An English Served Tea.

Once mention food and cooking, then in point of technique la France is easily queen. There is only one social function in which England, excels France, and that is afternoon tea. Paris, of course, has its afternoon tea —not to do so when all the world is turning English and even the Chinese are Anglicizing the pigtail would be not a la mode. But in Paris afternoon tea is called "fifoclocky," so be sure you do not laugh in her face in 1900 if a Parisian lady asks you without a smile:

"Voulez-vous fifocloky avec moi mardi prochain?"

On her day the servant demands with all seriousness:

"Is it that madam will have fifoclocky for her world this day also?"

But this is Paris. Outside of the capital if you want tea you must get it at a chemist's, and poor stuff it is too, who will ask you in sympathy:

"Tea? Perfectly, madam, and what sickness have you in your family?"

But cross the channel and tea is the epitome of home life. The love of it and its comfort seems to equalize high and low. Queen Victoria herself shows how she enjoys going of an afternoon to drink a cup of tea with some one of the cottagers on the demesne of Windsor or Balmoral, and the grace of the act tells, besides, her deference to the worth of the least of "His little ones" and how universal is the custom of the afternoon refection all over the United Kingdom.

Go anywhere—into a house of any rank in Great Britain and Ireland—and if you are admitted at all, whether as stranger or friend, you will be given a cup of tea any hour between 3 and 6.

Generally about 4.30 all London drinks a cup of tea; and by all London is meant lords and commoners, bankers, lawyers, doctors, journalists and "city" men, small clerks and costermongers. If not made on a little bachelor stove, the simple affair is brought in from the nearest A. B. C., Aerated Bread Company's restaurant, to lawyers and the general world of money-makers. Noblemen and statesmen get it in their buffet reserve under the shade of Westminster's gray towers, while the people one does not know anything about get it where they may. But —they get it.

In the homes of the wealthy or even only the comfortably off folk the hour has a charm found nowhere so clinging, so lasting. Like their French ancestors, the English think much of friendship, and anyone who claims to live at all has an intimate circle of three or more friends who will join her at tea any afternoon in the week. For some one is always at home to dispense it. Rising in rank, the lady has a day at home at which her set "assist" without being otherwise notified than by her return to town. This day is for general visitors, but at any other day, her not-at-home days, the tea hour brings an intimate friend or friends, and that is the real hour you thoroughly enjoy if you belong to the charmed circle.

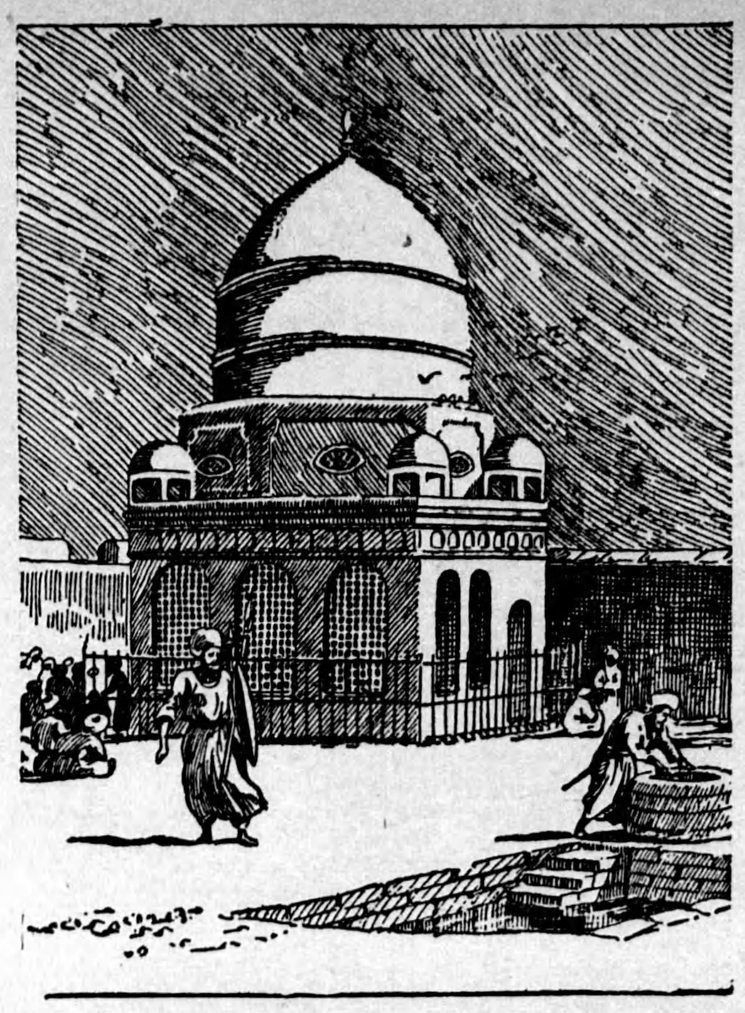
Never is the tea other than good. Tea is cheap in England and is growing cheaper. So many of the younger sons of important families have gone in for tea planting. As a rule the repast is simple, the well-made tea being accompanied by only thin bread and butter. But for pet friends one adds dainties that one gets nowhere else but in an English home. London, with its lodging-house regime, affords tea cake, a confection bought at the pastry cook's. Scottish seed cake, cut in slices, is served. "Genoa" cake and Madeira loaf, a sort of "pound cake" marked at the top with thinly sliced citron, and on festive occasions "Dundee cake," a rich fruit cake well seeded at the top with blanched almonds. But out of the hurly-burly of city life in her houses of Surrey and Kent and Hampstead —there, where thinking and acting have elbow room, added grace is given the meal by the tea cake, on the "cozy" day when one's best friends come, and where all is as fair, as free and as genuine as the traditions at least of the Faubourg St. Germain suppose true culture to be.

The same tea cake, which in Scotland is baked large and round, is called "scone;" old-fashioned people in Scotland and Scottish-Canadian farmers' wives bake the scones very thin, butter them on both sides, pile them high, and when serving cut through the pile. But the very "swagger" afternoon tea scone, such as would be served at Kensington Palace, if you will have a concrete case, is a tiny affair, not much larger than a Marguerite, half an inch thick. It is made of what the women all know as "nursery paste," rolled thin and baked on what is called girdle in England and griddle in America. This method of baking is preferred to oven heat because it gives to the scone a delightful, incomparable, unique, hemi-demi-semi-metaphysical flavor relished highly by authorities on all that is comme il faut—that is to say correctly English, in England, at the afternoon refection.

When baked they are split open, torn with a trick of the finger—never cut, closed again and put into the oven to heat through again. When tea is served they are sent in a hot covered dish, perforated at the apex, preferably of silver.

But the tea scone is a treat and gem only when the cook is in good humor, for she cannot always be persuaded to stop her dinner arrangements—last as the English dining hour is—to fuss about tea which "is the parlor maid's duty anyhow." She generally grumbles to the request. In winter, when one comes in from a drive or shopping, or if a man from the department in the civil service or the bureau in the government or some welcome masculinity off duty from the Horse Guards or the Lancers, joins the group, then the covered dish conceals hot muffins or crumpets to pile on carbon for the human engine needing extra fuel on cold days.

But it is spring that brings beauty to the tea table; spring when the Lent lilies give their ever-offending yellow light shining in reflected glory in the burnished silver of the teapot, the quaint bulbous, old-fashioned teapot telling stories in every curve of its hammered bloom. Then it is when the early cress yields its verdure for the confection of the daintiest of sandwiches of the best bread cut thinnest, so thin that dainty green of seasoned cress peeps through the creamy butter and the bread sponge and gives picture as well as comfort to every fastidious home-lover of old-fashioned joys.



THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

The Dome of which was smashed by the British artillery fire in the attack on Khartoum.

NUNS IN MEN'S ATTIRE.

Sir Charles Gordon's "Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army," contains a quaint little anecdote which we have not so far seen quoted. In 1860, at Tientsin, the two Gordons, when seeking for hospital sites, came across a Buddhist nunnery. Despite the warnings of one of the inmates, who appeared in boy's clothes, they entered the building and found that the inmates all wore male clothing. The Buddhist ladies were greatly shocked at the intrusion. "Our regret," says Sir Charles, "was real. Explanations were exchanged; we were informed that the community within adopted male costume as an indication that they not only renounced the world, but with it the emblems of their sex. We were "received" by the Lady Superior, tea and cakes offered to and partaken of by us. We were then permitted to visit the 'private chapel,' and finally we parted from the religieuses on the best of terms."

ABSENT-MINDED CLUB WOMEN.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on one occasion, presented herself at a club of which she is a member with her bonnet wrong side in front. After some hesitation lest Mrs. Howe should feel hurt, a sister member informed her of her mistake.

"What a blow to my vanity!" said Mrs. Howe, with an amused smile. "I thought I was receiving an unusual amount of attention as I came down town on the car, but attributed it solely to my own attractions."

"LADY OF BALMORAL."

Queen Victoria will soon celebrate her jubilee as "Lady of Balmoral." She purchased Balmoral in the summer of 1848, and took possession of it in the following September. Hence, when she goes there in the autumn she will have been a resident on Deeside for half a century, a fact which is to be commemorated by the erection of a fountain on the Ballater Road.

MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Desk Sergeant—Case of dead drunk, isn't it? Who is he?

Policeman—He's a son of old Struckett-Ritch, the nabob down the avenue.

Desk Sergeant—We'll put it down as overcome by the heat. Send word to his folks.

HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO SERVE PEACHES.

There are numerous ways of serving this most delicious of fruits but from an exchange we take the following suggestions that we think especially good:

Here is the wisdom distilled from experience through bringing up in a peach country. Never try to use green peaches or those which, plucked green, have come to a feint of ripeness afterward. No market peach can ripen on the tree. It would be unmarketable before it had gone 1,000 miles.

It is the worst possible economy to buy poor peaches. For one thing, the waste is double—then what is eatable is never satisfactory.

Another thing, clingstone peaches are best for cooking, clearstone ones for serving raw. Somehow that variety is far and away the more savory. If they are cooked on the seed, they keep their flavor better. If that is impracticable, cook plenty of seed with them.

Peach Junket—Bring a quart of rich new milk to a boil, sweeten it with four tablespoons of sugar, and flavor it to taste. When blood warm, add to it two teaspoons of prepared rennet. Peal and halve a dozen clearstone peaches. Drop brandy on some lumps of sugar and put one in the place of each seed. Set the halves together in the bottom of a cup, and fill the cup three parts full with junket. Put the cups on ice and serve with plain cream sweetened and flavored with peach seed syrup.

Peaches in Jelly—Prepare the fruit as for junket, but set it in clear glass nappies. Make a clear lemon jelly, using the fruit gelatine, and flavor it with ginger, and the juice of two fresh lemons. Just as it begins to set, pour enough around the peaches to half cover them. Set them on ice with the rest of the jelly. When it is hard break it up into small blocks and heap them over the tops of the peaches. Serve with cream or sweet white wine.

Peach Cream—This has but one drawback. It must be prepared on the instant of serving. You need the ripest, juiciest clearstone peaches. Put them on ice until ready to peel and crush. Have some ice broken the size of small marbles. Half fill deep, thin glasses with it, and lay on top three lumps of sugar wet with brandy. Fill with crushed peaches, and send to table with whipped cream on top. Another way is to leave out the brandy and pour either claret or a dash of liquor over the fruit. Or a lemon may be squeezed over it, or it may be flooded with a creamy custard. In either of the last cases use powdered sugar plentifully on top of peaches.

Peach Pyramid—Peel and halve ripe clearstone peaches. Lay enough of them on a flat dish with the hollows up, to form a square. Put in each hollow a lump of sugar that has been rubbed on the yellow rind of a lemon until it is well flavored, then add a small layer of peaches, and fill the hollows likewise. Continue until you have a pyramid. Squeeze the juice of two lemons over it, dust it thickly with powdered sugar, and keep cool until served.

Compote of Peaches—Make a quart of strong ginger tea. Add to it one and one-half pounds of sugar, and the juice and yellow rind of three lemons. Boil and skim well, then throw in a few at a time ripe clingstone peaches, peeled, but on the seed. Let them cook until tender, skim out and put in more peaches, taking care to keep them whole. When all are cooked heap them on a handsome glass dish. Skim out the lemon peel and add to the syrup enough gelatine, dissolved in cold water, to make a firm jelly. Pour the jelly in a shallow dish, and when hard cut into shapes. Lay them over the peaches and put on top of all the curls of lemon peel. Serve very cold. As good as it is pretty, for a high tea.

Baked Peaches—Indian peaches are the best. Peel, but leave them whole, and stick two cloves in each. Put them in a baking dish, letting the sides touch cover them with sugar, dot all the top with lumps of butter, and bake in a steady, but not slow oven until done. Excellent cold or hot. The finest possible relish for game or fowl or roast pig, as well as a fine dessert.

Peach Dumplings—Roll good puff paste into rounds six inches across. Shape the rounds into cups by pinching up the edges. Set the cups in a baking pan, and put in each a big ripe peach on the seed, also a generous quantity of sugar and butter. If you like things very rich, use sweetcake dough instead of puff paste. Cook at the same heat as biscuit. When half done fill up the cups with sugar and butter. Do not require sauce, but may be served with it.

Peach and Tomato Salad—Take half a dozen firm white peaches and as many firm red tomatoes. Peel and quarter, not slice them, and set on ice. Put into a bowl a heaping teaspoon of sugar, a saltspoon of celery salt, one-quarter as much white pepper, a dust of cayenne pepper, and five drops of tabasco. Add to this alternately, a little at a time, and all the while stirring, four tablespoons of salad oil and juice of two limes. If properly mixed it will be the consistence of cream. Line your salad bowl with leaves of heart lettuce. Pile the peaches and tomatoes in the middle, mixing them agreeable. At the very last minute pour over them the dressing. In serving, put a spoonful of salad in the middle of a lettuce leaf.

ART OF COOKERY.

We are apt to consider an expert knowledge of cooking as a matter of small account and something that can be easily acquired by the merest tyro. The young lady who can perform in a very indifferent manner on the piano or paint a very poor picture is looked upon as accomplished, but the girl who can cook well is too often thought of as a person of plebian tastes, with no ambition beyond the kitchen.

A girl who aims at literature and produces very indifferent articles, is considered as a person of aspiration, and her gifts are apt to be overrated by her indulgent parents. There are only a few who sound the praises of the girl who cooks well and whose interests are in household matters, however successful she may be.

She is a "good girl" in village parlance, and that often implies a dull girl. No one thinks of her work with special pride as showing intellect and intelligence, unless it be an indulgent father or tired brother who has been cheered by the care and comfort of her domestic ways. No one thinks of it as showing a superior intelligence to cook correctly, to flavor and serve food with exactness, yet that is what intelligent cooking means. It is an art that has occupied the attention of some of the greatest men of literature and science, and even of statesmanship.

A famous French writer has gone so far as to call it "the pet science of distinguished men." It requires a superior intelligence far greater than anything else displayed in any of the accomplishments of the modern boarding school, to broil and serve a perfect beefsteak. It requires a knowledge of the meat, of the animal from which it was taken, and of the various parts as cut by the butcher. It requires a delicate discrimination to ascertain the condition of meat which has not been perfectly hung and that which is in exactly the right condition for the gridiron. Can a school-girl despise such knowledge when the great Chateaubriand ,one of the greatest literary names of France, was proud of his knowledge in this matter?

There is something exceedingly amusing in a schoolgirl's considering cooking beneath her attention when the great Richelieu did not consider it beneath his attention and was accustomed to devote considerable time from affairs of state to the compounding of delicious dishes for the table. It must be distinctly impressed on young women that she who excels as a cook is following a vocation that has never been despised by any one but the frivolous minded. The girl who attempts something quite beyond her powers, which can be of no value to herself or any one else, simply to deceive the ignorant into the belief that she is "gifted," is doing a foolish, vulgar thing, and one that has been done so repeatedly that the vulgarity of it is monotonous.

The girl that cooks well is doing something that she may well be proud of. A good, modest, well-bred girl, however, is never arrogant over her achievements, even in a domestic way, and the girl who cooks well is quite sure to be a gentle, womanly girl who enjoys ministering to those about her.

FOR MOTHERS.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

Children need models more than criticism.

We can never check what is evil in the young unless we cherish what is good in them.

Line upon line, precept upon precept we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace and the absence of petty faultfinding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven's growing plants.

There are no men or women, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth character; and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man.

TABLE MANNERS.

Children should early be taught to use their napkins properly, to lay them on the table, without folding them when they are dining out, and to use them only as a means of protection to the clothing, and to wipe the mouth and fingers. To handle forks nicely, to use the knife when necessary, to take small mouthfuls of everything, especially bread, which should be broken into small pieces and not bitten, to eat soup with little or no noise, and to leave the plate tidy with knife and fork lying parallel, to each other are a few of the nice things that really ought to be taught. And then when the boy or girl grows up and meets persons of refinement there will be no regrets that the dear mother at home had not been as careful about the bringing up as she might have been.

BABY'S EARS.

Few mothers and fewer nurses notice when they lay a baby down whether the soft little ear is crumpled under or lying close back to the head, and they rarely take the trouble when they hold a baby to see that its ears are in a natural position, but will hold it for the longest time with the head pressed against their bosom and the ear turned forward instead of back. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," applies with as much force to the physical as to the moral growth of a child.

AN EAXSPERATING TRAIT.

There are few characters in fiction for whom the average reader feels a greater loathing than for Uriah Heep. He maddens us with his meekness. And in every-day life there are people who exasperate us by their conspicuously gentle and resigned spirits. We long to shake them and make them express themselves forcibly or violently. And finding fault with them is like fighting a feather bed. There is some satisfaction in throwing down a rubber ball, for it will bounce back, and, unless one dodges, it may strike him in the face. Or it may roll away into a corner and let one alone. But if you throw down a feather cushion, it will simply lie at your feet, an inert mass, just where you put it. This is the most trying thing about the martyr-like person, who prides himself upon his lack of temper and upon his willingness to be trampled upon. He has no spirit. And just as there can be no virtue in the ignorant courage that does not appreciate the existence of danger, so there is no virtue in the inertia that feels no temptation and yet is often mistaken for meekness. The true meek, they who inherit the earth, are those who know how to resist, how to fight back, and who for the sake of a principle dare to be quiet. They are strong and have overcome. But they are not the Uriah Heeps of life. One has learned even in the flame to hold still, although every fibre of his being quivers with agony. He sets his teeth and makes no moan. The other has not felt the flame, and, not having felt it, can talk calmly of its heat, and smilingly take to himself credit for being willing to endure its fury with so-called meekness and resignation.

COAL BURNED BY STEAMSHIPS.

The amount of coal consumed by a vessel during a voyage depends very largely upon the speed, for the consumption of coal increases almost in a geometrical ratio to the speed. There are many ships which burn from 100 to 300 tons of coal per day, the lowest consumption being when the vessel is c ing at a moderate rate. Men-of-w do not consume so much in proportion as swift passenger steamers which ply between Europe and America, for, unless in an emergency, they are not driven at the highest attainable speed. The ocean passenger steamers often burn from 2,500 to 3,500 tons during a passage lasting six to seven days.

JOKING WITH THE QUEEN.

There is said to be only one man who has ever dared to make a joke in the presence of the Queen. This is Canon Teignmouth-Shore, at one time governor to the children of the Prince of Wales, and a splendid type of Irish humorist. He was discussing with Her Majesty the question why it was that shoemakers were supposed to be so advanced in their heterodoxy and in the want of faith in futurity. "Why, ma'am," quietly remarked the audacious Canon, "one could hardly expect a shoemaker to believe in the immortality of the sole (soul)!" Her Majesty enjoyed the joke and laughed very heartily over it.

SMART WOMAN.

Progressive! he said. Well, I should think she was. Why, do you know what the woman did?

They admitted that they did not.

She has secured the services of a hypnotist, he explained, and now she is able to feed her boarders on rump steak and make them think it is tenderlion.