HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD BREAD.

If bread, as has been termed, is the staff of life, what a poor staff some tables offer. Many housekeepers who are otherwise successful in their culinary operations have, as they term it, no "luck with bread." Such big, clumsy, coarse loaves they make! They permit the dough to raise in a cold room or raise too much. Probably they use poor flour, gray and coarse, and then many make loaves of such an immense size that the sight of them is unappetizing. Good sweet bread and butter is often preferable to the finest cake. As in everything else considerable care must be taken in breadmaking if it is to be good. If a housekeeper has an old and tried recipe it is not always best to make a change, but if she is not satisfied with the bread she makes this manner of making it may prove satisfactory.

One of the first essentials is good yeast. The compressed yeast which is bought in small cakes is used by so many people successfully that it seems troublesome to make any at home. Still, on the farm this kind may not always be obtainable and for that reason we give the two following recipes for homemade yeast:

Water..... .... two quarts
Medium size potatoes ..... three
Salt..... ....one-third teacupful
Sugar ....one-third teacupful
Ginger..... .....one-half tablespoonful
Hops..... ....one tablespoonful
Molasses..... .....two tablespoonsful
Flour..... .....three tablespoonsful
Yeast..... ....two teacupsful

Pare the potatoes and boil in a porcelain kettle in the two quarts of water; tie the hops in a clean muslin bag and boil with the potatoes until they are done. Press the water thoroughly from the hops and remove. Take the potatoes from the water and mash until smooth; mix with the water again and return to the fire. Stir the flour in a little cold water until smooth and with this thicken the potato and hop water. Pour all in a stone jar and when lukewarm add the yeast and beat. Allow this to stand until light in a temperature of about seventy degrees. It should then be removed to a cool place and at the end of twenty-four hours the other ingredients should be added. This will keep for four weeks in a cool place. A scant teacupful will make six loaves.

Another good yeast, but a little more trouble to make is the following:

Potatoes..... ....two ounces
Hops..... ....two ounces
Cold water..... ....four quarts
Flour..... ....one pound
Salt..... ....one tablespoonful
Sugar (granulated).....one-half pound

Tie the hops in a clean muslin bag and boil in the four quarts of water for one hour. Allow it to become lukewarm before removing the bag, pressing it free of the water. Stir a little of the flour at a time in part of the liquor to a smooth paste and add to the hop water until the entire amount is used. Put in the salt and sugar and beat three minutes. Place in an open dish, cover with a thin cloth and set in a moderately warm room or closet for three days. The temperature should be kept even. On the third day peel, boil and mash the potatoes until free from lumps and stir gradually into the hop liquor. Stand in a warm kitchen for twelve hours and stir frequently. It can then be put into carefully cleaned jars and well corked. It will keep one month in a cool place.

The last thing before retiring set the sponge—in warm weather the later the better. Have three potatoes carefully mashed and one and a half quarts of potato water. Mix with this one cupful of the yeast and enough sifted flour to thicken it. In the morning measure out three quarts of flour and reserve one pint of it for kneading. Place the sponge into the flour and knead twenty minutes, cover it with a clean woolen cloth and set to rise quickly in a temperature of seventy-five or eighty degrees, free from draughts of cold air, until light. Turn out and mold into small loaves which when twice their original size, should be baked for one hour. One must be able to judge the time when the bread is ready to knead and bake. Twelve hours after the sponge is set is about the time the bread should be ready to bake.

When the bread is removed from the oven turn it out of the pans and stand on end, and never cut it until cold. Bread requires a moderate oven, a good test can be made with white paper. If the paper turns brown it is hot enough for pastry; if dark yellow, then it is right for bread, and if light yellow for cake. Many people add a little shortening when mixing their bread and, of course, salt always. Delicious rolls may be made by adding to part of the bread sponge a couple of eggs, a small cup of butter, or lard, and a little sugar. It should be rolled out to less than an inch in thickness, cut with a biscuit cutter and the top brushed over with melted butter. It should then be folded to form a crescent, left to rise until twice as thick, and baked a crisp brown. These rolls are very lovely for coffee. Very nice coffee cake is made in this manner. Roll out a good sized piece of the biscuit dough to about half an inch in thickness and brush over with melted butter. Spread over this a mixture of currants, stoned raisins and citron, chopped fine. Turn up one edge of this cake and roll over and over like a jelly roll. Grease a pie pan well and lay the roll in it, forming a ring. After it has risen sufficiently brush the top with white of egg, sprinkle on sugar and cinnamon and bake a good brown, taking care that it does not scorch.

GUARDING AGAINST MOTHS.

Moths deposit their eggs in the spring and this, therefore, is the proper time to take precautions against their ravages among goods which contain wool. It is not the moth, but the moth maggot, that does the mischief. The moths fly through the house in April and continue sometimes as late as August, seeking places in which to lay eggs. There are from a dozen to about seventy-five of these eggs in each nest, which hatch after a little while into small white worms. These worms devote their lives to eating the material in which they find themselves. As to remedies, almost every one has something to recommend, but all of the remedies are of but little account after the moth egg has been laid. There are things like cedar, camphor, and tobacco, the odor of which is disagreeable to the moth, and when the female is looking for a place to deposit her eggs, she may be deterred from laying them near these substances, but if the eggs are really laid, the grub will pursue its destructive work without paying any attention to the odors, and would do so were the smell many times more pungent. The principal attention should therefore be given to keeping the moths out.

If goods are in stock and likely to remain, some of them, at least, through the summer, better thoroughly beat them with a thin rattan and air them for several days in the sun. Nothing displeases moths so much as sunlight direct or even indirect. Then wrap them up in newspaper; wrap perfectly tight, and paste the ends so that no openings remain for the insects to get through. They cannot eat through paper. Examine at least once a month to make sure of it, and beat and air. Furriers have no other secret than this for keeping furs. For clothing the garments should be thoroughly beaten in order to be certain that no eggs are in them, and then they should be sealed up in paper boxes or bags. Such boxes may easily be procured in any large town or city, an excellent pattern being the boxes used by tailors for delivering garments. The crevices where the cover fits on should be made tight by the use of strips of gummed paper, also a commercial article, and one may feel assured that no damage will be possible. Paper bags are also sure, but they should be sealed at the top.

COMANCHE CRUELTY.

An Incident of the Horrible Depths of Degradation to Which Savages May Fall.

Col. R. I. Dodge was for many years engaged in operations against the hostile tribes of the plains. He had abundant opportunity to study Indian manners especially those relating to war. In his book he speaks of many acts of ingenious cruelty practiced by the Apaches, Sioux and Comanches, showing to what depths of degradation savages may fall.

"Of all the horrible stories which I have heard of Indian cruelty, one told me by old Espinosa (his guide) is the most vivid in its ghastly horror.

"When he was about twenty-four years old, a party of Comanches from the same camp in which he lived, while on a raid into Mexico, attacked a large ranch. * * * Taking with them as prisoner the one man who had signalized himself in the defence of the ranch, the Indians departed for their own country. On the long march, the prisoner, though closely watched and guarded by day, and securely bound at night, was treated with extreme kindness. They complimented his courage in the highest terms, told him they intended taking him to their camp, adopting him into their tribe, and making a great chief of him. The trail followed, after leaving the head of the Nueces River, crossed the southern end of the high table-land, known to the whites as "Staked Plains." At a waterhole on this table-land, the party halted for several days. Telling the prisoner they wanted it for some religious ceremony, they set him to digging a hole in the ground. Working with knife and hands, he, in a day or two completed a pit about three feet in diameter and over five feet deep. Early the next morning a rope was tied about the ankles of the captive and wound spirally round his legs and body to the neck, binding his arms tightly to his sides. Rigid and immovable, the man was then planted upright like a post in the hole, the dirt filled in and tightly rammed down around him. When all was completed nothing but his head was visible. They then scalped his head, cut off his lips, eyelids, ears and nose; danced around, mocked, taunted and left him.

"On their arrival at the camp the party described in detail their punishment of the Mexican, and in all the tribe it was regarded as an exquisite piece of pleasantry. The man would live, they said, eight days, revived at night by the cold of the high plains, to be driven mad the next day by the hot sun beating on his scalped head and defenceless eyeballs, etc."

That human beings can practice such cruelty seems incredible.

A BULL'S-EYE LANTERN.

It Is Likely to Bring Two Murderous Burglars to the Gallows.

Two months ago burglars entered the house of a retired gentleman at Muswell Hill, London, Eng.; killed him; and robbed his safe. The only clue left was an ordinary sixpenny bull's-eye lantern. No progress was made for weeks towards the solution of the tick-weeks towards the solution of the mystery. Then it was learned by the tick-burglars living at Kensal Green had disappeared after showing signs of some improvement of fortune.

A detective made casual inquiries among the members of the burglars' household about the lantern. A boy of 16, brother of one of the burglars, had had a sixpenny bull's-eye. He was induced to describe it minutely, and said the original wick tube was defective, and so he had substituted a brass ferrule from a penholder. He had used a bit of flannelette, such as his mother had been making nightgowns of, instead of a wick. These were precisely the peculiarities of the lantern left by the Muswell Hill burglars in the house of their victim.

Then began a search for the men. They were traced to a dozen towns in the Midlands, and it was discovered that they were committing another series of burglaries. The police overtook them that night at Bath. They made a desperate fight, but both were captured, and one is being repaired in the hospital as a result of his resistance. The sixpenny lantern is almost certain to send both to the gallows.

EMIGRATION FROM BRITAIN.

The People of That Country Scatter Themselves Over the Globe.

The report by Mr. C. P. Lucas on the emigrants' information office for 1895 gives evidence of good work done at small cost to the public, says the London Times. We are not sure that much more could be done than is done already by the managing committee and their agents. The colonies do not as a rule, care to receive more emigrants than we are sending to them. The general tendency, there and in the United States, is to look with some jealousy at each new arrival. More working hands means more competition for employment, with lower wages as the result; while new hands who are not inclined to work are as little desirable a part of the population in the new world as in the old.

In 1895 the passengers who left the ports of the United Kingdom for places out of Europe amounted in round numbers to 272,000, as against 227,000 in 1894. In the first two months of 1896 the emigrants of British origin have been 15,184, as against 13,711 in the corresponding period of 1895. The place of destination for the largest number is, and continues to be, the United States. This is most markedly so in the case of foreign emigrants passing through this country on their way to their place of settlement, but it is the case, too, with emigrants of British origin.

Next in point of attractiveness comes South Africa, and, in spite of recent disturbances, it has gained ground very considerably during the present year. In 1895, 26,000 emigrants went to the Cape and Natal, as against rather less than 17,000 in 1894. This shows an increase of more than 50 per cent., but it has been far outdone during the present year by the further increase from 1,941 to 3,343 in the first two months of the year. British North America has also been doing better as an emigration field, but the number of emigrants thither and to the Australian colonies continues to be comparatively small.

One point of interest in emigration statistics is, as Sir Robert Giffen has shown, that they serve to indicate the state of trade generally. As trade improves emigration will be found to increase, while a decline in emigration is a most certain sign and forerunner of an approaching trade depression. The report of the emigrants' information office and the further figures in the board of trade's emigration returns are therefore very satisfactory. They combine, with such other proofs as the trade returns have lately been furnishing, to show that we are at length in the course of a genuine trade revival.

The Australian colonies, it is true, have not yet fully recovered from the grave crisis which they have gone through, and so close are the modern industrial relations between one country and another that the effect of Australian depression must be felt here as certainly as in Australia itself. But there is nothing in this to discourage us. If our trade shows signs of revival while Australia is still depressed, we may be confident that it will improve the more when Australia, with its energy, its amplitude of resource, and its vast recuperative powers, has recovered the ground which it has lost, and when the upward and onward movement now in progress has extended to the two or three districts of the country which, as the report shows, it has not yet fully reached.

COURTSHIP OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As he sat beside his deary,
Whose sweet name was Dinah Moore,
Suddenly there came a thumping,
As of someone gently bumping,
Or a wooden stick a-stumping
Up against the parlor door,
Only this and nothing more.

But he thought this little meaning,
For they were so sweetly dreaming,
While the time away it wore.
And for future sport were scheming,
That they soon forgot the thumping
Till again it came a-bumping—
Bumping on the parlor door,
Somewhat louder than before.

Thinking that it was her brother,
Or some second-handed lover,
He declined to ope the door,
But the sound came londer, clearer
And he thought 'twas growing nearer,
So he started for the door—
Only started, nothing more.

"Surely," said he, "We were talking,
And so softly you came walking,
That we scarce were sure we heard you."
Here he opened wide the door.
Standing there serene, majestic,
With an air quite too domestic,
Was her father, Mr. Moore.
"Eleven o'clock, sir!" nothing more.

Now they thought to end their meeting,
And he slowly was retreating
To the outside palor-door;
But with arms around him pressing,
Really it was quite distressing,
To forsake so sweet a blessing,
When the storm outside did pour;
So they talked a little more.

Presently there came a pounding,
And the melody rebounding
Echoed on the hallway floor.
When the door flew open quickly,
And he really felt quite sickly,
For the countenance of Moore,
Made him wish he had left before.

Ah! how well did he remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And the storm it down did pour,
How he reached the slushy pavement
Always filled him with amazement,
Whether he went through the window,
Or through the basement door,
He'll forget it, ah! nevermore.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Would you like to take a chance? asked the timid, rosy-cheeked maiden of the stranger at the church fair.

Would I? exclaimed the stranger radiantly. Well, I should say I would, but—— his voice fell to a whisper and the eager light in his eyes died to a far-away, sad expression. I am already married.

SUPERSTITION OF CRIMINALS.

The Beliefs of Burglars—The Peculiarities of Pickpockets.

Burglars are firm believers in talismans and luck-bringers, and nearly every professional burglar has some small article upon which he pins his faith, and without which he rarely sets out upon a "crib-cracking" job.

One burglar, well-known to the police all over the country, has for his talisman the shod hoof of a donkey, which once belonged to his father, and so great is his belief in its powers of protection and luck-bringing that he has been known to turn back from a job he had intended to work because his talisman had been left at home.

The moon plays a highly important part in criminal superstitions. No one burglar in fifty will venture out on a house breaking expedition on the night of a new moon.

ILL-LUCK IN NUMBERS

Some burglars have lively horrors of certain numbers, and will never enter a house or a shop which is that particular number in its street. The ominous numbers are generally those of the policeman who were first to capture the burglars. On the other hand, if a burglar falls into the arms of a policeman, but manages to escape, the number of that policeman is always a favorite with him, and he will feel easy in his mind when breaking into premises bearing it.

Even the most experienced burglar will turn away from the house where he finds a black cat sitting upon the doorstep, even if he has spent days in learning particulars about the house and its inmates. To break into premises under the nose of a black cat would be running deliberately into the arms of the law. Neither will a burglar enter a house where the door knocker is muffled or draped with crape.

... practice will make it easy.

Shoul dbed linen or underclothing be stained with iodine, before the articles are washed cover the spot with a plaster of starch mixed with enough cold water to make a thick paste. Leave them until dry, and then wash as usual. The stains will be entirely removed.

Should bed linen or underclothing be fire-irons acquire spots of rust during the summer, sift some coal ashes through a very fine sieve (a sugar sifter is about right). Apply this dust to the spots with a cloth dipped in water, and rub hard till all the roughness is removed, let it dry, then wipe off with a soft, dry cloth. Now, with a damp cloth dipped in fine Bath-brick dust, you may thoroughly rub the whole surface, spots and all. Allow this to become entirely dry, then wipe off with a clean dry cloth, and afterwards rub with a soft chamois skin. This treatment, except the ashes, may be repeated once a week with advantage. The rust spots may perhaps always remain a little lighter in color than their surroundings, but they will at least be clean and bright. It is a good plan when done with fires, for the season, to wrap each steel article separately in several layers of newspaper, and lay all away in a perfectly dry closet.

SHE KNOWS, TOO.

Mother—That young man never knows how long to stay, Netta.

Netta—Doesn't he? Just time him once, dear.

A NOTED POLICE COURT.

BOW STREET IS THE OLDEST IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The Famous Tribunal Before Which Dr. Jameson Was Arraigned—Not Merely Metropolitan, But Imperial, and Even International.

Bow street Police Court is the oldest and most celebrated institution of the kind in the British Empire, and, in spite of the restricted character of its accommodations as regards court-room and cells, may be regarded as the headquarters and centre of that particular branch of British jurisprudence which is known in France as the "police correctionelle." Not only are the Bow street justices intrusted with the magisterial control of one of the most densely populated and criminal districts of London, but it is to Bow street that are brought all the extradition cases, all the criminals who are "wanted" by foreign and colonial Governments, or by the provincial authorities. It differs from the other police courts of London in that it is not merely metropolitan, but Imperial, and even international. The present building has been in existence only a few years, and previously to that the court consisted of two private houses knocked into one, on the opposite side of the street to where the present building stands. If those old walls could have talked what dramatic stories they would have had it in their power to relate! Nearly every celebrated crime of the latter half of the eighteenth century has figured on the records of this court, and distinguished men of every grade of society, even to that of Royalty—foreign, of course have stood in front of its bar either prosecutor or as accused.

IN FORMER TIMES,

fore the organization of the present partment of metropolitan police at otland Yard, the Bow street Police urt was the headquarters of the conabulary, and both patrolmen and detives used to be known by the name f the "Bow street runners." While other metropolitan courts have but o magistrates, which are paid at the te of $6,000 a year, Bow street has ree, the senior of whom, now Sir hn Bridge, enjoys a salary of $10,-0, and acts as the president and chairan of the entire Board of Stipendiary olice Magistrates.

Every criminal arrested within the mits of the British metropolsi is bliged by law to be brought before e of these Police Magistrates within twenty-four hours after his capture the police; and it is the justice, or ipendiary, as he is called, to distinish him from the unpaid justices of e peace in rural districts and procial towns, who thereupon decides hether or not there is any case ainst him. If he is in doubt he can mand the prisoner to the house of tention for a period not exceeding fortnight, at the end of which time e man must once more be brought to court, even if it is only for the ke of having the case remanded for nother two weeks. The French fugive Arton, so widely known for his nnection with the Panama scandal, as remanded by Sir John Bridge at e Bow street Police Court no fewer an half-a-dozen times, covering a riod of nearly two months, before r John finally decided in favor of s extradition to the Parisian police. If the magistrate decides that there no case for holding the prisoner, he n

SET HIM AT LIBERTY,

d it then rests with the public procutor to obtain another magisterial arrant for the man's rearrest. Inmuch as the public prosecutor and the etropolitan Police Magistrate are th subject to the orders of the Sectary of State for the Home Department, there is, as a rule, little clash lack of unity of purpose between the o. If the case against the prisoner merely an ordinary police affair, the ipendiary has it in his power to sence him to a fine not exceeding $1,000, to condemn him to imprisonment ith hard labour for a period not exeeding six months maximum. He can lso bind the prisoner over in heavy curities or bonds to keep the peace. , however, the offence is one calling r heavier punishment, or else if the agistrate does not care to take upon s shoulders the responsibility of dermining the guilt of the prisoner, he mmits him for trial by jury at the ssizes—either accepting bail or else onsigning the defendant to prison for he period destined to elapse between the commitment and the trial by jury.

It is therefore only in the customary order of things that Dr. Jameson, whose arrest dates theoretically only from the moment when he reached London, should be brought in the first place before Sir John Bridge, at the Bow street Police Court. Sir John remanded him for a fortnight, so as to give the Crown prosecutors time to perfect their case against the doctor, admitting the latter, meantime, to bail in the sum of $10,000. At the end of that time Jameson may possibly be remanded once more, and then Sir John will commit the doctor for trial at the Criminal Court of Old Bailey, in Newgate prison. It is not therefore Sir John who can be described as trying the case, nor yet can Bow street Police Court be referred to as the scene of the trial of the participants in what is now known as "Jameson's ride."

SURE THING ANYHOW.

A man sent this answer to a bookseller who sent in his account for a book some time before delivered:

I never ordered the book. If I did, you did not send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't.

THE MISSING LINK.

Customer—What a lovely hat! And yet it seems to lack something. What is it?

Milliner—A head, madam.