About the House

RECIPES FOR NEW DISHES.

Nuts with Rice.—Two cups cooked rice, one cup chopped almonds or peanuts, two tablespoons grated cheese, season to taste with salt. Mix together wih a beaten egg and shape into balls. Fry a golden brown in deep boiling lard, and garnish with watercress or lettuce.

Blended Fruit.—Remove seeds from one-half pound of white grapes and four oranges, one-half can of pineapple; cut oranges and pineapples in small pieces. Make a thick syrup of one cup sugar and a little water, pour over fruit, and serve.

Johnny Pancakes.—Five or six pieces cold johnnycake, three or four pieces cold dry toast; scak in sour milk over night or until perfectly soft. To this mixture add two eggs, teaspoon salt, teaspoon soda, and flour (to which a little baking powder has been added), sufficient for pancake batter. Only a little flour is required.

Delicious Duck Dressing.—Pare, core and slice thin five good-sized apples; sprinkle each with cracker dust to keep them white. Pour boiling water over one pound of French prunes, and when they are swollen, remove the seeds. Seed half a cup of raisins and mix with them and half a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with a teaspoonful of sugar. Then last add a saltspoonful of salt and a beaten egg. This will fill four good-sized ducks, but do not pack too closely, as it swells.

Crust for One Pie. — Inexperienced housekeepers often find it annoying to stop and divide up, or reduce receipts where the proportions are given in large quantities. So for these folks is given this recipe, with exact quantities of materials to make the crust for one pie. Take three-quarters of a pint of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt; sift these twice; then rub in three large tablespoonfuls of sweet lard; when well blended moisten with ice water, only sufficient to roll out. Do not make pie crust soft or wet, if you do it will be hard and tough, and not flaky as it should be. This must be rolled thin, and is ample for an under and upper crust.

Sweet Potato Pineapple. — Boil and scrape six medium-sized sweet potatoes; mash, adding one large tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon light brown sugar,, two tablespoons thin cream, or rich milk, one good pinch grated nutmeg, two shakes red pepper. Mould into shape of pineapple; with sharp pointed teaspoon make little depressions around it, and in each put a tiny bit of butter. Place on buttered pan in hot oven. When the butter bits have made light brown specks like the eyes in real pineapples, remove from oven, put green sprig in top and serve. Individual pineapples are as pretty as can be.

Home Made Marshmallows.—Delicious home made marshmallows are made as follows: One package prepared gelatin, four cups granulated sugar, dissolve the sugar in twelve tablespoonfuls of cold water and boil until it strings, pour on to the gelatin that has been moistened with sixteen tablespoonfuls of cold water and beat vigorously until stiff. Flavor with vanilla and pour on butter tins. Cut into squares when cold with a heated knife, and turn in powdered sugar mixed with a little cornstarch. Coat these by dipping in melted chocolate, without turning in powdered sugar.

Oatmeal Bread.—Two cups of oatmeal, one-half cup of light brown sugar, one-half cup of Molasses, two teaspoons salt, on to this put two cups of boiling water. When cool add one compressed yeast dissolved in a little lukewarm water, one cup of seeded raisins (floured), three cups of wheat flour; mix well. Let rise over night. In the morning add just enough wheat flour to collect together; do not make too stiff. Make into two loaves; put in pans. Let rise until light. Bake in moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

USEFUL HINTS.

Creaking Doors. — The unpleasant creaking of closet doors and bureau drawers can be remedied by rubbing the edges with soap.

Home Made Funnel.—Top of a long-necked bottle makes a good funnel. Tie an oiled string around the bottle, burn and plunge instantly in cold water; it makes an even cut where string was tied.

Brighten Up Picture Frames.—If you have an old picture frame that does not look well, gather cedar nuts or acorns and glue them on in an artistic way, then varnish. This will look like carved walnut.

Shoe Comfort.—A shoe that is uncomfortable from pinching may be eased by laying a cloth wet in hot water across place where it pinches, changing as it grows cool a number of times. This will cause the leather to shape itself to the foot.

Newspaper Protector.—Two sheets of newspaper before the washstands protect the carpets. They can be lifted easily and, unlike oilcloth, require no washing. Likewise they protect any place where the carpet or hardwood floor is much used, and are clean, easily lifted and no trouble.

Mend Your Own Pipes.—Mend leaks in your gas or water pipes by winding with long strips of cloth dipped in hot melted paraffin. Work quickly before it hardens, lapping edges about half over, smoothing strips with your left hand while you wind with your right. You can "ward off" the plumber for some time if you follow these directions.

Be Careful of Purse.—To prevent losing pocketbook while shopping, tie a ribbon or cord to handle of purse, fasten to inside of jacket sleeve with a safety pin; your purse cannot then be slipped off your arm without your knowledge nor left on the counter, as is the case in many instances.

Erect Pillow Shams.—To keep pillow shams erect and neat on an iron bed, stretch about one and one-half yards of cotton elastic, one inch wide, from post to post and fasten with pins or sew it. Pin shams to this. They can easily be thrown over head of bed at night without unfastening. Tie a bow of ribbon on each side if shams do not cover the elastic.

To Clean Feather Beds.—Large feather beds can be renovated by emptying the feathers from the tick into a tub of warm soapsuds—soft water is preferable. Stir and wash thoroughly, then run them through a wringer into another suds. When cleaned run through a tight wringer and place between two sheets in the sun to dry. Turn occasionally, and when dry enough to be scattered by the breeze return to tick. Shake and beat the feathers until light and fluffy.

Cheesecloth a Friend.—Every housekeeper knows the value of cheesecloth as a duster, but perhaps not its invaluable use in everything in the household menage where a cloth is necessary. There is nothing like it for a floor rag, it washes and dries the floors and woodwork readily and wrings out easily. As a dishcloth it is par excellence, as stains and grease do not stay in it. It cleans the windows easily and is splendid for polishing mirrors. It can be bought for 5 cents to 8 cents a yard.

Skirt Protector.—A skirt protector and hanger that may be conveniently carried away to the country where closet room is usually small and sometimes even entirely lacking, is helpful. Such a hanger may be easily and quickly made from a round piece of wood a half or three-quarters of an inch in thickness and eight inches in diameter. To the one side of the wood small brass hooks are attached, on which the waists and skirts are to be hung. On the other side one large hook is screwed in the centre, to be used for fastening on closet nails or door knobs. Around the outer edge of the board, muslin (an old sheet will do) is tacked in big plaits so as to cover all the skirts and waists. The bottom of the muslin is finished with a drawstring, so that it may be pulled tight to keep out dust.

An old lady met a neighbor in the street one day, and was telling her about a recent bereavement. "Yes," she said, "our Bill died last week. That's five out of seven gone, and now there's only me and old Joe left." Then she added, pathetically, "Only two left; I suppose I shall be the next to go." "Ah," said the neighbor, "I suppose you will. At any rate, cheer up; if you ain't, you'll be the next but one."

"You mortified me terribly," complained Mrs. Richley. "How?" demanded her sick husband. "Why did you tell the new doctor you were in the habit of eating corned beef and cabbage? We never have such common food as that." "Well, I want him to fix his charges on a corned beef and cabbage basis."

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly *Scott's Emulsion* enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

BACK TO MOTHER'S RECIPES.

After having tried all the well advertised patent medicines, the public are turning to the old household recipes for treatment of incipient diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, which, if neglected too long are almost incurable. One remedy that has come back to popular favor is the following simple prescription: Four ounces syrup of rhubarb, one ounce compound vimosa, one ounce sweet spirits of nitre. Any druggist will fill this at a moderate cost, or you can buy the ingredients separately and mix at home. Take a dessertspoonful in a little water after meals and at bedtime. A few doses will drive out the trouble, and save you endless pain and money.

CURIOUS MAYORAL CUSTOMS.

Gifts of Fruit for Lord Mayor—Drinking to Sir Francis Drake's Memory.

It is not generally known that venison warrants are sent to the Lord Mayor of London and Sheriffs by command of the King twice a year, says London Tit-Bits. In July warrants for bucks are issued and in December for does. In the year 1101 the King then reigning granted and confirmed by charter that "the citizens of London shall have all the rights and privileges to the hunt in the royal demesnes as well and as full as their ancestors had.'

Eventually, however, the citizens were debarred from enjoying the chase in the royal parks and as a solatium it was ordered that the Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs should be supplied annually with so many deer from the royal parks and forests. This order was issued some centuries ago, and ever since the First Commissioner of Works has yearly sent the warrant for the venison for the occupiers of the Mansion House to the City Remembrancer.

Another old custom in association with London's Mayorality is the presenting of fruit by the Fruiters Company to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. The ceremony appears to have originated in the fourteenth century and at one time was a very picturesque affair. Now-a-days, however, the presentation of the fruit is taken as a matter of course and without ceremony. In days gone by the master, wardens and clerk of the Fruiters Company attended at the end of November at the Guildhall and apprised the Lord Mayor of the presentation, informing him that twelve bushels of apples of various kinds were on the way from Farringdon Market. Twelve men, carrying on their heads panniers containing the apples, headed by the company's beadle in official attire, then marched up to the Guildhall and laid their offerings before the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, each receiving in return a bottle of wine.

The election of the Mayor of High Wycombe would not be considered complete unless he were "weighed in.' His worship, as well as every member of the corporation, is placed on a pair of gigantic scales and the result is entered in a big book kept for the purpose. This custom is said to date back to the reign of Edward I.

The Mayor of Plymouth is forced by an old custom to visit at least once during his year of office the Lake of Burrator. When he journeys to the lake he is followed by all the members of the corporation. Reaching the banks the procession forms up in two lines and a couple of ancient goblets are filled with water from the lake and passed round from mouth to mouth. The Mayor and corporation drink to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who when Mayor of Plymouth in 1581 brought water to the town by means of a canal some twenty miles in length.

After each person has tasted the water the goblets are filled with wine and the Mayor, holding one at arm's length, says: "May the descendants of him who gave us water never want wine."

A SERMON WHICH GRIPPED.

"Do sermons grip?" is now the question. It depends upon the preacher. Those of a certain parson of the wilds of whom Bishop Potter tells certainly grip. His vocation lies among the mining camps, where he will take a room over the local grog-shop, "round up the boys,' and talk them into tears and penitence. After one of his sermons he ran his eye over his rough congregation, and, picking out the greatest desperado of the lot, announced, "Billy the Kid will now take the collection." The gambler called upon sprang to his feet, seized his hat as offertory plate, and began his round. The first man he approached offered a 25-cent piece. Quick as lightning out came Billy's revolver. "Young man," he said, quite politely, as he pointed the weapon at him, "take that back. This is a dollar show." And with hat in one hand and six-shooter in the other he put the finishing touch to the virile sermon they had heard. He got as many dollars as there were people present.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" "Boo-hoo! Pa fell downstairs!" "Don't take on so, my pet. He'll get better soon." "It's not that! My sister saw him fall all the way! I never saw nuffin'!"

"You should sleep on your right side, madam." "I really can't do it, doctor. My husband talks in his sleep, and I can't hear a thing with my left ear!"

AN UNHAPPY OLD WIZARD

WILD MAN WHO LIVES LIKE PREHISTORIC SAVAGES.

Dumped on a Desolate Irish Moor When a Child, Has Wandered Ever Since.

Certain villages in Ireland are ringing with the story of a wild man who lives in the woods and eats berries, roots, fish and small quadrupeds, just like a prehistoric savage. He has silvery locks, a long snow-white beard, and an emaciated body. He dresses in garments scanty, tattered and torn. It is said he has never had a home; that the whole of his wretched three score and ten years, or thereabouts, have been spent in the open air; and that as far as is known he has no name. The story told of him by the peasantry is that he was dumped on a desolate Irish moor, when a small, pretty child, by a loathsome, vagabond mother of gentle birth and education, and that alone he has wondered ever since, fleeing from his fellow men as though some timid creature of the night, and making his home in the densest woods and on the most lonesome commons and wastes. It is little to be wondered at that he lost his senses and language, and is now regarded only as a harmless, roaming lunatic.

When last seen the unhappy old wizard, as he is called locally, was in the woods near the little village of Kinnale,

FISHING IN A SMALL STREAM.

peacefully meandering through a great, silent wood, with a bent piece of wire fastened on to the end of a hazel stick, a roaming photographer happened to come upon him. But hardly had there been time to take a snapshot of him than he was on his feet, running, though not without a limp, toward a lofty tree, into the branches of which he eventually clambered with the nimbleness of a wild cat. And once in his lofty perch no words, no offer of money, food or clothes, would induce him to come down.

Lying along a broad branch and hiding his brown face on his arm and amongst his long hair, for two hours he remained as still and as silent as a statue. He did not move so much as a muscle. At last, wearying of waiting for the fugitive to move into a more favorable position, the photographer continued his way.

Long before he reached the high road the photographer could hear the man laughing in the tree top, and whooping in chorus with the owls. It is said, though probably no one knows for certain, that the man cannot talk plainly, and that his vocabulary is limited to but

A SCORE OF WORDS OR SO.

In the more poverty-stricken and desolate districts the man is familiar to most of the peasantry, who give him clothes from time to time. The clothes are dropped on the ground, and when the givers have withdrawn to a distance he comes and picks them up. As a rule, no sooner has he got them in his hands than he runs off as fast as his legs can carry him.

Food he will accept from no one. An adept in the art of catching things, he prefers to cater for himself. Far and wide might you search before coming across one more skillful in poaching fish and game than this old white-haired man. He will spear salmon with a spiked pole, catch pheasants and partridges when the birds are asleep in the night, and even grab fish from streams.

Nothing is ever cooked. It is doubted whether the strange man has ever tasted cooked meat. In time of a severe frost, he will make a hole in the ice covering the rivers and the brooks and lie by it till fish come up to breathe, and then grab them one by one. In the winter, too, he will slink into the gardens at night and grub into the potato and carrot pits, and carry off some of the contents.

CHESTNUTS IN THE APENNINES

Part They Play in the Italian Peasants' Bill of Fare.

Street-corner roasters, swarthy Italians; and the stuffing of the Christmas goose are, in the mind of the New Englander, the associates of the chestnut. Up in the mountains of the Apennines, however, live a people who regard the nut as a much more essential element of existence. Mr. Leander Scott describes in "A Walk in the Apennines" the necessary part the chestnut plays in the peasants' bill of fare:

Chestnut flour is, here, the staff of life. The natives live nearly all the year on necci, or chestnut-flour cakes. Every housewife makes in the morning a supply for the day. In summer there are fresh vegetables to vary the fare, but never meat.

I saw the baking of the necci. In the middle of a kitchen, which was one uniform tint of shining black, stood an iron frame beside a square fireplace built of upright bricks. Beside an old woman, who held a pair of tongs, was a huge wooden bowl of a thick pinkish cream paste, made of chestnut flour and water, and a basket of fresh green chestnut leaves.

The woman laid three of the leaves on a hot stone, which she put into the iron frame, and poured on them a ladleful of paste. This she covered with more leaves and another hot stone. This process she repeated until the frame was full.

"How do you cook them?" I asked.

"They are cooking now, signor; the stones bake them enough."

In a few moments she uncovered the cakes, which were of a pink brown color and the consistence of leather. Necci requires a peculiar constitution to digest it. Every effort on the stranger's part to eat it results in disaster.

Over the kitchen was the loft in which chestnuts were dried. The place was filled with fresh nuts, and fires were kept burning for three days and nights. By that time the outer husk was dry and black, while the inside sweet and white, was ready to be ground. The flour is packed in huge presses, where it hardens until it has to be cut out with a knife.

The chestnut harvest is a season of revel. The woods are full of life and laughter. The days from the middle of October through November are merry ones. The chestnuts lie thick on the ground, and the peasants pick them up as fast as they can.

"We wear our oldest clothes,' said one of the natives, "for the woods are damp and dirty. Oh, we look like beggars in rags, but we don't mind. It's the best time of the year."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

There is a good deal of pleasure in being shocked.

When some people can't do hasty things they say them.

A woman can keep a secret, if it is a mean story about herself.

When a man knows his duty, he puts off doing it by asking advice.

If all men are born equal, that is the only time in life that they are equal.

The man who wants to sell is always more polite than the man who is asked to buy.

Discretion is the art of being on the other side of a fence when you call a man a liar.

Did you ever attend a party without feeling next morning that somehow you acted foolishly?

CAN-OPENER SLIPPED HAND RIPPED OPEN

ZAM-BUK STOPS PAIN AND BLEEDING

"KEEP ZAM-BUK HANDY," is a sound motto, for daily mishaps make ZAM-BUK a daily need. It can be used with remarkable soothing and healing effect from the oldest member of the family down to the newborn babe.

Mr. Ben. Hager, Edmonton, Alta., has recently had occasion to test the remarkable healing powers of ZAM-BUK. He says:—

"When opening a can of Pineapple Sauce the other day the Can Opener lost its grip and my hand was ripped open by the rough edge of the half opened can. It made a gash in my hand about two inches long. The pain was fearful and the blood simply gushed away from me. I had a box of ZAM-BUK handy and I immediately applied some. To my surprise the pain suddenly ceased and the blood stopped. ZAM-BUK'S quickness in healing up Sores, Cuts, Bruises, etc., is a great puzzle to me."

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Blood poison, cuts, bruises, old wounds, running sores, eczema, ulcers, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, itch, chapped hands, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries and diseases. ZAM-BUK is the best cure for piles yet known. 50c box, all druggists and stores, or ZAM-BUK Co., Toronto. 3 boxes $1.25.

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A HOME-MADE MIXTURE

IS INEXPENSIVE AND EASILY PREPARED BY ANYONE.

Is Said to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a Toronto daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known authority when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.