About the ....House

WHAT TO DO WITH PEACHES.

Peach Bavarian Cream—Ten fresh peaches, half a pint of cold water, one pint of cream, half a box of gelatine. Cover the gelatine with cold water and let it soak for one hour. If canned peaches, one pint is used ; they may be pressed through a colander, but if fresh fruit is used it should be first stewed and sweetened. Place the gelatin over boiling water until dissolved. Whip the cream. Add the gelatin to the fruit, mix and turn into a large bowl; place this in a pan of cracked ice and beat until it begins to thicken. Then add the whipped cream, stir carefully until well mixed; turn into a wet mold and set it in a cold place to stiffen; turn out and garnish with whipped cream.

Peach Fritters—Either the fresh or canned peaches may be used. They should be cooked in deep fat, which should be hot enough to brown a small piece of bread in fifty seconds. Fresh or canned peaches, rum or brandy, sugar, grated lemon peel. Peel, stone and halve the peaches. Sprinkle well with sugar, rum and grated lemon peel. Let them stand for ten minutes. To make the batter, take one heaping cupful of flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of olive oil, one or two tablespoonfuls of rum or brandy, and a little cold water. The rum or brandy may be omitted if preferred, substituting lemon juice, wine or fruit juice. Mix the yolks with the flour, then add the oil and liquor, thin with water to the consistency of thick cream. Add the white of the eggs, beaten to a very stiff froth. Dip the fruit into this and fry in the hot lard. The batter should be thick enough to coat the fruit thoroughly. Cook the peaches piece by piece. When golden brown place on brown paper and keep them warm in the oven, and let them dry. Sift powdered sugar over them and serve hot.

Peach Mousse—Use very ripe fruit. Peel and slice enough to make a quart. Rub them through a strainer add a pint of sugar and mix well. Add also two quarts of whipped cream. It is quite an improvement to add two tablespoonfuls of wine or maraschino. Wet a three-quart mold in cold water and heap the mousse in lightly. Pack in salt and ice and let it remain for four hours.

Simple Peach Pudding—Line a deep glass dish with thick slices of sponge cake, soaked in sherry. Then fill the dish with fresh peaches, peeled and sliced and well sprinkled with sugar. Pile whipped cream on the top. Stand on the ice to become very cold before serving.

Peach Cream Pudding—One quart of pared and sliced peaches, three eggs, one pint of milk, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, saltspoonful of salt, generous half teaspoonful extract of vanilla. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Beat the eggs, sugar, flour and salt well together. Pour a little of the hot milk on this mixture. When well blended return all to the double boiler. Let it boil about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Remove it from the fire, strain into a bowl, add the vanilla and set away to cool. Place the peaches in a deep dish, and when the cream mixture becomes cool mix together and set it in the refrigerator for three hours or more to chill it thoroughly.

Peach and Rice Pudding—One dozen large peaches, scant half cupful of rice, two and a half cupfuls of milk, one cup of sugar, cup and a half of cold water, scant half a teaspoonful of salt. Wash the rice and soak it for two and a half hours in the cold water; drain off the water and put the milk and rice in the double boiler and cook for two hours; then add the salt and cook for thirty minutes. Put the peaches in a wire basket and plunge them into boiling water for two minutes. Rub off the skins and cut the peaches in halves. Break six of the peach stones; put them in the saucepan with the sugar and water and simmer them for half an hour. Remove the stones and put the peaches in the sirup. Cook slowly for fifteen minutes. When the fruit is cooked spread half of the rice on a flat dish, having the layer about half an inch thick. Save fifteen of the best halves of the peaches and spread four of the remaining pieces on the rice; put another layer of rice on top of the fruit, shaping it into a tapering mold. On the top layer put four more pieces of peach, and cover with the remaining rice, which should be heaped to a point. Arrange the pieces held in reserve around the base of the mold. To the sirup add the juice of an orange, and either one tablespoonful of maraschino or a couple of tablespoonfuls of wine. Pour this sirup very carefully over the rice and peaches and also serve cream with the pudding. Serve cold.

Peach Marmalade—Place the peaches in a wire basket and plunge them into boiling water for two minutes. Rub off the skins, cut the peaches in halves and take out the stones. Measure the fruit and place it in the preserving kettle, for six quarts of peaches use one quart of water. Cover and cook for an hour; then add three quarts of granulated sugar and cook for an hour longer, stirring often. The marmalade should be smooth, thick and rather glossy at the end of that time. Put in small jars or glasses. When cold cover with pieces of paper wet in brandy and then seal, or use metal covers.

FROM A WORN TABLECLOTH.

With many of us it is a domestic tragedy when the best tablecloth ends an honored existence. Of course in the hands of a thrifty housekeeper this is not until its spotless surface has been adorned with sundry bits of embroidery, and even then, if rightly managed, it has years of existence before it in other spheres. Hold such a cloth up to the light, so that the thin places may be readily seen, and let some one with a blue pencil mark around them ; then lay it on the floor or a large table, and cut from the better part an infinity of small doilies of various sizes, four, six, eight and ten inches square ; oblong napkins, also of different sizes, cutting your coat always accordingly to your cloth. Roll these up and lay them in the "fifteen minutes basket," and when you find an idle moment on your hands, fringe them. The result will be a store of doilies, which you will at once find so useful that you will wonder how you ever kept house without them. If the linen has been both heavy and fine, and of a handsome design, they are besides decidedly ornamental.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Laces that are only slightly soiled may be rubbed with magnesia and left overnight in the powder. It adds to the efficiency to lay a book or weight of some kind on the lace, after it is thoroughly rubbed with the magnesia, as this brings the two in more intimate companionship. Lace discolored by perspiration should be washed in a suds of castile soap and hung, still dripping, in strong sunlight. When dry, repeat, continuing until the color is restored.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on grass stains will remove them easily with a little rubbing.

Foods to be fried in deep fat should not be dipped in cracker crumbs. These soak up the fat, and hence bread crumbs are better.

Somebody has discovered that to sprinkle clothes in the best fashion one should dip a whisk broom into hot water and shake lightly over the garment.

HARD SOAP.

Place a gallon of good soft soap in a kettle to boil, stir in a pint measure level full of common salt, stirring it all the time until the salt is dissolved, then set to cool. Next day, cut out the soap in squares scrape off the soft, dark part that adheres to the lower side of the cakes, pour out the lye, and wash the kettle. Place the soap, cut in thin slices, in the kettle with more weak lye. If the lye is strong, add rain water, pint for pint; let it boil until the soap is dissolved. While boiling, add again a pint measure level full of salt, stirring it the same as before and set to cool, when perfectly hard, cut in cakes the desired size, scraping off the soft lye part from the lower side, and lay on boards, top side down in the sun, turning it each day until sufficiently dry. Or, if you wish to make a twelve or fourteen-gallon kettle of soft soap into hard soap, three quarts of salt stirred in each time, will be sufficient. But as soap differs in strength, the quantity of salt must also differ. The stronger the soap the more salt is required. A good general rule is : "when the soap is boiling, stir in salt until it curdles and becomes whitish in color." It can be tested by placing some in a shallow pan to cool, as it cools in a few minutes sufficiently to know if enough salt has been used.

AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION

MEN WHO DESERT THE WORLD OF PLEASURE.

Sufferers From Disappointments Who Lived Amongst Savages.

Colonel Horti, an Italian officer, and a man of aristocratic birth, was a comparatively young man, of great promise, who stood high in the estimation of his superiors. He was possessed of a comfortable fortune, and, all things considered, might have risen to the top of his profession. But he was disappointed in a love affair, and the disappointment made him resentful. He turned his back upon, not only the woman he loved, but upon every member of the nation to which she belonged, and tried to efface his own nationality by becoming a savage. He bound himself to a war-like tribe which, at that time, was giving the Italian troops in Africa an immensity of trouble. He lived as one of them, dressing as they dressed, and learnt their language rapidly. His knowledge of war gave him great influence. He organized them into a powerful fighting force, and led them again and again against the Italian troops, often with great success.

This kind of thing went on for some years, in fact, it continued from about 1888 until the Italian Government, thoroughly weary of their African trouble, determined to make one desperate effort to gain peace. The desperate effort ended in such a hopeless failure, that Italy practically abandoned the position to Great Britain. Rarely have Italian troops suffered as they did in that effort to pacify their African region of influence, and Horti and his savage followers greatly contributed to Italy's defeat. Horti was, however, wounded about that time, and died some weeks later in consequence, deeply lamented by the people who had adopted him as one of themselves.

THAT GREAT SAVAGE,

the Mahdi, and later, the Khalifa, had a number of world deserters for officers. The former, at one time, towards the close of his career, had three ex-officers of the French army, and a Russian colonel of dragoons, named Poloski. The latter was at one time an official in the late Tsar's court. He got into trouble, however, and to avoid the contingency of Siberia, hurriedly left Russia and enlisted under the Mahdi's banner. Perhaps he had Tartar blood in his veins; in any case, it is said that he became the most savage of the semi-savage band he joined, and liked nothing better than leading small raids upon helpless villages and caravans which happened to pass within his reach. A spy of the Egyptian Government, who succeeded in getting into Poloski's good graces, reported the ex-Russian to be a man who seemed to have set himself against everything decent and humane, capable of the utmost brutality, and quite devoid of a spark of pity. He wore dress similar to that worn by his fellows, and refused to admit that he had ever belonged to a civilized nation, or could speak any European language. He had a strong following of men, who were loud in their praises of his daring and mercilessness. What eventually became of him is not known; he may have died fighting, or in his desert-home, or he may have been "put away," for he had powerful enemies, who were jealous of his influence

OVER THE DERVISHES.

A few years before the end came to the terrible rule of the black-hearted Lobengula, that savage king was served by two men who had for mysterious reasons deserted the world to join the Matabele tribe. One, whose name was White, was the son of a Canadian doctor, the other, Bresseni, was an Italian, who had escaped from a French prison while under sentence for attempt to murder another Italian in Rouen. White also had been in prison. For some time these two men, between whom there was no connection, though they both joined the tribe about the same time, were held in great esteem by Lobengula, and were able to be of considerable service to him. There is little doubt that they greatly facilitated the arming of the tribe with rifles, which had a serious effect when the war began. When the king, however, heard that a British force was drawing near to him, he promptly suspected his two white tribesmen of being spies, and incontinently murdered them.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT

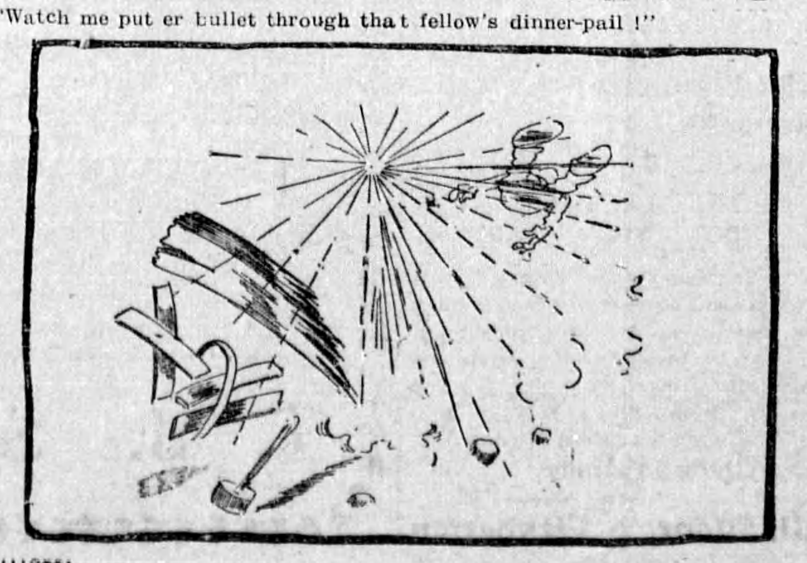
in French Government circles that there is a good sprinkling of Europeans among the blood-thirsty pirates haunting the coast of Cochin-China. French troops are constantly making war upon the pirates, and finding in their hands the bodies of their own countrymen, Germans, Russians, and men of other nationalities, who have deserted the world, and joined the vilest cut-throats in Asia, the home of cut-throats.

A short time back, after a stiff fight between two pirate boats and a small French vessel, the latter found that instead of having a Chinee for their chief, one of the defeated boats was captained by a Frenchman, dressed like a native. This man was mortally wounded when taken, and confessed when dying, that six years previously he had been mate of a French ship in Chinese waters, and had deserted to join the pirates. On the strength of his experience of the sea he was appointed chief of a boat, which he had commanded for six years, during which time he had lived virtually the life of a very heathen Chinee, and amassed a considerable fortune. He spoke, also, of other Europeans he had known among the pirates, most of whom had become rich by their terrible trade. — Pearson's Weekly.

A FULL D INNER-PAIL.

Mike O'Leary—Guess this dynimite'll be safe here until I get some fuze !

"Watch me put er bullet through that fellow's dinner-pail !"



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LATE HOURS THE RULE.

In St. Petersburg late hours are the rule. The principal streets are generally crowded at one o'clock in the morning. Many of the theatres do not open before midnight.

Chimer—So you're not friends any more. Rimer—No, he doesn't know what true friendship means. I asked him once to give me his candid opinion about some verses I had written. Chimer—Well? Rimer — Well, the chump gave it.

Mrs. Guzzler (as Guzzler comes in unsteadily at 3 a. m.)—"You have no excuse for coming home at this hour and in this condition." Guzzler—"I had one, my dear, and it was a dandy, but I can't think what it was."

FOR EXCURSIONISTS.

A court has decided that a passenger cannot travel by an excursion train and then pay the excess fare to a station beyond. The judge held that an excursionist is not entitled to continue his journey beyond the station to which the ticket related without paying the full ordinary fare for the whole journey.

AN INHABITED MINE.

There is a quicksilver mine in Peru 170 fathoms in circumference and 480 feet deep. In this profound abyss are streets, squares, and a chapel where religious worship is held.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Mr. Seddon kept for many years the first nugget of New Zealand gold which he unearthed in his digger days. When the Earl of Onslow was Governor of the Colony, in the early nineties, the ex-working-miner Premier had the tiny bit of yellow metal made into a breast-pin, which he presented to his lordship.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who celebrated her ninetieth birthday quite recently, can boast a record number of living descendants. The venerable lady had six sons and seven daughters, of whom five of the sons and five of the daughters are living to-day. The Dowager Duchess has no fewer than 140 descendants to-day. There are ten children, fifty-nine grandchildren, and seventy-one great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Moon, an ancient dame who lives at the Kentish village of Rolvenden, England, is believed to be the only subject of the King who was present at the battle of Waterloo. The old lady is the daughter of a soldier who fought in the battle, and as a tiny child of four accompanied Wellington's army on its march from Brussels. During the progress of the fighting she sat in a baggage-waggon drawn up, with many others, behind the British lines.

Sir Frederick Treves has certainly earned a generous reward for his skill. At little more than a moment's notice he placed his whole time at the King's service, and for at least seven days and nights he never went to bed, snatching sleep at Buckingham Palace at odd moments. His daughter's wedding occurred during those critical days, and it was only when she drove herself to the Palace and put the case before her father that he took a hurried half-hour to attend the quiet ceremony.

Sir John Wolfe Barry, who assumed the additional name of Wolfe by royal license in 1898, is one of the most eminent civil engineers in the world. His life has largely been spent in building great works. His most famous achievements were the building of the Tower Bridge, the railway bridge at Blackfriars, the Barry Docks, and Kew Bridge. Sir John holds a record as consulting engineer to no fewer than seven railways. He also acts in that capacity to the Corporation of London and many other important public and private bodies.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, the Academician, is an American by birth, and went to London when twenty-six years of age. It is not yet twelve years ago that his first oil painting was exhibited at the Academy, and already he has won recognition as one of the greatest living painters. Mr. Abbey has an enormous studio at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, England, and when not hard at work there he is to be found practising cricket on the lovely piece of ground in front of his house which he has had specially made. He is a great enthusiast at the game, and likes to stand up to the bowling of his butler, who is a redoubtable cricketer.

The King of the Belgians is a redoubtable pedestrian. One day, when walking in the country, he dropped into a wayside inn, where, surrounded by an admiring throng, a braggart farmer was offering to back himself for 20fr. to walk ten miles against anyone present. Perceiving himself unknown, the King took up the challenge, the couple agreeing to walk to the fifth milestone and back. Off they went, and such good progress did the royal athlete make that he reached the half-way goal over a quarter of a mile ahead. Then depositing on the stone a 20fr. piece, as an indication that he relinquished the contest, he continued on his way at an increased pace and was soon lost in the distance.

A pretty story is told concerning Queen Helena of Italy. A little Neapolitan girl, named Ida Rizzi, some short while since became possessed of a photograph of the Queen which represented her in a somewhat thoughtful mood. The child, who had considerable artistic talent, conceived the idea of copying the portrait and at the same time beautifying it with the addition of a smile. This she did very successfully, and afterwards sent it to Queen Helena with these words at the foot : "May Her Majesty smile in this manner all her life." The young Queen was so delighted that in return she sent one of her ladies-in-waiting to Ida Rizzi's home with a large box of presents and a framed portrait of little Princess Yolande, together with a note of kindly greeting written by her own hand.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

A professional burglar in Berlin, Germany, found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor became suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

Visitor—"What a magnificent library you have?" Millionaire—"Yes. When I think of the pile of money I've sunk in that collection of books, it makes me feel quite intellectual!"