

The Home

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Devised Ham.—Take lean, boiled ham, chop it very fine, season with red and black pepper and a little mustard; press solidly into a pan, weight, and leave over night. Slice ham when wanted. Nice for lunch.

Spiced Salt.—A spiced salt that is an excellent seasoning for soups, stuffing and veal loaf, requires one quarter ounce each of thyme, bay leaf and pepper; one-eighth ounce each of sweet marjoram and cayenne pepper, and a half ounce each of cloves and nutmeg. Grate the nutmeg, dry, powder and sift the other ingredients, mix thoroughly and add one ounce of salt to every four ounces of the mixture. Keep tightly bottled. An ounce will season three pounds of stuffing.

Gooseberry Sauce.—Five quarts of gooseberries, four pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Put vinegar and spices together, let come to a boil, put in the fruit and cook one hour. Bottle and seal. Nice for meats.

Fried Oysters.—For one dozen and a half of oysters beat two eggs and season with salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup if the flavor of the tomato is desired. Drain the oysters and season with salt and pepper. Dip them in bread crumbs, then into the beaten eggs, and again in the bread crumbs. Have olive oil about four inches deep in the frying kettle, and when very hot place the oysters in the frying basket (a single layer on the bottom) and plunge into the oil. Cook for one minute and a half and serve immediately.

Pea Soup.—One pint split peas, 4 onions, 2 heads of celery, 2 turnips, a handful of shaved cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground peanuts, salt, pepper and sage. Soak the peas over night in plenty of water. In the morning remove all the peas that swim on top, pour off the water, wash through fresh water and put over the fire in salted water, simmer for two hours and a half, adding water as needed. At the end of this time add the vegetables, pared and minced, and the ground peanuts. Let cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ or two hours longer, add the seasoning and serve with fried bread or toast.

Tomato Fingers.—Reduce by boiling one cupful of stewed tomatoes to two tablespoonfuls—or buy the tomato paste, put up in small tins. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the tomato paste, and three tablespoonfuls of crushed peanuts. Mix and spread on narrow strips of stale bread, sprinkle with the crushed nuts, and crisp in a hot oven.

Fish Savory.—Cream a teaspoonful of butter with the same quantity of flour, thin with a cupful of milk, to which a pea-sized lump of baking soda has been added; cook until smooth, and then add half a cupful of strained tomato juice, three drops of onion juice, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir in three-quarters of a pint of cold flaked fish, heat thoroughly, and serve on zwieback slightly moistened with hot milk.

For baked tomatoes, make a dressing of fine crumbled bread, pepper, salt, and summer savory, marjoram, thyme, or a trifle of all three. Heat in the frying pan with a liberal amount of butter, about a tablespoon to three cups of dressing. If not sure of your seasonings, taste and make just right, a little on the highly seasoned side. Now take the top of the tomatoes, just a little lid, remove the watery insides, and fill with the dressing. Replace the lids, and bake half an hour more or less, according to the heat of the oven. By having the dressing heated it is not the soggy mass usually found in this otherwise delicious dish.

Corn Vinegar.—Take 10 gals fresh, clean rainwater and add to it 10 lbs. brown sugar; next add 1 gal. hop yeast sponge, which has been "set" the same as for bread, and let get light. Cut from the cobs 1 gal. green corn, put it into an open keg or jar with the water, yeast and sugar; tie a piece of double cheesecloth over the top and let stand in the sun or in a warm room for two or three weeks, when you will have the best of vinegar. Shaking or moving around does not injure this vinegar, and it is best to pour off the clear liquid and remove the corn and other dregs from the bottom of the vessel at the end of three weeks. If only a small amount of vinegar is wanted, it may be made as follows: Cut from the cobs 1 pint green corn; put into a jar 1 gal. clean rain water, add the corn, stir in 1 pint molasses or sugar and place in the sun or near the stove. Vinegar made by either of these rules will be found quite as good as the best cider vinegar.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Never shake or rumple the tablecloth. Fold every time in the original creases.

See that the plates and dishes are wiped underneath before they are placed on the table.

Pieces of bread should be substituted for the ordinary slices at a dinner or luncheon party.

If the handles of table knives become discolored rub them with brickdust and vinegar.

When giving a dinner party arrange that every alternate course can be, at any rate, partially prepared beforehand.

To clean bronze ornaments take one drachm of sweet oil, one ounce of alcohol and one ounce and a half of water. Apply quickly with a soft sponge, but do not rub.

Wet umbrellas should be put on their handles to dry. This allows the water to run out of them, instead of into the part where the ribs and the silk meet, thus causing the metal to rust and the silk to rot.

The home bright and cheerful, a smile and loving glance, a neat and tidy table, and tempting supper—these are what every guidwife knows her husband likes to come home to in the evening, and is loath to leave.

For earache, bathe the ear in a strong decoction of camomile flowers, then drop a few drops of warm sweet oil into the ear, and keep it there with a little cottonwool and a strip of flannel warmed and tied round the head.

For gooseberry jelly stew a couple of pints of gooseberries till tender, with sugar to taste, and a few drops of lemon juice; pass it through a sieve and add an ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water; color with a little carmine and pour into a mould.

To warm cold potatoes put a desert-spoonful of butter in a saucepan and let it melt; then put in the cold potatoes, keep the lid on, and place over the fire, frequently tossing the potatoes. When heated through put in a vegetable dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Before using new china, glass, or lamp chimneys, wrap each article loosely but entirely in a cloth, place them in a kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil; continue the heat ten or fifteen minutes and then cool off. By this tempering they are toughened.

Curtain rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with paraffin until thoroughly smooth.

To keep flies out of the larder, sponge the windows daily with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water. You will never be troubled with flies if you do this.

Vases and ornaments, if soaked for a few minutes in water to which a little soap powder is added, will need very little washing.

People with weak lungs are recommended by medical men to read aloud, as this strengthens throat, lungs and chest muscles alike. The reading should be deliberate and the enunciation distinct, the body being held in an easy, unstrained, upright position, so that the chest will have free play.

WATER AND TOBACCO.

It is undoubtedly true that the majority of men smoke, and when we see how much contentment and pleasure a man gets out of his cigar or pipe, and especially how it tranquilizes him and promotes amiability, it will seem a foolish wife who objects to the habit and drives her husband off down town because she will not permit him to indulge his favorite vice at home. A good many girls who never said a word about disliking smoke before they were married develop an antipathy to it afterward and make things unpleasant in consequence. Better not marry a smoker unless you can stand smoke, for the habit grows on a man, and there are precious few who will not cling to "the Indian weed" in spite of all their wives can say or do. Moreover nagging only hardens a man and makes him more obstinate.

It isn't very pleasant to have the room full of stale smoke, and it seems to linger in spite of open doors and windows. We want to tell you of a very effective way of getting rid of it. After an evening of smoke, remove all the cigar ends and ashes, then place a large bowl—washbowl—full of water in the room. By morning the water will have absorbed the smoke (if you don't believe it taste the water), and the air will be free from impurities.

This is a good lesson to us not to drink water that has stood in the house all night.

WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

In Russia and Japan They Are Praying for Peace.

Terrible as the miseries of the battle-field and the hospital, they do not equal the heart-sickening suspense which is the lot of women in time of war.

The pain which must be borne in inaction is of itself paralyzing to the will and to high resolve. A man overboard in mid-ocean, for example, suffers a fear beside which that of the battle-field is a trifle. The bravest of men, alone in the waves, will turn coward, although he may have a life-buoy and practical certainty of rescue. But the heart which faints at its own powerlessness before the great forces of nature moving remorselessly on may rise to splendid feats of bravery on the field of battle.

To women war must be always like the untamable sea—a succession of billows, rising each above the other, and each capable of engulfing the world of love and hope in its bitter depth. No woman's hand can stay them. No woman's voice can calm them. And so, on the steppes of Russia and in the villages of Japan to-day, women are praying, in strange tongues and with fantastic rites, but with a world-old mingling of cowardice and courage, of love of country and hatred of war, that the angel of peace may again fold his wings over the earth.

CAN'T MARRY THE PRINCE

LITTLE ROMANCE IN THE ROYAL CIRCLE.

Arthur of Connaught, Nephew of the King, and Lady Marjorie Manners.

Lady Marjorie Manners has been to the King. It was useless. The prettiest girl in England loves Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the King's nephew loves her, but they can't marry—Edward VII. won't have it. Everybody in and near the court circle knows the whole story. Everybody is sorry for Lady Marjorie and for Prince Arthur, too, for the poor boy is terribly smitten, and nobody can do anything. The King, usually so easy-going, was in his most stubborn mood. He gave poor Lady Marjorie to understand that there were three excellent reasons why Prince Arthur could not be permitted to marry her. Then Edward became impatient, and she went away in tears.

Prince Arthur, son of the King's eldest brother, is in the line of succession to the English throne. There is a chance, though somewhat remote, that his wife may one day be Queen of England. Therefore she must be of some blood royal. Lady Marjorie is noble by long descent, but not royal. Her father is Marquis of Granby, by courtesy—actually he is simply Sir John Manners—Lord Manners of Haddon. It does not help matters any that he is eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, or that they are descended from the famous Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall. They are only of the nobility—and a sort of self-made nobility at that.

As for Lady Marjorie's mother, the lovely and talented Marchioness of Granby, before she married Lord Manners, in 1882, she was simply Miss Violet Lindsay—with a violent attachment for art and for the theatre.

THE BLOOD ROYAL.

It is natural that you should accept this view of the matter, but of course we know better. Both Prince Arthur and Lady Marjorie, when they allowed themselves to fall in love with each other, knew very well that her lack of royal blood need not keep them apart. The present Princess of Wales, wife of the heir apparent, may become Queen of England almost any day, yet the microscope does not exist with magnifying powers sufficient to discover royal corpuscles in the blood of her father, who is simply the Duke of Teck.

The fact is that when Lady Marjorie Manners and Prince Arthur of Connaught fell in love they were perfectly well aware that marriage may make any woman eligible to be crowned an English Queen Consort, provided that marriage is sanctioned by the reigning sovereign.

And that is why Lady Marjorie finally sought and gained a personal audience with King Edward. But this was not until the King had informed Prince Arthur of at least one other objection to this marriage.

CHEVALRY OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

It is current gossip in court, and even diplomatic circles, that it was several days before the youthful but very manly Prince could bring himself to report to the woman he loved the King's objection to her. He is every inch a soldier, with all a true soldier's chivalry. He had fought bravely in the South African war—the youngest of modern English princes to take active service in the field. His courage was unquestioned, yet, when finally he went to Lady Marjorie with the news which seemed to him not only sad, but humiliating, he blushed and hung his head. He could only say that the King opposed the match, and expressed the hope that later his Majesty might change his mind.

It was not difficult for Lady Marjorie Manners to gain a private audience with King Edward, although a little more difficult upon this occasion, as Edward probably pictured himself being cross-examined by an indignant beauty, rendered persistent by a just grievance and a general consciousness of rectitude. However, the King yielded, and at first Lady Marjorie made herself most charming. It was near the end of the interview that his Majesty felt it desirable to be explicit.

"To speak very plainly, my nephew, Prince Arthur of Connaught, is not wealthy, Lady Marjorie, and I am not aware that you can promise a sufficient income—say £4,000 at least. And—er—there are other reasons—"

"Because I am not of the royal blood, your Majesty?"

"You have named another quite sufficient reason."

"And because you don't admire my dear mother?"

"We won't discuss that, Lady Marjorie," the King replied, with impatience.

KING HAS A DISLIKE.

The truth is that the still beautiful marchioness, with her enthusiasm for all that concerns the world of art and letters and her almost supercilious attitude toward all, including even royalty itself, who do not recognize the aristocracy of art, bores his Majesty. There is one thing he sticks for—the absolute social supremacy of royalty. No sovereign is more ready than he to bestow honors upon those who achieve

with distinction, but he is one of those Kings who recognize no achievement as abating one jot the supremacy of royal blood.

After all there are two ways in which those lovers may realize their hopes. While it is true that a settlement of \$20,000 a year upon Prince Arthur is beyond the present means or prospects of herself or her family, it is possible that influences may develop in this age of cordial relations between nobility and capital which will make the amount forthcoming. In this case the King will withdraw his objection to the match. He will never openly parade his dislike for the Marchioness of Granby.

Besides, how many lives are there between Prince Arthur and the throne? Far too many, apparently, to make his chance for the succession overbalance his love for Lady Marjorie. Then why should they not marry without the King's consent?

These two considerations are what is keeping this romance alive, in spite of King Edward.

SUMS PAID FOR JEWELS

A KING WHO SPENT \$5,000,000 ON BUTTONS.

Duchess of Marlborough Owns a Pearl Necklace Worth \$1,000,000.

Twenty thousand dollars for a drop-shaped pearl scarf-pin, \$15,000 for a pearl stud, \$4,900 for a coat-fastener of white bouton pearl with gold bar, \$800 for seven buttons on suite, and \$775 for a pair of brilliant sleeve-links—these are a few of the prices realized at the recent sale of a noble marquis's jewellery, and they come as a revelation to the average man who has to work twenty years for the price of a scarf-pin, says London Tit-Bits.

But, after all, everything is comparative, and the marquis's gems, rare and costly though they are, would have been quite eclipsed by Louis XIV.'s personal jewellery. The "Grand Monarque" had many crazes but for buttons he had a positive mania. In a single year, 1685, he squandered \$600,000 on them, and some of his purchases are well worth gleaning at. On August 1st, 1685, he bought two diamond buttons for 67,866 fr., and seventy-five diamond buttons for 586,703 fr. The buttons for a single vest cost Louis \$200,000. Of the 354 "buttonnières" used 162 contained five diamonds each, while the remainder were single diamonds. In all, the "Great Monarch" is said to have spent \$5,000,000 on buttons alone.

Few things are more astonishing to those who cannot afford such extravagances as costly jewels than the enormous sums paid for pearls. The Duchess of Marlborough has among her countless jewels a string, two yards long, of perfectly matched, and at the same time almost matchless, pearls, once the property of Catherine of Russia. Some of the pearls, for which the whole world was ransacked, are half an inch in diameter, and the value of the necklace is estimated at \$1,000,000. More astonishing still was the price paid some time ago by M. Tavarnier for a single pearl which was the property of an Arab merchant. M. Tavarnier travelled to Africa in the hope of buying the jewel for \$125,000 at the outside; but before it became his property he had to hand over no less than \$550,000. The pearl is the largest and most perfect in the world.

The Shah is owner of a pearl valued at \$500,000; and another, worth \$225,000, is in the casket of a Russian Princess. The Countess Henckell has many lovely jewels, but the gem of them all is a triple necklace of pearls for which \$250,000 was paid. One of the necklaces was purchased from a Spanish gentleman for \$60,000; another once adorned the neck of the Queen of Naples; and the third, valued at \$100,000, was part of the State jewellery of the Empress Eugenie. The late Empress Frederick of Germany used to wear a pearl necklace worth at least, according to experts, \$250,000; and a few years ago another necklace, composed of eight rows of 412 pearls the property of the late Duchess of Montrose, was sold by auction for \$52,100.

Queen Alexandra, Lady Feo Sturt, the Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Colgate, who married the late Lord Strafford, are all possessors of pearls the value of which must run into tens of thousands of dollars; and Queen Margherita of Italy has a most remarkable collection, numerous enough to make a rope at least 30 feet long, and each pearl perfect in shape, lustre, and matching.

But, enormously valuable as some pearls are, they must yield the palm of costliness to diamonds. For one of his many brilliants the Rajah of Mattan once refused an offer of \$155,000, two war-ships fully equipped, and a large quantity of ammunition; the Hope diamond, an exquisite blue gem, is worth at least \$100,000; the Empress Catherine paid Count Orloff \$500,000 for the stone which is known as his name; and the Florentine diamond, which was once sold by a Swiss pikeman, who had found it on the battlefield of Gran-son, for a few coppers, is worth \$600,000; while the value of other historic stones, the Braganza, Regent, Koh-i-Noor, and so on, range up to \$5,000,000.

As much as \$40,000 has been paid for an engagement ring—the ring given to Miss Fair by her millionaire fiancé. And a wonderful ring it is, with its single diamond so large that its owner has to have a hole cut in the finger of her glove when she wears it. Mrs. Celia Wallace is the proud owner of a necklace of black diamonds, the fruit of eighteen years' collection in all parts of the world. The necklace is composed of fourteen pendants, hung on a fine platinum chain. Each pendant has a black diamond centre set around with a row of steel-white diamonds. Between each pair of pendants is a single white brilliant "hanging like a pierced dewdrop," while directly over the larger pendant is a nine-carat white Indian diamond for which alone Mrs. Wallace paid \$6,000.

But one of the finest and costliest diamond ornaments in the world is that owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda—a magnificent collar of 500 diamonds, many as large as walnuts, arranged in five rows, edged by two rows of enormous emeralds. From this dazzling collar hangs as pendant the famous "Star of the South" diamond, the largest and purest stone ever found in Brazil.

TICKETS AT ANY PRICE.

What Japanese Railway Trains Are Like.

The railway traveler in Japan buys a first, second or third class ticket; or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him simply to stand on the platform. Many of the cars can be entered either from the side or the end. The principal difference between the first and second-class coaches is the color or the upholstery. None of the cars are very clean. Many of the third-class coaches could serve, without much alteration, as ordinary pigsties. This is all the more remarkable when the incomparable cleanliness of the Japanese home life, even of the humblest, is taken into consideration. An explanation of this may be that the Japanese have little regard for the cleanliness of any place where they keep their shoes or clogs on. The European room, for example, which has been established in a few Japanese homes, is the only apartment in the whole house that is not kept scrupulously swept, dusted, oiled and burnished. So, too, with the Japanese inns. Those that are maintained in native style are sweet and clean; those that have become Europeanized are usually littered with cigaret stumps, fruit peelings and cores and other debris.

A Pullman, with its crowded and unavoidable intimacies, is a decent and polite hermitage compared with a packed coach in Japan. All sorts of unexpected things happen. Daring ablutions are performed and complete change of raiment is frequently effected, the constantly recurring tenets serving to screen the astonishing character of these programs.

The floor of third-class coaches is an unswept riot of the flotsam and jetsam that usually follows in the wake of certain kinds of human craft the world over. A Bowery picnic crowd abandoned to peanuts, popcorn, bananas, never marked a more conspicuous trail than a lot of Japanese peasants on route. Only, with the Japanese, it is all a very solemn affair. Travel seems to afford fitting opportunity to discard all kinds of personal wreckage. All forms of abandoned odds and ends of things begin to identify the itinerary from the very start. Of course, the foreign traveler who wades through this car-strewn waste does so to gain experience. It is not a pursuit of happiness.

TALKING AT MEAL-TIMES.

The old theory that it was rude to talk at meal-times, which has come down to us from our ancestors, seems to have received a severe shock, according to a medical man. "Make sure, in partaking of hospitality," he says, "that you are able to discharge the obligations it imposes. Hunt out conversational coin from the crannies of your brain." I know a family in which, from the youngest child to the eldest, each member is required to contribute something to general conversation at meal-times. They have never been allowed to regard this as a mere stop for stoking the physical engine, to be made as brief as possible. Each treasures up some incident of the day; no one forgets that he has met an old friend, or even watched a fire-engine, and the excitement it aroused. "They have become more observant; their sense of humor is sharpened in little street comedies because of the applause of the family circle. They are always sure of a friendly interest in their individual adventures and misadventures. They all keep in touch with each others' pursuits. Meal-times are not dull in that family. The mind, as well as the body, is refreshed."

Professor Ooston says that future scientists will place the evils of sugar glutony on a pedestal as conspicuous as the drink question, as causing a deterioration of individuals and races.

Portly Dame (with the aid of her maid, struggling into her last season's winter jacket)—"Why, Jane, I really believe this thing has shrunk!" Jane—"Yes, m'm; it is really wonderful how clothes do shrink at your time of life."