About the House.

A RECIPE IN RHYME.

The following recipe for corn-bread is not original, but as it has proven all that it claims to be, we give it to our readers:

"Two cups Indian, one cup wheat
One cup sour milk, one cup sweet;
One good egg that well you beat;
Half cup molasses, too,
Half cup sugar add thereto,
With one spoon of butter new,
Salt and soda each a spoon,
Mix up quickly and bake it soon
Then you'll have cornbread complete
Best of all corn bread you meet.
It will make your boy's eye shine,
If he's like that boy of mine.
All the men that I have seen
Say it is of all cakes queen—
Good enough for any king
That a husband home can bring;
Warming up the human stove,
Cheering up the hearts you love;
And only Tyndall can explain
The links between corn bread and brain."

BROILING, BOILING, ROASTING.

First we will consider the roasting of a boned shoulder of mutton. The epicure knows that the shoulder is better than any part of the animal except the chops. The trouble is that but few know how to cook it. Sponge it off carefully with cold water before tying it into shape, for it is necessary to thoroughly cleanse a piece of meat before using it. Remember the butcher has handled it. Fasten it with a trussing needle, tie into shape, and it is ready for the pan. A shoulder is not near so tough as a leg of mutton, and is therefore better for roasting. All the tougher parts should be boiled or cooked in boiling water. A boiled shoulder of mutton with caper sauce makes a very good dinner dish and a wholesome one.

If you wish to boil it, the water must be boiling before you put it in, so as to coagulate the albumen on the outside, in order that the juices may not escape. If you prefer to bake it, the pan that you put it in must be very hot for the same reason. Put one teaspoonful of salt in the pan, not on the meat, for salt draws water from meat as soon as it touches it, and dust it over with a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Meat must be seasoned after it is partly cooked. Mutton contains a great deal of fat so baste it with the fat. You may have a cook who roasts beef with a whole cup of water. Years ago we thought we could not roast a piece of meat unless we hung it on a hook, so as to cook it all alike. The stoves nowadays have hooks for this purpose, and we shall put this shoulder on one and alit to cook for one hour, basting it every ten minutes with the drippings in the pan below.

To prepare a chicken for panning, draw and singe the fowl, and first remove the head. Next carefully cut the skin until you find the tendons in the leg. Remove them, and you have a delicious tender piece of chicken. If you fail to do this the legs will be tough. The leg of a turkey is the choicest part if you remove the tendons, and it only takes three seconds if you have a wooden skewer. Turn the chicken over and remove the crop keeping the internals intact. After loosening the intestines turn them all out at one time; then look in the fowl, remove the lungs and oil sack, and wipe out with a sponge. Remove the neck close to the body, and give the chicken a sponge bath as quickly as possible.

Two dishes each for eight persons can be made from one chicken. Put the rougher pieces in the bottom of the pan, arranging those that are alike together. Dust lightly with pepper put over it a tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of boiling water, one bay leaf on top of the chicken, and nearly cover the pan over with another, so that all of the steam cannot escape. Cook in a hot oven for one hour.

Broiled chops are very fine cooked as follows:

Broil French chops, trimmed, over a quick fire for ten minutes. Have ready some white meat of a chicken chopped fine; mix with one-half the unbeaten white of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt, good dash of pepper mix thoroughly ,and add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Remember the chops have been broiled. Mass a little of the mixture on each side of one, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve hot with mushroom sauce made in this way.

Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan over the fire. Rub together until smooth and add one-half pint of milk. Stir constantly until it thickens, and then add half teaspoonful of salt and quarter teaspoonful of pepper. Peel and cut half-pound of fresh mushrooms; stew slowly in a tablespoonful of butter; add them to the sauce, and let them stand where they will not cook for fifteen minutes before serving.

The masked chops, with the mushroom sauce is not an expensive dish. Get your chops in one loin, have the bones trimmed, but do not separate them. Instead of broiling boil them carefully for half an hour, and then separate and mass and fry them as we have demonstrated.

BLEACHING MUSLIN.

There are several reasons why all white cotton cloth is unpopular among busy women, says a writer. It is hard to sew upon, the starch making the needle stick, and it costs several cents per yard more than the unbleached or brown muslin. Indeed one can save quite a little sum upon a whole piece of cotton by doing her own bleaching and a cold, snowy night is the right time to bleach. My method is very simple. I first boil the cloth to soften it still more and remove the "factory" odor that is so disagreeable. Cut the piece in two; if a very large piece into three parts, as the whole will not go into the boiler.

Fill the boiler half full of cold water, into which stir two tablespoonfuls kerosene and a half cup of pearline or washing powder, which has been dissolved in a quart of boiling water and well stirred; never bring the clear kerosene to the stove, it is dangerous; let this boil up fifteen minutes, then turn into the tub, rinse in clear water, then blue water and spread upon the snow, or hang in loops upon the line.

Wet it every morning for a week, and the frost and sun will make it nice and white. When spread upon the snow it is easily wet with the water-pot; when hanging on the line, it should be taken down wet and hung out dripping instead of being wrung dry. Some use different chemicals for bleaching, but I am rather afraid of them. They are injurious to the hands and they might decay the cloth.

AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDREN.

In all ordinary cases of children outdoor amusements are the best. The only precaution needful is with delicate or diseased children in whom exercise should be as regular, but not in degree the same, as with the healthy. There are but few children who would not be the better for constant out-door exercise were it properly proportioned to their strength and years. When town children are taken for health to the coast they are often made ill by the immediate injudicious degree to which their out-door exercises are allowed to extend, while those who are under more prudent direction in this respect often derive the utmost benefit from the mere measured enjoyment of their absence from towns and cities.

EDUCATION OF PRINCES.

How the Future Rulers of Europe Spend Their Time.

The education of European princes is revealed in their holiday pleasures. Most of them are trained for military life, and their summers are occupied with army reviews and manoeuvres. Whenever they visit one another they are entertained with cavalry drills and infantry tactics and with sham battles.

Not one of the great sovereigns has ever been under fire in real warfare. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary took an active part in the campaign against France, Italy and Prussia, from a safe distance. The King of Italy commanded a division in 1866 at the battle of Custozza, but only to cover the retreat of the Italian army. The tsar and the Emperor of Germany have never seen war.

Princes are sportsmen as well as soldiers. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary, when he entertains his good ally and friend, the German Emperor, not only orders a military review and a series of banquets and fetes, but he also arranges an old-fashioned hunting excursion in the forest. He is the keenest sportsman in the European royal circle, and enjoys hard riding and the genuine pleasures of the chase.

The other sovereigns prefer milder sport. The German Emperor is a good shot, and quickly fills his bag when he is heading a hunting party. The Emperor of Russia is at home in the saddle, but he is not an expert with the gun. The King of Italy also is a good sportsman. Nearly all the English princes shoot well, and have abundant sport for small game on the Scottish moors.

The German Emperor and the Prince of Wales are enthusiastic yachtsmen, in the Aegean and the Mediterranean. est in Europe. The King of the Belgians enjoys sea life, and takes long summer cruises on his steam yacht, off the coasts of Spain, and Norway. The Russian Emperor shares the same taste. The King of Sweden and Norway is rarely off his yacht during the summer. The King of Greece is also a yachtsman, but he is seldom afloat in the AEgean and the Mediterranean.

The King of Norway and Sweden is the only European sovereign with strong artistic and bookish tastes. He is fond of reading, is something of a musician, and is an artist with considerable talent for sketching.

Princes are trained for military campaigns which seldom occur, and they are also educated for court functions which never end. They are great social personages, who understand all the niceties of etiquette, and are able to speak several foreign languages. There is not a European sovereign who cannot converse fluently with royal visitors in their own tongue. A prince who was without training in modern languages would be out of place in a European, court.

THE LARGEST RIVERS.

The five largest rivers in the world are as follows: North America, Mississippi and Missouri, 4,300 miles; South America, Amazon and Beni, 4,000 miles; Asia, Yenesei and Selenga, 3,850 miles; Africa, Nile, 3,240 miles; Europe, Volga, Russia, 2,500 miles.

Women of Afghanistan.

Roughly speaking, I would say that a Western can never thoroughly understand an Eastern says Miss Hamilton, court physician at Cabul, but perhaps that does not seem to be saying much, when you think of how very little we Westerns understand each other. What I mean, however, is something quite distinct from the little family or social misunderstandings which can generally be traced to some trifling jealousy, or vanity, or folly of some kind. The only way I can convey to you any idea of the great gulf that lies between us is by quoting the words of the Psalmist, "As far as the east is from the west." Away and away, and away toward the rising sun, beyond sound, beyond sight, and beyond that again far into space. And as though that were not far enough we are bidden turn our faces to the west and look toward the glorious reds, and golds, and pinks, and greens, and mauves of the setting sun, into them and beyond them, into the great vastness beyond; so far beyond our conceptions, beyond our comprehensions, is the Eastern from the Western. It is more than interesting to hear a Western criticised by an Eastern, who is not a British subject, and who is therefore not afraid to say what he thinks. It is not conducive to pride. For what he says is pretty true, and hits all the harder for that; and all I can say to him in reply is, "Yes, we do wrong, and you do wrong and I think your wrong-doing is just a shade worse than ours."

I will give you an example, a poor one perhaps, of the difference between the way we look at things and the way they do. Afghan slaves as a rule have not the position that the Anti-Slavery Society is formed to combat. There is nothing pitiable in their condition. Afghan ladies are usually very indolent and useless except as the mothers of children, whom they absolutely neglect. It is the slaves who manage everything. Generally in a rich house there is one chief slave, a sort of housekeeper, rather a grand person whom it is always wise to conciliate if you intend having many dealings with that establishment. In summer she is always dressed in purest white; in winter, velvets and brocades are not beyond her reach. She is generally an elderly person, with considerable influence and a good deal of authority.

Then there is another who is a sort of maid to the lady of the house; she is another person that it is not wise to quarrel with; she is always very much en evidence. She it is who prepares everything for her mistress' toilet, as also for her master's. It is the wife's special duty and privilege, however, when things are prepared, to wait upon her husband, when he is dressing, to pour the water over his hands and feet, during his religious washings, to spread his prayer-carpet, to put his favorite dish before him and such like.

A friend of mine in Cabul had all these offices done for him by a favorite slave. She had been with me for many years, and was devoted to him. She was a particularly intelligent girl, and I often used to have long conversations with her, and try and find out what she really felt and thought. I quite longed to penetrate behind the veil of an Eastern woman's reserve and get at her real self. One day I said to her, "What would you do if your Agha married again, Zenobia?"

"What would I do," she said; "why, I should do what I do now."

"No, you would not," I said, "his wife would do all that; she would dress him and wait upon him, and look after him."

"Maybe," she said.

"Well, how would you like it?" I asked.

"I shouldn't care," she replied. "What difference could it make to me?" I really felt quite annoyed at her apparently sincere indifference, and could not believe that she was saying what she really felt.

"Well, you'd have your nose put out of joint," I said ,"and you'd just be as jealous as can be. No woman would like to give up her place to another woman. It's ridiculous."

She was rather offended, and turned her head away impatiently.

"Proper-minded women," she said, "think it a disgrace to be jealous and to fight over any man. What difference could the presence of another woman make in his feelings toward me? A man's heart is like a river; what change is there in the current if here a dog satisfies its thirst on its banks, and there a camel; does it flow less steadily on its appointed way?"

I had no answer to this; if it satisfied her it was well. As for me, I could not even understand such humility, it was quite beyond my comprehension, I wondered then, I wonder still, if this girl really felt what she said, and was she really so weighed down by the curse of her sex that she felt as a dog, a very scavenger, compared with the man whose constant companion she was, and who, though ministering to his various wants, was no more his servant than is every Eastern wife.

I have heard it said, and I believe I have also read, that women, according to Mohammed's teachings, are little better than mere animals created to minister to the lords of creation, and having but a poor place, if any, in the future life. No more injurious libel has ever been spread against the great Arabian preacher's doctrines. But by any one who has not read them, and who has lived in the East, such a statement would be unhesitatingly accepted. Why not? Mohammedans for many centuries have forgotten to study the spirit, and for the matter of that the letter, too, of their law, and a woman or women are kept and clothed and fed in a harem, just as we keep cows or sheep and are little more thought of. No Mohammedan would admit this, but you have only to see how a boy treats his mother to realize that it is so. She may nurse him when he is sick, tend him when he is young, but let him grow to be 11 or 13, and you will hear him tell her to "chup sho," shut up, send her to fetch his cap, and she will address him as "agha gul," or "agha jan," my precious master, master dear, and will hardly dare to remonstrate with him. She is altogether in an awkard position as regards her boys, and can have no influence over them, or but very little, when once they grow old enough to leave the house. I knew a very nice family in Cabul, fairly intimately, that is to say, as we can ever know people so far removed from us in thought and mode of life. There were the parents thanked God, no daughters. The family consisted of the father and mother, there was only one wife, and three sons. One of these was a little fellow of 2 1-2 when I left; the others were about 10 and 12. They were dear boys, and great favorites of the Ameer's for they were full of fun and mischief. All the latter part of last summer one or other of those boys were ill. Fever, sore throat, cough, cold, aches and pains of all sorts. The cause was easily explained; one had not far to seek. They ran wild all day from the time they finished their lessons, which, in Cabul, never last more than an hour, and they were never out of mischief, pushing each other into the irrigation canals, rushing about in the sun, letting their clothes dry as they ran, eating over-ripe plums and apricots, under-ripe pears and apples, now in my garden, now in the Ameer's, now careering the roads on horseback or rushing after my carriage, trying to scramble on at the back like veritable little street gamins; perfect will-o'-the-wisps, "shaitans" their mother used to call them. She was a stout, good-natured soul, and well for her it was that her back was broad enough to bear the burdens laid on it; a Western mother would have been out of her mind. They were never clean or tidy for two minutes together? how could they be? So no one made an effort to make or keep them so. No one would have taken them for the sons of an official, and they might often have been mistaken for gutter boys.

I threatened many times that I would have nothing more to do with them when they were ill, if they were not better looked after when they were well. "What am I to do?" their mother would plead. "Their father is at office all day, and I am shut up in the serai. As soon as they have had their food they go; I may send this one or that after them, no one knows where to find them; and if they do, who is to run into the rivers after them, or cross the plains, or up the hills? They are here, there and everywhere." What she said was indisputable. I had no suggestions to offer; so I, like the mother, had to satisfy myself with treating them when they were ill, and leaving them unrestrained when they were well.

Is it any wonder that all but the most robust die off, and that parents grow used to the distressing spectacle of watching their children grow old enough to run out into the fierce sun and bitter winds, to come in and die. I have seen many cases of this sort, for somehow Pun-fever seems to attack the strong and the stout. Prince Habbibullah nearly died of it the first summer I was in Cabul, and while I was in England a year and a half ago Prince Hafiz-Ullah, in some ways the flower of the flock, actually did die from the same cause, for, as there was no one there to stop them, they bled and physicked and starved him to death. Cabul mothers seldom seem to me to have much affection for their children or their children for them; they do not nurse them as babies, and their babyhood is a particularly long one, for they are very backward. They belong to their nurses more than to their mothers till they are 2 1-2 years old, and after that it is their father who notices them and not their mother. I can't imagine what the mother thinks of all day. An upper-class matron thinks it beneath her dignity to sew; does not cook, does not look after the children and can neither read nor write as a rule. What can she possibly think of? The husband, no doubt, fondly imagines that she sits waiting for him. If so, and it be true that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," hers must often be very sick, indeed. If a man has many wives one particular one may not see him for as much as twenty days at a time. I am not exaggerating; I am thinking of a special case, and it was a Mohammedzai, too; a granddaughter of the great Ameer, who was much neglected. Her husband came to court one day with his head all plastered up, so I asked him what had happened to him.

"Ah, you women, you are at the bottom of all mischief," he said.

"Has one of your wives been smashing your head?" I asked.

He laughed and turned away to speak to some one else. So when we were in with the Ameer I told the chief secretary that one of the Sirdar's wives had been beating him.

"What is that?" the Ameer asked. If you want to attract the Ameer's attention, you have only to whisper in his presence; whether he suspects a joke or a conspiracy, I can not tell. So the secretary told him what I had said not forgetting to add as much to the story as I had done. Curiously enough, the addition was in the right direction, and amid roars of laughter and chaff the poor Sirdar was made to confess that he had neglected to visit one of his wives for twenty days. When at last he did go and see her she was eating mutton pullow; that is to say, the knuckle and part of the leg of mutton cooked in oil with rice and certain condiments added. So, feeling rather like a schoolboy who has failed in his attendance at school he sat down to the food, trying to appear unconscious of any neglect or misconduct. The lady, too, appeared guiltless of any irritable feeling or sinister designs. She quietly, with her fingers of course, picked all the meat off the bone and laid the pieces before her husband, who was naturally quite satisfied and graciously accepted the delicate little attentions she bestowed upon him; and thought he was going to escape cheap; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had he completed the operation than she raised her weapon of vengeance aloft and struck him with such force as to make a considerable wound, the broken end of the mutton bone being no doubt sharp and jagged. I went and lunched at their house shortly afterward, the husband and wife were still on bad terms, but I insisted on their making up.

I told the Sirdar what I really thought; namely, that he was altogether in the wrong and I tried to insist on his saying that he was sorry, which was perhaps rather too much to expect, and he would not do it to my satisfaction, but would declare that he was only sorry that he had been made the laughing stock of the Durbar.

Pain Past Endurance.

T. W. COON HOPELESSLY CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Could Not Raise Either Hand or Foot and Had to be Fed and Dressed—The Doctors Told Him a Cure Was Impossible, Yet He Attends to His Business To-Day.

From the Milbrook Reporter.

Rheumatism has claimed many victims and has probably caused more pain than any other ill affecting mankind. Among those who have been its victims few have suffered more than Mr. G. W. Coon, now proprietor of a flourishing bakery in Hampton, but for a number of years a resident of Pontypool, when his severe illness occurred. To a reporter who interviewed him Mr. Coon gave the following particulars of his great suffering and ultimate cure: "Some seven or eight years ago," said Mr. Coon, "I felt a touch of rheumatism. At first I did not pay much attention to it, but as it was steadily growing worse I began to doctor for it, but to no effect. The trouble went from bad to worse, until three years after the first symptoms had manifested themselves I became utterly helpless, and could do no more for myself than a young child. I could not life my hands from my side, and my wife was obliged to cut my food and feed me when I felt like eating, which was not often considering the torture I was undergoing. My hands were swollen out of shape, and for weeks were tightly bandaged. My legs and feet were also swollen, and I could not lift my foot two inches from the floor. I could not change my clothes and my wife had to dress and wash me. I grew so thin that I looked more like a skeleton than anything else. The pain I suffered was almost past endurance and I got no rest either day or night. I doctored with many doctors, but they did me no good, and some of them told me it was not possible for me to get better. I believe I took besides almost everything that was recommended for rheumatism, but instead of getting better I was constantly getting worse, and I wished many a time that death would end my sufferings. One day Mr. Perrin, storekeeper at Pontypool gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I did so somewhat reluctantly, as I did not think any medicine could help me. However, I used the pills, then I got another box and before they were gone I felt a trifling relief. Before a third box was finished there was no longer any doubt of the improvement they were making in my condition, and by the time I had used, three boxes more I began to feel, in view of my former condition, that I was growing quite strong, and the pain was rapidly subsiding. From that out, there was a steady improvement, and for the first time in long weary years, I was free from pain and once more able to take my place among the world's workers. I have not now the slightest pain and I feel better than I felt for seven years previous to taking the pills. I thank God that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came in my way, as I believe they saved my life, and there is no doubt whatever that they rescued me from years of torture.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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