

THE HOME.

Seasonable Topics.

At this season rhubarb comes into market, and is often welcomed, not so much because of its fine flavor as because it is the first green thing that appears and offers itself in apology for the dearth of fresh fruit. Properly prepared this commonplace herb is thoroughly delicious. The great mistake generally made is to peel it. It should never be peeled, as the finest flavor of the stalk is in the red peel. The peel melts away in the process of cooking and leaves no vestige of itself, except the delicious flavor and fine color which it imparts to the sauce or pie. Simply wash the stalks, trimming them at the root and cutting off the leaves. Cut each stalk in pieces about an inch long. To a pound of rhubarb add a pound of sugar. Put the rhubarb and sugar in a covered earthen pipkin. Set it on the back of the stove, and when the sugar melts it will draw the juices out of the stalks; then pull the pipkin forward. Do not add water, but depend upon the juice of the rhubarb to cook it in. When it is perfectly tender turn it out in a preserve dish and let it cool rapidly. It will not take over an hour and a half from the time it is put over the fire to the time it is well cooked.

A rhubarb pie made of fresh rhubarb that has not been peeled is entirely different in flavor from one made, as this pie too often is, of a pasty mixture of stewed rhubarb, flour and eggs. Make enough nice pastry to line and cover a tin pie-plate. The pie-plates perforated at the bottom are an improvement on those not perforated, because the heat reaches the undercrust more directly. Line a pie-plate with paste. Fill the pie with enough rhubarb cut in quarter-inch slices, to which sugar has been added in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to a pound of rhubarb. Mix the rhubarb and sugar thoroughly together before putting them in the pie. When the pie is filled, leave an inch vacant all around the rim for the juice to boil into. Moisten the edge of the under crust with the white of an egg, and put on the cover at once. There should be several incisions in the centre of the cover of about half an inch each in length to allow for the escape of the steam. Press the cover lightly around the edge. Egg the upper crust lightly with the white of an egg; a brush is very convenient for this purpose and costs but a trifle. Put the pie in a very hot oven for ten minutes, then reduce the heat by turning off the dampers and bake it from forty to fifty minutes longer. When it is done sprinkle it with powdered sugar and set it back in the oven to stand for two or three minutes till the sugar melts to a glaze.

"Sucre a la Creme" is one of those delicious confections that originated among the inhabitants of French Canada. It is one of many dishes that are the result of the culinary skill of the pioneer French housewives, who adapted to their uses the various materials which they found in the country of their adoption. "Sucre a la creme" is made of maple sugar and sweet cream boiled together till the mixture is about the consistency of caramel candy. Break a pound of maple sugar in bits and add a pint of cream. Stir the sugar and cream together till the sugar melts and let the mixture boil for one hour rapidly. Then test it by dropping a little into a glass of ice-cold water. If it is of waxy consistency and moderately firm it is done; if it is soft and sticky it requires to be cooked longer. The time of cooking depends entirely upon the rapidity with which the sugar is boiled and the amount of moisture in the maple sugar. Some maple sugar will require to boil an hour and a half or longer.

When the mixture is done pour it out into well-buttered tin pans. Unless the pans are new and bright, spread them with paper which has been well-buttered or with confectioners' waxed paper. It should be somewhat thicker than a caramel, and when it is cooled should be cut into squares like caramels. It is so soft that when packed in a box each candy must be done up in waxed papers like French confection. Canadian butternuts chopped moderately fine and stirred into the "sucre a la creme" just before taking it off the fire is said to be a good addition. English walnuts or hickory nuts may be used in place of butternuts if the latter cannot be obtained.

Good housekeepers need to be reminded that in all the range of cookery there is no more delicious and simple dessert than a properly made minute pudding. It requires more than a minute to compound it, but it is easily ruined by a moment's delay or neglect.

To make it set a quart of perfectly fresh, rich milk over the fire to boil. When it is boiling stir in five large tablespoonfuls of flour, which has been beaten to a smooth light batter with a cup of cold milk reserved from the quart put over to boil. Add an even teaspoonful of salt to this batter, and stir the mixture slowly into the boiling milk. It is better to have some one turn the batter in while you stir the pudding. This is the critical point when it is easy to scorch the pudding or let it become lumpy by careless mixture of the ingredients. The saucepan which it is in can be set in boiling water as soon as the flour is added, but up to this time it is better not to use a double boiler, as rapid cooking and the direct heat of the stove are required. Let the pudding cook five minutes more after this stirring it often. At the end of this time add three well-beaten eggs and let it cook three minutes more, stirring it well all the time, and it is done. Serve it as soon as possible.

There are several delicious sauces to use with this pudding. One is a cold sauce made of a cup of mashed strawberries mixed into half a cup of butter and a cup of powdered sugar beaten to a cream. Let this sauce be ice-cold when served. Another sauce is made of a cup of rich cream and half a pound of maple sugar melted together to a syrup and boiled ten minutes. The old-fashioned sauce always served with this dessert, however, was a liquid wine sauce. To make this boil ten tablespoonfuls of water for ten minutes with half a cup of sugar melted into it to make a syrup. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of fresh butter, then add a wine-glass of sherry or Madeira and serve it at once.

A Spring-Time Favorite.

Asparagus, the most tempting of earl-vegetables, delicate in flavor and rich in medicinal virtues, comes to us in the opening Spring time.

The London market gardeners have brought asparagus to a higher state of perfection than it has yet been brought to in

this country. We are told by reliable authorities that three heads of the London plant will often weigh a pound.

Asparagus, when properly cooked, is one of the daintiest of dishes. The French method of cooking it is highly esteemed. Here is the French formula:

Leave about two inches of the heads out of the water, which the steam will cook. They form the tenderest part of the plant, while the hard, stalky part becomes soft and juicy by the longer boiling which this plant permits.

Boil thirty or forty minutes, and the stalk will be deliciously tender. Serve with cream dressing.

A Few Don'ts For Family Use.

Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a merry heart should shake down some of the dusty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in the work is begun that ends in reckless degradation.

Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they don't have it at their own hearthstone it will be sought at other, and perhaps at less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of a home blots out many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle. Put home first and foremost, for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you will "long for a touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden to make each other happy.

Feeding Fiery Monsters in the Stoke-Hole.

In the stoke-hole, of the ocean greyhound, one leaves behind the formal and mathematical, and sees the picturesque with all its dirt unvarnished, with all its din and clangor unsubdued. Under the splintering silver of the electric lamps cones of light illuminate great spaces garishly and leave others in unbroken masses of shadow. Through bulk-head doors the red and gold of the furnaces chequer the reeking floor, and the tremulous roar of the caged fires dominates the sibilant splutter of the steam. Figures nearly naked, gritty and black with coal, and pasty with ashes, and soaked with sweat, come and go in the blazing light and in the half gloom, and seem like nightmares from fantastic tales of demonology.

When the furnace-doors are opened, thirsty tongues of fire gush out, blue spirals of gas spin and reel over the bubbling mass of fuel, and great sheets of flame suck half-burnt carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted heads and smoking bodies the stokers shoot their slice-bars through the melting hillocks, and twist and turn them until they undulate like serpents. The iron tools blister their hands, the roaring furnaces sear their bodies; their chests heave like those of spent swimmers, their eyes tingle in parched sockets—but work they must, there is no escape, no holiday in this maddening limbo. Steam must be kept up, or perhaps a cruel record must be lowered. Facing the furnaces, the hollow upscoping of the stoker's shovel echoes stridently on the iron floor, and these speed-makers pile coal on coal until the fire fairly riots, and, half blinded, they stagger backward for a cooling respite. But it is only a moment at the best, for their taskmasters watch and drive them, and the tale of furnaces must do its stint. The noise and uproar are deafening; coal-trimmers trundle their barrows unceasingly from bunker to stoke-hole, or, if the ship's motion be too great for the wheels, carry it in baskets, and during the four long hours there is no rest for those who labor here.

The Camphor Tree.

One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches the soil of China, more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, according to the testimony of learned Chinese mandarins, has been known to attain a height of 300 feet and a girth measurement of 80 feet. The trees seldom grow on uplands, but are to be found in abundance on the banks of many of the larger streams. Lord Amherst's embassy reports the average height of camphor trees at from 50 to 70 feet, with a stem circumference of 20 to 35 feet. Besides yielding the camphor gum of commerce, this valuable tree is the principal timber wood of the celestial empire, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood when dry is of a light yellow color, and, although light and easy to work, is durable and not likely to be injured by insects.

A Song of May.

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing

A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and the butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out

To see what the trouble was all about;
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young
May.

—[May St. Nicholas.

The Wisconsin State Normal School at Whitewater was damaged by fire Monday about \$15,000.

Kinicaid St., Brockville, Ont., Jan. 11, 1889: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgia toothache. I would not be without it." Mrs. J. KINGLAND.

PLON-PLON'S LIFE.

A Man of Extraordinary Gifts, but a Failure Because He Lacked Moral Sense.

The coupe d'etat of 1851 almost coincided with the laying of the first submarine telegraph which connected Calais and Dover. The great duke of Wellington and a party of ladies went down from Walmar castle to see the exchange of opening messages. Prince Jerome Napoleon had died at Rome this week just as Paris and London were about to speak to each other by telephone for the first time, says a Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune. The death of the prince has aroused retrospective interest. He was a man of extraordinary gifts, but a failure, because in some things he wanted moral sense, could not sacrifice his fleshly lusts, and had a despotic will which generally showed itself in an offensive, overbearing manner. He inherited this will and his rude, tyrannical temper from the Bonapartes on the one side and from the Gulphs, Brandenburgs, and Wurtemburgs on the other for he was in an equal degree descended on his mother's side from George II. of Great Britain and from the eccentric king of Prussia, who used to cane his courtiers and even his wife and daughters. Queen Catherine of Westphalia, wife of Jerome Bonaparte, was a daughter of the princess Charlotte Augusta of Brunswick, whose mother was Princess Augusta of Wales, sister of George III., and whose sister was Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. Queen Catherine's father, the king of Wurtemberg, married, after the death of his first wife, the princess royal of Great Britain, a kindly, unaffected soul, who tried to counteract his sordid and harsh character. He was said to be the fattest man in Europe, as he was certainly the strongest. A semi-circle was cut into the part of the dinner-table before which he habitually sat to enable him to get conveniently near the viands. He had a despotic temper, and was famous for his plain speech. The Brunswick temper showed itself in Prince Napoleon. His great-grandfather, the duke of Brunswick, who was shot at Jena, was personally one of the bravest men that ever lived, and never in war avoided a bullet, he having a presentiment that he was to be killed by a musket-ball. He was when command leonine. But when in command and the onus of starting out on a course of his own fell upon him, he was hesitating, and when the time came for him to act he did not do so.

Prince Napoleon posted as an advanced democrat from 1848 to December, 1851. He belonged to the extreme democratic opposition, was the intimate friend of Victor Hugo and his sons, visited the latter when they were in prison for a given offense, offered to go himself and sit behind a table on the most public of the boulevards to offer their prohibited papers for sale, and on the night of the fateful Dec. 3 called on Victor Hugo to urge him to make a counter coup d'etat and to save Louis Napoleon and the name of Bonaparte from being eventually exterminated and put to shame. He knew a republican police commissioner and two generals. They would carry, if Vicar Hugo told them to do so, the war into the palace of the Elysee, which was only thinking how to attack, and not anticipating an invasion of the palace, had not made ready to defend it. Prince Napoleon talked also of issuing a manifesto and getting himself arrested. But all his purpose oozed out and he became a general of division and privy councillor and accepted a pension of 1,000,000 francs a year of the emperor. Had he had the constancy to go into exile and stay there in poverty he might have died in the Tuileries instead of in a hotel at Rome.

Prince Napoleon received a military training in the school of Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart. When he was 18 his cousin, Sophy of Wurtemberg, was married to the prince of Orange, later William III. of the Netherlands. A sermon followed the nuptial ceremony. The preacher dwelt upon the services of the house of Orange to Europe in their struggle against Bonaparte, and of the noble example of military bravery which the royal bridegroom's father gave in fighting the hordes of France at Waterloo. Prince Napoleon, as nephew of the king, was in a foremost place. He started up and said:

"Is it possible that the minister of France sits here quietly when such things are said. Since he does not get up and leave, I go away."

As he afterward confessed himself in love with the bride, he was perhaps glad of the opportunity to burst out. She remained his friend to the end of her sad life. A week never passed over in which she did not write to him. M. Renan saw part of her correspondence, and thinks that should it be published it will form one of the most interesting books ever published.

The king of Wurtemberg forgave his nephew and made him an allowance of 30,000 francs a year. But in 1848 the prince wrote to him a letter signed "Citizen Charles Napoleon Bonaparte." This so scandalized the court of Wurtemberg that the pension was withdrawn. The king wrote to his democratic relative that a "citizen" ought to live by the sweat of his brow and should be ashamed to live the life of a parasite. Possibly had the 30,000 francs been continued Citizen Bonaparte might have followed Victor Hugo into exile. But he had not a cent that he could call his own, and in future depended on his father, sister, and cousin. The father was named governor of the invalides, custodian of the grave of Napoleon, and a marshal of France, and received after the coup d'etat a pension of 1,500,000 francs. Before the coup d'etat the czar insisted on the Princess Mathilde allowing him 50,000 francs a year out of the pension which the czar ordered Prince Demidoff to pay her—an order coupled with the condition that he was never to go within 200 miles of the place where she lived.

Prince Napoleon had some fine virtues. He had a horror of jobbery. Though he lived when young on women, he was never known to come by money dishonestly. His opportunities to rob on a gigantic scale under the empire were endless. It is certain that he did not profit by them, and he was fiercely the enemy of any public servant to whose hands the money of the state stuck. He was a kind, obliging friend, and constantly used his influence to save from prison men who wrote too freely for the papers. Another virtue was the love of material order. He was physically brave, and had the kind of courage which shows itself in plain, frank speech. His political ideal was democratic republicanism. His two sons were taught by him that they had no right to any public distinctions, but because of their name many duties. There never was a more perseveringly studious man. His knowledge was encyclopedic. A masterpiece of literature

was his report on the universal exhibition of 1845, of which he was the president, and it was he who planned the exhibition of 1867, an oval construction, in which nationalities were classed at the circumference and exhibitors according to the radius. His speeches were powerful and closely reasoned. His mind was singularly original and modern in its conceptions. Nobody hated war more than this nephew of the great Napoleon, who was at once his image and his worshiper. He was not irreligious, for he firmly believed in God, in God's overruling providence, and in the absolute need of truth and honesty, both in the relations of individuals and nations. But he had no patience with clericalism, or anything that struck him as being superstitious. His poor wife suffered greatly from this. She was really a saint, but narrow-minded, shy, proud, and convent-bred.

The enmity between the Empress Eugenie and Prince Napoleon was ever active. He had flirted with her in his coarse way at Madrid when he was sent there in 1849 as ambassador, and reminded her of it at a grand dinner at Compiègne, when he saw that she and her mother were determined on her being empress. After she had a sou she affected to regard him as a would-be Richard III., and after the Princess Clotilde bore him two sons, and the health of the prince imperial began to run down, he determined to live little in France, to escape suspicion of being a poisoner. He went on long voyages in the imperial yacht which the emperor left him. The Empress Eugenie, after losing her only son, started Prince Victor as a pretender in opposition to his father. Prince Napoleon ordered Victor, when the latter was brought into his sick-room, to begone, and spoke of him as a fancy-man who accepted money from the vilest of human beings. He enjoined on Prince Louis, in his will, to be the conservator of the Bonaparte tradition and bequeathed him and the Princess Letitia all the French code enabled him to leave away from Victor, whose name is not mentioned in that document. Louis was the object of his passionate affection. It was odd that Prince Napoleon, a democratic republican, should have sent his son to Russia to enter the military service of the czar. Did he wish him to see whether it would be best for Europe to be republican or Cossack? He that as it may, he struggled with all the power of his will with death, in the hope of living to have his eyes closed by Louis. He received Cardinals Bonaparte, Marmillod, and Anzono as "friends," and refused to die a Catholic. To prevent the scandal of a civil funeral at Rome and Turin, Cardinal and Mermillod expressed himself satisfied with the prince's religious state, and when he was in a comatose condition, the dying man's old friend, Bishop Puyol, administered the extreme unction. This was a great comfort to the Princess Clotilde, the pope having authorized the bishop, in applying holy oils, to grant plenary indulgence. The death struggle lasted a fortnight. The illness began Jan. 9, at an anniversary mass for the repose of Victor Emanuel's soul.

Ants in Africa.

Silently, deadly, and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down into, across, and up the ditch, through the boma (wood stockade), across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarmed, says an article in the *Nineteenth Century*. The first notice (they generally come at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men. "Look out! Siatu!" There would be no more sleep that night. After experience gained we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square, and build rings of fire around our persons. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body unless they had been first thoroughly smoked over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The sides of the huts, the roofs and floor, were simply one seething mass of struggling ants. They were after the cockroaches, mice, and insects that had taken up their abode in the roofs. Now and then squeaks of young mice told the story. As fast as the ants found their load (generally a cockroach) they would make off down the hills in long lines. Luckily they never touched our granaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Toward morning there would be only a few thousand lost ones, aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped.

Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so that the ants did us a service in ridding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days.

We have seen outside of the fort armies of red ants two and a half days long—i. e., they would take two and a half days passing a given spot. During the day the march could be incessant, every one marching at his very best. Toward night they would huddle up in a seething mass, and if disturbed scatter in all directions.

The width of the stream of ants would be about two inches generally. On the flanks of this were the soldiers, fully twice the length of the workers. On our approach these big chaps would run out and up our legs like lightning. No birds, but of one sort, seemed to trouble them. These were little fellows about as big as sparrows and of a dull gray color.

How He Did It.

It is one of the marks of a wise teacher, that he aims to impart knowledge in such a way as to make a strong impression upon the pupil's mind. In other words, he keeps in view the well-known law that what is most clearly and vividly realized is longest remembered.

A Yankton correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says that two young women were alone one day, when a young Indian brave, with whom they were acquainted, came to see the man of the house. The man was absent, and the Indian sat down to wait for him.

The girls were of a lively turn, and improved the opportunity to increase their knowledge of Indian life and character. They questioned the brave about this and that, and along with the rest of their inquiries asked him to give a war-whoop, and show them how he scalped people.

The Indian evaded the point, and after a while the young women ceased their talk with him, and fell into a conversation between themselves. Suddenly the brave sprang to his feet, with a scream that made the house-top ring; at the same moment he seized a big knife that lay on the table, laid hold of an old Parliamentary hand Mr. Gladstone sadly lost his temper in the House of Commons, and his passionate remarks elicited general surprise.

Purify

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood.

The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood.

Your

saparilla
eases the
medicine,
tried, does
trace of
salt rheum,
the taint
which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is Peculiar to itself. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

It was no Pickle Dish.

Mrs. Brown. "And what are you going to give Grand Gray for a bridal present, Mr. White?"

Mr. White. "Oh, I've settled upon something that I thought lovely, and I know it is just the thing she wants badly."

Mrs. Brown. "What is it? Do tell me!"

Mr. White. "A packet of letters she wrote me while we were engaged."

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDRICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

A Candid Son-in-Law.

Angry mother-in-law—You never inquired once how I was coming on during my long sickness. You knew I was dangerously ill, but you did not manifest the slightest interest.

Son-in-law—But I felt it all the same. I didn't make any parade of my feelings, but I looked over the mortuary report in the paper, in the hope of seeing your name.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

REMEDY FOR

SPRAINS, STRAINS, INJURIES.

It is an erroneous idea to suppose that great force is required to produce a strain or sprain. There are so many delicate muscles and tendons which hold together the ankle and foot, and direct the vehicle of locomotion, that a very slight thing often causes not only a very painful, but a very serious sprain, which St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

SURELY AND PERFECTLY.
Weak Spots.—A large number of cases is reported of accidents to the ankle or foot, more than to all the rest of the body. The knee is also a very delicate centre of action, and injuries thereto very frequently result in acute pains, enlargements, stiffness, and sometimes permanent stiffness, unless St. Jacobs Oil prevents, and it does.

BEST CURES ARE CHRONIC CASES.
Definition.—Sprain or strain is to weaken, as a joint or muscle, by sudden and excessive exertion; to stretch muscles or ligaments without dislocation, and St. Jacobs Oil cures.

EASILY AND WITHOUT RECURRENCE.
Treatment.—Rub with St. Jacobs Oil freely and thoroughly the part affected. Protect the body from cold and draft.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.