About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Raisin Sauce.—Eight medium sized cooking apples, peeled and sliced as for common apple sauce; one-half a lemon, rind left on, chopped fine; half a teacup of seedless raisins. Cover well with boiling water and cook until soft, then add cup and a half of sugar and cook a few minutes longer. Serve cold for breakfast or as dessert for dinner. An excellent sauce—better than any medicine.

Baked Milk Toast.—Trim off the crust from slices nearly half an inch thick, toast a light brown. Have on the range a pan of boiling water, salted; as you remove each slice from the toaster dip quickly into boiling water, and lay in a well buttered pudding dish, buttering the toast while smoking hot, and salting each slice. When all the soaked toast is put into place, cover with scalding milk in which has been melted a tablespoonful of butter, cover closely, and bake fifteen minutes.

Fish Panada.—Fry brown several slices of firm fish, boil and slice three white potatoes; slice three tomatoes and one large onion. Place in deep baking pan. Alternate layers of potatoes (first), fish, tomatoes, and onions; sprinkle with salt and pepper and small bits of butter till fish is full; sprinkle bread crumbs on top; pour three-fourths cup of cold water over, and bake slowly for three hours and you will find a delicious dish.

Uses for Bacon Rind.—When buying bacon the cheapest way to buy it is by the side. As it is used cut each slice down to the rind, using pieces to grease cake griddle with. Another good way to use the rind is when baking beans. After the bean jar has been filled cut the rind the shape of the jar, cutting it larger than the jar, because it shrinks. When baking cover the beans with the rind side up. This keeps the beans from becoming dry and gives them a good flavor.

Supper for Cold Night.—One pound, or 15 cents' worth, veal steak, cut in small squares and fry brown; take from frying pan and put in your onions sliced fine; fry done, but do not let brown much. Have cooked a dish of spaghetti, to which add half a can of tomatoes; put in veal and onions, and cook all together fifteen minutes. Season with salt, butter and a dash of red pepper. Serve hot.

Quick Coffeecake.—Cream one cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter, add three well beaten eggs, mix well together, then add one-fourth cup sweet milk, one-fourth cup flour, and one-half teaspoonful baking powder; beat well and put in two buttered piepans, sprinkle top with chopped nuts, sugar, and cinnamon. Fine with a cup of coffee made and strained, adding a cup of cream, and let come to a boil together.

Bake Sausage.—Put the sausage in a pan, two or more inches deep, and bake twenty minutes to half an hour. Do not put water in the pan. Turn them over when half baked. The sausage is better cooked this way than fried saves the stove being spattered, and the odor going through the house, and the fat may be used for frying potatoes, etc.

Veal and Peas.—Boil one and one-half pounds veal tender and pick up into pieces; salt and pepper. Make a cream dressing of one pint milk, small half cup butter, three tablespoonfuls flour. Add this, with one can peas drained, to meat. Lastly add one pint cream. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bake in a moderately heated oven.

Queen Pudding.—Bake an angelfood cake in a long loaf tin. Whip one quart of double cream, add one cup chopped walnut meats, sweeten and flavor. Place cream in oblong mold and pack in ice for three or four hours, or until well frozen. When ready to serve cut the cake and cream into slices one inch thick, placing the cream on the cake, and garnish plentifully with maraschino cherries.

Tomato Toast.—Toast some nice pieces of bread and pour over them the tomatoes, prepared as follows: Cook together four medium sized tomatoes and one medium sized onion, pared and sliced fine; cook three-quarters of an hour; when done pour off water and season to taste; then add one cup of sweet cream or milk and a tablespoonful of butter.

USEFUL HINTS.

Keep a Pair of Pliers.—The most convenient thing about a house is a pair of pliers. For cutting wire, tightening loose nuts, pulling nails, or lifting hot pans without handles they can't be beat.

Make Own Lamp Wicks.—When short of lamp wicks take an old woolen shirt, cut the width of your lamp wick, hem both sides. It will work as well as the ones you buy and will save you buying wicks for your lamps.

Varnish New Stove Boards.—Before using a new stove board apply a light coat of varnish on upper side, and, no matter how often you clean board with a damp rag, the stenciled figures never will come off.

Hang Up the Broom.—When you buy a broom it is well to bore a hole hole through the handle about one or two inches from the top with a gimlet. Then run through this a piece of cord. This may be hung on a hook and be out of the way.

Make a Walnut Huller—Take a board four feet long, six inches wide, and one-half inch thick. Bore a hole the size of a silver dollar eight inches from one end. Then saw down the middle of the board into the hole. Insert any size of a walnut and you will see how easy the hull comes off. Use a mallet or a heavy piece of wood.

Make Doors Fit Snugly.—There are various ways of curing an ill-fitting door, but the following is the simplest and most effective of all: Place a strip of putty all along the jambs, cover edges of door with common chalk, and then shut it. The putty will fill all open space, the excess being easily removed with a knife. The chalk rubbed on the edge of the door prevents adhesion, and the putty is left in place, where it soon dries and leaves a perfectly fitting jamb.

Make Your Quilting Frame.—To make inexpensive quilting frames and curtain stretchers, take four clothes poles, wind them closely from end to end with heavy strips of cotton cloth, fasten ends of cloth with tacks. Purchase four small clamps at 4 or 5 cents apiece to fasten the poles at the corners, and you have the best of quilting frames. Quilts may be sewed or pinned to frames. And for curtain stretchers I find them better than the boughten ones, as the scallops may be pinned at any desired size.

To Clear Cistern Water.—When cistern water has become unfit for use take one pound of pulverized alum, dissolve it in one quart of water, and after pouring it into the cistern stir thoroughly with a long pole. This should be done toward evening. The next morning add one pound of borax and stir again. Allow from ten to twenty hours to settle. This will render the water perfectly clear and pure, regardless of its former condition.

Care of Net Curtains.—It is almost impossible to iron plain net curtains so they will hang evenly, and this is especially true where they are simply hemmed. In the hem, however, lies the secret of "doing them up" quickly and perfectly straight. In making, hem ends first, then sides, with an inch and a half hem, or deeper if desired. When washing them, lay sheets or newspapers on the floor. Get the unpainted, narrow molding that is used to finish screens—two pieces long enough for the sides and one for each end; slip through hem; tack straight and securely to the floor, and let remain till thoroughly dry. The molding costs but a few cents and can be used for years.

JOSH WISE SAYS:

"I've allus noticed in perticler th't lots of men with fortunes left 'em an' who never worked a lick in their life are about th' first t' give advice on how t' be successful."

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

SAILORS' HOME COMING

WHEN BRITISH JACK TARS ARE JOLLIEST.

Picture on Board a Great Battleship When the Crew Reach Home.

The day breaks cold and grey, but what does the weather matter when Jack is going home? Green seas dash furiously against the bows, flinging bubbles of froth high into the air, then splashing on to the dripping decks and streaming aft in miniature rivers.

Scuttles are closed, and down below the air is damp and foul. Lamps, still burning, swing monotonously to every roll; rifles rattle noisily in their racks; and as the ram dips deep into the heavy swell the cruiser groans and creaks in every plate. A pungent odor of fresh paint mingles with the smell of oil rising through the open engine-room hatch to form a nauseating mixture from which there is no escape.

Nobody seems to mind the discomfort to-day. The sentry is whistling softly to himself, and the corporal going his rounds pretends he does not hear him. Up on deck groups of officers, in seaboots and pyjamas, are shivering contentedly in the bitter wind, as they eagerly search for the first glimpse of home. They smell the country even before they see it this misty morning—a fresh young smell of grass and trees after rain. Strange as it may sound, it is this smell that makes the greatest impression on the sailor.

READY TO LAND.

Arrived at Spithead, the cruiser anchors, waiting for permission to proceed into the harbor and take her berth alongside the jetty. Hours pass by wearily, but at last the welcome flags stream from the signal station ashore. The marine guard, a thin streak of scarlet, forms across the quarter-deck, with the band in readiness behind. The captain takes his place on the bridge, the engine throbs slowly, and with penant proudly flying from the masthead the great ship sweeps majestically towards the harbor.

Clarence Pier is soon passed—a seething mass of human faces and waving handkerchiefs. Victoria Pier is left behind with its group of cheering boatmen. A tiny torpedo-boat shoots past, its crew standing to attention. Opposite the Victory, flying the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, the bugle sounds from the bridge. With a flash of bayonets and a rattle of rifles the Marine guard presents arms, and all officers and men on deck salute while the National Anthem crashes from the band.

GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM.

But now the jetty is in sight with its waiting crowd, and glasses are turned to scan each face. Two and a half years ago the ship left this port to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and weeping wives ashore had stopped their ears to the mocking sound. Now the band is jingling merrily, and the yearning looks on the happy faces ashore bring a mist to many a glass watching them from the ship.

They are all there, from the captain's wife to the stoker's baby. The same eager look is on every woman's face; toil-hardened hands grasp the railing in loving anticipation with a touch as tender as that of the soft little palm of the Marine subaltern's young bride.

As the ship draws closer faces can be distinguished without the aid of glasses. Discipline is forgotten for the moment in the joys of recognition. A midshipman is waving his cap frantically to a white-haired old lady, who replies with her handkerchief, while she endeavors to mop her eyes with an umbrella. Standing next to her a pale-faced woman, tears mingling with tenderness in her tired eyes, bobs a baby up and down, to the delight of a seaman standing in the bows.

Soon the gangways are rigged and the visitors stream on board. Married officers, seek the secrecy of their own cabins. The men, less fortunate, draw their wives into the shadow of a gun, or behind some sheltering cowl.

Too shy to take advantage of these insufficient screens, a young stoker and his wife lean side by side over the gunwale. They were only married two days before the ship sailed, and their eyes have much to tell. There they stand, oblivious to all else, until a bachelor officer, engaged himself, perhaps, sympathetically puts his cabin at their disposal.

A SURPRISE FOR THE WIFE.

Further on an old Marine, more experienced and less bashful, has welcomed his grey-haired wife with the vehemence of true affection. Into her hands he presses his savings—some forty pounds in all. For the sake of her momentary surprise he has pinched and saved for two long years. What matter that he sent her nothing during the whole commission, leaving her to support his six children by her unaided efforts? He meant it for the best, and hers is a soft heart. World hardened as she is, she sits upon the deck and sobs, while he throws the baby into the air to hide his own emotion.

Some on board are less fortunate. Their wives live in other ports. Three long weeks must elapse before the ship pays off and the longed-for reunion comes. With hungry eyes and lonely hearts they wander about the decks watching the happiness of their comrades.

JACK TAR AT HOME.

Soon hansoms roll on the jetty. Officers in mufti drive off with their happy wives. Parties of men appear on deck carrying handkerchief bundles containing wonders from the East. Hurriedly the officer of the watch makes a pretence of inspecting them, and then, like schoolboys, they troop happily down the gangway to rewelcome their wives on shore.

By nightfall the ship is clear of womenkind. "Local" men have all gone to their homes, and in the ship an atmosphere of quiet happiness has replaced the excitement of the morning.

Between decks men are seated at trestle-tables writing letters home; biting their pens as they try to express themselves, and smiling happily as they catch each other's eye. Others have slung their hammocks, and lie awake peacefully dreaming of the welcome awaiting them. The ship is no longer a ship of war but one of peace. For there is peace in all men's hearts—the peace of homecoming.—London Answers.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" REGISTERED

What it is — It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it does — It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

What we do — We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money. Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle $1.00

DIE FROM DISHWASHING.

Wearing Routine of Many Mothers' Lives.

More women have died through the mending of socks and endless washing of dishes and daily striving to make ends meet, which meet but seldom, than of broken hearts.

Nobody writes a story in which the heroine dies gracefully over a heap of ironing; but nature has written them again and again, and we have not always had sight to read them. The way to keep the flies out of the ointment is simple and easily discovered. We must keep great, big, loving hearts. Brains do not always help us to avoid ungenerous behavior. Intellectual wealth cannot supply the place of a thoughtful tenderness "by constant watching wise."

The daughter who interprets Chopin in the parlor while her mother struggles in the kitchen may be clever, a product of this enlightened age, but she is not a true daughter, and the mother's life is being repressed and nipped by the too constant burden.

A RHEUMATISM RECIPE

PREPARE THIS SIMPLE HOME-MADE MIXTURE YOURSELF.

Buy the Ingredients from Any Druggist in Your Town and Shake Them in a Bottle to Mix.

A well-known authority on Rheumatism gives the readers of a large Toronto daily paper the following valuable, yet simple and harmless prescription, which any one can easily prepare at home:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

He states that the ingredients can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy at small cost, and, being a vegetable extraction, are harmless to take.

This pleasant mixture, if taken regularly for a few days, is said to overcome almost any case of Rheumatism. The pain and swelling, if any, diminishes with each dose, until permanent results are obtained, and without injuring the stomach. While there are many so-called Rheumatism remedies, patent medicines, etc., some of which do give relief, few really give permanent results, and the above will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by many sufferers here at this time.

Inquiry at the drug stores of even the small towns elicits the information that these drugs are harmless and can be bought separately, or the druggists will mix the prescription if asked to.

Most of the world's heroes dwell between the covers of dime novels.

THEIR FATE NEVER KNOWN.

Balloon Mysteries Which Have Never Been Solved.

Considering how much the balloonist has to rely upon the vagaries of the wind for guidance and speed, it is astonishing that aeronautics have been attended by so few tragedies and mysteries. In the balloon department of the British Army fatal accidents have been very rare indeed. Twenty-six years ago the War Office balloon Saladin was lost at sea, and to this day no one knows what actually happened to one of the occupants of the car—Mr. Walter Powell, M.P. The balloon ascended from Bath, carrying, in addition to Mr. Powell, Mr. Agg-Gardner and Captain—now Colonel—Templar, a veteran aeronaut who has had many exciting experiences in the air, and who made his first voyages in a balloon while still a schoolboy at Harrow.

His two companions were also expert balloonists. The three formed a jolly party, and had arranged to dine with a friend living a few miles from the Devonshire coast. The balloon got into some nasty curents, however, and, as the sea was seen to be near, a very rapid descent was decided upon at Bridport, Dorset. At the first bump against the earth Colonel Templar called to the other two to jump. He and Mr. Agg-Gardner did so, the latter breaking his leg; but, for some reason that has never been explained, Mr. Powell neglected to follow.

The balloon, relieved of the weight of two men, shot to an immense height, and was carried out across the channel, and Mr. Powell thus vanished completely from the ken of men. Hundreds of newspapers have stated that no trace of it was ever seen again, but this is not so. Some years after the awful event a part of the car, with its lashings still complete, was found in a mountainous district of Spain, and afterwards identified in England.

It is not a little remarkable that, although scores of balloons have been driven out to sea, cases in which this misadventure has ended fatally are few. More than a century ago, when Major Money made an ascent from Norwich, England, he was compelled to descend in the sea, where he remained for seven hours until his plight was seen and he was rescued by the crew of a revenue cutter. Some years later, in 1812, Mr. James Saddler narrowly escaped drowning in an attempt to cross the Irish Channel; his balloon dropped into the water some miles off Liverpool, and he was on the point of succumbing when rescue came in the form of a fishing-boat.

The attempt which Mr. Wellman, the well-known aeronaut and explorer, intends making to reach the North Pole, recalls the mysterious disappearance of Herr Andree, the Swedish explorer, who, just ten years ago, vanished into North Polar spaces.

It was Andree's intention to cross the North Pole and descend on the opposite side, and on July 11th, 1897, he ascended with his two companions, Strindberg and Frankel, from Danes Island, Spitzbergen. One carrier pigeon, apparently liberated forty-eight hours after the start, was shot, and two floating buoys with messages were ultimately found. Nothing more, however, has been heard of the explorers.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Columbus was the son of a weaver.

Sir Richard Arkwright was the son of a barber.

Watt was the son of a blockmaker.

Stephenson was the son of a collier.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.

Shakespeare was the son of a woolstapler.

Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a slave.

Burns was the son of a ploughman.

Homer was the son of a farmer.