So recently as 1693 fifty-four towns and 300 villages were destroyed in Sicily by a combined eruption and earthquake. Of the town of Catania not a trace remained, nor of its 18,000 inhabitants. Altogether more than 100,000 lives were lost.

The Caucasian range is wholly more or less volcanic, and a volcanic outburst in February of this present year, at Schemacha, Caucasus, which destroyed over 2,000 houses, and by which 5,000 lives were lost, recalls a still greater misfortune which befell the same place in 1667, when 80,000 persons were launched into eternity. The latter catastrophe contained no warning for those who ought to have profited by it; and it is morally certain that people will still continue to live under the shadow of the very cause of

DEATH AND DESOLATION.

Java, again—and, indeed, most of the other islands of the Eastern Archipelago—are largely volcanic, being, nearly all of them, submarine upheavals, due to volcanic action. Krakatoa, Java's monarch mountain, gave a magnificent display of its powers in 1883, 35,000 persons, living round and near it, losing their lives. Krakatoa is the chief of a group of thirty or more volcanoes on this island, and those who, on cruising in those seas at the time of the eruption, were privileged to witness the scene, say, that for a distance of fifty miles round the island the air was dark with hot mud, ashes, and burning dock-splinters.

That South America is largely volcanic is common knowledge, though the great catastrophe, in this connection, in this part of the world, take the form of earthquakes and seismic waves. In 1797 the whole country between Santa Fe and Panama was destroyed, including the cities of Cuzco and Quito. The latter place, built in harem-brained fashion right up the mountain side, hanging on to it, as it were, like Babylon's famous gardens of old, is ever in a periodical state of collapse from subterranean—otherwise volcanic—disturbance. On one occasion 40,000 persons perished in a second.

Japan and China in the East, and almost the whole of Southern Europe, afford countless instances of man's temerity in building his dwelling, and establishing himself in spots which Nature has done her best to mark "dangerous."—Pearson's Weekly.

Mr. Pitt—"Since your friend Blinkins married Miss Bonds he has been leading the life of a dog." Mr. Penn—"I'm sorry for him." "I'm not." "Don't you sympathize with him?" "Not at all. He has nothing to do but to eat, sleep and amuse himself. It's the life of a pet dog he leads."