About the House

BUTCHERING TIME RECIPES.

We use far less pickled pork in our family than formerly, as we have found satisfactory methods of keeping the meat fresh, or nearly so, as long as we care to have it, writes Eva Mills Anderson. For those who wish to use a pickle the following recipe will be found satisfactory: Let the meat cool thoroughly; when cold rub salt into it, using plenty of salt and rubbing well. Let stand on a slanting board or table for 24 hours to drain. Meanwhile prepare your brine as follows: For each 100 lbs. of meat use 10 lbs. salt, 1 oz. each of saltpetre and cayenne pepper, 1 qt. molasses and 8 gals. soft water. Boil and skim and when cold pour over the packed meat.

The foregoing recipe is also good for corned beef using 3 lbs. less salt to the other ingredients. A beef or pork barrel must be kept for its own use and on no account put one kind of meat into a barrel or a brine which has been used for the other. Be careful to have a weighted board to keep the meat under the brine and when a piece is removed for use see that the remainder is entirely covered and weighted down.

Our present method of using pork is quite different from the old way. The hams and shoulders are nicely trimmed and with all the meat put in the foregoing brine about six weeks. The hams and shoulders are then taken out, drained, and every part of the flesh side and the end of the bones rubbed with a mixture of equal parts of ground black and cayenne pepper. They are then smoked. No definite rule can be given for smoking, the conditions are so varied. We prefer hickory chips, but some of our neighbors who have good hams use corn-cobs and some use maple. The fire should smoulder about five or six weeks.

When the hams are cured there are diverse ways of preserving them. We pack them in barrels of dry, wood ashes. Some sew them in cotton bags and give the bags a coat of white-wash, others cut in slices and partially fry them, packing in their own grease in jars, using additional lard to cover if necessary. Our objection to this is that we occasionally like a ham to boil whole. Still others leave their hams hanging in the smoke-house all summer or until used, claiming that the smoke and pepper protect them from the attacks of flies.

We make lard of nearly all the fat meat, keeping not more than 10 or 20 lbs for eating, which we keep in the brine made after the above recipe. We bake or fry the tenderloin. This is fine cut in narrow strips and rolled in batter or in corn meal and fried. We make bacon of some of the sides of the animal if not too fat. We grind the lean part into sausage meat. Towards spring we take our salt pork out of the brine, slice it and partly fry it and pack it in jars covering it with grease or lard. Then use when wanted. If too salt freshen when ready to use by soaking from 12 to 24 hours in sweet or sour milk or buttermilk.

Frying out the Lard.—This is probably the most trying operation which falls to the lot of the farmer's wife during the year. Some do it a little at a time and some rush it through as fast as possible. We like the latter method, as it saves many cleanings of the stove and floor. It is impossible to fry out lard and not have a spotted stove and floor. We fry the leaf lard by itself and keep it by itself for choice purposes. Cut in small pieces, put a little water in the bottom of the kettle to keep from scorching, cook slowly and dip the lard out with a ladle, straining it into the jar. We fill every available place on the stove with kettles and frequently put some in the oven in dripping pans, using no water in these. Cook slowly, stir frequently; vigilance is the price of success. We put that for summer use in 5 and 10-lb. pails; for winter in jars. Lard usually keeps perfectly, but if at any time there are doubts, heat it boiling hot and slice in some raw potato, removing it in a few moments.

Pork Sausage.—Season your sausage by adding 4 even tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon black pepper and ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper to 10 lbs. ground meat. Then divide your meat into different portions, add pulverized sage, thyme and summer savory to one portion in the proportion of 1 scant tablespoon each to 5 lbs. of meat. One tablespoon ground celery seed will flavor another five pounds. A like quantity of chopped parsley and onion juice will flavor a third quantity, which should be used first. Summer savory and onion is a combination liked by many. Worcestershire sauce is good for a small quantity. Sausage meat can be kept as long as desired by making into small cakes, partly frying and packing in jars. The superfluous packing lard obtained in removing any of these meats from the jars is perfectly good for all cooking purposes.

Head Cheese—For making head cheese the head is thoroughly scalded and separated, then split from snout to top and the inside passages cleaned. It is then cut in small pieces to make it convenient for the cooking kettle and boiled in salted water until the meat will drop from the bones. Take out with the draining spoon, put in the chopping bowl and chop coarsely. Separate into different portions and season with different seasonings after the manner recommended for sausages. Pack in granite or earthenware dishes to harden. Sliced and eaten cold there is nothing more delicious.

Pickled Feet—Scald and scrape the feet, (and tail if you wish.) Let soak in weak lye for a few days. Take some nippers and pull off the toe nails. If they will not come off try scorching them until they will. The most toothsome morsel is under those nails. When these are removed and the feet cleaned from the lye make a pickle of weak vinegar, salt, peppercorns, a little celery seed or any flavoring you wish. It is well to tie these spices in a bag and remove them when the cooking is done. Have enough of the pickle to cover the feet. Place them in a granite kettle, pour over the pickle and boil until the meat falls from the bones. The pickle will be reduced to a small quantity. Cut the meat in small pieces, removing all large bones, put in a jar, cover with the pickle and let it get cold before eating.

Scrapple.—This is another dish which may be made of either lean beef or pork. Let the meat cook slowly in salted water until done, using water enough to cover the meat. When the meat is cooked so that it is free from the bones take all out with the skimmer. Chop coarsely. Taste the liquid in the kettle and have it flavored to suit you. Return the meat and then thicken with corn meal making a regular corn meal mush. Pour into molds, slice half an inch thick, roll in flour or batter and fry in a little mixed lard and butter.

Cooking Liver.—Put some lard or "pork fryings" in a skillet and add a little chopped onion and parsley. Put in the liver sliced and seasoned with salt and pepper, either pig's or calf's liver, and let it cook until done, cooking it slowly and turning it often. When cooked put it in the warming oven. In a sauce pan put 1 tablespoon butter. When it bubbles add one tablespoon flour. Stir until it is a good brown, then add 1 cup hot water, pepper, salt, the juice of half a lemon or 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon capers, chopped cucumber pickle or nasturtium seeds Put the liver on a hot platter, pour the sauce over it allowing it to stand a few moments before sending to the table.

When this work, or the major part of it is done the good housewife will do well to take a day's outing, go visiting, go for a ride, or like the immortal Mrs. Battle she may "unbend her mind over a book."

IN A DEADLY DECLINE.

Saved Just in Time by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Before my daughter Lena began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she looked more like a corpse than a live girl," says Mrs. Geo. A. Myles, of South Woodslee, Ont. "Her blood seemed as though it had all turned to water. Then she began to have bad spells with her heart. At the least excitement her heart would beat so rapidly as to almost smother her. She grew very thin, had no appetite, and what little food she did eat did not seem to nourish her. She was treated by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse and her heart got so bad that we were afraid that she would die. She slept but very little, and would frequently awake with a start and sometimes would jump right up in bed. These starts would always bring on a bad spell and leave her weak and exhausted. We had almost given up all hope of her ever being well again, when we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a couple of boxes she began to sleep better at night and color began to return to her lips. From that on she kept right on gaining and after taking eight boxes of the pills she was again in good health. She is now fifteen years of age, the picture of health, and since beginning the pills has gained about forty pounds in weight Only those who saw her when ill can appreciate the marvellous change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought about in her condition. I believe that had it not been for the pills she would be in her grave to-day, and it is with feelings of great gratitude that I write you in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer."

And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every weak, ailing, pale-faced young woman who is slipping from anaemia into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. In that way they strike straight at the root of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the secret ailments and irregularities of girls and women. Sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

"Gracious, man!" exclaims the doctor when Mr. Glubbins calls him in a hurry. "Your temperature is rioting along near the danger point, and you——"

"And I'm worse off than I ever was before, all through the diet you prescribed."

"Impossible, Mr. Glubbins. I told you distinctly to confine yourself to such foods as would be taken by a 3-year-old child."

"And didn't I follow orders? I ate apple cores and dog biscuits and ends of burnt matches and scraps of potato peeling and everything else I could pick up while no one was looking—and here I am pretty near dead."

Hastily reflecting npon the gastronomical tendencies of the average 3-year-old child, the doctor tells Mr. Glubbins that he has been overdoing the diet, and will have to subsist on soft toast and hot water for a week.

He—"I always say what I think." She—"Then I suppose I'll have to do all the talking."

GUARD OF THE COWS.

Queer Duty of British Soldiers in India.

Out in India one actually finds English soldiers standing sentry over cows. The cow is a sacred animal in the eyes of the Brahmin, and this, of course, leads the Mohammedan portion of the population to take a savage delight in putting to the sword all the cows upon which they can lay hands at certain times of the year. The result is that religious conflicts of the most sanguinary character frequently take place between the members of the rival creeds. It is with the object of preventing riots arising from cow-killing by the Mohammedans that English sentries are now appointed in certain places, especially in Bombay, to stand guard over that public benefactor whom "Tommy Atkins," deeply disgusted, has christened "Saint Cow."

BABY'S FRIEND.

Happiness is a sign of health in babies. Nearly all their troubles vanish when they digest food well and are free from teething pains. Baby's Own Tablets brings happiness to babies by curing stomach troubles, constipation, feverishness, diarrhoea and teething troubles. There's a smile in every dose and the mother has a solemn guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N.S., says: "I have given my baby Baby's Own Tablets as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she is a fine healthy child. I think every mother should always keep these Tablets on hand." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOGS ACT AS POLICEMEN

ARE EFFICIENT AND INCORRUPTIBLE THIEF-TAKERS.

Taught to Regard All Civilians as Enemies and Constables as Their Friends.

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition, yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation—in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe. Monsieur E. van Wesemael, Police Commissioner of Ghent, was the first to suggest trained dogs as auxiliary police.

In March, 1899, three Belgian sheep dogs were bought for him by the veterinary officer of the city, and their training was at once taken in hand by the Police Commissioner. Shortly before Christmas ten dog policemen were at work, and after a reasonable period had elapsed a report was sent to the burgomaster. After ten months of trial the most conservative members of the City Council of Ghent became enthusiasts over the new police recruits and voted more money for dogs to be used in the Faubourg de Bruges and along the smaller docks. Soon there were thirty big, powerful dog policemen on duty and working with surprising efficiency. They would take a new man over his night beat with a zeal, a thoroughness and a relentless, systematic ardor that would kill a lazy constable. They knew their work, and could and did correct many a man who was a stranger to the beat.

The system is now a proved success, and the veterinary surgeon of the city periodically goes out to the fairs to buy dogs. Many breeds have been tried, but the best of all is the big Belgian or French shepherd dog, the powerful and sagacious Briards and Groenendaels, with hair long or short, wiry or silky. These are unmatched the world over for their endurance, boldness, fidelity and intuitive instinct.

Some Belgian cities—Mons, St. Giles, and Schaerbeek—buy their dogs at ten and even eighteen months of age, but M. Van Wesemael prefers to buy his recruits when they are six months old and can be subjected to an exhaustive training with surer results. The period of training varies from three to six months.

For the first fifteen days new recruits are kept in the kennels and are merely taught obedience. Military brevity, combined with unvarying kindliness. In due time certain night guards come and take out the recruits with the veteran dogs when the night bell sounds. The dog police go on duty at 10 o'clock at night and finish work at six in the morning. They never go out in the daytime, and on no account are allowed to become acquainted with the ordinary public.

WEAR MUZZLES.

When on duty each carries a leather collar bearing a tin medal, with its name, birth date, and the word "Police." There is also a cloak for stormy weather, which covers the body from neck to tail. It is leather mounted and waterproof. The dogs also wear muzzles while on duty, for their whole training makes them regard the civilian as an enemy, and a muzzle is necessary for the protection of peaceable citizens. This muzzle is of a special kind. It is a tin cup, perforated for respiration, which prevents the dog from eating any food he may find in the road at night. An elastic arrangement, howevr, permits the unmuzzling of the animal in an instant, when the muzzle swings from the collar, ready to be replaced when the emergency has passed. Thus unmuzzled the well-fed, trained, and powerful animal is a formidable adversary even for an armed burglar, besides being an accessory of great use to the night patrol, whether a criminal's intent is fight or flight.

The entire education of the newly arrived dogs is undertaken by the brigadiers-controleurs, or officers in authority over the night patrol. When coaching the dogs the brigadier-controleur is always in civil dress, and often he simulates the appearance of a tramp or suspicious character. He goes through the pantomime of assaulting the night guards, runs away, slouches along with suspicious bundles, leaps into ditches filled with deep water, scales high walls, and generally runs the whole gamut of a rascal caught in the act.

Every week the dog police are lined up in the paddock for medical inspection. They come to know this event, and if space permitted, one might relate amusing, pathetic and all but incredible anecdotes of the intelligence these carefully selected and well trained brutes.

When a new recruit is beginning to show aptitude under training, the night guard to whom it is assigned comes to the kennel and leads it forth when the patrols with the older dogs are assembled for duty. The men are provided with bones or scraps of meat for the newcomer, and in this way stress is laid on the lesson it is sought to teach—namely, that only men in police uniform may be trusted. All others are to be eyed with suspicion, if not with positive ferocity. Later on the night patrol leads out the beginner, to familiarize it with every nook and corner of the beat. For one month this work goes on three or four hours of night, in all weathers, the hours of duty being gradually increased to the standard eight.

THE TRAINING.

If the animal is slow to understand the object lessons, he is frequently teased and irritated by a brigadier-controleur. In extreme cases a slow-witted recruit is maltreated and even kicked and beaten a little by the official actor. Simultaneously every policeman in the station caresses the dog and gives it dainties. It is no wonder, then, that the dog at the end of his training is at once eager to obey the commands of the police, and more than eager to attack a suspicious-looking person in civil clothes.

In many cases the central police bureau maintains in its grounds artistically arranged walls, water jumps and other obstacles, as well as a regular staff of officers skilled in training these dogs. They accustom new canine recruits to hearing revolver shots, to make flying leaps exceeding six feet, and to attacking fugitives in the bend of the knee. They are trained in this last respect by a pull at the leash when they jump for the neck. Thus when the policeman "criminal" in charge of the training feels the dog's muzzle touch the back of his knee, he drops, to show that the object is attained. This operation often repeated, shows the intelligent dog what the object of the pursuit is, and how it may be best accomplished. After a time the animal operates without being held in leash, and yet instantly responds to its master's whistle, no matter how headlong may be the pursuit in which it is engaged.

When an officer arrives on his beat he releases his dog with the laconic command, "Cherche." Instantly the dog passes swiftly into and around farms and outhouses beyond the city boundary. It knows all possible places of concealment, for if during the earlier stages of the training its memory in this respect has been lax, morsels of meat have been placed in remote corners as an infallible guide to these places.

The dog does more scouting in ten minutes than its well-paid human comrade could do in an hour. If it barks or growls or in any way gives notice of having found something suspicious, the patrol at once joins the dog. Each night guard, by the way, carries a revolver with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, a whistle, handcuffs and a dark lantern.

Strict orders are given to the men to prevent their dogs from picking up bones or tempting morsels on the beat. Some superb animals were lost before the chief commissioner and his veterinary surgeon settled on the diet, which now renders the dogs almost indifferent to delicacies casually found in the night.

SOMETIMES POISONED.

Then men are warned never to take away the body of a dog colleague suddenly poisoned while on duty. The malefactor argues that the patrol will take up the body of his loyal and faithful friend and bear it back to the bureau, so leaving the field unguarded. The mere fact of the poisoning of a dog shows the proximity of a criminal on the beat, so the patrol must call for aid from the next round if he wants it and push on in search of the criminal.

Afterward he must carry the dog's body to the police abattoir, so that the veterinary surgeon may hold a post-mortem and determine the cause of death. The poisons most commonly used are strychnine and prussic acid. While on duty the dog rarely quits the heels of its human colleague, save to carry out the sharp military words of command, "Cherche!" "Attaque!" and so on; but it will rush to aid an officer on a neighboring beat on hearing the shrill signal for assistance.

Before its first year is over, indeed, the dog is as admirably drilled as the smartest Prussian infantryman. It obeys the word of command without a moment's hesitation. It will leap a fence, swim a stream or walk in front, behind or at the side, according to its master's pleasure. It is hungry for work, pathetically anxious to help. Wagging its tail with excitement—which must always be suppressed while on duty—it is an amusing picture of impulsive zeal; great is its delight and triumph when it makes an arrest.

One of the first foreign police officers to inquire into and adopt the dogs was M. Lepine, Police Prefect of Paris. At first eight of these fine beasts were bought for M. Lepine. These Paris pioneers—Pelvoux, Paris, Turco, Cesar, D'Artagnan, Meidje, Diana and Athos—became the pets of all Paris, visitors and residents alike. They proved so successful that their number was fast increased, until now every one of Lepine's agents plongeurs is accompanied on his rounds along the Seine quays by a chien sauveteur.

The alert German Minister of the Interior sent a police commissary into Belgium to investigate for himself the merits of the dog police. The report of this official as to efficiency and economy was so striking that within three years 150 German corporations had also installed dogs as auxiliary police, and were soon satisfied, as also were many cities of Austria, Hungary and Italy, of the canine policeman's superb sense of duty, as well as its loyalty, vigilance, fidelity, and its indifference to bribes and salary alike.

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