

The Home

SELECTED RECIPES.

Dates for the Lunch Basket.—Dates make an appreciated addition to the lunch basket, either plain or stuffed. They must, however, be washed and well washed; then they may be dried so as not to be sticky to handle. One of the daintiest ways to prepare them is to steam them after washing until they swell, then roll in granulated sugar. Or cut open on one side with a penknife, remove the stone, and replace with salted nuts or fondant.

New Way to Cook Peas.—Use either new green peas or canned. To the latter this method will add a delightful flavor, which will make them seem as good as the new. Drain the peas into a saucepan and cook them gently about ten or fifteen minutes with a small onion and a tiny bunch of fresh mint. Remove onion and mind and season the peas with salt, pepper and butter and a little rich cream if you wish.

Stewed Rhubarb.—A nice dish for dessert. Slice the peel of one large orange into thin strips and cook until tender in a rich syrup. Remove them and put in one layer of rhubarb cut into three lengths and stew gently until soft, but not to break. When clear, skim out and cook another layer; do this until all the rhubarb is cooked. Put into a shallow, clear glass dish and garnish with puff paste, cut in fanciful shape.

Rhubarb Shortcake.—Make a rich shortcake; split it open, butter and spread with sweetened rhubarb stewed in a double boiler without a drop of water added. Garnish with whipped cream and serve warm.

Sour Cream Dainties.—In every family where cream is used there will be small quantities left, perhaps only a tablespoonful. Hoard it up and you can make some toothsome dishes. In our family a sour cream filling for layer cake is most welcome. A cup of sour cream and one of granulated sugar are blended and put over the fire. When it will harden in water it is removed and beaten until of the right consistency to spread. This filling has a flavor peculiar to itself and quite agreeable. Nuts and raisins are sometimes added. A nice pudding is made by beating sour cream, adding sugar to taste and flavoring with lemon or vanilla.

Sardine Canapes.—Cut thin bread into crescents and toast them. The crescent is the true canape shape. Flake sardines fine with a fork, work into them a teaspoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a pinch of salt, and four or five drops of tabasco sauce. Spread the toast first with butter, then with the sardine mixture, place on a tin plate, cover and set into the oven until very hot.

Cheese Canapes.—Cut stale bread half an inch thick into crescent shapes, dip each piece into melted butter, roll in grated parmesan cheese, and cover one side of the bread with grated cheese and chopped ham, mixed in equal parts. Set the canapes in the oven, brown lightly, and serve.

Cream Pie.—Line a large granite pie plate with rich pastry; bake. Filling—One pint of thick sweet cream, whipped to stiff froth, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, and three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Fill crust; dot with blackberry jelly.

Fried Cabbage.—Select a nice big cabbage; chop it very fine. Put into a frying pan two or three slices of salt pork; fry until done, then turn in the chopped cabbage, sprinkle with a little salt, and fry slowly until done.

Peach Cream.—One can of peaches, one cupful of sugar, one ounce of gelatine, half a cupful of cold water, one pint of cream. Soak the gelatine in cold water and whip the cream. Mash and sift a pint can of peaches, using juice and fruit, and stew with a cupful of sugar. Add the dissolved gelatine, and when cool stir in the whipped cream. Mold.

Beaten Biscuits.—One pint of flour, one cup of water, one teaspoonful of salt. Mix into a stiff dough, transfer to a floured block of wood, and beat with a rolling pin steadily for ten minutes, shifting the dough often and turning it over several times. In the olden days half an hour was the regulation time, but ten minutes are enough if one has a strict eye to business. Cut into round cakes, prick with a straw, and bake in a brisk oven. Some housewives add a tablespoonful of butter.

Wax Beans.—An English recipe for serving wax beans is novel. Cut the beans breadthwise in half or quarter-inch pieces and boil in salted water. Drain well and prepare the following sauce: Make a roux with equal quantities of flour and butter, add salt and pepper and a cupful of sour cream. Add the beans and allow them to boil up once, stirring all the time. If no sour cream is at hand sweet cream or rich sweet milk with a few drops of lemon juice will serve.

ON FURNISHING A HOME.

"Allow twice as much money as you expect you will need for furnishing and home-making, and be ready to spend a lump sum above that," advised an old housewife. "In a home you always want a hundred and one things that no one would ever dream of putting down in the furniture lists, and which always swallow up a lot of money."

"Whether you have much or little money, never attempt to get more than the necessities at first. Wait until you are inside your home; then you will know what sort of pictures, hangings and nick-nacks you would like to invite to come and pass their life near you."

"Harmony is the one absolutely necessary thing in a home, and this applies just as much to the decoration of it as to the spirit of the folk who live in it."

"The wrong sort of pictures or curtains in a room is quite enough to make the occupants feel ill at ease without exactly knowing why. Don't forget when getting a home together that good taste is worth far more than golden mouldings. A piece of cretonne in harmonious colorings is far more beautiful than a costly silk that is out of keeping with the remainder of the room."

"And, above all, when you are making a home, steer straight for comfort. You will have to live in it, while a stranger will only glance occasionally into it. And to sacrifice a thoroughly cozy lounge where a tired man can throw his weary limbs, or that invites the exhausted housewife to take a refreshing nap, to sacrifice this for some piece of furniture that may look smarter when a visitor calls is the height of folly. Because it is an error that anxious beginners often fall into, take warning."

A BEAUTIFUL IMPRESSION.

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd call again.

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. H.—
"Oh, I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H.—, "so we could know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

To Clean Lacquered Silver.—Make a strong solution of hot water and washing powder, put the articles that are tarnished into it, and cook on the stove until bright.

The pineapple's crown should be twisted off if the fruit is not to be used at once, as these leaves, if left on the fruit after it is ripe, will absorb both flavor and juice.

The mixing pan can be quickly cleaned if a little boiling water is poured into it for a few minutes and a close cover put over. The steam softens the dried dough so that it will readily wash off.

YIELDING A POINT.

It was 5 p.m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Lauray.

"Good-bye, darling," he said, fondly, as they stood at the front door. "Good-bye, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-bye."
"Good-bye."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling!" she said, clinging to him almost fiercely. "Who knows, my own, what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Oh, George, my love, say that you will come back to me—to your own little loving Lillian, George; the same beautiful and brave George you have always been."

"Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George."

"Oh, darling," she said, strong in the faith which women have, "I do trust you. How could I love you so if I did not?" and she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian, my own."

"But when, George? When?" she asked, anxiously.

"At eight this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his strong arms tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "I will make it 7.30!"

And it came to pass as he had spoken.

Follies of life are the amusements we don't care for.

Make the best of the troubles you have and don't hunt more.

MANY SECRET SOCIETIES

HOW THEY ARE WORKING IN RUSSIA.

Literature of the Different Bodies Issued by Their Own Presses.

Nowadays one reads so much about imaginary Russian secret societies that I think it is time to write showing the real state of affairs in Russia, so far as the revolutionary movement is concerned. As for the secret societies I have been reading about almost daily in various papers no Russian revolutionary committee is aware of their existence, writes a "member of a Russian revolutionary committee" in the London Standard. I had recently the opportunity of verifying the statements of a person who claims to have been in close touch with the revolutionary movement and gives himself the tone of authority, with the result that I found that he was unknown to any revolutionary organization in Russia. Cases like this are frequently met with, and confiding American and English public are easily led to believe all the horrors of these organizations, which really are worthy of sensational fiction writers alone.

We have in Russia no recognized anarchist organization. Of course there are many individual Anarchists but these have never been responsible for anything considered to be a revolutionary character, except that they sometimes commit crimes of purely criminal character, at which every revolutionist shudders with disgust. Nor do these people represent the Russian revolutionary spirit. Revolutionists in Russia are not in league with Anarchists, but if an Anarchist is in difficulties he will be HELPED OUT OF THEM.

At present there are twenty-one revolutionary societies in Russia, which have divisions, and subdivisions, scattered throughout the empire of the Czar. The following are their names:

- 1.—The Russian Social-Democratic Labor party.
 2. The Socialist-Revolutionist party.
 3. The Polish Socialist party.
 4. The Jewish General Labor Federation.
 5. The Social Democratic party of Lithuania and Poland.
 6. The Polish "Proletariat" Socialist party.
 7. The Social Democratic party of Lithuania.
 8. The Latish Social Democratic Labor Federation.
 9. The Latish Social Democratic Federation.
 10. The Labor party of Finland.
 11. The Ukrami Socialist Federation.
 12. The Ukrami Revolutionary Federation.
 13. The Socialist Revolutionist Federalists' party of Georgia.
 14. The Armenian Social Democratic Labor party.
 15. The Socialist Gromada of White Russia.
 16. The Union of Freedom (Russian Constitutionalists' party).
 17. The National League of Poland.
 18. The Executive of the Active Committee of Finland.
 19. The Armenian Revolutionary Federation.
 20. The "Islam" League of Caucasus, Transcaucasus, Transcaspia and Crimea.
 21. The "Pan Islam" League.
- The above societies control the whole of the population of Russia, and their delegates met last year in Paris to consider means of overthrowing the existing government, and the result of that conference was the present internal disturbances in Russia.

Every one of these societies has its headquarters, as a rule, in prominent towns of Russia, under the nose of the police, whose efforts in endeavoring to find their whereabouts have always been abortive. Apart from this, they have representatives in almost

EVERY CAPITAL OF EUROPE, and some of them are officially recognized by certain European Powers, whose names I am not at liberty to disclose.

Quite lately, St. Petersburg representatives of certain Powers were informed of the intended strike and demonstration that took place there, also of its objects and aims. Every one of these societies has its branches and sub-branches everywhere, which are known under various names, such as "Dagonet," "The Ballet," "The Thunder," "The Lightning," etc. Every society is composed of an executive or active committee, with a president and vice-president, approved by general members, though elected only by the members of the so-called "inner circle."

Every society possesses its own press and newspaper. Most of these secret presses are in Russia itself, though enormous quantities of revolutionary literature are published abroad and smuggled into Russia. But experience has shown that it is better to publish all their literature at home rather than abroad, owing to the risks and difficulties of smuggling it. There are secret presses in almost every important town of Russia, though Southern Russia has more than any other part of the empire. There are even villages where a great deal of secret printing is done. The Russian secret police are baffled by the secret presses and the circulation of revolutionary literature. The means of these societies are

derived from voluntary contributions and subscriptions, from the sale of literature and from "at homes" or amateur theatricals, organized under some charitable guise. Often it happens that these societies receive anonymous donations in cash—that is, banknotes or gold, owing to the strict surveillance of the banks, which have to furnish lists of checks received and drawn and details connected with them.

Every society publishes a yearly balance sheet, in which particulars of expenditure to the last farthing are given, and these documents are duly certified by the members of the executive. The funds are used in forming workmen's unions, in organizing new divisions, in maintaining secret presses and in keeping propagandists, who otherwise have

NO INDEPENDENT MEANS. Broadly speaking, a revolutionist rarely takes advantage of the funds of the society; on the contrary, he contributes himself toward them, if he can, sometimes even sacrificing the most essential necessities of life to enable him to do so.

The methods of revolutionary propaganda are various. The educated and literate classes are approached through the newspapers of the society and revolutionary pamphlets, sent through the post under sealed cover, and even sometimes registered. In these papers no Russian address is given, but a Continental one, in order to mislead the police. I remember a case which happened in London several years ago. The Russian police were anxious to know who was the real editor or publisher of a certain paper, so one day a Russian agent called at the address given in the paper and requested to see so and so. He was shown into the room and fairly staggered on seeing his brother, who was engaged in commerce.

On being questioned, the agent pulled out of his pocket the paper and showed the name and address of his own brother, who really had no knowledge of the matter, and could not account for it. However, after many years it was found out that his servant girl was the agent of the revolutionary party, and received all letters without the knowledge of her master and forwarded them to the proper quarters. This servant girl was the daughter of a Russian general. She is now back in Russia, and working among her Russian sisters.

Cipher is used to a great extent in private correspondence, and no three revolutionists can understand the same cipher, it being always limited to two of them only. Recently many letters were seized by the Russian police, who offered several hundred pounds to have them read, but unsuccessfully. No figures are used in such ciphers, but letters of a certain language, while each letter denotes a given letter of

ANOTHER LANGUAGE.

However easy it may have been to approach the educated and literate classes, on the other hand, great difficulty is exercised in approaching the illiterate classes and peasantry, numbering more than thirteen million families.

Having always had in view the religious prejudice and the superstitious awe with which these classes regard the State and the Church, it was decided to approach them under such guises as were calculated to appeal to them. Therefore, self-sacrificing propagandists with university educations donned the garb of the priest to go forth and administer both to the soul and the body of their fellow creatures; others became plain peasants, soldiers and officers in the army, sailors in the navy, public notaries for the villages, policemen, publicans, tramps.

In fact, every imaginable guise that could be thought of these champions of liberty have adopted for the purpose of approaching their fellow countrymen belonging to the lowest strata of Russian society, to awaken in them the instinct of individuality which has been dead, owing to centuries of continual suppression and slavery. I may say that these propagandists were not disappointed in their expectations. Thanks to their efforts, to-day you will not find one single peasant who does not understand the rottenness of the present monarchical regime.

Among such propagandists there are many priests like Gapon, many bishops, and even archbishops. Then I know captains, colonels, superior commanding officers in the army who are propagandists, and whose whole regiments are revolutionists. I know many doctors, lawyers and engineers who have sacrificed brilliant careers for the sake of their country and countrymen. These are not confined to the middle and lower classes only. There are our agents in the Palace of the Czar, among the highest society of Russian aristocracy, among the Ministries—men who occupy high and exalted positions—all members of one or another revolutionary society.

LAND LOST.

Great Britain lost 148,906 acres between 1867 and 1880 by the encroachment of the sea, and 29,155 acres between 1880 and 1890. A survey in the reign of Edward I. gave the Duchy of Cornwall 1,500,000 acres, but the Ordnance Survey some years ago showed that this had been reduced to 829,500 acres. Villages have disappeared in the ocean, as in the case of Dunwich, of which nothing remains but a ruined church on the edge of a cliff.

MEN OF VERY MANY WIVES

STRANGE DESTINY GAVE SEVERAL HELPMATES.

One Man Led No Fewer Than Twenty-Five Women to the Altar

Two old records exist, of which one could wish for fuller details. One contained in the register of Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, makes mention of Thomas Watson, who on April 23rd, 1678, buried his eighth wife. The other, alluded to in "Notes and Queries," refers to James Gay, who died at Bordeaux on April 28th, 1772, after having, in the course of a life of 101 years, espoused no fewer than sixteen wives.

Herr Gruhn, of Berlin, espoused two months since his ninth wife. He is still barely fifty, and his matrimonial experiences have been contained within the comparatively short space of thirty years. In no instance has a married spell lasted over three years—his first wife, whose married life was longer than that of any of her successors, dying within one month of the third anniversary of her wedding day. Herr Gruhn is said to be a most affectionate and in every way a model husband.

Well cared for by his twelfth wife, Mr. Zerard Pomeroy is spending the evening of his days at his home at Middlefield, Connecticut. As far back as 1833, when only in his twentieth year, Mr. Pomeroy launched forth on

A MATRIMONIAL VENTURE.

His first wife died in a few months, and within a year he was married again. The second Mrs. Pomeroy was equally short lived, and the widower appeared for the third time at the altar with a lady who shortly afterwards disappeared. Then ensued a series of marriages, all of which terminated in the divorce court, so that at one time Mr. Pomeroy had six wives living. He married the lady who is now his wife when in his eighty-ninth year.

As a husband M. Jean Boulanger, of Rouen, who died a year or so since could not be regarded in the light of a mascot. His eight wives all came to untimely ends. His first was drowned, his second was killed in a railway accident, his third and fifth were burnt to death, his fourth mysteriously disappeared, his sixth was accidentally poisoned, his seventh succumbed to small-pox caught while nursing a sister who was ill with that disease, while his eighth, who survived him caught a cold attending his funeral, and in less than a month was herself

BOARNE TO THE GRAVE.

Fifteen wives was the tale matrimonial of an Italian workman named Chicodo, who died lately near Milan in his ninetieth year. How his wives—of whom he married the first when seventeen and the last when eighty-eight years of age—met their death is not recorded, so it may be presumed they died from natural causes.

Strange as it may seem, there existed in England until quite lately a regular community of Bluebirds. In the Essex Marshes it was no uncommon thing to meet men who had married from six to twelve wives. Occasionally that number was far exceeded, as it was by a native of Canvey Island, a man who had led no fewer than twenty-five different women to the altar, while his son, who was only thirty-five, had been wedded fourteen times.

These marsh men invariably married girls from the neighboring uplands, who, unacclimatized to the marsh damps and vapor, usually sickened and died in a few months, leaving their husbands free to select other unimpaired brides, a proceeding that in some cases was almost annually repeated.—London Tit-Bits.

CHINESE COTTON WORKERS.

The working day in Chinese cotton mills lasts thirteen and a half hours, night shifts working ten hours. From an economical point of view it is said to be better to confine the hands to day work only, and but few mills work day and night throughout the year. As is not unreasonably to be expected, there is a slight falling off in efficiency during the summer months. Many mills in Shanghai pay by piece-work, and the wages earned amount to about 12c per day.

NOVEL OYSTER PARTIES.

Oyster parties are the great diversion of the Spanish gentlemen who pay family visits to Vigo. The party goes out in a large flat-bottomed boat. Then the oysters are fished up opened, and eaten on the spot, and a prize goes to the guest who can show most shells at the end of the day. In excuse, it may be said that the Vigo oyster is small, for a prize-winner will sometimes show as many as 200 shells.

The man who was ill had called in his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property." The solicitor held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he. "Leave that all to me." The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."