About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Ginger Pears—To 8 lbs. pears after pared and cut in small pieces add 6 lbs. sugar, 3 lemons cut fine, a piece of ginger root an inch long tied in a cloth, 1 pt. water and 1 pint vinegar. Cook until thick.

Bottled Pickles—These neither turn soft nor shrivel up. Pour boiling water over them and let stand four hours. To every gallon of vinegar take 1 small cup sugar, 1 of salt, 1 teaspoon pulverized alum, 1 oz. stick cinnamon, ¼ oz. cloves. Boil and pour hot over pickles.

Pumpkin Marmalade.—Cut a ripe, yellow pumpkin into large pieces, pare, scrape out the seeds, and then weigh. To every pound allow a lb. of sugar and an orange or lemon. Grate the pumpkin on a coarse grater, and put it into a preserving kettle with the sugar, the grated rind of the orange or lemon, and the strained juice. Let it boil slowly, stirring frequently and skimming well until you have a smooth, thick marmalade. While still hot pour it into glass or china jars or tumblers, filling not quite full. When cold, pour over the top a covering of melted paraffin, cover with the lid or brown paper and keep in a cool, dark place.

Potato Pie—One-fourth pound of suet, onions, one-half pound oatmeal, four pounds of potatoes, one pound of flour, one-fourth pound of lard, baking powder. Chop the suet very fine, cut the onions small, pare the potatoes very thin, and cut in slices. Take a large agate pie dish, scatter some suet in first, then some onions, then some meal, and a layer of potatoes, pepper, and salt, till all is in, put potatoes on the top, then cover with a crust made of the flour, lard, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; bake for two hours in a moderate oven.

Hot Pot—One pound flank of mutton, carrot, turnip, onion, four pounds of potatoes. Wash and pare potatoes, cut into four or six; pare turnip, cut in slices; scrape carrot and cut in slices; cut onion fine; cut mutton into small pieces; put a little of it into the bottom of the agate stewpan, then potatoes, onion, carrot, turnip, mixed with pepper and salt, then some more mutton, till all is in; add one pint of water, and steam for two hours. Serve hot.

Celery Salad in Apple Cups—Cut a good-sized head of celery into half-inch pieces, slice two cucumbers thin, cut a dozen stuffed olives in rings. Add half as many English walnut meats as you have pieces of celery. Chop part of them, using some whole to scatter on top of the salad. Mix with a good mayonnaise and fill apples which have been previously scooped out. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Celery with Grated Cheese.—Serve crisp celery upon a low dish. The cheese should be finely grated, heaped upon a dish, and served with a spoon to each guest who desires it. The celery is dipped into the cheese and bitten off.

Grecian Rice Pudding.—Cook three tablespoonfuls of rice in three cupfuls of milk. Sweeten with a small cupful of powdered sugar and season with half a teaspoonful of salt and the grated rind of an orange. Add two ounces of cleaned and dried currants, four ounces of macaroni crumbs, an ounce of finely shredded candied orange peel, four egg yolks, and the white of one, and a gill of brandy. Cook in a double boiler until thick, turn into a pretty serving dish and serve with English orange sauce made as follows: Put into a saucepan four egg yolks and four tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat until the mixture becomes thick and whitish in color. Add one cupful of sweet cream, the grated rind and juice of a sweet orange, and cook over hot water until creamy. Remove the pudding from the fire, let cool, and beat until well frothed.

CEREALS COOKED WITH FRUIT

Though most housekeepers realize the value of fresh fruit served with cereals, few know how much more satisfactory the breakfast can be made by cooking dried fruit with the cereal used. Any cereal can be used in combination with figs, dates or raisins, and besides being more healthful than when served plain, it is more pleasing to everyone.

Place the required amount of cereal and water in the double boiler and add ½ to 2-3 of a cup of figs or dates for each three cups water used. Cut the fruit in small pieces and stir it in so it will be well distributed, and cook a little longer than when no fruit is used. If any is left after the meal is over it may be put in cups and served cold, being much better than without the fruit.

Graham flour can also be used in this way, using two cups boiling water and ½ lb. finely cut figs with enough graham flour to make a stiff mush. Cook in the double boiler like the cereals. By adding half a cup sugar it makes a nice pudding which is best when eaten cold, the addition of the sugar making it unsuitable to serve hot.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

If you wish to keep your hair in curl, beat the white of an egg in a cup to a froth, then fill the cup up with rainwater. Wet the hair in this and roll up on kid curlers.

To soften the hands take 30 grains of gum tragacanth, seven ounces of rose water, and when dissolved add one-half ounce each of glycerine and alcohol. Perfume as you desire.

If you wish to clean and restore a dull mirror, soak a cloth in alcohol and rub thoroughly every portion of it. Follow this with a dry cloth and you will be surprised at the brilliancy of the glass.

A mustard bath is much superior to the ordinary warm bath for bringing out the rash in eruptive fevers. It is prepared by adding from one to two tablespoonfuls of mustard to one gallon of water.

Creosote should never be put into a hollow tooth for toothache. It relieves pain, but inevitably destroys the substance of the tooth itself, which breaks away soon after leaving only the stump.

Mustard relish is made by mixing smoothly half a teaspoonful of made mustard with a dessertspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir till all is smooth, and serve with steak, bloater, etc.

The white holland window curtains that are discarded, if sent to a laundry to wash and be bleached, make very good shirt waists and white tailored dresses. They are all linen, and work up beautifully in this way.

For a dainty dish of peas, stew the green peas with a little butter and no water in a covered pit till tender, the time varying according to the age of the peas. If the peas are at all old add a little sugar in the cooking.

Ink spilled on a carpet may be taken up without leaving any stain if dried salt be applied immediately. As the salt becomes discolored brush it off and apply more. Wet slightly continue till the ink has disappeared.

A simple expedient for riding the house of mice is to place a little oil of peppermint or sprays of the fresh herb round their haunts, as they have a great antipathy to the odor. For cockroaches, potato ash formed by burning the parings to a cinder on the back of the stove, will effectually banish them if scattered about the places where they congregate. Water bugs, that pest of the city apartment, will vanish if all cracks and crevices where they run are sprayed three or four times a day with water in which carbolic acid has been dissolved in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of acid to one pint of water. Care must be taken in handling the acid.

PULLING ONIONS.

To peel onions without bringing tears to the eyes, put them in a deep pan and pour boiling water over them, as for skinning tomatoes. By the time you can bear your hands in the water the onion skins are loosened enough to be easily slipped off, often without any aid from a knife. Should there be any not so readily loosened, hold them well under the warm water while peeling. Your eyes will be spared and your hands will absorb less of the odor than in the common way of paring.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

BIASED JUDGMENT.

A Singing Contest in the East End of London.

"Daily bread" means "daily bread" to the East End child of London. It is no euphemistic expression for chicken and lemonade. When it is lacking in any home, as it often is, the children of the neighborhood all know it, and sympathize with a feeling born of common suffering. In an East End mission was held one night a week a "Happy Hour for Children," says the author of "Seven Years Hard," in the course of which friendly competitions were held in singing, dancing and games. Small money prizes and ribbons were given the "champions."

One evening it happened that two girls, Connie and Hilda, were opposed in the singing contest. Connie's father was out of work, and there was great distress at her home. The little ones were crying for food, and their parents were half-crazy with worry and hunger. The "Happy Hour" children knew this, but the curate did not. They manifested the most intense interest, buzzing like so many flies when the two girls stepped upon the platform.

There was not the slightest doubt of the superiority of Hilda's voice. She sang in a clear, correct soprano. Connie, on the other hand, whose voice would have been inferior at any time, was further hindered by a severe cold, so that she broke down twice and was croaky and throaty. Yet when the children were asked to vote, with one accord they shouted, "Connie!"

"You should vote for the girl who sang best not the one you like best," said the curate. "We will vote again. Now, then, for Hilda?"

Not a hand went up.

"For Connie?"

A shoal of hands appeared.

"What! Do you mean to say that Connie sang better than Hilda?" expostulated the curate.

"Yes!" they shrieked.

"But, my dear children, Connie broke down twice."

That made no difference. They shouted, "Connie!" and only "Connie!" and would not have Hilda at any price. Her father was earning thirty-eight shillings a week.

In the end the curate yielded, and with a roar of delight the little East Enders applauded while he gave Connie the money prize.

"Lov-ely!" exclaimed a little girl in a front seat. "Now they'll have something to eat at her house!"

Then the curate understood and appreciated the biased judgment of his flock—a judgment in which the defeated Hilda entirely concurred.

MEMORIAL TO DICK KING.

Natal Hero Who Saved a Garrison Sixty Years Ago.

Natal is considering the erection of a suitable memorial to Dick King who saved a British garrison from destruction in the Boer war of over sixty years ago by an heroic ride of more than 600 miles, says the Daily Mail.

Captain Smith, with a small British force, had marched overland to Durban in 1842, and there his troops were defeated by Pretorius, and were in danger of being compelled to surrender, states the Cape Times. On May 25, seeing that his troops were surrounded, he determined at all hazards to send a message to Grahamstown asking for reinforcements.

Mr. Cate, an old Natal pioneer, offered to get the message sent, and at midnight he saw Richard King, an expert horseman and hunter, of Durban. King consented to take the message. Captain Smith provided him with two horses, and Mr. Cate rowed him across the bay to the Bluff, where his famous ride began.

Riding his horses alternately, he reached and had crossed the Umlazi River by daybreak. He was now safe from pursuit by the Boers, but a long and perilous ride through a savage country lay before him.

On the ninth day after leaving Durban he rode into Grahamstown utterly exhausted, having covered 600 miles and crossed numerous rivers, over some of which he had to swim. Urgent messages were sent to the Cape, and thirty-one days later rockets and blue lights from the Southampton in Durban Bay told the anxious garrison, then on the point of surrendering, that relief had arrived.

DEADLY ANAEMIA.

Leads to Consumption Unless Promptly Cured.

Many a young life might be saved from consumption if simple anaemia were promptly treated. Anaemia is the doctors' name for weak, watery blood. When the blood is in this condition the lungs have no strength. The whole system begins to break down. Then the growing girl slips slowly into decline, until at last the cough starts and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure all weak, anaemic people without doubt or difficulty. They actually make new, rich, health-giving blood—they cure anaemia and prevent consumption. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Mrs. Edward Cochran, Merriton, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter Matilda, when I felt that her case was almost hopeless. For more than a year she was a sufferer from anaemia. She gradually grew weak, was subject to violent headache, and dark circles appeared under her eyes. She was melancholy, had no appetite and complained of being constantly tired. At different times she was treated by two doctors, but with no improvement. As her case progressed, she was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart, and a suffocating shortness of breath. She had a deathly pallor, took cold easily, and continued to decline in weight, until I felt that she was in a hopeless decline. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began giving them to her. She had not been taking the pills many weeks when her appetite was greatly improved, and this was the first sign that they were helping her. She continued the pills until she had taken eight or nine boxes, when she was again the picture of healthy girlhood. Every symptom of her trouble had disappeared, she has increased in weight, and is strong and robust. Her recovery is looked upon as marvellous, for the doctors thought her case hopeless."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured this case. The pale, anaemic need only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new, rich, life-giving blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and those special ailments that make the lives of so many growing girls and women miserable. Be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Did It Ever Occur to You

THAT WHEN YOUR DEALER OFFERS YOU A SUBSTITUTE FOR . . . . .

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, his motive is self-gain, because of increased profits. SO BEWARE.

Sold only in lead packets. Black, Mixed or Green. 40c. 50c, 60c. Highest award, St. Louis, 1904. By all Grocers.

"THE MODERN NEWTON"

HENRY CAVENDISH, THE GREAT SCIENTIST.

Man Who Weighed the World—He Was One of the Shyest of Men.

In a few days the house once occupied by Henry Cavendish on Clapham Common, London, England, will have been sold, the great garden will probably very soon be made a dumping ground for bricks and mortar, says T. P's. Weekly, and the abode of one of the shyest of men will be open, in its downfall, to the public gaze. Cavendish, so far as we have any record, was only ill once in his life, and that illness killed him at the respectable age of 79.

He told his physician that "any prolongation of life would only prolong its miseries," and he died, as he had lived, alone. For the ordinary human relations of life he seemed to care nothing; he was absorbed in his experiments, and loved his books and his laboratory more than anything else on earth. Henry Cavendish, who has been called "the modern Newton," was born in 1731, only four years after Newton's death. He was educated at a private school at Hackney, from which he passed to Peterhouse, Cambridge, which he left three years later without a degree. Thereafter he was a man of science devoting his whole life to experimental philosophy.

"The man who weighed the world" wrote Henry Cavendish's cousin, the late Duke of Devonshire, "buried his science and his wealth in solitude at Clapham." His science, however, he did not bury, for he published to the world certain facts which placed him in the first rank of experimental philosophers. It was he who converted oxygen and hydrogen into water, and proved that it consists of these gases; it was he who first stated the difference between animal and common electricity, and it was he who, by a course of ingenious experiments weighed the world.

Cavendish had no vanity; he cared for no one's praise, avoided society and was, as one must suppose, an unhappy man. For money he cared little; up to his fortieth year he was comparatively poor, probably having an annual income of no more than £500, but in 1773 an uncle died who left him an enormous fortune. Of that he spent very little, he was one of those rare men who have no idea of the value of money. His personal needs were very simple, and the fact that he was rich never seems to have struck him as a matter of interest.

Cavendish had two houses, the one on Clapham Common, to which I have referred, and another near the British Museum, at the corner of Gower street and Montague place. He had few visitors, but his library was at the service of any one who cared to use it. Yet, so anxious was he to be undisturbed that he hired a house in Dean street in which to accommodate his books, and paid a librarian to look after them. When he wanted to refer to his books he went around as though to a circulating library, and left a receipt for whatever he took away—an admirable idea, which should be encouraged nowadays.

His house at Clapham was practically a workshop; the upper rooms were converted into an observatory the drawing room—Cavendish had no use for drawing rooms—was a laboratory, and in an ante-room he had fixed up a forge. On the lawn he erected a stage, which enabled him to reach the top of a large tree, on which secure and isolated perch he could be absolutely alone with his thoughts.

As a host one gathers that this strange being was hardly a success, the very few people who were admitted to his table were always given the same fare—a leg of mutton. On one occasion four scientific men were to dine with him. When his housekeeper consulted him as to what she was to give them to eat he said a leg of mutton. "Sir," said the good soul, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," he replied. And this man who was content to eat mutton everlastingly had no sense of beauty; he cared for nothing beyond his own work. His biographer, Dr. George Wilson, said of him:

"There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic or chivalrous in the nature of Cavendish, and as little was there anything mean, groveling or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than pure intellect or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection or faith was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderful, acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skilful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials."

He simply left his income to accumulate. One day his bankers, finding that they had a balance of £80,000 to his credit, sent up a messenger to consult him about it. Cavendish was extremely perturbed, but he consented to see the messenger. "What do you come here for?" he asked. "What do you want with me?"

"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it."

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!"

"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.'

"Well, well, what do you want to do?"

"Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested!"

"Do so, do so! And don't come here to trouble me, or I'll remove it."

He was essentially a shy man, to whom it was even difficult to speak. Dr. Wollaston said: "The way to talk to Cavendish is never to look at him, but to talk, as it were, into vacancy, and then it is not unlikely you may set him going." And Prof. Playfair, who was a frequent visitor to the Royal Society Club, said: "Mr Cavendish is a member of this meeting. He is of an awkward appearance, and has not much the look of a man of rank. He speaks likewise with great difficulty and hesitation, and very seldom. But the gleams of genius break often through this unpromising exterior. He never speaks at all but it is exceedingly to the purpose, and either brings some excellent information or draws some important conclusion."

Cavendish's shyness amounted almost to a disease. He shrank from speech with strangers, and if he were approached abruptly he would dart away with a cry like a scared animal. At such entertainments as he attended he would often stand on the landing, afraid to face the company on the other side of the door, nor would he open it until the approach of some one from behind drove him forward.

On one occasion, at a party at Sir Joseph Bank's house, a certain Dr. Ingenhousz took upon himself to praise Cavendish to his face in a high flown and pompous manner by way of introduction to an Austrian gentleman who was present. The Austrian promptly took the cue, loaded the unfortunate philosopher with compliments, and assured him that he had come to London mainly to meet him. Cavendish stood with downcast eyes, in abject misery, speaking never a word. Then he saw an opening in the crush, flew to the door, jumped into his carriage and drove home at full speed.

Women he hated; his usual method of communication with his housekeeper was by means of notes left on the hall table, and if any female servant came into his presence she was instantly dismissed. To guard against chance meetings with his household he had a second staircase erected in his Clapham villa. Lord Brougham remembered "the shrill cry he uttered as he shuffled quickly from room to room, seeming to be annoyed if looked at, but sometimes approaching to hear what was passing among others."

This extraordinary man left a fortune of £1,750,000; his heir, Lord George Cavendish, was only permitted to see him once a year, and then for no longer than half an hour. He never changed the fashion of his dress—a fact which naturally drew the attention to him which he was so anxious to avoid. He was indeed a man of pure science, in whose constitution there seemed no room for human kindness.

TWO HALVES MAKE A WHOLE.

"What's become of Miss Giggles?" asked the first bather.

"She's dead," replied the other.

"Gracious! No?"

"Oh! yes; she must be. On one occasion recently, I heard her say she was half drowned and on another that she was half scared to death."

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

Young Man—"Doctor, I am addicted to the liquor habit. Is there any cure for it?"

Doctor—"That depends on circumstances. Are you married?"

Young Man—"No."

Doctor—"Then marry a woman who is more strenuous than you are."

Mr. Isaacs—"Ah, Miss Cohen, I lofe to see you pleased!" Miss Cohen—"How's that, Mr. Isaacs?" Mr Isaacs—"Then I see all the peautiful goldt in your teeth."