

HOW TO CARVE WELL.

Many ladies have to carve for large families without any, or very little, experience, and a little advice from an expert carver will not come amiss. It should be born in mind, first of all that carving is quite an art, if done in the right way. Many think if they cut a joint or bird up in pieces that it is all that is required, but to carve neatly artistically, and economically, and place invitingly on the platter or dish is quite another thing.

In the first place the carver should be seated high enough to carve comfortably and with celerity. The next thing, she should be sure to have hen platter large enough to hold the entire joint or bird when it is carved, so that no portion of it falls on the table. No string or skewer should be left, in the meat or bird when brought to the table, unless it is a silver skewer, which is permissible. Much depends upon the way in which the viand to be carved is placed on the platter.

Large birds, such as turkeys, geese, etc., should have their heads placed always to the left. Smaller birds, as partridges, grouse, etc., which are usually placed across the platter, have their heads on the farther side; A saddle of mutton should be placed with the tail end to the left on the carver; a haunch of venison or mutton, with the loin or backbone nearest the carver; a leg of mutton or veal should be placed with the thickest part up; a rib roast or sirloin roast should have the backbone at the right of the platter; the flesh side should be up in a round of beef, and in a sirloin beefsteak the tenderloin should be next the carver. A fillet of beef should have the thickend at the right end of the platter, and a calf's head should be placed with the face to the right. A reast pig's head should be placed to the left, and the thickest side of a roast ham should be on the farther side of the platter.

Now for the carving, and let the joint be a leg of mutton or lamb. Put the fork in the top, turn it toward you, slice through to the bone, meat in long; thin slices from each side of the back. It must be turned over to reach the tenderloin and kidney fat. The leg and saddle of venisen are carved in the same way. When the leg and loin are served together, the loin should be carved first. Cut off the flank first of all, and cut up in pieces; then separate the ribs; and last come the legs.

In carving a fowl it is always a in order to get the hang of its limbs | pieces of furniture, are unsatisfactory. with practice.

first removed, then the wing, from one by some good carpenter for what one side and then the leg and wing from | elegant so-called store bookcase will the other side, separating the joints. | cost. Then the breast is carved each side; next the wshbone comes off. Now. separate the collar bone and shoulder blade, and the breast bone from the back, then the back from the body; Method of Securing the Useful Articles-A then follow the side bones, and the bird is completely dissected.

The reader will bear in mind the loregoing applies correctly to all classes of fowls and birds found in the markets.

RECIPES.

Rice Waffles.-Sift one quart of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a teaspoonful of salt; add a supful of cold boiled rice, a tablespoonful of melted butter, two beaten eggs, with sweet milk to make thin batter; Bake in well-greased waffle-tins, and serve with maple syrup.

Macaroni, with Tomato Sauce.-Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni in clear water until tender, drain, and throw into cold water for ten minutes. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying-pan, and set over the fire to melt; add a tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add half a pint of stewed tomatoes, strained, and stir hand, he must manipulate with the until boiling. Pour over the macaroni.

Oyster Pie.—One quart of solid oysters, one quart of milk, ten large oyster crakers rolled fine, pepper, salt, which, first and last, make almost and a small piece of butter. Stir all every sponge fisher a victim of acute together and pour into a dish lined | rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduwith a thick puff paste. Cover with ous toil, an expert sponge fisher earns an upper paste and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Oyster Purses, an English recipe.-Take three dozen large, fat oysters, season with salt and cayenne, and lay in a seive to drain. Stew the liquor down, thicken with a tablespoonful of butter! rolled in flour; let cool, dip each oyster into the sauce until well coated. Roll a sheet of puff paste out thin, cut out in rounds, lay an oyster on each, gather the paste up with the fingers, pass a thin stripe around it twice, and tie. Flatten the bottom so as to give a bag-like shape, and fry in boiling fat. Drain on brown paper and serve hot.

Boiled Onions.-Peel a dozen medium-sized onions and put into a saucepan of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, and set over the fire to boil until tender; take up, drain, and turn into a heated vegetable-dish; dredge with pepper and salt, pour over melted

butter, and serve. Delicious Apple Sauce.—The ordinary way for making apple sauce is to pour water over the apples when put on to cook, and very often the sugar is not put in till the sauce is almost done This makes a thin, watery sauce which is not half so delicious as if made in the following manner: Pare and cut up tart apples into quarters or finer Yes, she went on with a far-away look in her eyes, Sincerity must even saucepan and pour over the sliced apples one full cup of sugar to each quart. And the amateur is always sincere. of apples. Place the kettle on the You are the most inexperienced kisser back of the stove where it is not too I ever encountered.

hot. This gentle heat will draw out SAVINGS cook in their own juice without the addition of water. This method of cooking this king of winter fruits makes a INTERESTING EXPERIENCES TOLD most delicious sauce, which would tempt even those who are not fond

USEFUL HINTS.

Paint can be removed from glass by rubbing it with hot strong vinegar. Clover tea purifies the blood, clears the complexion and removes pimples; dried chover may be used for the

In boiling for soup stock, the meat should be put into cold water, covering the kettle tightly, and letting the stock simmer gently until the meat it not. Many accounts in these banks falls from the bones.

A handful of carpet tacks will clean fruit jars or bottles readily. Half fill the jars with hot soapsuds, put in the tacks cover, give vigorous shaking, and rinse well. In stewing ments, the water should

be boiling when the meat is put into it. The intense heat causes the pores to close immediately, and thus keeps ount entered in their pass-books every the juice in the meat.

It is said that elder-flower water is an excellent and simple wash for the skin. Iti may be made by placing the blossoms only in an enameled saucepan and covering with cold water.

One who has tried it says that to remove a refractory screw from wood, heat a piece of iron red hot and hold it on top of the screw for a minute or two, then the screwdriver will easily take out the screw, if used while the and deposit it again. . screw is warm.

and the other paraphernalia of travel gether, and, when they are through are dull or streaked, they may be restored to their original luster by rubbing with the well-beaten white of an Leather cushions and seats may be removated in the same way.

at a dinner is rice cooked in milk and well salted, put into a dish and browned in the oven. Make a hot lemon sauce and pour it over the rice when it is taken from the oven and just before the dish is sent to the table.

If a mother would teach the small lads of the family how to sew-and a most useful accomplishment they will Slip the knife under and cut away find it in the end-let her follow the from the bone. A saddle of mutton example of a clever kindergarten is always carved with the grain of the teacher, who achieved signal success by It is against the rules, of course, for adroitly managing that the boys' sewing should take the form of sailmaking for small boats, learning to mend sweaters and stitch balls.

Low book cases around the walls of a back parlor or library are both convenient and pleasant to see. Chairs and couches may be pushed up in front of the least used of these so that they in good plan' for the carver to first study | no way take up space. In the long run, the "uncooked" fowl very carefully, costly bookcases bought as so many wing is free. It is not so easy to find pieces. The simple rows of shelves the side or collar bone, but that comes which can be raised in many quaint ways are after all the most artistic,

SPONGE FISHING.

Trying Occupation.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his waterglass-a pane set in a box fitted with handles-looks down 40 feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes 50 feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rock base, and by a sudden jerk is detached.

This curt discription of what seems the simple work of sponge fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to into the seas and tell the commercially ounted to about \$3,500. In some way valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach' the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one other the water-glass, as the waves sway it sideways up and down. The strain on the eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, not more than \$15 a month, besides his "keep" on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.

ASSASSINATIONS OF RULERS

Five attempts have been made against the life of Queen Victoria, one in 1840, two in 1842, one in 1849, and one in 1882. An attempt against the life of Francis Joseph of Austria was made in 1853, and one against the King of Italy in 1878. Three attempts were made against the life of Queen Isabells of Spain, three that I can do better," he began, "than against Napoleon III. when Emperor to tell a little story which I heard of France, and three, in 1861, in 1875, a few years ago from the manager of and in 1878, against the life of Wilhelm one of the banks, and I shall try to I. of Germany. In the United States tell it as nearly as possible in his own few assaults have been made upon public men in office, although two Presi- sitting in my office one day one of the dents have been shot down in Washington. Mr. Lincoln was assassinated in April, 1865, and President Garfield, in July 1881.

TRUST.

Harold, she said, almost in a whisper, am I the first girl you ever kissed? You are, he answered with eager earnestness.

full in the face.

BY THE MANAGERS.

How a Poor Woman Kept Her Book From a Cruel Husband-A Smoothed-Tougued Lawyer and the Mechanic-An Old Woman Astonished at the Amount

That truth is stranger than fiction, or, at any rate, sometimes as strange, can be learned behind the doors of a commonplace savings bank, though the clerks pouring over the big blank books from morning until night may know are opened by people of little means, and the sums to their credit gradually accumulate from small beginnings. Thousands of them have only a limited education, and it is hard for them to realize that they are to get the benefit of the interest accruing on their money unless they actually see the amsix months. Some even go further. The figures are not enough for them. They must see and handle the cash for themselves to be convinced. So it sometimes happens that one of those doubting Thomases will present his book to a paying teller and have the interest due him counted out, and then, without leaving the bank, will join the line on the other side of the room

If one has the good luck to get sev-If the leather valises, the reticules eral managers of savings banks towith talking business, hear them exchange interesting experiences, he will have an enjoyable hour. Here are some of the things which he will be An excellent substitute for potatoes likely to hear, or might have heard any time within the last few years. Imagine a group of managers seated around a glowing coal fire in the luxurious office of one of them. After the conversation has "become general," as some of the novel writers say, Mr. A. discourses to this effect:

"I don't know whether any of the rest of you have ever had anything like this in your experience or not our bank to take charge of the books of any of the depositors, but

I MUST PLEAD GUILTY

to violating the rule, to a certain extent, myself. In one of the drawers in my desk, for the last six or seven years, I have kept the book of a woman who opened an account that long ago. As soon as she had done so she came to me and told me a moving and joints. When the carver finds They seldom are made to hold as many tale of the cruelty of her husband, sayjoint and cuts the gristle, the leg or | books as possible, but are rather show | ing that he would give her no peace day or night if he knew she had put money in a bank. She was afraid to To carve roast chicken the leg is and a room can be filled with these take the book home with her, as she had no place to conceal it where he could not find it, and she didn't want to tell any friend about what she was doing "unbeknownst," as she might have said. So she begged me, with tears in her eyes, to allow her to leave it with me, and as a personal favor consented to take charge of it. Every now and then she comes in here, asks for the book, takes it out to make her deposit and then returns it to me. Her account now amounts to about \$800. And I think I can say that I have never suffered from a pricking of conscience because of having winked at a

violation of a rule of the bank." Mr. A. having been acquitted by the unanimous silence of his confreres, Manager B. began to speak. "I don't want to bore any of you who may have heard this before," he remarked, "but it certainly was a singular experience. Some years ago a hard-working mechanic opened an account in our bank, to which he added regularly for some time. After that for a long period the account lay dormant, growing by the be trained by long experience to peer addition of the interest until it am-

UNPRINCIPLLED LAWYER

heard of it, and, after the manner of his kind, went to the mechanic with a plausible tale, "What will you give me," he asked, "if I will prove to you that there is a sum of several thousand dollars due you, and put you in the way of getting the money?" The mechanic was naturally astonished, and was easily prevailed on by the smoothtongued lawyer to sign a contract that if the lawyer could make out such a case as he said he could the money would be divided between them. Thereupon the lawyer, let out his "secret." "The money is due you," he said, "from such and such a savings bank." "Oh, I know all about that," replied the mechanic; "I have known all along that I had the money there." But the lawyer flaunted the contract in the man's face, and, though it was a plain case of fraud, the man believed it was a valid contract and actually gave the seoundrel lawyer half the amount in the bank."

After a suitable interval, Manager C. took up the tale. "I don't know words, as I recall them. "As I was young men in the bank came to me and showed me a book which bore a date of many years before. He said it had been brought in by an old woman. I told him to send her to me. On inquiry, I learned that she could neither read nor write, but she said the book belonged to her, and she had put the money in the bank a long time before. As nearly as she could remember, the amount was about \$300, and I believe you, she replied, looking him several times, pointing to the book, full in the face. she asked anxiously if it was not all Sincerity must command confidence. there. I assured her that it was, and Yes, she went on with a far-away proceeded to question her as to why she had left the account

SO LONG UNDISTURBED. had been employed as a servant, and

had taken all she could spare from her wages and put the money in bank. After a time she went away from the city, and had never set foot in it until that day. She was getting old, and thought it would be a good thing to go and get her money. Again she asked if it was all there, indicating the book, and of course I told her it was all right, except the interest-a word that seemed to convey no idea to her mind. I became convinced that she was enclerks to write up the book just as though it had been an active account all the time. When his work was done woman was about \$3,000. She was to say Robbie was not. feelings she burst into tears, when the have done for me. I can't understand at all how all that money belongs to me; but, do you know, I shan't have to do another day's work as long as I live." I don't think," said my friend in telling the story, "that I ever had a keener appreciation of the benefits of savings banks than at that moment," and I fancy all of us would have said the same thing if we had been in his place."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Among all the illustrious names of which this century boasts, probably none is of greater prominence or more worthy of its liberty than that of Miss Florence Nightingale. In these times when fame may be attained in a day, and almost as soon forgotten in go to grandpa's this summer?" the steady march of time and the progress of life and thought, notoriety is of short duration, and a name seldom lives long in the hearts and minds of the people. But there are exceptions to every rule, and for over forty years there has been enshrined in the hearts of her countrymen the English, one great, grand name-Florence Nightingale. She is the organizer of the field-hos-

pital system, and during that terrible campaign in the Crimea, in which her country was involved, her indefatigable efforts in relieving the physical sufferings of the soldiers can never be forgotten. Miss Nightingale was thoroughly conversant with the work she undertook before she started for the Crimea. She had devoted much study and time to hospital work and had been in one of the best training schools for nurses which at that time existed-the institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy, in Kaiserwerth, Germany. When she departed with her assistants for the scene of war it was without any thought of remuneration, for she had wealth at her command and could happily do so. The War Office in London, almost panicstricken with the multifarious disasters demands and criticisms, which were heared upon it, invested Miss Nightingale with almost absolute control of the undertaking, and how well she succeeded is best told in the words of one of the soldiers who lay wounded under her care: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lav there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our rillows again content."

Another story is told which well illustrates the honor and love bestowed upon her. There was a dinner given to the officers of the British army and navy on their return from the East, where Lord Stratford suggested that each guest should write upon a piece of paper the name of the person whose deeds in the Crimean war would engrave themselves most indelibly in the history of the British people. When the papers the name of Florence Nightingale.

She returned to England at the end of the struggle with broken health, and has since been a constant sufferer. No victorious army was ever welcomed more joyously than Miss Nightingale, and Queen Victoria presented her with a jeweled decoration, especially designed for her by the Prince Consort. In spite of her poor health Miss Nightingale contributes frequently to the press, and is the author of several books, dealing chiefly with nursing and hospital work. She is very devout and is a great reader. Her own home is in London, but much of her time is spent with her sister. Lady Verney. in Buckinghamshire. Miss Nightingale's services to humanity are legion, especially those concerning hospital work and sanitation, and hers is a name worthy of the honor it has received.

DEERFOOT DEAD.

Lieut.-Col. Herchmer, commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, who is in Ottawa on his annual visit in connection with the force, has received a telegram stating that Deerfoot, the once world-renowned Indian runner, died on Thursday at Calgary in the police barracks, where he was for them. confined for an assault on another Indian and his wife. Deerfoot was one of the instances of civilization having a bad instead of a good effect upon the North-West Indian. In his savage, or semi-savage, state Deerfoot was classed as a good Indian. His phenomenal fleetness of foot caused him to be taken up by some white men as a professional runner. They brought him east, where he easily defeated the crack runners of his day. His contact with civilization proved, however, that an Indian does not always benefit by such advantages.

A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Bobby. Popper, what is a mutual Mr. Ferry. He is generally one who makes it his business to see that you your friends say about you.

DULL IN PUMPKINVILLE.

on in Pumpkinville? blamed dull house rent has stopped an' She said that many years before she, the interest on what a feller owes has plum quit

YOUNG FOLKS

"IN A MINUTE."

Bobbie Brown was a bright, active little boy and a general favorite with all who knew him. His schoolmates did not think a game complete without him, and he was always sure to be the titled to the money, and told one of the first one chosen. You might think that such a little boy would ever be on the alert for something to do that I found that the amount due the old | would help his mamma, but I am sorry

simply dazed, and asked how it could | When he was enjoying an exciting be. I explained as well as I could game, or when at the most interesting about the interest, but she was unable part of a lavorite book, his mamma to understand it. Overcome by her often called ham to aunierrands for her, and "in a minute" was sure to be the money was brought to her. "Oh, sir." cheery response. But it was an easy she said, "you don't know what you matter to let that minute go by, and a number of other for company, before Robbie put in his appearance.

One day in early summer Robbie rushed into the sitting-room and gave his school books a triumphant fling into one corner and his hat into another, His face and manner would indicate that something unusual had happened. "No more school for three whole

that be jolly?" "How will you spend your vacation?" asked his mamma looking up from her

months!" he exclaimed. "Oh,

"I mean to have just as good a time as I possibly can," said Robbie. And then, as his mamma made no reply to this, he broached a subject which rad been occupying his mind for the last three months. "Really, mamma," he began, "can't I

"I'll see," said mamma quietly. This satisfied Robbie, for he knew that was almost as good as "yes." That evening when the postman came with the mail he brought a letter for Robbie from his cousin Fred.

"Nellie and I came to grandpa's last week," he wrote, "and Ben and Daisy are coming to-morrow. Then we will have some gay times, but it will not be complete without you. Grandpa has promised to take us to the woods next Tuesday. We will take our dinner and stay all day. If you are coming at all this summer we want you to be here by that time. The strawberries are just getting ripe and grandma thinks it is wonderful how many we can eat. Now don't fail to come.'

Fred. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Robbie when he had finished reading this letter; "can't I go?" "Yes, I guess you may go," said his

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed Rob-"That's most too good to be true!" And he danced about the room, clapping his hands in delight. Two years before he had spent the summer at his grandpa's farm, and he remembered

everything so well. Robbie and his mamma were to start early Tuesday morning and it seemed to him as though that time would never

Shortly after breakfast Robbie thought it must be time to get ready, and going up to his mamma's room he opened the door saying, "Isn't it time to get ready?" "In a minute, dear," she quietly said,

and then went on with her reading. Robbie was very much disappointed, and in order to while away the time he went into the yard to play with his dog Rover. But he soon grew tired of this sport and he again went up

to his mamma's room. "Oh! mamma!" he exclaimed a little impatietnly, "do hurry, for it's most train time now!"

She did not raise her eyes from hen book when she said; "As soon as I finish the chapter I am reading." During the next few minutes Robbie

made frequent journeys to his mamma's room. Each time he found her reading, but she always said she would be ready "In a minute." The last time, when he was coming down the stairs, were examined, everyone had written he heard a rumbing in the distance that sounded very much like an approaching train. He ran to the window, and sure enough, there was the morning train at the station. He stood by the window watching it until it disappeared around the curve, and then he went slowly up the stairs. He kept bravely up until he reached his mamma's room, and then throwing himself upon the couch, he burst into tears.

"Oh, mam-ma!" he sobbed, "the train's gone, and now we can't go today at all. It's all your fault, too." Mrs. Brown was no longer interested in her book, and laying it upon the table she drew her chair to Robbie's side and said: "I am very sorry I have disappointed you, but it had to be done. Listen now, and I will tell you all about it."

For a long time she talked to the forlorn little fellow lying so still upon the couch. When she had finished and Robbie had dried his tears, he threw. his arms around her neck, saying: "I s'pose I haven't done right and I am sorry, but I will do better, I

really and truly will." Mrs. Brown did not wish the punishment to be too severe, so the next morning she and Robbie started to the country. When Robbie stepped from the car he saw his grandpa there waiting

"Why, mamma!" he exclaimed, "how do you s'pose grandpa knew that we were coming to-day? Didn't you write to them that we were coming yester-

Before she could make any reply grandpa came up and said: "Come on and get into the buggy. Be

spry about it, too, for I must be back in time to take the children to the "Why, I s'posed they were going yes-

terday," said Robbie, " for that was what Fred told me in his letter,' "They did intend to," said grandpa, "but when they got your mamma's let-

ter saying that you could not come until to-day, they decided to wait." Robbie was so much interested in something that he saw along the road just then that he forgot to ask any-

thing more about it until that evening. "Mamma," he said, when he was aldon't miss hearing the mean things most asleep, "how did they know we your friends say about you. were not coming yesterday?" "When papa and I decided upon a

plan to break you of that habit, I wrote and told them all about it.' Hodge-Hello, old man, what's goin' Well," said Robbie, "I guess you won't have to do that any more, for blamed dull house rent has stopped an' long as I live."

I think we are safe in saying no wever did.